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"Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts."

AUTUMN LEAVES,

PUBLISHED FOR THE YOUTH OF THE

REORGANIZED CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

Vol. 5.

LAMONI, IOWA:

M. WALKER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

1892.

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ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. V. LAMONI, IOWA, JANUARY, 1892. No 1.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

CHAPTER I.

There's something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepressed by sadness –
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.

—N. P. WILLIS.

HAS the evening of October 31st in any of the years of the last half century ever found the reader in a Canadian city? If so, his memory will be revived by what is here recited. If not, he will, perhaps, be surprised to learn that on that night, throughout the Dominion and also in all other places where Scotch and English traditions obtain, things terrestrial get into a strange uproar.

The monotony of a year's associations and quietude is suddenly broken, and every movable thing seems to be seized with an irresistible impulse to go off at a tangent. Wagon wheels start from the old familiar axle, round which they have contentedly revolved for a year, and are found next morning sheltered among the spreading branches of some distant oak or chestnut tree. Wheelbarrows climb to the top of neighboring barns, garden gates and shed doors go off on a pilgrimage and only return upon arrest by their original owners, their whereabouts having been learned after days of diligent quest. Balls of twine climb out of the merchants' store drawers and find their way to some dark street, where they attach to a door-knob on one side and a bell-knob on the other. Chimney flues suddenly refuse to conduct the smoke from fires below and transform themselves into resting stools for renegade window-shutters, or furnish shelter to some fugitive garden hose that has sought refuge in their sooty retreat.

Nor is this strange phenomena confined to things inanimate. The family horse becomes discontented with his native stall and normal attitude, and, wandering off at midnight, seeks a neighboring woodshed or factory, into which he deliberately backs himself and pulls the door close after him. There he meekly stands till invited out by the astonished host in the morning. Goats seek an outside entrance to some distant cellar and familiarize themselves with the glassware and canned goods therein, for which liberty they bow their apologies next morning and obtain permission to leave unmolested. Cows become bewildered and mistake the velvety lawn adjoining some convenient parsonage for their accustomed pasture and enjoy the liberties of the place. Pigs go picnicing in biped reserves, and fowls are frequently found roosting on office desks at late hours on November 1st. Cats varnish their tails with coal tar, tie their feet in pairs, and quietly drop backward into grandpapa's overcoat pocket, where they instantly begin a solo that thrills the air with its melody to the tune of "Mortals heed my plaintive cry," with variations, till the atmosphere is blue and grandpapa's hands are black, as he responds to the appeal. Then the tune is changed, for the old gentleman begins where the emancipated feline leaves off, and in staccato tones breaks into a melody that ends with, "Hades! quick! thy vengeance hurl," or something equally expressive. Here and there an odd dog escapes the contagion; and it is only where he has been assigned a special post of duty, and where the witches (for prudential reasons, unnecessary to explain) do not exert their subtile influence.

Even vegetation is found in sympathy, for cabbage wrench themselves from the soil and turn up their stalks appealingly to the passing hordes of boys, as if agonizing be relieved therof. Touched by the earnestness of such appeals the generous lads rush in, and, with an alacrity unknown to our jury system, sever the gordian knots, thus relieving the suppliant head; then, seizing the divorced stalks with which to arm themselves against the floating elves, they parade the streets, shouting, "Halloween! Halloween!!" to warn the inhabitants. This course is pursued through the principal streets; but, upon entering those avenues where the balls of twine have adjusted themselves, as already intimated, the juveniles post themselves, each before a door, and, at a given signal, the cabbage stalks begin an irregular tattoo on the panels. This lasts less than a minute, but the inhabitants thus aroused rush to the doors, and all along either side of the street they busy themselves in ringing up their neighbors over the way.

Early in the evening children gather in the kitchen round a wash tub, half filled with water, on the surface of which floats a number of apples. Kneeling on the floor, and with hands bound behind them, they reach their heads over the sides of the tub and duck for the apples, each vieing with the other in an effort to catch the dodging fruit and bring it out in their mouths. In the dining room apples are suspended from the ceiling at the end of long cords, and set in motion. At either end of the sweep stands one or more boys or girls, with jaws distended, eager to seize the oscillating fruit, but more frequently doomed to develop a lump or blister through miscalculation, as the apple plants itself with emphasis on the upper lip. The merchant responds to the hoodlum cry that rends the street air, and dumps the contents of his apple barrel on the outer pavement to be scrambled for and consumed hurriedly, by the clamoring juveniles. At midnight the maidens rise and perform some antiquated cermonies requisite to getting a glimpse in dream of prospective husbands, while old wives try to swallow red herrings whole, at a single gulp, to exorcise the stalking demons and obtain release from the fiats of fate. In fact all nature seems agog.

Days and sometimes weeks elapse before the country recovers fully from the effect of this annual masquerade of the witches; and sometimes the wandering objects forget the landmarks of their journeying and fail to ever return.

Such were the events and such was the commotion in progress in Toronto, the capital city of Upper Canada, when the writer—thirty-nine years ago—made his advent among mortals; and, without fail, in rain or shine, the celebration of his birthday has been thus faithfully observed upon each following year to date. Who, then, among those to whom his present faith is such a delusion, can wonder that one born in the midst of such baneful surroundings, with superstition thickening the very atmosphere, should become, in later years, an easy prey to the "mysterious influences of that crowning superstition which has ensnared so many thousand of earth's innocents." Surely if people were better informed as to the character of the goblins that heralded my coming they would condone the eccentricities that characterize my story. Or, on the other hand, they might conclude that if

"Demon spell and human skill,
Combined, could not disturb us,
It must be that, in Sovereign will,
We've been spared for a purpose."

However it may be, the writer is here and in the following chapters will be found a brief mention of some of the circumstances by which the course of his pilgrimage has been influenced. No effort will be made to extol or debase himself in the reader's estimation. No attempt will be made to meet the exactions of literary critics. The bad with the good may be unskillfully interblended, yet, if the medley but represents in miniature the facts of a life, and that life be the writer's, it is at least true to its design.

CHAPTER II.

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here has spurned,
The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.
—ANON.

My father, John Luff, was born in Sussex, England, in 1818, and at a very early age left his home, migrated to America, and settled in Toronto, where he remained till his death, in 1865. Of his parents I know nothing, save that

they were reported to have been poor but industrious people. His father died while he was but an infant and his mother a few years later. Even of my father himself I remember but little; for my seventh year had not been completed when he left our home; and, though we met occasionally, he did not return until the beginning of the year in which he died. Just five months after his return he was taken sick with what would now be called pneumonia, and in one week thereafter, on the twenty-third day of May, while I was absent at my place of employment, he passed away. What I had been in point of benefit for years I was now in fact—fatherless.

I do not know that my father had any religion. I learn from mother that he favored the Episcopalian form of faith and died in its profession. His long absence from home (about six years) had the effect of alienating the affection of his children, to a limited degree at least, so that his command and influence over them was not recognized by me as fully after his return as it might otherwise have been. With the circumstances that attended his leaving and long absence I never sought to become fully acquainted. Being too young to sense the seriousness of the matter at the time, I never made inquiry, nor have I ever done so to this day. I know he returned and died at home, and with his dying breath bore testimony to the faithfulness of the good wife he was leaving a widow, expressed sorrow that her goodness had not been fully rewarded by him and urged the children to honor and obey her.

These things I learned from the lips of friends who watched by his side when he closed his eyes in death.

Some time after his marriage he was thrice stricken with paralysis, which resulted in the loss of his hearing, and my memory does not recall a time when he could hear a sound of any kind distinctly. All communication with him was conducted by writing, except when he could detect the words uttered by the motion of the speaker's lips, at which he became quite expert.

He was for years engaged solely in the manufacture of shoe blacking and lucifer matches, his chances for success remaining quite fair until a large firm, backed by ample capital, entered the field and left him without ability to compete in the market with its wares. He continued, however, to follow his business in a limited way as long as he lived, engaging at intervals in such other work as gave promise of remuneration to one in his condition. Afflicted as he was he was an object deserving sympathy, and as memory portrays him before me to-day, I wish I had loved him more, and that my boyhood history contained no record of impudent retort or stubborn resentment toward him; but it does, and that which my riper years and better sense condemns as having been wrong, (though I was but a child), may God in his tender compassion forgive. He was my father, and no mistake of his could ever justify an unfilial word in me. It would be consolation to me also could I know that he was now aware of my repentance.

My mother's maiden name was Ann Garbutt. She was born in Yorkshire, England, February 6th, 1831, but was brought by her parents, Joseph and Mary Ann Garbutt, to Canada when she was but three years of age. They settled in what was then known as Muddy York, but what is now known as the beautiful city of Toronto, situated upon the Toronto Bay (or harbor) of Lake Ontario. Her parents were poor; but by dint of economy and perseverance they succeeded in raising their quite large family to man and womanhood before the hand of death removed them. Of the family left when they died there were three sons and four daughters.

James, the oldest son, appears dimly before my mind as I saw him once in Toronto, and afterwards in Cincinnati, Ohio, but of his record I cannot speak from personal knowledge as of others. His death occurred some twenty or more years ago, neither the exact date nor the cause being known to me. The members of his family, at last account were in Cincinnati, where they probably still remain.

Joseph, the second son, a man whose intellectual competency was such as to have fitted him to grace almost any important position, had opportunity or fortune even shown an inclination to smile upon him, lived during the greater part of his life in his native city; and many were the happy hours spent by the writer in company with him, in con-

versation upon such themes as called out the results of his profound thought and extensive research. He was a good man, and under the writer's influence was led to unite with the Primitive Methodist church, where he remained in fellowship till 1882, when he too was taken hence by death's hand, leaving a widow and three sons. One of the sons remains in the home city, one is in the new state of Washington, and the other in Detroit, Michigan.

Benjamin C., the yougest son, was of a roving disposition and remained in one place no longer than was necessary to to wear off the novelty of its attractions. When in the city he always made his home with my mother, and this gave me excellent opportunity to get acquainted with him. He had a temper characteristic of the family, or at least all the members of it with whom I enjoyed intimate acquaintance. It was prolific in words, vehement in expression, and collapsed before it had well started, always followed by deep regrets, if aught of damage had been done to the feelings of another. He was as generous as he was jovial, and I used to think him the "jolliest man alive." Finding me to be a "chip off the Garbutt block," in point of mischief, he took a peculiar fancy to me, and I was generally found at his heels when it was possible to have me there.

In return for my child service in running short errands he gladdened my heart with many a penny, and took delight in making odd articles for my amusement. Only one real bad thing do I remember of him. The family cat had been guilty of some depredation in the room he occupied, and upon its discovery, he seized the unsuspecting feline by what he called its "narrative," and, going outside the door, whirled the poor thing around his head several times and then let go, hurling Tabby to the other end of the garden. As I stood watching that cat sail through the air, without fin or feather to propel her, I thought it would be safest for me not to make Uncle Ben mad while I was small and wingless, and I didn't.

He never married. In 1869 or 1870 he left Canada for California. He also left a blank in the writer's heart and life that long remained unfilled. Oh, how I secretly wished that I was big enough to go with him, for California had a wonderfully fascinating sound in my ear after hearing him talk about it.

Ten years afterward—in 1879—when the Reorganized Church sent me as a missionary to the Rocky Mountain Mission, I gathered together several documents and letters recently received, determined on going to Carson City, Nevada, (where I learned he had located) before coming East again. My love for him was still alive, and I wanted him to see his nephew a man, and let him hear from that little boy's lips the story of the restored gospel; but in this I was greviously disappointed, for I had not been three months in Utah before the tidings reached me that Uncle Ben was dead. A stranger at Bodie, California, wrote and sent papers certifying to the fact, also forwarded his Bible to my mother. Mother then raised money and sent it to put a headstone over his grave. Whether it has been placed there or not I have not learned; but whether marked or unmarked, there is a spot of earth in Bodie that is dear to my thoughts and must ever remain so till the trumpet's blast shall call forth the sacred relics it entombs. By his merry spirit and generous hand many a gleam of sunlight was turned in upon my boy-life; and while memory holds its seat, 'twill always reserve a verdant spot for jolly Uncle Ben.

Rachel, the oldest daughter, married John Goodall, a thrifty farmer, residing near Toronto, but afterwards removed to the township of Garafrax, close to where the town of Bellwood is now located. There they settled on a tract of land and remained till their retirement recently from the toil and responsibility incident to farm life. The old farm is rented to their son Thomas, who is at present mayor of Bellwood. Another son, James, conducts a grain and cattle business in the same town, and one daughter, Dillie, is the wife of William Hamilton and resides somewhere in Washington. The other remaining daughters, Rachel and Mary Ann, are happily married and located near their parents' present residence and close to the old homestead. Prosperity smiled upon the toil, patience, honesty, economy, and perseverence of my aunt and uncle, and they are to-day exempt from the necessity to work and worry. May they long continue to enjoy their well-earned rest

is the wish of the nephew whose religious notions they have such grave suspicions about.

Martha, the next daughter, married a Mr. Spencer, with whom I never became acquainted and who afterwards died. Later, my aunt married a widower named Neil C. Love, one of the best men I ever knew, and to whom reference will be made further on. His business in Toronto was that of a chemist and druggist, in which he prospered and accumulated considerable wealth. He also held prominent positions in the city's gift, being alderman for fifteen years, also magistrate, and was frequently solicited to accept various honorable positions, but declined. Through the extremities of our early home life I frequently obtained views of his generous nature, and as years passed had opportunity to learn that he was one of the number whose history proves the correctness of the words of inspiration,—"The liberal soul shall be made fat." A man against whose record no word or hint of suspicion was ever heard; and when, with the suddenness characteristic of apoplectic attacks, his earthly career was terminated about two years ago, the immense city was in tears and mourned its irreparable loss, while the newspapers teemed with unstinted eloquence of the dead. A good man—a noble spirit went to the reward of its earth-service.

His widow and seven children remain, three of whom were the fruits of his former marriage. With a possible exception, all of these are in positions of honor and emolument, and, with wealth like a luxurious garden around them, they pass their years free from the cares incident to reverse conditions. To their pleasure and plenty the writer only hopes there may be added the richer possessions that strew the pathway of obedience to Christ and his gospel, the undimmed realities of which stretch far beyond all mortal limitations and remain co-equal with the years of God.

Mary, the youngest daughter, married Mr. Wallace Millichamp, of Toronto, one of the shrewdest and most successful business men of that city, a man whose sole capital not many years ago was his remarkable business sagacity and indomitable will, by force of which he has earned a fortune for himself. He, also, has served as city alderman and been connected with numerous public enterprises. His immense showcase and silver plating, also mantle and tile works are among the leading establishments of the country, to which he has added other branches of business. His success in wealth accumulation has been phenomenal. Still in the prime of life, his business energy shows no sign of abatement, and just where ambition's goal is by him located we may not surmise.

Quite a large family has been given to them, of whom four sons and two daughters are still living—all of the former occupying places of trust and profit, and promising to follow close upon the heels of their fortunate sire. The daughters are beautiful and promising, and they carry well the accomplishments with which wealth and refinement of spirit have so liberally endowed them. Could all of these but see and feel the splendor of God-life that is revealed in the ancient gospel as again committed to earth, how absolute would then become the completeness of their possessions. We wish for them no less of earth's, but more of heaven's wealth. May it be theirs to acquire eternal truth and reap its final glory.

The object of this brief reference to the standing and character of my immediate relatives may indistinctly appear as the reader continues his perusal of the life-story thus introduced. There is sometimes a measure of satisfaction to be drawn from comparisons such as this permits me to make. As I grew up under the pressure of poverty's environments and looked out upon the condition and surroundings of the relatives referred to, whom I knew were free from the weights that held me down, I frequently indulged in soliloquies that were full of complaint, dissatisfaction, bitterness and even envy. But my ambition strengthened and my determination as a lad became fixed to become the peer of them all. I never lost sight of that resolution till the Gospel of the Son of God subdued me.

As I take a retrospect now I stop to thank God for interposing such events as deflected the current of my life-purpose, and changed my will. I still delight in reflecting upon those earlier days; but I look with different eyes and feelings than I once did. We look back, ofttimes,

from the higher plane of matured experience and see the effects of early contact with people and things; and the intolerable mysticism that hang around the awful *Then* finds ample and satisfactory explanation in the development of the great *Now*. How plain the lesson, but how slow are we to learn it. To-day will soon be to-morrow's yesterday, and, if the past keeps repeating itself, we shall, from the loftier plane of to-morrow, look back upon the severe conflict and apparently unnecessary inflictions of this hour and discover to our surprise that God's disciplinary programme comprehended all the hidden necessities of our character.

Let us be sure that our righteousness is of the kind that entitles to a place in his hand, then with an uncomplaining trust we may patiently toil and wait for the dawn of explanation day. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." So said Jesus to Peter, and so the writer believes. If the little advances in knowledge and wisdom we make here, justify such material changes in our judgment of the past, and if it be found that the crucible of earlier years contributed most liberally to the spiritual wealth of the present, may it not be believed that in the distant *future*, when it becomes the eternal *now*, the true saint will stand side by side with his "elder brother," and, from the supreme hights of the celestial hills, look back over the valley where his or her feet now bleed, and, in the clearer light of divine interpretation—see that the rocks of human extremity, which once seemed so barren and cold and cruel, were the spots where God stood closer than at other times and the soul from thence took on immortal fatness, while fed on manna fresh from heaven. Those times, those places, will then challenge higher estimate, and, as we scan the map of our mundane pilgrimage, I verily believe that whenever the eye shall fall upon those Gethsemanes we shall there dwell most lovingly and praise most fervently.

(To be Continued.)

A GIFT FROM THE HEART.

(To a friend on her birthday.)

BY C. DERRY.

If love was wrapt in silver sheen,
  Or robed alone in glittering gold,
Or but in sparkling diamonds seen,
  Or only gems its story told,
My feeble lyre must be unstrung,
And on the wall in silence hung.

If pearls and precious stones so rare
  Alone its beauty could disclose,
Or faltering words alone declare
  The truth, the joy, the bliss of love,
My harp must ever tuneless be,
I could not stoop to flatter thee.

I would my humble tribute bring
  From the deep fountain of my heart,
From whence love's purest treasures spring,
  Treasures which only joy impart;
For this I tune my humble lyre,
And seek the pure poetic fire.

Once more the wheels of time have brought
  To thee, thy happy natal day;
O, may it be with blessings fraught,
  To cheer thee on life's rugged way!
May He who gave thee being, bless,
And crown thy days with happiness.

Life is, to us, a tangled web,
  A thorny path, intricate maze,
A sea, where bliss seems all at ebb,
  And only flows in fitful waves,
With now and then a ray of light
To cheer us through the shadowy night.

We peer into the dark "Beyond,"
  And try to search its hidden deep;
No voices to our hearts respond,—
  Some giant doth its secrets keep.
Thus on life's turbid sea we toss,
And mourn to think that all is loss.

But there's an Eye to us unseen,
  Who sees our frail and found'ring bark—
A hand that oft doth intervene,
  And safely leads where all is dark;
The Eye of all prevailing love—
The Hand of Him who rules above.

His matchless wisdom laid the plan,
  Intricate, though to us it seems,
By which the fallen race of man
  Might be from ev'ry ill redeemed.
And e'en our sorrows play their part
To bless and purify the heart.

As clouds that lower o'er our path
Do shield us from the sun's hot rays,
And save us from the stroke of death
Descending with its scorching rays,
So the dark hours and days of life
With untold benefits are rife.

As storms that purify the air,
Seem but the elements of wrath—
Yet leave a balmy fragrance there
To cheer the heart and glad the earth;
So will our woes and troubles end,
Thus proving in disguise our friend.

Infinite wisdom hides from view
The dreadful ordeal we must pass,
Lest we should faint in going through
The fire that is to cleanse from dross;
His boundless love has thrown the veil
O'er eyes and hearts that else would quail.

Ere long the veil will roll away,
No clouds of darkness intervene,
And in that bright, resplendent day
We all shall see as we are seen;
Then we shall know the kindly hand
That led our fragile bark to land.

With songs of praise our hearts will swell,
What themes of love inspire our tongues;
In what glad numbers shall we tell
His love, to whom all praise belongs!
We'll laud his name through endless day,
When fleeting time has passed away.

Then, gentle maiden, cherish well
The boon that God to thee has given—
Probation's hour on earth to dwell,
That thou mayst be prepared for heaven;
Improve thy moments as they fly,
Thy life is hid with God on high.

God grant thy days may be prolonged,
Until thy measure is complete,
And thou canst sing the victor's song,
With angels round the mercy seat;
May faith and hope and love combine
To make thy life a life divine.

UNITY AMID DIVERSITY.

I CAN best illustrate my subject by calling your attention to the wonderful mechanism of a watch. Examine it and you are at once attracted by its appearance. Its size, shape, smoothness, elegance, in short no element of beauty is wanting. But were this its only features, your interest would soon lessen, and without something beyond this harmony of proportions, and elegance of design to enchain your attention, it would command but a passing notice.

But, when, upon a closer examination, you discover within this elegant casing here one wheel working with a rapid motion, there another wheel moving more slowly, and seeking for the cause of this apparent life your attention is directed to the wonderful mainspring moving and controlling all this motion in exact order and harmony, your interest is greatly enhanced, especially when you discover not only that in all this mechanism there is unity, but that all these diverse parts are working towards the accomplishment of the same purpose, the moving forward of those slender hands upon the dial plate, where figures mark correctly the flight of time. This delicately diamond-studded chronometer becomes to you then not alone a thing of beautiful proportions, but a marvel of mechanism and design.

Thus, when looking at nature, even to the most careless observer she presents much of marvel, much of beauty, yet how infinitely her beauties multiply, her marvels increase, the more she is contemplated and studied.

I shall endeavor to make this article simply a presentation of facts and truths, those gathered from the different fields which nature presents for our inspection, and where, amid the most numerous and wonderful diversities, we yet find perfect order, harmony, unity, and design.

Begining with vegetation, we find that plants exist in the parched desert, on the bare rocks, in the cold climate of the icy regions, or at the almost burning equator, on the tops of the mountains or at the bottom of the sea. In every part of the earth, and under apparently the most adverse circumstances, some forms of vegetation are found. It is estimated that there are over one hundred thousand different species of plants, and almost unnumbered varieties, which differ in size, from the microscopic lichen to the enormously spreading banyan of India; in form, from the creeping vine to the stately cedar; in qualities, from the feeble endurance of the tender annual to the strong resistive power of the rugged oak.

They differ also in their qualities. Some are sweet, some bitter; some giving

nourishment, others producing the rankest poison; some giving forth odors which delight the senses, others such as sicken and offend. Thus we find plants differing in species, in classes of the same species, in individual plants of the same class, and in like parts of the same plant. Not only this, but they differ in form, in shape, in color, in structure, as well as in a thousand other particulars, and to such an extent that we marvel how it is possible to find unity in the midst of this almost endless variety. But, upon a closer examination, we discover that these differences are in the parts, and in the particulars, not in the structure of primary elements, neither in the plan.

All kinds of land vegetation is warmed by the same sun, refreshed by the same showers, nourished by the same atmosphere, and produced by the same soil. They are all made of the five primary elements. They all come from seeds or buds; all in like manner grow and die. They all produce seeds or that which answers to seeds. The leaves are all arranged in spirals around the stem, and both the number of leaves and the number of turns in the spiral, are alike for a given plant. All plants have just three primary parts. No matter what we examine in the vegetable kingdom, we shall find no diversity of plan, and that amid these countless millions of various plants there are underlying principles which are as fixed in their sphere as the laws which hold the planets in space and which govern the movements of the universe.

We find the same grand harmony running through and pervading the animal kingdom. Although there are so many thousand different species of animals, they all seem to be related. All belong to the same family. They all live in the same general way. They move, they feel, they die. They are sensitive to pain and are nourished and sustained by the digestion of food. Such exactness exists in the bonework of their bodies that if we show one of the principal bones, or even a tooth, to the naturalist, he can tell you to what class its owner belonged, and even tell you what were its habits and the character of its food. This exactness not only exists now but we find the same in fossil remains, and thus we see a close relation of animals.

But, searching still further, we find it also exists between animals and plants. In the lower order many animals have not been distinguished from plants. The sponge has for centuries been placed under the vegetable kingdom. In many cases it is difficult for the naturalist to decide where vegetable life ceases and animal life begins. And yet when he does he finds distinctions strikingly apparent.

The earth well illustrates harmony and unity. Though we find great differences in different places, yet there is no place where we enter a different world. In the length of days and years; in the different seasons and their different length; in there being places that are covered with hills and mountains and others with dense forest, and there being here wide prairies and there extended plains; in the difference of the climate of the different zones, and the wonderful difference of products, we see diversity in particulars. But the same sun illuminates the day, the same moon the night; the same atmosphere surrounds and the same elements composing it are everywhere found to be in the same proportions in the whole earth. Seedtime and harvest, summer and winter, night and day, pursue their unwearied courses everywhere.

Rivers flow in the same way, liquids boil and freeze at the same degree of temperature, and, whether upon water or upon land, the same laws govern nature. The atmosphere, the soil and water, all work in perfect harmony. They act upon each tiny seed, and rising above mere chemical action produce a living plant, which is not only formed by their assistance but as it grows lives upon them, and dipping its roots into the soil, sending its tiny leaves up into the atmosphere, absorbing moisture, it unites the three and forms a perfect band of union.

The history of the world itself and its present conditions prove its unity of purpose. Its progression from chaos was not simply a forward and confused movement in space, but constantly better and more useful, step by step it slowly progressed until we find it a world rich in orderly adaptations and beauty, furnished with everything necessary to the existence and happiness of its inhabitants. We find everything on the earth adapted to it. Each plant is adapted to its place,

and it finds what is necessary to its growth. Each order of animals is fundamentally organized for its element and place, whether in water, on land, or in the atmosphere. No ship which plows the ocean is better equipped for her place than the smallest fish in its unfathomed waters, with its water-tight protector, formed by the very law of its growth. The seal and the walrus are especially adapted to the rigors of the icy north, and man can conceive of nothing more perfectly fitted to the upper air than the bird.

We are surrounded with products from all the past which provide for the existence and welfare of the human race. The earth, the atmosphere, and light and heat are adapted to the human body. Man is also adapted to them. For instance, the showers, the soil and the sunlight produce grains and fruit. The digestive and nutritive systems of man are exactly arranged for using them. In the eye, the ear, the lung, and pores of the skin, we find organs made purposely for the pervading and wholesome atmosphere. In nature there is beauty and sublimity, and there are organs in man prepared to perceive them, and a brain to contemplate and appreciate them. In his need of sleep man seems to be adapted to the very movements of the solar system, the need of rest being met in conditions suitable for it. Thus we find the earth, and its different parts and inhabitants, are all in harmony.

In the solar system we find planets strewn along the zodiac at different distances from the sun, with different inclinations to their own and to the sun's orbit, their orbits in different parts of space, with different shapes and different sizes; and these orbits slowly but constantly contracting, and the whole ecliptic is constantly modifying its shape. But all these changes have their bounds, and we find great "permanency in the midst of change."

The planets are all globes, each revolving upon its own axis, and all moving in ecliptical orbits in the same direction around the sun. Their orbits, though they are so differently sized and shaped, are so linked and intermingled that taking out one the whole chain would be affected; and yet, without entanglement, they perform overwhelming journeys under the same circumstances and to the very second. From our earth throughout the solar system the order and unity constitute a ringing harmony.

By some the whole solar system is supposed to be revolving around some distant fixed point, and that it forms one link in a chain of which we know not its end. Space is filled with globes of matter, and all worlds seem to respond to the same law of gravitation, which works alike to mold the dew-drops and the planets. The light from distant bodies, whether from the sun, the moon, or the remotest stars, through the spectrum show the same qualities. Motion is everywhere visible. Electricity and magnetism seem universal. Light and heat are found everywhere, and from every part of space are transmitted to us by the same laws. The harmony of the entire universe is perfected in diversities in unity, and the unity amid diversities.

In contemplating this theme, what grandeur, what sublimity it presents! Nothing is staid, nor does such sameness pervade nature that we become tired of her moods; but, on the contrary, while we are always discovering something new in the particulars, we yet find perfect harmony and design in the principles; and the beauty of each part is doubly enhanced by the harmony of the whole.

This unity of design would seem to prove the unity of the thinker, and we are led to "look through nature up to nature's God," and there find an unchangeable perfect unit, and with the poet to realize,

"One God, one law, one element,
One far-off divine event; toward which
The whole creation moves."

FRANCES H. WALKER.

ONE STEP MORE.

"What though before me it is dark,
Too dark for me to see,
I ask but light for one step more,
'Tis quite enough for me.

"Each little humble step I take,
The gloom clears from the next;
But though 'tis very dark beyond,
I never am perplext."

GOLGOTHA.

BY ELDER WILLIAM KENDRICK.

O take me now along thy path of death,
That thy last blessing, Lord, I may receive,
What thou in suffering, yielding up thy breath
To earth, doth leave.

For thee with Zion's daughters would I weep,
The cross of shame with Simon would I bear,
With John,—by thee beloved,—I watch would keep,
His sorrow share.

The feet with heavy, wearied steps that trod
So softly on thine errand—men to bless,
Ere I must yield my spirit up to God,
Let me embrace.

The hands that ne'er on earth did aught but good,
O stretch them forth from that accursed tree,
Where men ungrateful nailed them to the wood,
And bless e'en me.

Ye lips that ever uttered words of grace,
With doctrine, warning, comfort flowing o'er,
And ere death's pallor overspread thy face,
Speak one word more.

Yet, silence! Hark the hammer's heavy blows
That pierce His flesh, and rend my very heart;
Yet doth He pray, that pardon to His foes,
God would impart.

Now naked 'mid transgressors hangeth He,
Inclineth to the penitent His ear,
And saith to him, To-day thou shall with me
In Paradise appear.

He sees His mother with her broken heart,
In speechless sorrow standing at the Cross,
And calls on John to act a filial part
In her great loss.

Behold, how darkness overspreads the land;
His soul is sunk in deep despondency.
By God forsaken; who can understand
His bitter cry?

"I thirst," He saith, while quivers every limb;
His tongue must to His palate cleaving be;
The living water flowing forth from Him,
Yet thirsteth He.

Be comforted,—the Father's will is done;
Fulfilled is scripture. Thro' the courts on high
Resounds the shout, "'Tis finished; He hath won
The victory!"

Once more the sun doth from the clouds ascend,
To Heavenly joy is tuned death's agony;
He, dying, saith, "O Father, I commend
My soul to thee."

'Tis finished, and my Lord hath passed away;
And now in peace is bowed His wearied head;
The rocks are rent, earth trembles, men to-day
Are filled with dread.

The people all in silence turn away,
Yet, Lord, Thy Cross erect doth ever stand;
Salvation's banner for the world for aye,
For every land.

But rear Thy Cross; O may I ever live,
Thy guiltless blood shall heal my wound. Thy strife
That now is o'er, peace to my soul shall give;
Thy death true life.

LONDON, England.

THE PATH OF DUTY THE PATH OF SAFETY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER I.

I slept and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke and found that life was duty.
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.
—*Ellen Hooper.*

"WHEN I have time to read and study it seems to me life widens out as never before. There is so much to see and learn and do. I may live to thank God he has ordered my life just as he has. I may see reasons why for me it it is best so. Let us all strive to remember that while we waste our precious moments, and sadden the days and nights with our mourning for earthly joys, the time is hastening onward and the Master may demand at our hands labor entrusted to us undone."

Slowly I folded the letter I had been reading and with a lingering touch placed it in the envelope; but before putting it away I looked long at the perfect chirography of my friend, for I felt that even there I caught fresh glimpses of her character. Each letter clearly cut and shapely; not a single flourish, not an unnecessary stroke; but, like the plain unvarnished truth, beautiful in their simplicity. As I put it away I felt that after all they who believe that character may be read in the writing, are not altogether in the wrong.

But this thought passed out of my mind, to be followed by a query which had often come to me of late, but never with just the same force as now. The very tone of my friend's letter convinced me that at some time in the past her heart had bled with an experience which had enriched her life. As violets, when crushed by careless feet, give to the evening breeze rich odors, so was her life filled with gentle deeds of tenderest sympathy and thoughtfulness. But I had never questioned her of the past, for with the poet I firmly believe that,

"He prayeth best who leaves unguessed,
The secret of another's breast."

But now the sentence, "I *may live* to thank God that he has ordered my life just as He has," was repeating itself over and over in my mind, followed by the question, "Shall I tell her?"

Does the reader ask, "What is it that you wish to tell, and why might you not tell it?" I answer, only the story of another brave, true heart, which had suffered and grown strong, only the story of another life, which had enriched the world as few lives ever enriched it, and whose memory to-day is enshrined in the hearts of thousands who rise up and call her blessed. It is a story which came to me long years ago from a land far remote from this, but one which is true. It was given me in confidence, and had been sacredly mine up to that hour. But the ban of silence had for sometime been removed, and I longed to tell my friend this chapter of unwritten history, this lesson gleaned from the life of another.

This desire was embodied in action, and the story as I told it to her, I now give to you, kind reader, hoping that it may be to you like "a sure word of prophecy," if into your life the time should ever come when you have to choose between inclination and duty, between that which the heart—yes the soul—with all its boundless reach of power craves, and yet shrinks from, as faintly conscious that there lurks folded within the desired object, the germ of that which in years to

come would bring forth thorns and thistles. Stay then your hand, even if just ready to grasp, and dash from your lips, be they never so thirsty, the brimming cup; for thorns will pierce your outstretched hand, and the dregs of the cup will be more bitter than gall. In hours of inward temptation, dare bravely to choose the right, even though the path lead you beneath thick clouds of darkness and the thunders break across them with terrific roar, for

"The clouds which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain."

But I will tell you the story as it was told to me.

Dear Friend: (it was thus she wrote).

I have long felt that I would like to entrust to your keeping a brief history of my early life, because of the one important lesson which it contains. You have often spoken of my usefulness in the world, of my influence for good with both old and young, and, while I feel that you have overrated my abilities, yet I must, in justice to myself, but especially that God may have that praise which belongs to his holy name, admit that my life has been filled to repletion with opportunities of usefulness, and the Lord has strengthened me to embrace many of them and to labor for him.

Looking back now, as the sun of my life declines toward the west, my heart is filled with thankfulness, and peace is her abiding guest. But let me tell you, dear friend, that all which I may have done of good in this life, all the love, peace, and blessedness which has filled my cup to overflowing I truly believe, yes know, has followed as a result of my giving myself unreservedly into God's hands and obeying the will of my parents at a time when it seemed as though my heart must break; when nothing but dense blackness surrounded me and every heart-string bled and quivered with agony which none can know save those who have tasted its bitter cup. My only object in telling you the story of my life, or such portions of it as these few pages shall contain, is that I would encourage others to be true to themselves and to their highest conception of duty, in the hour of temptation.

We may not always be able to rightly adjust the balance, and can but dimly discern which is indeed the right thing to do; but, if we are willing to follow the highest standard, not counting the cost to ourselves, but having in view only the good and happiness of others, God will take care of the consequences, and the blessing sought for others will come unsought to us.

As you know I was born and reared among the romantic hills of the Granite State. My father, while he was an affectionate man to his family and labored with all diligence to provide them with every needed comfort and enjoyment of life, had yet inherited from his Puritan ancestors certain ideas in regard to his duty towards his children which are not entertained by parents in this day, and which I mention in this connection lest in that which I have to tell he should perchance be misjudged. My mother, while tender-hearted, gentle and womanly, was yet so devotedly attached to my father that it never entered her mind to question what seemed good to him to do. As children we grew up to regard our parents' will as the law from which there was no appeal and to disregard which could only merit speedy punishment.

Adjoining my father's farm was a small inland lake, bordered by a lovely wood. Here in the springtime among its shady nooks where the pine trees made a "barricade against the cold east wind," we children used to hunt for the earliest flowers,

"And, guided by its sweet
Perfume," we "found within a narrow dell
The trailing spring flowers tinted like a shell,
Amid dry leaves and mosses at" our "feet."

Our home was near to the the village of ——, situated in a lovely and romantic spot. To the south the valley opened out, dotted with orchards, groves, and farm-houses, while upon the east and west wooded hills rose, by gentle inclines, sloping away in the the hazy distance.

I pass by the period of my early childhood, until the first time I met with Edward Warren. The cirumstances were these: A new house had been built between our farm and the village. Here had come to reside a family by the name of Warren. Mr. Warren had opened a store in the village, and though not wealthy, all the appointments of his property, both at his residence and place of business, indicated that the family were

in comfortable circumstances. I was then but nine years of age, a bonny, dark-eyed girl, with cheeks as blushing and rosy as the tempting apples weighting down the orchard trees, and full to overflowing of fun and innocent mirth.

Indelibly fixed in my memory is the night when Edward first called at our house. I was sitting with a girl companion in the hall when a strange voice floated in on the evening air. Ah, my friend, child as I was, to this day I rememember distinctly the quiver my heart gave at the first sound of that voice. I could not see his face, for the shadows of evening were closing around; but when he had gone I softly asked my companion, "Who was that little boy? he has such a sweet voice." And from that time on, all through my school days, I never heard that voice without a thrill of pleasure.

Shortly after this we met at the village school, and our love began and grew with our acquaintance. It was no secret in the school, and must have been noticed by the different teachers; but to me it never lost any of its sacredness. To others it may have seemed only a childish fancy, but I could never speak his name without a tremor in my voice, and I always avoided mentioning it in the presence of others, and, notwithstanding our constant association, my heart always gave a great bound when I saw him pass. Much more knowledge I might have obtained from my books, had not his form so completely filled my heart and mind.

He was the companion of each small or unfortunate child in the school, and such were never imposed upon when he was near, even though many boys in school were stronger and older than he; for he was only one year and a half older than myself. As for Edward, he apparently learned without studying, while I often had to blush at my shortcomings in the class.

The years slipped by, and the sad day came when he was to leave the village school for a distant college, there to complete his education. Up to this time we had never been separated even for a day but what we had written to each other, and, though I was not yet fifteen years old, we parted as plighted lovers. How void and empty the world seemed when he was gone. Nothing was real but the sadness of my heart, and the one cruel fact that his footsteps never came and his voice never made my heart leap as in the days so shrined, so treasured, in my memory.

"O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green;
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.
The winds, so sweet with birch and fern,
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veerys sing
The song of long ago."

I remained in school only the rest of the term after he left, and then went for a long visit to a distant relation, glad to leave the school and place which had become so monotonous and desolate since he had been gone. At first our correspondence was frequent and uninterrupted, but after a time his letters ceased to come. I waited until suspense seemed unendurable and then wrote him a second time, telling him all my loneliness and and sorrow. I asked why he had not written. Was he sick, or had my letters failed to reach him? Or (oh, what a pain it brought to my heart!), had he in his new and higher sphere of life ceased to think of me, learned to live without thought of me? A great tear splashed down upon the letter as I wrote, but blurred as it was, I sent it to him.

Again came days of suspense and waiting; days which seemed as though they would never end. The same coming up of the sun in the east; his weary, weary journey through the heavens, and at last the blessed relief of going to my room and sobbing myself to sleep. But even my dreams were troubled, and I woke with a dull heavy pain tugging at my heart, and sighed that another day of suspense was before me. In this way another month passed, and, unable to endure it longer, I once more wrote him and closed my letter by saying, "If you have any love for me, prove it by answering my letter."

But no answer came. During all the Summer I never heard of him directly or indirectly. To me the world had all grown dark. I thought there was no greater trouble in the world, and my full heart found only a temporary relief in sobs and tears. At last my burden became too heavy for me to bear alone and I began to whisper it to the Savior. At first I thought the Savior would not care about my love affairs, but when I began to tell him about it all I found that he

did care; for I was comforted, and no longer did I feel that I was all alone. Indeed I began to look forward with great longing to the hour when I could be alone to commune with the Savior and mourn for my loss.

How I longed for one word. If Edward had only written and upbraided me, I could at least have had the pleasure of seeing his writing again (so dear and pretty), and could have pressed to my cheek the paper where his hand had rested. Then I wondered how I would feel if he should say anything harsh to me; for he never had in all our acquaintance spoken or written an unkind word, or reproved me in any way.

"In the dark we cry like children;
And no answer from on high
Breaks the crystal spheres of silence
And no white wings downward fly;
But the heavenly help we pray for
Comes to faith and not to sight.
And our prayers themselves drive backward
All the spirits of the night!"

After "taking it to the Lord in prayer" my grief grew lighter and the brightness crept into life again. Shortly after this I returned home for a brief period, but while there learned nothing of Edward, only that he was expected home in the Spring. Through a great fear that they would question me, and so discover the fact that I was not hearing from him, I never sufferd his name to pass my lips. I was sure that the time would come when I should hear; and I could not bear to have anyone think he was slighting me. My heart was growing lighter and my former cheerfulness was beginning to return. I now entered more into society and was constantly making new and pleasant acquaintances.

During the winter months I went to visit an aunt living in quite a large town. In this place I found the society very pleasant; not at all bound by the conventionalities of fashionable life, but intellectual and very enjoyable. Young people were plenty and there were no "sets," "clans," or "cliques," but the amusements planned were general and entered into with hearty zest. Social gatherings, driving parties, and later on, as the Spring advanced, picnics and festivals followed each other in rapid succession. I had no enemies among my female acquaintances; and looking back now I can see that I was a great favorite with my gentleman acquaintances, though at that time I never gave it a thought. I simply enjoyed society, had in my heart a desire to please and give happiness to others, and so it came back to me in the full measure I meted out.

I recall one occasion when two of my most intimate friends were with me, and one of them, in the best natured way possible, said to me,

"Jennie and I have been undecided for some time as to which of us was going to have the honor of being the village belle; but the contest is ended, and we hand all our laurels over to you."

"You saucy girl," I answered, placing my hand over her mouth. Then changing my manner, I added, "A whole string of bells is better than one; they sound so much better, and are far nicer, especially at a sleighing party."

I was very natural and childlike in my manner; but after all I was only human and found this friendly admiration very pleasant and gratifying. My natural disposition was to doubt or depreciate my own abilities, as well as the good qualities I did possess, therefore this appreciation by others served the purpose of keeping me from feeling insignificant. It was seldom that I was not the occupant of the finest turn-out at a sleighing or driving party. I enjoyed it all very much, but it gave me no thought of being lifted up or of looking down upon or exulting over others.

But sometimes I found myself wondering if the fact of my social success would reach my boy lover, and, if it should, whether he was interested enough in me to care. Or, had he banished me altogether from his mind and heart? There were times when I felt that I would willingly give many of the best years of my life if I could only see and speak to him. I was now firmly convinced that this long, unexplained silence was no accident, but that it was intentional upon his part. Then I would feel hurt and indignant, and, even while brushing away the tears, would declare to myself that I did not care. But away down in my heart of hearts I knew that I did care, and to my spirit a voice would keep repeating, "It will all come right sometime."

Two years had now passed since I began to shake off my great sorrow, and I entered into life with all the innocent

gayety of my naturally frank and confiding nature. During this time I had many suitors, but I accepted of none as lovers. I was still away from home, but incidentally learned that Edward, having completed his two years at school, had returned home. This information I obtained from his cousin, who had been visiting at his father's. She was entirely ignorant of any special interest upon my part; but so wildly did my heart throb at the mention of his name that I did not dare trust myself to speak it until the light was extinguished and we were in bed. Then, referring to something she had previously said, I added,

"Your cousin is at home now, Maggie, is he not?"

"Yes, and I don't know what I would do if he was not, for he is the best cousin I have; but I do wish he was not so wild."

"In what way is he wild? He does not drink?"

"Oh no! That is he does not get intoxicated; but he is not a teetotaler either. But it was not that I meant. He just seems reckless, sometimes, as if he did not care for anything; but at other times he is just as good as he can be;" and here Maggie sighed as if a weight oppressed her young heart.

"I believe, Maggie," said I, "that you think a great deal of your cousin. Who knows but there will be a wedding sometime?" and I gave her arm a little pinch.

It was well for me that she could not see my face; and dark as the room was I have since wondered that the tremor in my voice did not betray me, and how I ever found courage to say what I did. But she answered frankly.

"Oh yes, I like him, but only as a cousin. I could never marry him, for he is too much like a brother. And besides he would not have me if I would. We are first-rate friends and that is all. I don't think he likes anyone in particular, for he goes with all of us. I am glad he does not like anyone especially, for I would not like to spare him."

I made no answer to this but shortly after bade her good night and turned upon my pillow, as if to seek sleep. Light-hearted, innocent Maggie was soon asleep, all unconscious of the tumult her words had awakened in my heart; but sleep fled my eyelids, and thought upon thought crowded each other through my busy brain until light began to streak the east. Nothing definite, however, came of my thoughts; and, wearied out at last, I fell into a broken slumber just as the light was coming into our bedroom window. Longfellow has written:

"How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its allusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of beginning, story without end,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!
Alladin's lamp and Fortunatus' purse
That holds the treasures of the universe!
All possibilities are in its hands;
No danger daunts it and no foe withstands
In its sublime audacity of faith,
'Be thou removed!' it to the mountain saith;
And with ambition's feet secure and proud
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud."

How it was all to come about I knew not, neither did I question; but this I know, that there was not a dream of my future in which Edward did not appear; not a vision stretching out into the vista of years but held his form; and from the altar of memory sweet incense rose daily and enveloped all my being, so that at times I lived in a world all my own. Notwithstanding all my enjoyments of society and friends he was the pole-star of my existence, the sweet unseen presence ever hovering near me. But ever after this conversation with Maggie there crept into my heart a nameless dread when I thought of him. It was as if some hand had suddenly drawn aside the curtain of fancy and revealed the reality. My idol was not shattered—he was still there in all the pride of his youth—his young dawning manhood, but alas! alas! I felt only too keenly that he was but clay.

In a few weeks after our conversation Maggie returned to her uncle's. Whether her cousin questioned her or not I never knew, but not long after her return I was greatly surprised to receive a call from him.

(To be Continued.)

A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

FORGET AND FORGIVE.

Forget! for why remember
  The wrongs of yesterday?
Perchance kind words were spoken
  To heal the breach to-day;
Then let the past forever be
A blank leaf in thy memory.

Forget the Old Year's failings,
  The New will have its share;
Each one will find that haply
  He hath enough to bear
Without the memory of the wrong
That to the Old Year doth belong.

"Let bygones be bygones"—for why
  Should thoughts that 'gender strife
Be nourished in the bosom—
  That but embitter life,
And fill this world, that else were fair,
With scenes of sorrow, strife and care!

Forgive! for why should we withhold
  The blessing that we need,
Or let an erring brother
  In vain for mercy plead?
Oh! cold must be the hearts, and rare,
That could reject the suppliant prayer.

Forgive! for Time's swift pinions
  Are bearing us along,
And few may be our moments
  To do or suffer wrong;
Then let us, while the power is given,
Forgive, as we would be forgiven!

—Selected.

WHAT THEY SAY.

THEY say so many things of life. It is likened to so many things. Sometimes we read them in plain, matter of fact prose, and sometimes the rythm and music of poetry lend their aid in the expression of the thought.

Goethe tells us that life is a quarry, out of which we are to mould and chisel and complete character. Notice that he says *we* are to do the "moulding" and "chiseling" and "completing." Here is a demand made upon us for energy, for activity, for life. He will never be a perfect being who passively receives, who is merely a machine acted upon. "There is a spirit in man;" he has power in himself and he must use it or be a nonentity. The same thought is contained in these words: "Only what we have wrought into our character during life can we take away with us."

Time hurries away and we spend our life as a tale that is told; spend it, some of us, in caring principally for the body, for the tenement in which "self" dwells. We seek to provide for it all the comforts of life that it may not suffer; to deck it in fine fabrics that it may appear beautiful to others; to regale it with pleasant sights and sweet sounds. And yet we all know that the "earthly tabernacle" is destined to be "dissolved;" and, if we may take with us only what we have wrought into our character, how necessary it is that we should have a care for the threads we are weaving day by day into the web of life.

"Are we spinners of wool for this life-web, say?
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better, then, O friend, to spin
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin"

We must be doers; we must act. Liken life to what you will, the quarry, the loom, the field; we must be the sculptors, the weavers, the sowers, and the results of our labors shall be our reward.

But we must also under some things be passive. Some things must be done for us; some things we cannot do; we need not only to learn "to labor" but "to wait," to be patient, to endure. Robert Burns, you remember, likens a man to gold, and another using the same metaphor says;

"The great trip-hammer of the mint of God hits us hard, and hits us again, and hits us again; and with every blow the metal struck changes its luster, changes its strength, even changes the image and the superscription."

We shrink under the blows sometimes, and we cry out that we have more than we can bear; but the hand of infinite love, guided by infinite wisdom, does not desist; for the design is to change weak human

PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

"Hang up the baby's stockings,
Be sure you don't forget,
For wee little dimpled darling,
Has never seen Christmas yet."

nature into a nature strong, powerful, pure and God-like, and well may we rejoice even under trials when we realize that every blow borne in patience will but help in the work of the great transformation. We have learned one of life's truths when we can feel that "sweet are the uses of adversity."

Oliver Wendell Holmes has given us a beautiful thought in beautiful language. There is in the tropical seas a little creature called the nautilus, which as it grows vacates successively parts of its shell, closing them up as he leaves the "past year's dwelling for the new." The poet, gazing upon the little "ship of pearl," hears ringing through the "deep caves of thought" a voice that says:—

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

The words are inspiring. They suggest growth, development, improvement, progress. "Build thee more stately mansions, Oh my soul!" Be more to-day than you were yesterday; intend to be more to-morrow than you are to-day. Find the "low vaults" of the present too narrow to contain an expanding mind, a growing character, a new creature, daily increasing in stature as it approaches perfection, its final freedom; and, having left "thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea," find thyself "clothed upon by that house which is from heaven."

Shall we ever awaken to come forth with bodies "fashioned like unto His glorious one," unless we have wrought into our characters the strength, the firmness, the steadfastness of truth, and into this warp have woven the shining threads of mercy, and love, and goodness? Are not all the promises of blessing for the merciful, the peace-maker, the pure who are like Him in spirit? It is greatly wise in us to pause at times and examine ourselves to find out just our condition; for it is possible even to be deceived in ourselves. "Watch!" was the word of warning left to us, "and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." We need to watch and pray and work,—for God has entrusted to us no power, no talent for the use of which we are not held responsible; and while man's arm is too short to save himself and he must accept eternal life as the gift of a Savior, yet it will require all his energy, it will tax all his powers to "fight the good fight," to detect and overcome evil in its manifold disguises.

Before man enters heaven he will have made every effort of which he is capable to raise himself. Is it not reasonable? The very use of his powers strengthens and increases them. Only that which we cannot do will be done for us. How truly does the poet tell us that "only in dreams is a ladder thrown from the weary earth to the sapphire walls." He would have us wake from our dreaming; he would have us realize and learn patience from the grave, solemn thought that

"We rise by the things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."

Oh, the battles in the human soul! Who knows them,—who guesses the result except that the life itself tells of the march of a victor onward and upward, or the retreat of the vanquished, the overcome? Imagination can paint for us no happier picture than man (be his condition in life what it may) who passes along the great highway, ever true to the right, who might say to kings, "My crown is in my heart, not on my head." And imagination paints no sadder picture than of one who has "run well for a season," but has wearied of the race; than of one who pressed forward into the fray but falls back, a coward; than of one whose heart once glowed with high hopes but now beats heavily with remorse, with shame because he has been "overcome of evil." Overcome! Terrible word! Well worth the solemn warning, "Watch ye and pray always, lest ye enter into temptation."

Think of the career of Solomon, to to whom "God gave wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the seashore, whose wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country, and all the wisdom of Egypt." What did the enormous wealth of this merchant-monarch profit him; what did it signify that his ships were on the seas, his caravans on the deserts, that in his magnificence and luxury he was able to entertain kings and queens when they "and all the

earth sought him to hear his wisdom"? Sad, sad his condition when he forgot the God who had put the wisdom in his heart and had given him his riches and honor! Sad is it that it is recorded of him that when he was old "his heart was not perfect with the Lord his God."

The old year is passing away. How "the swift seasons roll"! 'Tis such a little while since we ushered it in with good resolutions and earnest thoughts. And now already it is fading into the past, and its opportunities are gone by. Have we used them as we might have done? If not, what shall we do? Shall we renew the good resolutions in which we have failed? Shall we begin just where we stopped? Plainly there is no other way; but let us pause to ask ourselves what the end must be if we use our time to

"Resolve and re-resolve, then die the same."

Oh, no! Let us rise and with the Master's help make our "new temple nobler than the last." Let the narrow circle that bounds our view widen and widen each succeeding year, as we grow in the knowledge of good things, "till we at length are free," leaving our "outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

MARGARET.

THE TWO TRAVELERS.

'Twas evening, and before my eyes
There lay a landscape gray and dim,
Fields faintly seen, and twilight skies,
And clouds that hid the horizon's brim.

I saw—or was it that I dreamed?—
A waking dream?—I cannot say;
For every shape as real seemed
As those that meet my eye to-day.

Through leafless shrubs the cold wind hissed,
The air was thick with falling snow,
And onward through the frozen mist
I saw a weary traveler go.

Driven o'er that landscape bare and bleak,
Before the whirling gusts of air,
The snow-flakes smote his withered cheek,
And gathered on his silver hair.

Yet on he fared through blinding snows,
And murmuring to himself he said:
"The night is near, the darkness grows,
And higher rise the drifts I tread.

"Deep, deep each autumn flower they hide,
Each tuft of green they whelm from sight,
And they who journey by my side
Are lost in the surrounding night.

"I loved them; oh, no words can tell
The love that to my friends I bore;
We parted with the sad farewell
Of those who part to meet no more.

"And I, who face this bitter wind,
And o'er these snowy hillocks creep,
Must end my journey soon, and find
A frosty couch, a frozen sleep."

As thus he spoke, a thrill of pain
Shot to my heart; I closed my eyes,
And when I opened them again
I started with a glad surprise.

'Twas evening still, and in the west
A flush of growing crimson lay;
I saw the morrow there, and blest
That promise of a glorious day.

The waters, in their glassy sleep,
Shone with the hues that tinged the sky,
And rugged cliff and barren steep
Gleamed with a brightness from on high.

And one was there whose journey lay
Into the slowly gathering night;
With steady step he held his way
O'er shadow vale and gleaming height.

I marked his firm though weary tread,
The lifted eye and brow serene,
And saw no shade of doubt or dread
Pass o'er that traveler's placid mien.

And others came, their journey o'er,
And bade good-night with words of cheer.
"To-morrow we shall meet once more;
'Tis but the night that parts us here."

"And I," he said, "shall sleep ere long—
These fading gleams will soon be gone—
Shall sleep, to rise, refreshed and strong,
In the bright day that yet will dawn,"

I heard; I watched him as he went,
A lessening form, until the light
Of evening from the firmament
Had passed, and he was lost to sight.

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE SILVER THIMBLE.

"JUST three weeks to-day till Christmas," thought Carrie Bell, as her fingers flew and the needle went in and out on a tray-cloth she was working in outline stitch for mamma. She sat curled up in the big chair by the parlor window, her favorite seat when she wanted to read or do fancy work, and of this she had done a good deal—neat little bits for her mother and the aunties—besides darning her own stockings, sewing on buttons, and sometimes helping with the mending.

Carrie had passed her twelfth birthday the Summer before and she was a natural little needlewoman; or, perhaps she seemed so because her mother had helped her so carefully ever since she began to use a needle.

She had pieced a stove holder for Aunt Ida, when she was only five years old, with a diamond of red flannel in the center and the corners of black broadcloth, and the stitches were quite fine and even too. Since then she had gone on learning and improving, and she really took pleasure in seeing how well she could do her work.

Last Christmas, mamma gave her a pretty workbasket with cushions and pockets, and a pair of scissors for her own, so that she need not be borrowing of her, and this year she was to have a silver timble. It was of this that she was thinking as she worked, on that day three weeks before Christmas. She had a German-silver thimble that had been given her the year before, but she did think it would be so nice to have a silver one. When she received this one mamma had said that if she could keep it a year she would get her a silver one. How she had watched it for fear she might lose it before the year should be over. Sometimes she forgot and left it where she had been using it, but soon she had remembered to go and put it away in its little pocket in her basket. Once or twice she thought it was surely gone, but patient searching, with careful thinking as to where she had had it last, had brought it to light. I think all this was teaching her so she would be more thoughtful with a silver thimble, and mamma thought so too, when she wanted to try her for a year.

Now the year was almost over. Carrie worked faster than ever, as if she would hurry the days along with her stitches.

"All the girls have silver thimbles," she thought, "and I shall be so glad to have one too. Of course this one is good, but it will be convenient sometimes to have two; and then this will do for little Sister Addie before she gets old enough to have a silver one. Mamma hasn't said anything about it lately, but I know she won't forget; she never does if she promises anything. Perhaps she thinks I have forgotten and she will surprise me. I haven't though. I have thought more about this than anything else I would like for Christmas; maybe because I have tried so hard to earn it by being careful of my old thimble."

A few days before Christmas Carrie's mother said to her,

"My dear, I want to ask you to make a sacrifice."

"What is it to make a sacrifice, mamma?"

"It is giving up something we want ourselves for the sake of someone else."

"I don't know of anything," thought Carrie, "that I want so very much, except my silver thimble."

And it was just this of which her mother was going to speak.

"I have thought for sometime," she continued, "that at this Christmas I would like to get a silver thimble for Aunt Evaline. You know she sews so much, and she has only an old brass thimble. I have not forgotten about yours, but, with other things that I have been getting, I do not think that I can get both. I will keep my promise to you, unless you are willing that I should get the one for her and let you wait for yours a little longer—perhaps another year. What does my little daughter say?"

A shade of disappointment passed over Carrie's face as her thoughts ran back over her year of anticipation, forward to doing without the long expected treasure, to the girls with their silver thimbles and to Aunt Evaline with her brass one. She considered it all; but presently her face cleared up and she said,

"You may get the one for her."

Then her mother kissed her and said,

"I am very glad that my little girl did not give way to selfish feelings, but decided to act generously. I will get the thimble and you may take it out on Christmas morning."

Aunt Evaline was Carrie's great aunt—her mother's mother's sister. Cousin Ella was her only daghter. She was married but still lived at the old home. She had for years worked at dressmaking, and though Aunt Evaline was growing old, she too did a great deal of sewing, making nearly all the buttonholes and helping with other parts of the hand sewing. She was a lovely old lady—not, perhaps in looks but in other ways. Her hair was not smooth and glossy; for she had had a great deal of sickness, and pain in her head, and it had caused her hair to be dry and rough. She had so often said that she admired smooth, shining hair, especially for an old lady. She had always hoped hers would be so when she grew to be old, and she felt sorry that it was not so. But no one else who knew her minded, for they forgot her looks by becoming interested in her wise counsel, and loving her for her just and generous soul. And she was such a friend to all the boys and girls. In her busiest times she could always get them something good to eat, or tell them where to get it—a doughnut, or some bread and jam, or a piece of ginger bread. Years ago she was a capital story teller, but now she did not often feel able or have time to instruct and amuse her little friends in this way. She could always give them good advice, though; and she knew how to talk in just the right way so that no one ever took offence at what she said. She seemed to know everybody's weak points and just where they needed help the most. Her heart was always tender for the ones who were not doing right, and she was always interested in anyone who was sick or poor or troubled, even if only with childish troubles.

So you see there were more reasons than one why Carrie was willing to make this sacrifice for her.

Christmas morning came at last and Carrie was a very happy little girl. Her stockings were filled with pretty and useful presents, her brothers and sister fared as well, and each enjoyed his own and all the others'. Carrie had made for papa a pen-wiper, for mamma the tray-cloth, for her older brother a bag for his skates, for the younger a marble bag, and for the little sister a crocheted dolly cap and cape. She was glad in seeing the pleasure with which these were received, glad in everything around her; and still it seemed to her the best was yet to come, and she could hardly wait till time to go with the thimble.

Breakfast time came, and you would have thought it a pleasant sight could you have looked in at the happy, orderly family group gathered around the table in the cheery dining-room where a bright fire glowed and the plants drank in the sunshine at the window. It was a rule in this home that on Christmas morning they should all be dressed and washed and their hair combed before they came down stairs to look at their stockings. Papa and mamma thought they could all enjoy the time better this way; and then if they lingered long over their presents no one would be taking cold from not being wholly dressed, and there would be no scurrying around to get ready just at breakfast time.

After breakfast some of the neighbor children came in, and of course they had a merry time chatting and looking at all the new things. When they had gone the boys went out to play, papa was reading to Addie from her new book, mamma was busy up stairs, and with her consent Carrie started on her errand.

The air was cold and the wind blew, but she did not mind that. Her wraps were warm, and the wind only sent her long curls dancing around and brought a little more red to her cheeks and brightness to her eyes. It was quite a long walk; but she went skipping along, now and then putting her hand to her pocket to be sure the thimble was there. Other presents for the family had been sent the night before; but this was a special one and it could not go with them.

Carrie found the family in the sitting-room, all except Aunt Evaline; she was busy in the kitchen. So Carrie passed on through, after stopping a moment for the Christmas greetings.

Aunt Evaline was attending to something in the oven and did not see Carrie, who came in softly and stood still behind her. When she did turn around it was a very happy face she saw before her and and a very cheery voice that said,

"Merry Christmas, Aunt Evaline. I have something for you."

"You have? Well, wait a minute," she said, as Carrie felt for her pocket, "till I wash my hands and get my glasses; then I will sit down and rest while I see what it is."

When she was seated Carrie took the rubber band from around the little plush lined box, took off the cover and handed her the box where lay the bright new thimble.

"Mamma sent it and she said I might tell you it is partly my present to you because she had promised to get one for me and I told her she might get yours instead."

Of course you want to know how Aunt Evaline looked and what she said. We will hear what Carrie told her mother about it when she went home. Eager to find her mother, she ran into the house and called,

"Mamma!"

"Well?" sounded the loving voice from the kitchen, where mamma was helping to get the big turkey ready for the oven.

"Oh, mamma," she said, "I'm so glad you didn't get the thimble for me. Aunt Evaline was so pleased. And just think, mamma, she said she never had a silver thimble in all her life before. You ought to have seen her eyes when she saw it. She opened them so wide, and smiled; and, then, when I told her why it was partly my present, there came such a solemn, earnest look in her eyes, and she took my face between her hands and kissed me; and she said,

"Carrie, dear, I am more glad of that than of all the rest, though I am pleased with the thimble. For I never had a silver one before, and I have always wanted one. It is such a beauty, too. Tell your mother I thank her very much."

The tears might have come in Aunt Evaline's eyes if she had been like most people, but for years she had never shed any tears. When she felt very deeply there always came into her dark gray eyes that deep, earnest look which meant more to those who knew her than tears might have done. Aunt Ida could tell you how, years ago in her girlhood, when some of the family were speaking impatiently of the actions of a careless, wayward cousin, she had tried to excuse her faults and to influence others to have charity for her. After she had done so and passed from the room Aunt Evaline followed her, and said to Ida,

"I came down here to kiss you for that."

"For what?" questioned Ida.

"For what you have just been saying."

Then she looked into Ida's eyes a look so full of meaning, and kissed her so seriously, that Ida has never forgotten either the look or the kiss; and I think they have helped her to remember that we ought to have charity for the failings of others.

Carrie, as we have seen, felt amply repaid for her disappointment. But there was still a pleasant surprise in store for her because of it.

For, after Christmas, her mother in writing to Aunt Ida told the story of the thimble, and she, enjoying it herself, read it to a very dear friend, who was also a friend of Carrie's mother, and Miss Jennie said,

"Wasn't that nice! I would like to get the child a thimble and send it to her at once; and I think I'll do it."

In the small place where she lived she could not find one to suit, so she sent to Chicago for it, and in course of time it came,—one pretty enough to satisfy the the longings of any little girl with a desire for a silver thimble.

So it happened that one morning in January, when the mail carrier stopped at Carrie's home, he left a letter in a pink envelope, and a little square package, both addressed to her. At noon, when she came home from school she found the letter and package lying on the table in the sitting-room. She hardly knew which to open first; but the package looked the most enticing. So, taking off the wrapping, she found a little box, and in it—a silver thimble.

"Why mamma!" she exclaimed.

And mamma was as much surprised as she.

"Who could have sent it?"

"Read your letter," said mamma; "perhaps that will tell."

Carrie cut off the end of the envelope and drew out the pink tinted sheet; and this is what she read:

Dear Carrie:—When I heard of a little girl who was willing to give up that which she so much desired, and for a long year had anticipated having, I felt as if I wanted to reward

her for her unselfishness. Not that she expected reward. No, indeed; but because she so lovingly and cheerfully gave up her thimble, and was willing to wait another whole year for it.

That, dear, is just why I wanted you to have one now. As you use it if you are ever tempted to be selfish, (and you know the temptation to selfishness comes to us all in many ways), may the thimble be a reminder to you that it always brings peace and happiness to sacrifice our own comfort and pleasure for others. The good book, which is light to our pathway, teaches us that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." This is true in more ways than one, as I trust you may prove by a life of unselfishness. Work done and sacrifices made for love, are sure to bring a reward with the doing; and then at the end of the race will come the great reward.

May you, dear child, so strive that at the last it may be said to you, "Well done" Please accept the thimble with love from,

Your friend,

JENNIE C.

And now it was Miss Jennie's turn to get a letter. It was handed to her through the little window at the post office, and she knew by the writing that it must be from Carrie. It was a very nicely written letter; for Carrie had had good training at school, as well as at home, and she was as careful with her writing as with her sewing. This is what the letter said:

Dear Miss Jennie:—I thank you very much for the thimble. It is such a pretty one, and I so much wanted one. Before Christmas mamma told me that she had intended to get me one, as she had promised, but that Aunt Evaline had no silver thimble and she asked if I would give up mine for her. It was pretty hard to give it up; but when I thought all about it I was willing to let her have it. I took it out to her on Christmas morning; and when I saw how pleased she was it did me more good than twenty thimbles. She said that she never had a silver thimble before. How glad I was that I gave it to her.

I didn't think of anyone but mamma giving me a thimble, and did not expect it now at all, so it was a great surprise when this one came from you. I had some nice Christmas presents, and since you sent the thimble I have everything I wanted.

I thank you for your nice letter, and will try to remember what you said about being unselfish.

Your little friend,

CARRIE BELL.

Do some of the children say,

"That's the way things always turn out in stories; the people get just what they want, in the end?"

We grant that it happens there more often than in real life; in fact we rarely see it happen so. However, this is a true story. But, while it was kind in Miss Jennie to get the thimble, and pleasant for Carrie to have it, that is not the best part of the story. Now is it? Are not Carrie's struggle with herself, resulting in victory, and the pleasure that followed (her own and her aunt's) the best parts to remember?

We read that the things which are not seen are the ones which are eternal. Carrie might lose or wear out the thimble, which she could see and handle, but she will not lose the memory of the pleasure she gave and gained; or, if she should, the effect upon her life of her triumph over self will not be lost. "Each victory helps us some other to win." Our thoughts and the intents of our hearts are not seen, but it is from them that our characters are built; and these will remain with us to eternity.

"Fill up each hour with what will last;
For life above, when this is past,
Will be ripe fruit of this thou hast.

"Be pure and true in inmost thought;
From threads of purpose, deftly caught,
The warp and woof of deeds are wrought.

"Be kind in act and speech; one word
May soothe some heart by trouble stirred,
And be by listening angels heard.

"And heart and hand shall both be strong,
And life itself shall prove, ere long,
A prelude to the perfect song."

CALLIE B. STEBBINS.

RECONCILIATION.

If thou wert lying, cold and still and white,
In death's embraces, O mine enemy!
I think that if I came and looked on thee
I should forgive; that something in the sight
Of thy still face would conquer me, by right
Of death's sad impotence, and I should see
How pitiful a thing it is to be
At feud with aught that's mortal.

So to-night,
My soul, unfurling her white flag of peace,
Forestalling that dread hour when we may meet
The dead face and the living, fain would cry
Across the years, "Oh, let our warfare cease!
Life is so short, and hatred is not sweet!
Let there be peace between us ere we die."

—*Century.*

UNITY AND DIVERSITY.

BY ELDER HEMAN C. SMITH.

IN nature, Unity and Diversity each have their rights and legitimate duties. Each fills its proper sphere, and we have "unity in diversity and diversity in unity."

It should be so in religion. A religion without unity does not represent God; without diversity it does not represent man.

A system or arrangement which has for its object the reconciling of man to God should represent both. To exaggerate unity and destroy diversity, is to destroy manhood and make man a slave, while true religion should make him free.

To exaggerate diversity to the extent of destroying unity is to rule God out, and a religion in which God is not, cannot draw God and man nearer together. So there are two errors into which we may fall; first, to expect too great unity; second, to teach too great diversity.

The essential doctrines of salvation occupy the golden mean between these extremes. Emanating from God they form a perfect unity, but in their effects upon different minds they produce just enough diversity. So in true religion, as in nature, we have "unity in diversity and diversity in unity," or man in God and God in man. In the language of Jesus, "As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also might be one in us."

Anything more or less than this is out of proportion. Doctrines that originate with man are all diversity and no unity, consequently all man and no God. Had God chosen to govern man without man's agency or volition, thus making him a machine, to move absolutely as moved upon, there would be all unity and no diversity, or all God and no man.

Then, as true religion represents both God and man, we may expect both unity and diversity; also in its practical workings both strength and weakness. As the great governing and overruling power is perfect, we may expect it to grow and develop wonderfully in the direction of perfection; but, as it has the element of weakness in it, as represented by man, we need not be surprised if we see the outcroppings of imperfection, nor need we conclude that there is no God in it because mistakes are made.

The sun's rays are always one and the same, yet they produce diversity in color according to the object on which they fall. From where I sit I count at least nine shades of green. There is also the brown, the blue, the gray, the red, the white, etc., but the same sun "working all in all." (I use the language which Paul applies to spiritual gifts for an evident purpose). To the orange is given by the sun a dark green foliage; to the cherry a lighter green by the same sun. To one flower is given blue, to another red, to another white, to another purple, to another divers shades of color, but all these worketh by the selfsame sun "dividing to them severally as he will." Thus, through the unity of the sun's rays, that diversity is produced which beautifies this world of ours. How monstrous and tiresome it would be if there were perfect unity of form and color in all the creatures of nature, yet how chaotic and inorganic it would be if all did not blend in perfect unity.

Again: Before me, as I write, are the orange, lemon, apricot, cherry, fig, apple and plum. They are exposed to the same rays of the sun, they grow in the same soil, they live in the same temperature, and yet these unity of causes will produce a diversity of fruit by operating on different seed-germs. Nor does the diversity end here. There are many varieties of apples, of oranges, figs, etc. Should there occasionally appear a sickly or deformed plant or tree, whose blossom or fruit is defective, we do not attribute this to the fault of the sun but to the disease of the plant, arising from other causes; nor are we so foolish as to say that this particular plant has been rejected or cast off by the sun.

In such cases we cultivate and nurture them more carefully; and, if by nature they are too tender to stand extremes of heat or cold, we shelter them. Thus, "where the least honor is bestowed we bestow more abundantly," that our uncomely plants may have "more abundant comeliness." While we study to take advantage of the *unity* of *causes*, we seek to *diversify effects*. He would be foolish who would pull up the lily and throw it

out of the garden because it does not bloom like the rose, or cut down the cherry because it does not produce apples. Unity (or harmony) in music is also produced by diversity of sounds. What a tiresome jargon it would be if all notes were exactly the same measure and pitch.

Truth, like the sun, is always one and the same, but, as the sun produces a diversity of color according as it shines on different objects, so truth produces different effects as it operates on different natures. So the apostle affirms that the spirit of truth is diversified in its operations. The rays of truth acting upon one mind gives it a testimony of Jesus, upon another mind it produces faith, upon another knowledge, upon another the prophetic gift, upon another the gift of tongues, upon another health to afflicted parts, etc. But it is "the same spirit that worketh all in all," "dividing to every man severally as he will." Thus, as in music, harmony is produced by diversity, each contributing to the enjoyment and perfection of others.

Should there be a weak one, who, in the exercise of these gifts, makes a mistake and falls into error, we should not conclude that the truth which such an one has received is to be blamed, or that the Spirit of truth has entirely forsaken such an one. Weak such may be with the light of truth, but infinitely weaker would he or she be without that light.

Then be careful in your treatment, lest you may exaggerate diversity at the expense of unity, and injury result. Be careful also not to demand absolute unity of thought and act, lest you may exaggerate unity at the expense of diversity, and thus trammel the liberty of man. By demanding that all should conform to your judgment, you forget that the unity in religion should not proceed from you, but from God, and that you are one of the many from whom proceeds its diversity. In the light of the sun a color may be distinctly discerned, but in artificial light the finer shades cannot be distinguished. We may wrangle so much as we will, but the dispute can only be settled by carrying the object into the sunlight. So man may quarrel about fine shades of opinion, while viewing them in the light of uninspired reason, but such questions can only be settled by the Spirit of truth shedding its light upon it. Hence the necessity of revelation from God that unity may be represented and not too much diversity obtain.

And yet, if we have not sufficient light of truth to exactly agree upon fine shades of opinion, let us keep the unity of the Spirit until we can emerge into the glorious light where color may be perfectly defined.

Diversity is not only to be expected, but is absolutely necessary. Ours is the human part of religion, and none of us have sufficient breadth of intellect to see and comprehend all phases of essential Christian life and character.

What one sees he may tell to another, and in turn may receive information concerning that which he does not see. My taste, or inclination may lead me to excess in one direction while your taste or inclination leads you into excess in another direction. You see my danger, I see yours. By mutual warnings we may benefit each other. Our diversity helps us; but, in order to derive the full benefit from it, we must keep the unity of the Spirit. If we sacrifice that our divinity will grow to extreme proportions, and each of us will run to excess and be destroyed, while we may hate and despise each other because of our differences. On the other hand, if we were alike in our views we would run into the same excesses. Not seeing our danger we would go hand in hand to destruction while loving each other for our unity. This is extreme unity and not enough diversity.

We admire the taste that so arranges a garden that a commingling of colors in a variety of flowers causes all to unite in forming some grand design. We commend the judgment that plans an orchard to produce a variety of wholesome fruits to satisfy the diversified tastes of man. But we could not admire a garden where all its flowers were of the same kind and color; nor an orchard where there is only one fruit, and that of the same variety.

Likewise we must admire a theology where all the diversified gifts and graces combine in founding a perfect character, and where every cast of mind can be advantageously used to adorn and beautify the church. But we cannot admire a theology where men pluck out the lily because it is not a rose, or reject all other gifts because they vainly imagine that they have great wisdom.

In the organization of his kingdom God gave diversified grades of authority, because, if all had been equal, there would have been no government, and yet he so united them together that they form a grand symmetrical whole. He assigned to each grade of officers different duties, because it would be difficult for one to comprehend all; or, if comprehending, they would be unable to discharge all; and yet each has such relation to the others that, when all have performed their part, the Saints may be perfected, the ministry be thoroughly worked, and the body of Christ be edified, until "all the building fitly framed together groweth into an holy temple in the Lord."

Nor should diversity end here. Each grade of officers, or each organization of members, though having common duties should have sufficient diversity of taste, prejudice, inclination, desire, opinion, and judgment as to canvas all parts of the field of operation, and, by mutual warnings, admonitions, counsels, and instructions to prepare each other for usefulness within the bounds of duty or calling. Thus, by necessary diversity, proper unity is obtained, and by necessary unity diversity is properly tempered in all departments of God's work.

May God kindly deliver us from the stagnation of absolute unity, and from the excesses of extreme diversity, giving us the golden mean where the unity of truth and diversity of man are all utilized to the grand end of purifying and elevating the human race.

Kind reader, let us neither be alarmed nor discouraged when we see that differences exist or hear contrary opinions expressed, but let us avoid the bitterness of extreme diversity by keeping the unity of the Spirit. Then we will present our work to the Master by and by "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing;" and that, too, by virtue of the great principle that there is "diversity in unity, and unity in diversity."

MOUNT OLIVET, Cal., October 3d.

"THE EVENING OF THE YEAR."

Now dark and dry is piled the wheat,
The wine press feels no stained feet,
  The white moon shrinks her sickle clear,
And the voices of the air repeat,
  "It is the evening of the year."

Why have I missed while men have found?
Men smile that corn and wine abound,
  And children eat the ripened ear;
I gaze at them from barren ground;
  It is the evening of the year.

O, love! it seems but yesterday,
A child in fresh green fields I lay,
  And dreamt of thee where skies were clear;
But withered leaves bestrew my way;
  It is the evening of the year.

O, face that I have never seen,
Somewhere on earth with saddened mien
  Thou waitest, full of sober cheer;
Come! where the reaper's foot hath been,
  It is the evening of the year.

Come to me, O my love, my fate,
Ere all be cold and desolate!
  Come! I have sought thee far and near;
Come! lest I wither while I wait;
  It is the evening of the year.—*Sel.*

SELECTIONS AND WORDS OF JOSEPH THE SEER.

BE in love, fellowship and peace with all the world.

Make honor the standard with all men; be sure that good is rendered for evil in all cases.

Less hypocrisy and flattery in all branches of community, and open, frank, candid, decorum to all men, in this boasted land of liberty, would beget esteem, confidence, union and love; and the neighbor from any state, or from any country of whatever color, clime, or tongue, could rejoice when he put his foot on the sacred soil of freedom, and

exclaim, "The very name of America is fraught with friendship."

In all our trials and tribulations the Lord continued his watchful care and loving kindness to us day by day,—and we made it a rule whenever there was an opportunity, to read a chapter in the Bible and pray, and these seasons of worship gave us great consolation.

"He that keepeth the commandments of God hath no need to break the laws of the land."

Joseph once said, in a sermon, that Jesus was the least in the kingdom of heaven and also the greatest, and that the parable of the Prodigal Son did not relate to national matter but to individuals—the Prodigal to sinners.

When you see the rainbow you may know that that year there will be seed-time and harvest, but when you see not the rainbow, then lookout for famine and pestilence, and after that look for the coming of the Son of Man.

"Brethren, when a man obeys the ordinances of the Lord, preaches, utters or publishes anything that will lead men to life eternal; promotes the fullness of the gospel by a godly walk and holy conversation, is meek and humble, willing to leave houses, lands, father and mother for the Savior's sake, follow his example, for his end will be peace and his glory eternal in the presence of God."

"The first principles of the gospel were the means of savation to men individually, and it was the truth and not men that saved them."

"God will not acknowledge that which he has not called and ordained or chosen."

"Adam was the first to hold the spiritual blessings, to whom was made known the plan of ordinance for the salvation of his posterity to the end."

—Selected by Wm. Street.

"THE CLARKS' CHRISTMAS."

BY T. S. BROWN.

"WISH I could find anything where I leave it."

Farmer Clark's just before bed-time trip to the barn to see that the stock was all right had apparently been unsatisfactory, from some cause; and, as he stamped the snow off his feet and shut the door with vigor, he expressed his mind in the language quoted.

"What is wrong now?" asked Mrs. Clark, as she placed a chair for him before the glowing fire. She knew that before its genial warmth the clouds would soon melt out of her husband's usually good-natured countenance.

"What's wrong!" repeated Mr. Clark. But the frost was already melting in his tone. "The wrong is that I can't find anything lately, the boys scatter things around so; and to-night it's the hay fork. I left it in the stack when I fed the cow this morning, but of course it is not there now."

"Are you sure you left it there? It seems to me when Will Seely drove along and called you down to the road you had the fork in your hand."

"That's so!" said farmer Clark thoughtfully; "I did take it, and it sticks in the drift by the turn in the road; for I went down to the creek with Will and cut holes to water the cattle and forgot it when I came up. So, for once, the boys are not guilty; but there are plenty of times when they are."

"Perhaps they are; but we ought to be careful how we accuse them," said Mrs. Clark. She glanced at her husband and saw that his face was now as serene as usual. "You know when you looked for your scythe stone to sharpen the hay-knife a few days ago you could not find it and then you was positive the boys had lost it; and Bert and Arthur felt quite badly over it. You were so positive; but when you were looking for an extra rivet in the tool-box of your mowing machine you found the scythe stone just where you had used it and left it last September."

"Yes, that's so," said Mr. Clark; and he even smiled a little sheepishly to think he had twice tried to lay his own forgetfulness at his children's door.

"And then," continued Mrs. Clark, "you forget that you now give the boys more or less of your work to do; and of course they will need and use the same tools that you would for the same purpose; and you know you don't always put everything back just where you find

it, and you cannot expect more of them than of yourself."

Mr. Clark gazed thoughtfully into the fire, and, after a moment's silence, he said.

"Yes, I suppose our boys are just as good and just as careful as anybody, and they have worked well this summer, for such little chaps. Yes, and playdays have not been very plenty either. But day after to-morrow will be Christmas day; I suppose they will have a grand time then."

"Yes they may have, but how? I have puzzled my head what to do for them, and I wish you could tell me. The little fellows, Eddie and Willie, will be satisfied with such as their stockings contain; but Bert and Arthur have got beyond that, and yet they will expect something."

"And, they deserve it, and ought to have it," said Mr. Clark, warming up to the subject; "and it ought to be something they can get some fun out of. I don't think it right to give them at such a time just what would prove a necessity anyhow; or something to wear that winter weather is sure to demand. We ought to get up something to play with."

Mrs. Clark heartily agreed with this view of the matter, and after a few minutes silence she asked,

"Do you know if they have a sled?" There was a mild sarcasm in the question, a shaft directed at Mr. Clark's habit of becoming so interested in his own affairs that he found no time to notice how others were faring. But the sarcasm was lost on him, for he answered serenely,

"Yes, they've got one of some kind; its out here back of the house."

"No, it isn't. Bert brought it into the kitchen and was going to mend it. Shall I show it to you?"

Without waiting for a reply Mrs. Clark opened the kitchen door and drew in the article that was under consideration. It proved to be a curious affair. One runner was an oak board an inch thick, and stood straight up and down; the other was a piece of pine scantling, which had been two inches thick but had been thinned down by the enterprising brothers, "so the tracks wouldn't look so queer," as the boys explained afterward. Then there were awkward, illy made "beams," and altogether it was a sorry looking affair to be called a sled. "Won't slide at all," said Arthur when it came up for discussion a few days later; "that pine runner keeps rough and runs hard; the oak one runs easier and so it keeps turning round with a fellow."

"Well, that is a nice looking thing," said Mr. Clark after a critical examination; "and that's where my nails go to." This as his eye fell upon the manner in which the beams were fastened to the runners.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Clark calmly, "there are some nails in it. But it has carried the boys' steel traps and hatchet over the prairie from slough to slough, and the money that Barkman the fur buyer paid them bought Arthur's boots and Bert's Geography and Arithmetic."

"Guess we can get up something better than that; but what can it be made out of? Everything is under the snow."

To this question Mrs. Clark ventured no reply, and after a few minutes silence Mr. Clark resumed,

"Now there's that old fashioned bedstead in the corncrib; do you ever expect to use that?"

"Not as long as we can have our lighter and more convenient ones," was the reply.

"That's just the thing; good hard maple sides and post. I want two sides and one post; where's the lantern?"

"Why you don't intend to get them tonight, do you; why won't to-morrow do?

"Too many eyes. I'm going to surprise them with something good in the sled line this time."

After a long delay Mrs. Clark opened the door, admitted a man, a lantern, sundry parts of a bedstead, and a wide, dark colored board.

The man laid down his load carefully.

"That's the board I had saved to make a little table; but we may as well use it for this purpose as any. Pretty fine, though; it is solid black walnut. Mighty lucky," continued he, "that I put the work-bench down cellar in the fall. I can work there now and not wake up the boys; besides it would be pretty cold in the kitchen."

The Clarks had come to their Iowa home three years before, and had managed to make themselves a comfortable home. And, by close economy, they had managed to secure what are termed "the necessaries of life." But, at the time we write of, the war had just ceased, and few

luxuries found their way into their humble home.

"You take the light and lead the way," said Mr. Clark, again gathering up his load. Down the cellar they went, past the bins of turnips, carrots, and potatoes, which were carefully stored according to variety, Peachblows and Pink Eyes and Goodrich.

"Wish that bin was old York State apples," said Mr. Clark; for, like others from the east, this king of fruit was sadly missed. "Set your lamp on the pork barrel and turn that box over for me to saw on; there that's all right. Now the first thing I must do is to cut them the right length. I think that four feet long would be about right for our boys."

As Mr. Clark soliloquized thus, as much to himself as to Mrs. Clark, he took down the "family saw" and ran it across the hard maple boards, where he had scored the four foot mark.

"Well, now who's had this saw? It isn't but a little while since I filed it, and now it slides over this piece of maple as though it was a glass bottle."

"When was it you filed it, Cyrus," asked Mrs. Clark.

"I think, yes it was when I built the corncrib."

"Was it? well it is singular that you find it dull. You built the crib a year ago last October."

Mr. Clark grinned. A few minutes more exercise with the saw brought out the remark, punctuated acording to motion of that instrument.

"This--is—about—the—hardest--wood I—ever—got—hold—of—."

"There," as the waste ends finally wore off, "that's done. Here, don't throw those pieces in your kindling pile; I want them for beams to the sled. They are just long enough."

Mr. Clark put the two runners together and fastened them firmly in the vise. Then taking down his drawing knife he ran his thumb over the edge. Something in its condition seemed to surprise him. He looked at it, then at Mrs. Clark.

"Yes, the boys have had it. Bert says that pine runner gets rough and full of gravel. I suppose that they dulled the drawing knife in smoothing it." Mrs. Clark was trying hard not to laugh.

Mr. Clark set to work with the dull tool, and it did much better than he expected, so that he soon had the runners turned to a really handsome curve; for, be it understood, he was a pretty clever workman when he set to do a job of carpentering.

"Wish you'd pick me out the three eighths bit," said he, laying hold of the brace.

"Which one is it?" handing him a half dozen assorted sizes.

"That's it," with a kind of superior tone, denoting that he could tell the size at a glance. Then he bored two holes at the point of the curve through the runners and took them out of the vise. "Runners will be seven inches deep," said he. "I'll mortise down an inch and a quarter and let the beams in the top of the runner; and I must not forget to bevel them so they will stand bracing."

After a few minutes work Mr. Clark set the runners upon the workbench and proceeded to put in the beams. "Fit just like a T," said he. "And now for some good oak pins; guess I've got pin timber enough." And from a cobwebbed sill he took down some short, oaken blocks which looked "tough," just as Mr. Clark said. He split out the required number and whittled them down to the proper size. Then he bored three holes in each end of the beams and well down into the runners. The perspiration on his brow shone in the lamplight, and so did the frost on the limestone foundation, a few feet away. Then he drove in the pins, shaped out the black walnut board elaborately, and fastened it securely upon the beams.

"Now for a roller," said he, taking up the leg of the old bed-stead, and sawing it off to length he trimmed it down to shape. After some rummaging among old irons he secured and put some solid iron bands on each end. Then, after a longer hunt, two bolts were found, each four inches long and three eighths thick. He set one end of the roller in the vise and bored holes deep enough to receive the bolts, and in the center he mortised clear through, making a hole three eighths wide and an inch and a half long.

"What's that for?" asked Mrs. Clark.

"That's for the tongue; this sled is going to be a clipper." With these remarks he put his coat on, relighted his lantern and sallied forth, but soon returned with a fork handle, from which

the broken hay fork had been removed.

"Couldn't be better shaped," said he; "just the curve, exactly." Another half hour's work and that part was completed, a neat, strong tongue well mortised and braced in the roller, and the roller was set between the runners and the bolts driven in firmly.

"Goes together well," said Mr. Clark complacently. "Mrs. Clark looked at it admiringly and thought it was completed. But Mr. Clark turned it over and passed his hand along the runners. "Wear rough, do they? We'll see about that." and he dons his coat again and selects some tools.

"Where now?" was Mrs. Clark's query.

"Not far," is the cheery reply, and he is soon back with two long, narrow strips of iron, with holes in them at regular intervals.

"Yes," said he, with a slight tone of apology. "these are off our wagon box; but the box will be worn out soon anyway, and the iron was broken." Then he set to work and ironed the long runners, and when this was done they together admired the masterpiece—finished.

"How pleased they will be," said Mr. Clark, with unusual glory; "I'm glad I made it. It seems as if the children now days don't enjoy themselves half as well as they used to, and—what! one o'clock? well, I can hardly believe it; I am not sleepy a bit."

However, it was much later than usual that morning when the smoke from the Clark residence rose in the clear, frosty air, and it was much earlier the evening following when Mr. Clark sent the children off to bed, "because he had not slept well the night before, and they all wanted to be up early on Christmas."

But before daylight on Christmas morning Mr. Clark was out, and as dawn broke—cold and gray—the last chores were done; not a thing left for the boys to do. And he came in just as the boys were tumbling down stairs, big and little together. What a rush there was for the row of stockings, and what shouts of joy from the younger, as genuine shouts as though many dollars had been expended in filling the stockings.

What they really contained was some nice pop corn, singularly like what they enjoyed quite often of an evening, some molasses candy, or sorghum candy if you please, and a little paper of raisins. What think you of that, ye pampered pets of rich men? For the older boys some heavy woolen mittens which they thanked mother for, and were satisfied. After breakfast, however, Mr. Clark stepped to the "summer" kitchen door, and opening it he quickly drew in the fine, strong sled, that looked so keen and saucy, as it sat evenly on its well shod runners. How their eyes opened! Arthur was first to speak, "Oh, pa! is *that* for 'us boys'"?

Something seemed to rise in Mr. Clark's throat so that he could not reply at once, but he put the cross bar of the tongue in Arthur's hands, who cried, "Oh, Bert, let's hurry and get the chores done and go and try it. I know it will *just fly*."

"No chores to-day, boys; this is your playday all day long. I'll tend to all the work."

Surprise kept them speechless; such a thing had never been heard of. But if the day was all theirs they must lose no time. So the new racer was dragged out, with all the pride of a volunteer fire company with a new engine. And from that time till the young turkey is set on the table, smoking hot and browned to a turn, they are not seen. They appreciate the fare, however; their appetite for turkey is good, even though in lieu of cranberry sauce they have wild grapes picked from the stems and pressed into a stone jar, and sorghum poured over and through them. After keeping long enough they become better than one would suppose. But there *was* one luxury, a cup of jelly from wild plums, and made with real sugar. Taken altogether the meal was not one for hungry boys to complain of. And what wonderful tales there were to tell of that new sled. It made such a pretty track; and ran so easy; and would hold up the whole family; and ran so straight; and over one course its speed had been simply marvelous, etc.

After dinner away again, and just as Bert is saying to Arthur, in a boyish glow, "I think pa and ma were pretty good to sit up to make us this," Mr. and Mrs. Clark are standing in the doorway watching them, and Mr. Clark says, in a voice a little tremulous, "'Pears like they are having *about* as much fun as we used to have."

A MORNING'S LESSON.

"AUNTY Barstow, do you know I am half inclined to ask with Mr. Mallock if life is worth living?"

"Helen Willoughby!"

"There, aunty, don't look at me over your glasses in that way, as if I had broken the Ten Commandments in one breath. I mean it. Is life worth living? My life, at any rate! What does it amount to? It's the same old story day after day: Calling and receiving calls; going to parties and getti g home late; getting up in the morning with a wretched headache, just to go through the same old routine. Truly, I'm sick of it!"

"But your music and your painting, dear?"

"O, yes, they are all very well in their way, but neither amounts to anything. I shall never be an artist or a musician, and I am tired of them, but—in fact, I am tired of everything! And I have just received a note from our Mission Circle—which I seldom attend, you know—asking for a thank-offering. Ugh! I don't feel very thankful for anything."

Mrs. Barstow worked on in silence for some time upon the small garment she was fashioning; then carefully folding it up, she said rather peremptorily:

"Helen, I want you to put on your jacket and hat, and come with me for a short walk."

"O, aunty, not this cold morning! We should surely freeze!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" retorted her aunt bluntly, "it will do you good. Come, Helen, I am going to take you to see a young woman, just about your age, who will perhaps show you what to be thankful for, as well as answer your question, 'Is life worth living?' for you."

"O, aunty, some of your poor folks?"

"No, child, not some of my poor folks, but one of God's rich folks. In ten minutes I shall be ready."

Helen Willoughby knew her aunt too well to oppose her, so she very reluctantly donned her pretty street suit, wishing all the while that she had held her peace about Mr. Mallock, and thank-offerings, and all connected with them, if this was the outcome.

They were soon walking briskly down the broad avenue, and the young lady's face did not lose its look of dissatisfaction until after several turns a narrow street was reached, and Mrs. Barstow was ringing at the narrow door of a narrow house; then something like interest or curiosity came into the girl's face, as the bell was answered by a pleasant faced lady, who smiled a welcome to them both as she exclaimed:

"O, Mrs. Barstow, how glad I am to see you! Edwina has been so lonely the past few days. No one has been in, and she calls you one of her stars, you know."

"One of her 'stars?'" almost unconsciously asked Helen, just as Mrs. Barstow was making her known as "my niece" to Mrs. Lowe.

"Yes, dear, because she's always so bright. Edwina has a name of her own for everybody and everything. But here we are. Edwina, who do you think has come?"

They had come through the narrow hall and up a short flight of stairs, and were now at the door of a small room, where on the bed lay a young girl whose expectant eyes were turned toward her approaching visitors.

She held out her arms without a word, and Mrs. Barstow stepped quickly up to the bedside, she drew her face down to hers and softly kissed each cheek. Then she looked past her at Helen, who was standing rather hesitatingly at the door, and said:

"Do come in! I'll promise not to bite you. You're Helen, I know—I've heard your aunt so often speak of you. Excuse me for not rising, won't you?" with a gleeful little laugh. "The only reason I don't is because I'm afraid there wouldn't be chairs enough for us all."

Helen took the thin hand held out to her, and then seated herself very near the bright creature, who seemed running over with life.

"That's right, sit there where I can look at you. It's such a comfort just to have someone to look at; the last few days have been so long."

"Have you been having one of your 'heads,' dear?" asked Mrs. Barstow sympathetically.

"Yes; for a week I have not been able

to use my eyes at all, and my bed has been behaving badly."

"Your bed?" questioned Helen wonderingly.

The sick girl laughed. "Yes, I call it the bed when I suffer more than usual. To tell the truth, I am so attached to this bed that it really seems a part of myself. When we took each other it was 'for better and for worse.'"

"Why, how long have you been confined to it?" asked Helen with interest.

"It will be thirteen years next May since first we plighted our troth," answered Edwina gaily, "and since then we've never had a 'falling out.'"

"Thirteen years," echoed Helen Willoughby in amazement. "And you so bright and cheerful? I can't understand it. Isn't it hard for you?"

The sweet face on the pillow grew serious.

"My dear," she said after a little, "it is hard, often, but there is so much blessedness in it that it makes me forget much of the pain and suffering."

"But what 'blessedness' can there be in lying here day after day and year after year?" asked Helen doubtfully.

"O, my dear, so much that I could not begin to tell you all. The many kind friends I have who are more like angels; the tender ministrations I receive from so many which I would not otherwise receive. O, it seems to me that every year I have a 'little more blessedness.' The dear Lord is good to me!" and the tears gathered quickly in her eyes.

"Dear," said Mrs. Barstow presently, "don't you want to show my niece some of your handiwork, and let her see some of this 'blessedness' of yours?"

"Dear me! I don't call that a part of it;" the sick girl laughed; "only so far as it enables me to keep my hands and fingers busy. Mother, dear, will you show my last afghan?"

Mrs. Lowe left the room for a moment, and returned with a handsome robe knit in bright stripes, which she spread over the bed for the visitor's inspection.

"This is my tenth," said Edwina, passing her hand caressingly over its folds. "Do you know, I almost hate to part with one after it is finished, each part brings to mind so much that took place while I was at work upon it. This red stripe I made during the visit of a dear friend, and all the sweetness of that visit comes back to me as I look at it. This shaded stripe is typical of the many days, full of light and shade, that I was working on it. The dark stripes I knit when all was silent and still in the house—nights when sleep would not visit my eyelids. How often have I been thankful for work of this kind that I could do in the dark! While I was putting in the fringe a few violets in a dish at my bedside were just filling the room with their fragrance. O, how sweet they were! Yes, every stitch, almost, speaks of some pleasure or pain."

"Tell Miss Willoughby whom this is for and about the others," suggested Mrs. Barstow in an undertone.

"O, yes! Well you know I belong to a 'Shut-in Society,' composed of a thousand or more members (and how often have I thanked God for this blessed union of sufferers!) Of course, there are many blessings which I have, and so I try to send a bit of sunshine into their lives, and comfort as well, by means of an afghan. This one goes to a poor girl in Maine. O, you do not know how thankful I am every day of my life that if I cannot use my feet, I can use my hands. Indeed, I have so much to be thankful for!"

The color came quickly in Helen's face as she caught her aunt's eye just then, and turning hastily to the girl at her side, seemingly catching some of her spirit, she said playfully,—

"And may I ask if you are in league with some wholesale dealer in yarns and worsted?"

The sick girl laughed. "Not exactly. Will you believe me if I tell you the Lord sends the wool to me?"

"Perhaps so, if you will tell me in what manner," answered Helen, not a little awed by her new friend's faith.

"Well, from the very beginning it has seemed as if God has just answered my thoughts and desires before I had put them into the form of prayer. The wools for the first robe were given me by a friend who had bought them for her own use, but who, for some reason or other, decided to give them to me; but since then other friends have interested others in me and my 'hobby,' so that hardly a week goes by without a package of bright wools coming to me. I know it is the dear Father who moves their

hearts. A good deal that I receive isn't just suitable for a 'slumber robe,' so I use it in making scarfs, capes and bed-socks, which I send to the 'Home for the Friendless,' in New York. A friend who came to see me a short time ago was bemoaning her lack of time for charitable work; her children and household cares 'took all the time there was,' as she expressed it; so since then I have been thankful for time."

"But how is it when you are too ill to work?" asked Helen, who, to her aunt's intense satisfaction, was unconsciously doing a good deal of questioning.

"O, then I just lie and think—if the bed doesn't ache too badly to allow of my thinking—how grand it will be by and by to step out of this body into another that will never know an ache or pain, or, as someone has beautifully expressed it, 'into the glad free health of Paradise.' O, my dear," touching Helen's hand lightly with her own, "you with your health and strength and freedom cannot realize all that means to me."

Helen abruptly arose. The tears were starting. Her morning's lesson made her feel very mean in her own eyes. To think of her having nothing to be thankful for; and of asking if life was worth living!

While this world was full of such patient sufferers, whose loads could be lightened and whose lives brightened by hundreds of ministrations from those in health like herself—if for no other reason—there was but one answer to the more than foolish question; and as for the thoughtless assertion of having nothing to be thankful for, it was positively wicked.

As she pressed the girl's hand on leaving, she promised to repeat her visit very soon again. Edwina was very reluctant to have her go—to make a new friend so near her own age; and Helen had not only lent a little brightness to the sick girl's life to-day, but it was full of promise for the future, as she had offered to bring some of her favorite books and read aloud before many days should have passed.

"And do come soon," pleaded Edwina, with shining eyes. "I shall look forward to it so. Some of the days are so long, and a bright face like yours coming in will be a perfect luxury. O, if you well ones knew how much a call like this means to us, you would come often! Good-by, and may 'the Lord watch between me and thee' until we meet again!"

When the sidewalk was reached, Helen turned her moist eyes to her aunt and said abruptly:—

"Aunty, don't speak to me! I'll return that thank-offering envelope to-morrow—not empty either; and while there are violets at the florist's and wool in the stores, that dear girl shall not be without either."

And she kept her word.

—Zion's Herald.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, as plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones of flesh are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land, or on the sea;
By purling brook, or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the Angel of Death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

—Wm. Andrew Sigourney.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

By thine own soul's law learn to live;
And, if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And, if men hate thee, have no care.
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed;
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give.
—*John G. Whittier.*

BEFORE us is lying a fair, unwritten page, and while we realize how easily it may be filled with characters traced by our hand, the question presents itself as to the *worth* of such characters? Will their combinations be such as shall strengthen and help those who read, to renew with vigor life's conflict, or, will they be wanting in the very elements of strength, which can come only from the pen dipped in the fountain of experience?

Like this page, the year of 1892 lies before us, pure and unsullied, but unlike, in that the year's page *must be written* whether we will it or not; but, to a great extent the worth of what shall be thereon impressed, depends upon ourself.

The heavens may be aglow with beauty, but the eye not lifted—the eye cast down, will never behold their splendor. The air may throb and resound with harmonies, but the ear unattuned, the inattentive ear, will never convey them to the soul. With the coming up of the sun, each day the Lord may send our guardian angel apportioning the lesson of each hour,—the lesson which if patiently learned would each hour bring us nearer to him—but we may turn from the angel in weariness or rebellion of spirit and sit down and clothe ourselves in sackcloth and ashes; because the desires of our heart have not been granted. We forget that, "We ask and receive not, because we ask amiss."

The poet has embodied, in the stanza above, a beautiful thought. The "soul's law" of every Christian can be none other than God's will. To follow that which is our highest conception of duty, follow in faith nothing doubting, is the law of each one seeking to do His will upon earth as it is done in heaven.

And though we may stand with the storms beating upon our uncovered heads, while the face of the Father seems to be hid, yes even while he seems to prosper and bless those who have wronged us, and they stand as one of old in the temple of God giving thanks that they are not as other men, still let us thank God for the storm and be true to ourself. Fear not, for it will pass anon, and the true soul shall come forth as gold purified,—fit for the Master's use. Pray for those other ones, that in the time of trial they may faint not; for, be assured, if God has any use for them the time will come when they too will pass through the fire. Not the fire of God's anger, but the fire of his love.

In the past years we have been striving to learn this lesson, and imperfectly as we have learned it, we yet have learned this much, that it brings with it sweet peace; peace which the world cannot give, neither can it take away. Let the heart but fully purpose to do God's will, and keep that high resolve in view, following it out faithfully, though we may often err, often be cast down, God will overrule and we will never be forsaken, never be brought to shame. Let each of us in this new year fully realize that we must (with the help of God) live our own life, act our own part in the world.

"Sing thou thy song and do thy deed;
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,"

Your song may not be the strong, full, resonant, melodious song of another, welling out upon the air in pulses of sublime harmony. It may perchance be only a plaintive minor melody—sweet and low. What then? Simply this; it is *your* song, and had God wanted you to sing that other song he would have given you a voice to utter it. Be true to yourself, be willing to sing; and that, too, with all your soul the very best you can; be willing to do, to strike for God and humanity, for truth and freedom the best, the very strongest blows in your power to strike, and then in cheerfulness of spirit, in firm reliance of faith, leave the results with Him who inspired your heart and nerved your arm. Do this, we say, and let him who would discourage you beware, for "the race is not always to the swift, neither the battle to the strong."

"And claim no crown they will not give."

What need have you of earthly crowns?

"Truth forever on the scaffold;
Wrong forever on the throne."

You can well afford to wait and labor without reference to the reward, even as without care for praise or censure from those whose judgments are at the best but partial, if not altogether unjust.

But as you journey on, while you resolve to "Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer," be not forgetful to speak a word of cheer to each one, who like you may be striving to do this, but are perchance not so strong, not so well fitted to fight s ngle handed and alone the battle of life. Such words of cheer will never impoverish you, though they may enrich others.

The Lord is calling to-day through the needs of the world, as perhaps never before, upon all who love righteousness and truth, calling them to enlist under his banner, not for a day, neither for a month, but for the war; not expecting or desiring a furlough until the cause of right and truth are triumphant and "Every knee shall bow and every tongue confess."

Will we hear and obey the summons? Life is brief. The vanished year will come no more; but if we are wise let us redeem the hours of 1892.

In this issue will be found two articles which, while very much alike in their titles, yet in their difference of treatment they well illustrate the subject treated of in each; and they should impress upon each one who reads them the utter absurdity of striving to fashion each individual alike—to compress, as it were, each one in the same mold. One is the composition of a young girl; the other the product of a thoughtful, matured mind; and we commend each to a careful reading.

Those who have read with any reasonable measure of care the contents of our pages, especially for the last two years, will remember that with all the earnestness of which we were capable we have striven to bring before them the absolute necessity of obedience to the divine law of *consecration;* and such being the case you will be enabled, to some extent at least, to appreciate the emotions of thankfulness and gratitude to God with which we read the article of the Bishopric in the *Herald* of November 28th. Let the Saints but respond to this (as we fully believe they will respond), and we may confidently look for the beginning of the end, for the preparation of a people ready to meet the Lord at his coming, the adorning of the bride to meet her heavenly Bridegroom.

Now, young Saints, is the time for you to step forward and act a noble part in this great latter day work. Now is the time for each one who loves the Lord Jesus Christ and longs for his appearing, to prove your love by your works. Let those who have to give, give, and let those who have not (yes, and those too who have) pray earnestly to God to put it into the hearts of those who can afford to give liberally that they may do so and receive in return the blessing of Him who loves the cheerful giver. Let all who have longed for the establishment of Zion now come forward to hold up the hands of the Bishopric, and we will see the cause of righteousness and truth move on as never before since the early days of the church.

NOTICE TO OUR PATRONS.

Since sending out our circulars, in the last issue of the magazine, we have discovered many were laboring under the impression that their magazine was paid for, whereas had they examined the label to which their name (and the date when their subscription expires) is attached, they would have know differently.

In the future we will esteem it a favor if, when our patrons notice a mistake on their label, they will notify the office at once, that it may be corrected. When money is received your label will be changed, and if not changed please write the office immediately.

With this issue is commenced in our Domestic Department a serial by the editor of that department entitled, "Lessons learned from Cousin Jo." It is intended especially as a help to young housekeepers and those desirous of learning how to successfully master the art, and, while presented in an attractive form that is calculated to enhance its interest, every suggestion as well as

recipe given have been tested and may be used without the slightest hesitation. This will be invaluable to the young if properly appreciated, and we believe it will be.

"ANTHEMS FOR THE CHOIR,"

E. O. EXCELL, publisher, lies on our table. It is replete with good anthems from various composers; has many old favorite words in new, harmonious dress, and is altogether just such a book as will be appreciated by all lovers of good music.

By permission of the publisher we cull from its pages the music which accompanies this number of the magazine, wedded to the sweet old lines,

"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,"

which when sung with the Spirit "melt to the tenderness of the Infinite Love."

THE COLUMBIA DAILY CALENDAR.

AN old friend in a new dress, and an article that has come to be one of the indispensables of an editor's desk, comes to hand in the Columbia Daily Calendar for 1892. The Calendar is in the form of a pad containing 367 leaves, each 5⅛ x 2⅝ inches; one for each day of the year, to be removed daily, and one for the entire year. Each slip bears a short paragraph pertaining to cycling or some kindred subject. At the bottom of each leaf is a blank for memoranda. The stand is an entirely new departure, being made of sheet metal finished in ivory black, and is very compact. At the close of the year the stand will be available for another pad. This is the seventh issue of this well-known Calendar, yet all the matter is fresh and new, and comprises notable events in cycling, opinions of physicians and clergymen, hints about road making, and numerous other topics.

WE take pleasure in calling the attention of our many readers to the following testimonials of that valuable work, Johnson's Universal Encyclopedia:—

From the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

The amount of valuable information in Johnson's is truly wonderful.

From John G. Whittier, the Quaker Poet.

I know of nothing in our language superior to it in its department of literature.

From Pres. Joseph Smith.

LAMONI, Iowa, Nov. 21st., 1891.

I have owned and used Johnson's Cyclopedia for several years and am satisfied that no other equals or excels it. The well known character of its editors and contributors guarantee accuracy and comprehensiveness. It aims to give all parties and sects equal opportunity to represent their views on controverted subjects and to write their own history.

It is a trustworthy library within itself, covering all departments of human knowledge. Having used it, I can recommend it to others.

JOSEPH SMITH.

The following is an extract from Elder W. W. Blair's endorsement of Johnson's given at Lamoni, Ia., Nov 24, '91:

So thoroughly am I impressed with its worth that I have recommended its purchase for the "*Herald*" office library.

Very truly,
W W Blair.

For further information, address
W. P. HUNNICUT, Gen'l Agt.,
Omaha, Nebraska.

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

A young and earnest pilgrim,
Traveling the King's highway,
Conning over the lessons
From the Guide-book every day,
Said, as each hindrance met him,
With purpose firm and true,
"If on earth he walked to-day,
What would Jesus do?

It grew to be his watchword,
In service or in fight;
It helped to keep his pilgrim garb
Unsullied, pure and white.
For when temptation lured him,
It nerved him through and through,
To ask this simple question:
"What would Jesus do?"

Now, if it be our purpose
To walk where Christ has led,
To follow in his footsteps
With ever careful tread.
Oh, let this be our watchword,
A watchword pure and true,
To ask in each temptation:
"What would Jesus do?"—*Sel.*

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"Set the board with rare good cheer;
Hail the fete day of the year;
Wake the carol, sound the chime!
Welcome! merry Christmas time!"

LESSONS LEARNED FROM COUSIN JO.

Mrs. Davis had been reading a letter from her married daughter, who in a happy home of her own still longed for the dear home faces, and most of all for mother.

"As long as we were boarding," she wrote, "I did not feel it so much, but now that we are keeping house there are so many ways in which I wish for mother. So often I want to ask her advice; and it seems to me my enjoyment of our new home will never be quite perfect until I have had her with us to see everything and know just where and how we live. I think I should not feel so far separated from you all after she had been here for a good visit. Father comes, but he doesn't settle down for an every day visit as mother would.

"I fear you will all think that she cannot be spared at home, but I do want her so much; and Robert is as eager as I to have her come. I thought it would not make so much difference to father, for his business brings him out this way so that he could see her here almost as often as at home. We should of course expect her to bring Lulu with her. The others, I know, would be lonely, especially with father gone so much; though Edgar is getting to be such a steady grown-up boy that you have a man in the house, even with father away.

"I know Myrtle cannot be much of a housekeeper, for mother always thought that schoolgirls had enough to think of without household matters. But, with Myra there, she and Grace could surely get along, and Edgar would not mind if things did not go as smoothly as usual. Really, I believe it would be good for all of them; they would learn not to depend so much on mother. If it were not for the summers I spent with Cousin Jo, Robert would have a harder time than he does. While I was teaching mother thought I ought to have perfect rest in the vacation, but I am glad that some of them were spent in learning to keep house. I am getting along real well, 'beautifully,' Robert says, but I think it would be easier if I had had more practice.

"Now please don't let the answer be no. Mother needs a rest and I need her, not to help with the work, for we have a good girl engaged so that she may have no excuse to tire herself helping me."

"Yes, mother, you *do* need a rest, and the change will do you good," interrupted her daughter "I know I am not much of a housekeeper, but I could try; and we would get along—someway," she added, as the question of *how* came to her mind and she thought how different home would seem without mother. However, she determined to be brave; and in this she was encouraged by all the family. Mr. Davis, especially, was anxious that his wife should go, for he had felt worried of late because her health had not seemed as good as usual.

"If Myra could stay," said Mrs Davis, "it might do; though I always help her with the cooking. But her mother needs her and I promised that she might go home after Christmas."

"I believe that Myrtle could get along, with Gracie's help," said Mr. Davis. "We could hire the washing and ironing. How old are you, daughter?"

"Don't you remember?" replied Myrtle; "I was eighteen last June, just after I graduated."

"Yes, she is old enough," said her mother, "and I suppose I haven't done right not to let the girls help me more. When they were at school I had to hire help, and it always seemed quicker and easier to do things myself than to show the children how. Besides, there was always something else to keep them occupied."

"But you will go, won't you, mother?" urged her daughter. "If Edgar is willing to try it, I am. When he gets too hungry he can go to the restaurant for a meal now and then. Some of the other girls are getting to be such good housekeepers that I sometimes feel ashamed of myself when I think how little I know of such matters. You can tell me about things before you go, and while you are gone if I need advice I can go to Mrs. Phelps."

"I have a better plan than that," exclaimed Mr. Davis, as he remembered a letter received that evening from his cousin, Mrs. Holister. "We will write and ask Cousin Jo to come down and be a mother to you all, and giv

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Myrtle and Grace instructions in housekeeping; beside which there are many good lessons you can hardly help but learn from her. She writes that her family are so scattered this winter that only she and Archie are left at home. She could bring him with her and let him go to school here. How would that do?"

"I would like it," said Grace. "He is a good boy. He's full of fun, but he doesn't tease. We would have fine times together."

Grace was almost twelve years old and Archie just eleven.

"If Josephine could come," answered Mrs. Davis, "I could feel perfectly contented to go."

"I hope she will come soon and be with us over Christmas," remarked Myrtle.

In a short time they received an answer from Cousin Jo, saying that she would come; and a few days later found her in their midst.

"Now don't you worry about the cooking," she said to Mrs. Davis. Just give your time to the sewing and let me take charge of the rest. You can give me such directions as you think best; although I know about how you like things."

"What a comfort it is to have you here," exclaimed Mrs. Davis. "I thought that with the Christmas and New Year's cooking to do I should have to hurry to get ready; but with such help as yours I can get through easily."

Mr. Davis was to leave home on the fifth of January, and his wife wished to accompany him.

Mrs. Holister smiled pleasantly at the words of appreciation, and said: "I am glad to be of help to you. Wouldn't it be better to make the fruit cake to-day?"

"I presume it would, so it will be off our minds. Standing a few days will not hurt it; in fact I think it rather improves it. I use the recipe you gave me long ago"

"May I watch you, Cousin Jo?" asked Myrtle.

"Certainly, and perhaps you can help me."

"I'd like to come too," said Grace.

"Very well," replied Cousin Jo; "and we will work in the dining room so we may not be in Myra's way. You ought to have some aprons."

"Yes, girls," said their mother, "you may get some of mine now. Then if you are to make a practice of doing such work you will need to have some of your own—good long ones that will cover your dresses to the bottom."

"Now," said Cousin Jo, "we will wash our hands and see that our finger nails are clean and then we will be ready to commence. First we will get all the things together." And she read from a little book that Mrs. Davis handed to her:

"Two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants and a half pound of citron; one pound of butter, two pounds of sugar, eight eggs, one and one fourth cupfuls of buttermilk, and one third cupfuls of sour cream, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two pounds of flour, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, one of cloves and one of allspice."

"Myrtle may get the things and do the weighing while Grace and I seed the raisins. Let's get the two little paring knives. See," she said, when the raisins were weighed and they were ready to go to work; "I cut into the raisin and take the seeds with the point of the knife. If it and my fingers get too sticky I wash them and begin afresh. For mince pies I often stew the raisins first. It softens them and makes them easier to take out the seeds. But that would not do for cake; it would make it heavy. Some people chop raisins, but I like them better just cut in two when they are seeded."

"That's the way I like them," said Grace, "so you can see them in the cake. I like big pieces of citron too."

"The citron needs to be cut pretty fine or the cake will break in cutting," said Cousin Jo.

"When you have weighed the butter, Myrtle, put it in a large crock and set it on the stove-hearth where it will soften but will not melt."

"The currants are ready, I know, for I saw your mother washing them the other day. That is my way, too. When I get a new package of currants I wash them all, so that they will be ready for use at any time. They are usually very dirty, and need to be washed in a great many waters, being rubbed well each time. When the water turns off clear I drain them in a sieve and then pour them on a cloth or into a bag and rub them. This helps to dry them and takes off little pieces of stem which still adhere to them. Then I spread them in a dripping pan and dry them in the oven. I burned some once and it makes me very careful not to leave them in when the oven is hot. When they are dry I put them away in glass cans."

"I saw Amy's mother washing currants one day," said Grace, "and she had them in a colander, set in the top of a pail full of water. She said the dirt fell to the bottom of the pail and it took less water to get the currants clean."

"I believe that would be an improvement," said Cousin Jo. "I'll try it that way, sometime."

When Myrtle had the things all ready, Mrs. Holister said:

"You may put the sugar with the butter and

rub them together with a large spoon till they are creamed. If you get tired, I will help you."

When the raisins were finished and she took the crock from Myrtle the sugar and butter already began to look creamy. She stirred them a little while longer, then said:

"Now, the eggs I see you have a 'Surprise' egg beater, so we will have a large platter for the whites; the yolks I will put in the crock and beat with the butter and sugar. I know Grace wants to beat the whites. Beat the same way all the time and if your arm gets to aching, one of us will relieve you."

But Grace persevered until the eggs foamed up high and stiff. Myrtle was beating the yolks with the sugar and butter. Cousin Jo had poured a little cold water on the soda, which was measured and stood in a teacup, and then she went to see that the fire was right for the baking of the cake. When she thought Myrtle had beaten long enough, she took the crock and poured in the milk and cream and the soda water, then commenced to stir in the flour (which had been sifted), a little at a time. She mixed the spices with the flour, and each time she put in flour she added a little of the white of egg. Last of all she put in the fruit, which had been mixed together and a little of the flour sifted over it. By this time it was hard to stir; for fruit cake needs to be very stiff.

"We will soon be ready for the pan. Myrtle, you can line it. I see that mother has brought us some smooth, white writing paper without lines. That is the nicest kind. Cut pieces to fit the bottom and sides of the pan, and grease them well with fresh lard."

"Do you line the pan for all cakes?" asked Myrtle.

"No, only for large ones, which have to bake so long that they are apt to become too brown. We have no cake pan large enough to use for this recipe, so we will take a milk pan. As this has no tube in the center we can make the space by using a tall, round bottle or can, weighted with shot. Grease it, of course. Without this the cake would be likely to burn around the edges before being done in the middle."

When she had put the cake in the pan and had scraped the crock clean, using a knife at the last to take the dough off the spoon and the sides of the crock, she said:

"There, now it is ready for the oven. It will take two hours, and perhaps longer, to bake. Can you get me a sheet of brown paper? It is apt to brown too soon on the top, so we will cover it to prevent this. We might wait until it begins to brown, yet it is better to put the cover over now; then if it does not brown enough we can uncover it at the last. I pin a pleat in each corner of the paper (first rounding it off), and that sets it up so it cannot touch the cake. We must watch the fire and keep it even. There is danger of getting the oven too hot, but of course it must not be too cool. If I need to turn the cake to make it bake evenly I will do it very gently, for shaking might cause it to fall. Slamming the oven door or letting a draft of cold air strike it would have the same effect When I think it is time for it to be done I will try it by running a clean broom-straw into it, and if there is no dough sticking to it the cake will be ready to come out.

"I have another recipe for fruit cake which I use when eggs are scarce and buttermilk and sour cream are not to be had. I think your mother would like to have it written in her book"

Mrs. Davis said she would be glad to have it, so Myrtle wrote:

"One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of molasses (not syrup), one cupful of sweet milk, three eggs, five cupfuls of sifted flour, four even teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one nutmeg. one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one quarter pound of citron. Bake two hours in a moderate oven."

In due time the cake was taken from the oven beautifully browned, and the girls were delighted because they had helped to make it. Other preparations for Christmas went on in an equally pleasant way.

The day before Christmas Myrtle said to her mother:

"Cousin Jo's mother-in-law was English and she has her recipe for plum pudding. Mayn't we make one to-morrow?"

"Beginners at cooking don't usually commence with fruit cake and plum pudding, but Christmas is an unusual time, so if Cousin Jo is willing, I don't mind. See that you have the things in the house to-day, so that there may be no delay in the morning."

"We might get it made and partly cooked to-day," said Cousin Jo; "then we could finish cooking it to-morrow; though perhaps we may as well wait till morning. However, we will seed the raisins to-day."

"What else will we need?" asked Myrtle.

For answer Cousin Jo read:

"Three fourths of a pound of flour, one half pound each of suet, sugar, currants and raisins, one fourth pound of citron, five eggs, (well beaten), one grated nutmeg, salt, and if needed, a little sweet milk.

"The suet is all you will need to get. If we have dinner at two o'clock to-morrow, we will need to have the pudding ready by nine o'clock for it must cook five hours; even a longer time is better. Mother used to boil it in a pudding bag, but I feel more sure of having it good to steam it. If we were to make it to-day we would steam it four hours, then to-morrow returning it to the same pan, steam it an hour or two to finish, for warming over does not hurt it. As long as there is any left it can be heated in the steamer, and, as my brother used to say, 'The last end of that pudding will be better than the first.'"

In the morning Myrtle under Cousin Joe's direction, weighed the things, chopping the suet fine and mixed with it the flour, sugar, salt, fruit and nutmeg. When she had them thoroughly beaten, she stirred in the eggs. Finding that they made hardly enough moisture, she added milk until a batter was formed stiff enough to drip from the spoon in large lumps. Then greasing a pan that would fit in the steamer she put the pudding in it and set the steamer over a kettle of cold water. By nine o'clock the water was boiling.

"It must not be allowed to stop boiling and it ought not to be uncovered until we need to take it out," said Cousin Jo.

"What kind of sauce shall we have with it?" asked Myrtle.

"Here is a good one," replied Cousin Jo. "Cream a half pound of butter, stir in a half pound of brown sugar, and the beaten yolk of an egg. Let it simmer for a few moments, stirring constantly, and when near boiling add a half teacupful of canned fruit-juice.

"Of course you cannot make that until just at dinner time."

When dinner was almost ready and Myrtle was stirring the sauce for the pudding, Mrs. Holister was making the gravy for the turkey which had been lifted to the big platter and set in the oven again to keep warm. First removing all the stuffing from the dripping pan, she turned off a part of the grease, for the turkey was a very fat one.

"Why don't you pour it all off?" inquired Myrtle. I don't like gravy with grease on the top of it."

"Neither do I," returned Cousin Jo. "But you will see that there will be none on this."

Myrtle watched her, noting that she added the giblets, which she cut in small bits, and the water in which they had been boiled to that with which the turkey had been basted. Then she began stirring in a very smooth, thin paste of flour and water. This she had seen her preparing before the turkey had been taken out. Cousin Jo had said:

"I take two or three big spoonfuls of flour, varying of course as I want to make more or less gravy. I add the water a little at a time to be sure I do not get more than I want. If one gets in too much water before it is rubbed smooth it becomes almost impossible to get out the lumps. It needs to be made thin before using, as, if too thick it will not stir into the gravy smoothly."

When the paste was all in, the gravy seemed too thick, so she added a little water from the tea kettle. She continued stirring until the fat was perfectly mingled with the flour, and not a separate drop was to be observed.

"Of course there is a limit to the amount of grease which so much flour will absorb, but with a reasonable amount all that is needed to prevent it standing on the top is to boil and stir it long enough."

"Well," said Myrtle, "that is one thing more I have learned."

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and Myrtle's proved a success; for it was enjoyed and praised by all the family.

(To be continued.)

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

GREETING.

TO ALL the readers of the department, and especially to the correspondents, Greeting! With this number, we begin the work of a new year. And I desire to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, made merrier and happier by doing good. There is nothing which will bring so much real and lasting enjoyment to self as doing good to others. When we reflect that the Savior's whole life was spent in ministering good unto his fellow man, how much ought we to be prompted to follow his example; and we are not his disciples unless we do follow him.

As we embark upon our new year's work, it is with some misgivings as to the outcome; for since making up the Department for December, I have received just two letters. Thanks to

those who were so thoughtful of this work as to remember the Department; but where are the many who were so solicitous of its success in the start? Echo answers, "Never more"(?) If the Department is not more generally supported, I shall be under the necessity of securing a list of regular contributors who will pledge themselves to write at stated times, that material may not be wanting to furnish it I hope it may not come to this, but the Department must be sustained.

There may be those who are disappointed in this part of the magazine, and who might be able to offer suggestions for improvement. If there are such, I would say to them, that any suggestions or kindly criticisms would be thankfully received and carefully considered. There is no claim to perfection made; and there is, perhaps, not so much improvement as there should have been. If this be true, let us all put our shoulder to the wheel, and with an effort all together, let us make some improvement this present year.

In gospel bonds,

EDITOR.

BLACK HILLS, Oct., 1891.

Dear Readers:— Living for sixteen months only five miles from Harney Peak, a brief sketch of my observations may interest some of the young folks who have not been in such a country. So many articles and beautiful descriptions of countries and places are written for the *Autumn Leaves* that I can hardly promise myself that this will find place among them.

It was all the way up hill to me, when coming from Nebraska to this country. Riding most of the way by night, I did not see many attractive things till about daylight, when I discovered that we were getting into the foothills. Continuing our ascent for an half hour longer, viewing with delight the little hills which seemed to be outgrowing those left just behind, I turned my attention eastward, and to break the monotony, kept gazing upon something which appeared like light clay colored clouds in the distance, resting upon the earth, but which, I was informed presented a cast of what is known as the Bad Lands. I wondered what a peculiar country it must be, it not having entered my mind what an enormous variety of archæological treasures it contains. Petrified bones and parts of snakes, turtles, fishes, frogs, shells, plants, and a number of things not in mind are found there in abundance. Large skeletons of extinct animals have been taken out by different scientific men, some so large that I understand that they were obliged to use derricks to extricate them. Towers of clay stand up like so many needles, and the whole is such a medley of hills, knolls, canons, gullies, etc., that it is almost impossible for a stranger to go in and get out alone.

West of here is Harney Peak wonderfully elevated. Its summit appears like a Cumulus, or heap cloud, and on the southeast side stand long, slender, perpendicular points of rocks, which look much like saw teeth on a large scale. Not a mile can be gone round this imposing monument of nature without meeting new attractions. Around this stone protuberance are located the famous tin mines of America. On the west the "Cow Boy" tin mine, on the northeast the "Matine" tin mine, on the north the "February Group" of tin mines, not far from this is the "Addie" tin mine, and on the south is the "Tender Foot" tin mine.

Fifteen miles east of this mountainous structure is "Spokane," supposed to be the richest silver mine in the Black Hills. This mine was opened this summer and they have shipped several car loads of ore to Omaha already. Silver is found in numerous places in this country, but has not been developed much.

Sixty miles north from Harney Peak, Lead City and Deadwood are situated, the former being the richest gold mining city in the Hills. Large works are built here for taking out and refining the ore. Bringing it from great depths, it is turned into the large ore crushers and ground up, something like we would grind coffee; then water is applied and the metal is washed out, and we have what we call gold dust. Gold is also placer mined a great deal in this country. This is done by geting into some gulch, where you think there are indications of gold, and digging with your pick and shovel till you wish to try your dirt, which is done with water and a goldpan. Sometimes very nice nuggets are found this way. The writer has made many scarf pins and ear drops from nuggets in their natural state. Lead City and Deadwood each have a native jewelry manufacturing plant.

The timber found in the Black Hills is mostly pine, of very ordinary quality, still it sustains many saw mills. Very good oats, potatoes and cabbage are grown here, but no corn

Hill City, which is located only five miles from Harney Peak, is the tin city of the Hills, and has a fair show of becoming the tin metropolis of the world Crushing works are now under process of construction, and ere spring smiles upon us, we expect to be turning out block tin.

Fifty miles south of Harney Peak are situated

Hot and Cascade Springs. The former has rapidly grown in the last year and has become a fine summer resort. Near this place is Battle Ridge, where a few years ago a number of Red Men fell while contending for the possession of the springs. Cascade Springs, which are ten miles from Hot Springs, includes the largest medicinal spring in the world, it requiring a pipe forty-eight inches in diameter to carry its volume of water. Around this geyser are five or six other medicinal springs all bearing different properities quite distinct from each other. A $75,000 00 stone Sanitarium is being built here, and other improvements are constantly on the move. The stream composed by the converging of these numerous springs is of the clearest water ever seen by the correspondent. This place is likely to become the leading health resort in the world. It is hard for one to realize the beauty and grandeur of these fountains of nature before seeing them.

If these brief lines are acceptable, I shall be glad to speak again in the future.

Very truly yours,

E. T. ATWELL.

Come again, brother E. A. We are glad to learn of the development of the great mineral wealth of our country. Perhaps you could give us a glimpse of some of the subjects under discussion as seen from your elevated position, being up in the Hills.—ED.

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149 RIDGWAY St., Butler St.,
MANCHESTER, England,
September, 1891.

Dear Readers of the Department of Correspondence:—For many months past I have thought of writing to you, but being such a poor scholar, I have had to refrain from doing so; but I have become so interested in the Department of late that I have to make an effort to write a few lines to you. I believe it is the duty of every young member of the church to help to build up this department; for, in so doing, we build one another up in our most holy faith.

The subjects that are presented are very interesting and also very important to us, as saints of God. One question asked is, "What are proper amusements for the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus?" Are the billiard room, the dancing room, the theater, card playing. pool, or any other worldly thing fit for the followers of Jesus Christ to take part in? I say NO. Why? Because they are of the world. Dear Reader, when we went into the water to render obedience to the command of God, our Heavenly Father, we there promised to follow Christ through good and evil report, and above all, to keep ourselves unspotted from the world. Now these amusements are of the world; and if we take part in them, we must have the spirit of the world; and if we have the spirit of the world, we cannot have the Spirit of God; for Paul says in his third chapter to the Corinthians, the 16th verse, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" That is, if we abide in Him, but if we have the spirit of the world, we are of the world. Paul, when speaking to the church of Christ in his day, says in Romans 6:1,2,6,12,16, 17 and 18, "What shall we say then? shall we continue in sin, that grace shall abound? God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein? . . . Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him (Christ), that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. . . . Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof. . . . Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness? But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you. Being then made free from sin, ye become servants of righteousness." Dear readers, if we are servants of righteousness, we shall walk in the light, and not mix up with the world, or the so-called pleasures of the world; for they are empty and vain. Let us then walk in the light, and become children of the light, is my prayer for all. The subject of music and song is very interesting, and ought to be taken up by all the young members of the church; for if we cultivate the spirit of song we shall be blessed of God, for he delights in the song of the heart. He says in the revelation given April 11, 1887, Par. 6, "Let the young men and maidens cultivate the gifts of music and song; let not the middle-aged and the old forget the gladsomeness of their youth and let them aid and assist so far as their cares will permit." Let us, then, live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, then our lives will become pure and our voices sweet, and, above all, they will be acceptable to our heavenly Father.

I believe that it is the duty of every member of the Church of Christ to attend their own meetings. I for one cannot afford to lose one meeting of any kind, for the work of the Lord is onward. and we m ist go with it or be left behind. I am much blessed and strengthened

in the Lord every meeting I attend. How the Saints of God can attend the meetings of other denominations, I fail to see. I have seen this result, that the Spirit of the Lord has been withdrawn from them, and they have gone astray. Let us, then, attend to our duty, for we know that God is no respecter of persons, but that whosoever will do his will and keep his commandments, he will bless them with a knowledge for themselves that his work is true. He has blessed me with this great knowledge, and I desire to ever retain it to my life's end.

I trust we may receive strength day by day to live our holy religion, and be enabled to keep ourselves unspotted from the world, and in the end be saved in the kingdom of God

This is the prayer of your brother in the gospel bonds,

WILLIAM H. GREENWOOD.

KNOBNOSTER, MO., Nov., 1891.

Dear Readers:—To-day I am "snow bound." For the first time for many months I am, in consequence of this, able to read the *Leaves* on its arrival. Had I been able to fill appointments, others might have been benefited. As it is, I am benefited.

The closing sentence of Bro. Ed. Miller's letter contains a query which I want to answer: "Do the readers of the Department think it is God's will that his people should be either poor or ignorant?"

No God's work requires means, and there is no consistency in the idea that, in order to keep his people humble, he must keep them poor. It is unworthy the character of the Gospel and its author. It reminds me of a man who, in order to keep sinless, would commit suicide to escape the temptations of life—nothing noble about it.

If the question be answered in the affirmative, I would ask, where is the means to be obtained? If outside the church, then what use is the financial law, given to the church?

The evident truth is that by the very act of giving, we discourage the selfish element of our natures, and thus those obnoxious weeds and their many cousins are weeded out of the garden of our soul. Is that not the object of the Gospel? Then we readily see the purpose of the law which some delight in calling the "temporal law." Upon this point allow me to emphasize the following from the Doctrine and Covenants: "All things unto me are spiritual, and not at any time have I given unto you a law which was temporal . . . for my commandments are spiritual."—(28:9). We need not to be reminded, I hope, that only the laws given by man to govern man are temporal. The above quotation places the financial law as having equal claim upon our attention as the one for the remission of sins.

We say the Gospel is to go to all the world and all must pay heed, and in this we comprehend especially the first principles, supplemented by "all truth"—we reverence the truth. Consistency demands, then, that this doctrine be received by the Church as equally wholesome for its members This granted, why cannot more of us see that this law in question(?), equally spiritual with others, should be preached to, and obeyed by, all the church and every creature, amenable therein? "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," as a promise will surely follow. Sanctified through the truth! Is this truth any less sanctifying now than it was in the time of Christ, Abraham, or Enoch?

Had it been God's design that his people should be ignorant, he would not have been careful to reveal to them the financial law, the "Book" of Isaiah 29, the Latter Day Revelations, which enlarge our law, tell of kingdoms, space, and the glories of eternity. This "marvelous work and a wonder" prefigured by Isaiah begins in the hands of an unlearned man, but it was not designed he should remain ignorant, for he was commanded to read good books, get knowledge, learn languages, etc. Further than this, the promise (Isaiah 29:24) is that "they also that erred in spirit shall come to understanding, and they that murmured shall learn doctrine."

It has been said, thoughtlessly, I think: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." This is one of those crystallized expressions which ranks among some as a proverb, and often quoted It is a fallacy, and should be relegated to the company of almanac literature. Ignorance never was, nor can be, bliss, when the outcome is kept in view. Christ says: "My word shall judge you at the last day." If we fall short of the standard when the *books* are opened, where will be the "Eternal Bliss," the top round of the ladder on the *Hope's* title-page? Ignorance of the law will then excuse no one. It is God's business to see that every creature is taught, and we need not suppose he is forgetful of his work. If those appointed to teach fail in their charge, others will be raised who will do it.

We cannot afford to be ignorant nor poverty-stricken. We have the history of the past. Let us glean therefrom the lesson of life. Paul

evidently intended this thought when he wrote to the Corinthians (10), "Moreover, brethren, I would not that ye should be ignorant how that our fathers . . . were all baptized . . . and did drink of that spiritual drink. . . . But with many of them God was not well pleased." They murmurmed and were overthrown. Also from Hebrews 3 and 4, "Some when they heard, *did provoke*. . . . Seeing therefore it remaineth that some must enter in, and they to whom it was first preached entered not in because of unbelief." How this applies to Latter Day Israel! History often repeats itself. We are all acquainted with the history of Zion and why it languished.

GOMER WELLS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov., 1891.

Dear Readers:—While riding in a street-car recently, my attention was attracted by a little boy apparently about ten years of age, who was accompanied by an aged lady.

The little fellow's face was bright, and his eyes sparkled with the enthusiasm of youth; and I could readily imagine him a leader in boyish sports among his companions.

Presently the car stopped, the lady and my little friend arose, and I watched him as he first stepped from the car, then turned and carefully assisted her to alight. As they reached the sidewalk, two ladies who were passing, paused, and evidently asked for some information. The boy motioned toward a side street, and as the ladies bowed their thanks, he raised his hat, bowed, and placed his hand again on the arm of his aged companion to guide her feeble steps.

Small acts, you may say, but, simple though they were, nearly every person in that car watched the couple until they were out of sight, and the question arose in my mind, Is courtesy and a reverence for age so uncommon among our boys,—and I might add, girls,—that these same simple acts, unobtrusively performed, should attract the attention of such a number of persons?

If we, children of a larger growth, could only remember always that each word we speak and every act of our lives exert an influence,—though it may be unconsciously—for either good or evil, tending to make either joy or unhappiness for those with whom we associate: if it were not a fact so easily forgotten that our happiness or misery is dependent upon the accumulation of minute sorrows and small pleasures, of how much more frequent occurence would be the kind words and little courteous, thoughtful acts that go so far toward making up the sum of our daily happiness.

Observing not only the outward forms of etiquette, but remembering always that

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way."

"MARIE."

Why can we not have a number of letters upon this subject of Courtesy? Come again, sister "Marie."—ED.

DEFIANCE, Ia., Sep., 1891.

Dear Readers:—While reading the letters in September number of *Autumn Leaves*, I was much pleased and especially interested in the subject spoken of by Sr H. It is one of importance to all young people, and upon which depends the future happiness of mankind and the welfare of nations.

The welfare of a nation depends greatly upon the kind, or disposition, of the children born in it. Taking this view of the subject, then, the better, happier, brighter, and more intelligent the children; the better will be the nation.

Why take such a broad view? Let us bring our wandering mind back home and ask ourselves, How is it possible, or how can a nation possess good moral people, when there is so much evil influence abroad?

In the first place, a nation is composed of the many, or few, families who may unite on a plan of government different from all others. These families are composed, first, of two young souls who are willing to share the trials of life and assist each other as they find opportunity; second, of the children entrusted to their care. Now, the happiness of all depends upon those at the head of each family, as the parents have the formation of character and the training of each child.

Hence, the necessity of a right choice of a companion. And, as we all seek happiness, we must be very particular in this choice; not as to whether they are of royal blood, have a dowery, or are rich and accomplished; but the prime object is to select one with whom we can agree. If they are of limited means, or live in poverty, but are of that disposition that we can place full confidence in them and love them with all our mind, we will be happier in such a choice than we would be if they possessed their millions.

In Book of Doctrine and Covenants we read that those marrying out of the church will be considered weak in the faith. In the Bible we read that the Israelites were not permitted to marry into any other nation, and we find that those who did suffered loss. Following along

the history of events, we find one writer says, "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers." I suppose by this that it is possible to be equally yoked with an unbeliever.

To illustrate: I know a sister who married a good young man who does not belong to the church. They are living happily and regard each other with the highest esteem, yet there is something lacking, and she said to me one day, "He is as good as he can be, but I do wish we could get him to believe and obey the gospel so we could enjoy attending church meeting together."

Another young bride of my acquaintance who is not of our faith said; "Before we were married he would go anywhere I wished, but now he would rather go to a dog-fight than to church."

I do not presume it to be absolutely necessary to marry one of like faith in order to be mated; but if a Saint marries a Saint, the possibilities for a happy life are far greater than it would be if they married out of the church; because we all know that the "Faith" to which we so strongly adhere is held in derision by very many, although they say nothing about it. Especially do they hold their tongue, if there is some young Saint that they are trying to get into their "Cap already set"

Hoping these few thoughts will help someone, I will close, expecting to hear from others.

BRO. G.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

Oh yes! a merrie Christmas
With blithest song and smile,
Bright with the thought of him who dwelt
On earth a little while,
That we might dwell forever
Where never falls a tear;
So a merrie Christmas to you,
And a happy, happy year!

—*F. R. Havergal.*

The Christmas-tide is essentially the feast of the year for the children Houses that are bright and pleasant all the year round, seem gloomy then, if the joyous voices of children are not heard. There is something lacking to complete and round out the melody if there is no one to whom we can tell the story of the manger where the baby, whose birthday we celebrate was laid, no eager questions to answer, no rippling laughter echoing through the house, and no quick pattering footsteps hither and yon, bent upon errands of mischief or pleasure.

Sing and make merry music as you will, let the joy bells ring out glad chimes, the Christmas dinner be eaten with loving friends around the board helping you, but when day darkens and the shadows creep in around the old home, does it not seem empty if there are no children to sit down beside you in the firelight glow, to creep into your arms and give you love for love? They are happy. You will be because they are, because you cannot help it as you listen to their merry chat and feel the touch of their loving, clinging hands, and the burden of the years will fall from your shoulders. Oh, that such a peaceful, quiet Christmas might be the measure of our days through all the years, where trust, "harmony and love sit at the humble hearth as angels sat at even in the Patriarch's tent"!

Then as your own gather around you, do not forget there are many who are homeless, born to a life of bitter poverty, or worse still, shame. Look into the eyes of your own darlings as they sit upon your knee, and think whether or not you have any duty toward those who are not only less fortunate but who, God pity them, are left to grow up uncared for and unloved. Those who are never taught to know and love the precious Savior, but are taught to lie, to steal, to swear, knowing no God, caring for nothing which is good; little outcasts, having, like the Son of God, nowhere to lay their heads and whose baby faces are indelibly stamped with the shadow of sin. Think of these, you who live in your comfortable homes, and let such thoughts, while they sadden not your own, be the means of making a glad Christmas for someone of them.

Do not bestow just a remembrance at the Christmas time, but through the year let there be a reaching out, a striving to touch and kindle into life that spark of the Divine nature, the heavenly germ which is in everyone and helping to lift up those who need into a purer, better life. Let them feel there is someone who remembers Him who took little children in His arms and blessed them, and help them to understand that the most happiness comes through what we do for others.

Let the light from your Round Table shine upon them. Be generous with your books. Teach them to love to read. "A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life" Help them to love work, to get it, "'Tis the best we get at all." Then will the Christmas sounds in your home be sweeter than ever before; the strains sung long ago by the Judean shepherds have a deeper, tenderer meaning as you hear them sung by those you love, and as the years roll on and other Christmas-tides shall have come—as life's shadows are lengthening—and sitting again in the fire glow lost in thought you do not hear the voices of the children at their play, nor the singing or hum of pleasant converse, but in their stead scenes of the past come trooping by like phantoms—sounds from the grave mingling with even the sadder thoughts of buried love and friendship. Ah! when they come, these sounds of Christmas past, then may our

heavenly Father grant that our lives shall have been so fruitful of the "peace and good will" the shepherds sang of, they may "ring out melodious betwixt the silences of heaven and the grave."

The sad sweet sounds will multiply as the years roll on. And yet the feeling with which we listen is not one of regret for we know that the severing of each cord which binds us here strengthens our love and confidence in the life that awaits loving, faithful spirits in the beyond.

To all readers of the Round Table we wish a peaceful happy Christmas.

Strolling into the "Woman's Exchange" a while gone by, we saw so many pretty, dainty things, so many inexpensive ones, that like Cap'n Cuttle we "made a note on 'em," and as we made it, thought of how many hearts could be made happy at this season of loving and giving by a little thoughtful remembrance and the work of willing fingers. We give herewith a description of a few of the articles:—

NEEDLE-BOOK.

Procure fourteen small brass rings. Crochet around each one with whatever colored silk you choose or happen to have on hand. You can utilize silk you may have of various colors by making each ring a different shade or color that will harmonize. Thread a needle with silk, fasten stoutly on one edge of ring, thread as many beads as will reach across, stretch taut and take a stitch or two to hold. Slip the needle under the crocheting and put another row of beads at right angles with the first. Sew the rings together, using seven for each cover. Two in the first row, three in the next, and two in the last one. Cut out some leaves of flannel in the shape this gives you, buttonhole around with silk, insert between the ring covers, tie at the back with bow of baby ribbon, stick in some needles and you have a dainty, useful, and inexpensive gift for a friend.

If you want a pretty table cover get as much blue denim as you need, wash and iron. Stamp in large trailing patterns of orchids (we saw one where for convenience a large cluster of oak leaves was plucked from a tree by the door and sketched on the gray side of the denim) and etch with rope linen floss. A fringe of the goods, raveled out and knotted, is all the finish necessary. This same goods is used in the same way for sofa pillows and portiers.

NEW PHOTOGRAPH HOLDER.

Take two pieces of pasteboard five inches by eight. Cover one on one side with cotton wading, having first cut out a square in the center to show a head, cabinet size. Cover this with very fine white linen, slashing the center and drawing your thread from outside to center. The linen must be perfectly smooth and tight when the work is done. Cover one side of the other piece of pasteboard for the back and glue the two parts together at top and sides. Paint a clover leaf on top right hand side. Two leaves opposite and a cluster of three at bottom left hand side, the one in the corner being four leaved Hang up with cord, or glue standard on back.

Take a large collar box of large size, fit the bottom of it into the cover so that it will be stronger. Take yellow China silk twice the width around and three times the depth of box, shirr three times on each side, beginning the first shirr three quarters of an inch from the edge. Double the silk and shirr through the double, leaving a standing ruffle of the double silk about one half inch wide which is fitted on top edge of box. A little cotton batting tacked on both sides of box before the silk is put on improves the looks. Sew the shirred part on the bottom of box inside and out, cover a piece of paper the shape of bottom of box with wadding and silk on one side, quilting it on machine if you like, slip this inside, which will cover the raw edge of silk. Cover cardboard with silk and glue on the bottom

Take as many white or tinted scallop shells as will go around center of outside of box, bore holes near top of scallops, tie together with yellow baby ribbon and sew on and through lining with yellow silk thread, letting the silk puff out between the shells. Loops of baby ribbon may be crossed and recrossed over the top edge but is not necessary. This box may be used for needle book, thimble, scissors and glove darner.

Next on our list of the beautiful and useful combined is a chatelaine made of ribbon one and one half inches wide, salmon and blue. Use two twelve inch lengths of each, all joined at one end with a pretty bow and at the other ends a small needlecase, scissors, an English walnut shell lined with a bit of ribbon (and tied with same through holes cut in edge) for holding thimble and different colors of fine silk basted down on one piece of ribbon with glove darner on end of it.

There are many who prefer to use a large lunch cloth for center of table instead of using a tablecloth. A pretty way to make one of these is to get a piece of fine heavy white linen the size you wish to use, take a grape leaf or large three leaved clover, outline the design with pencil all the way around it. Work the edge of all the leaves in button-hole stitch with white silk or linen floss, etch the veins in leaves and cut out the edge when finished. Doyley's for using under cake, bread, etc, can be made the same way. We also saw a very pretty tea cloth embroidered in this way with an edge of four-leaved clovers, and a felt table cover with pansy border, except that the veining and centers were delicately painted. And on some of the felt instead of the embroidery in buttonhole stitch, the flower was outlined with gold thread Again, the outline of flower was done in buttonhole stitch and veining and centers done with gold thread.

A kettleholder made of Chamois—or any pretty woolen cloth, lined with many folds of old calico to make it more serviceable, bears this quaint motto:

"Unless the kettle boiling be,
Making will surely spoil the tea."

ROCK OF AGES.

SOPRANO PROMINENT.

E. O. EXCELL.

Moderato. *p*

Soprano.

1. Rock..... of A - - ges, cleft..... for me,
2. Could.... my tears..... for - ev - - - - er flow,
3. While.... I draw..... this fleet - - ing breath,

Alto.

1. Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow. Oh! could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, Yes, while I draw this fleet-ing breath,

p

Tenor.
Bass.

Organ.

Moderato. *p*

f *dim.*

Let..... me hide..... my - self..... in thee;
Could..... my zeal..... no lan - - guor know,
When..... mine eyes..... shall close..... in death,

Let me hide my - self in thee, Oh! let me hide my - self in thee!
Could my zeal no lan - guor know, Oh! could my zeal no lan - guor know,
When my eyes shall close in death, Yes, when my eyes shall close in death,

f *dim.*

f *dim.*

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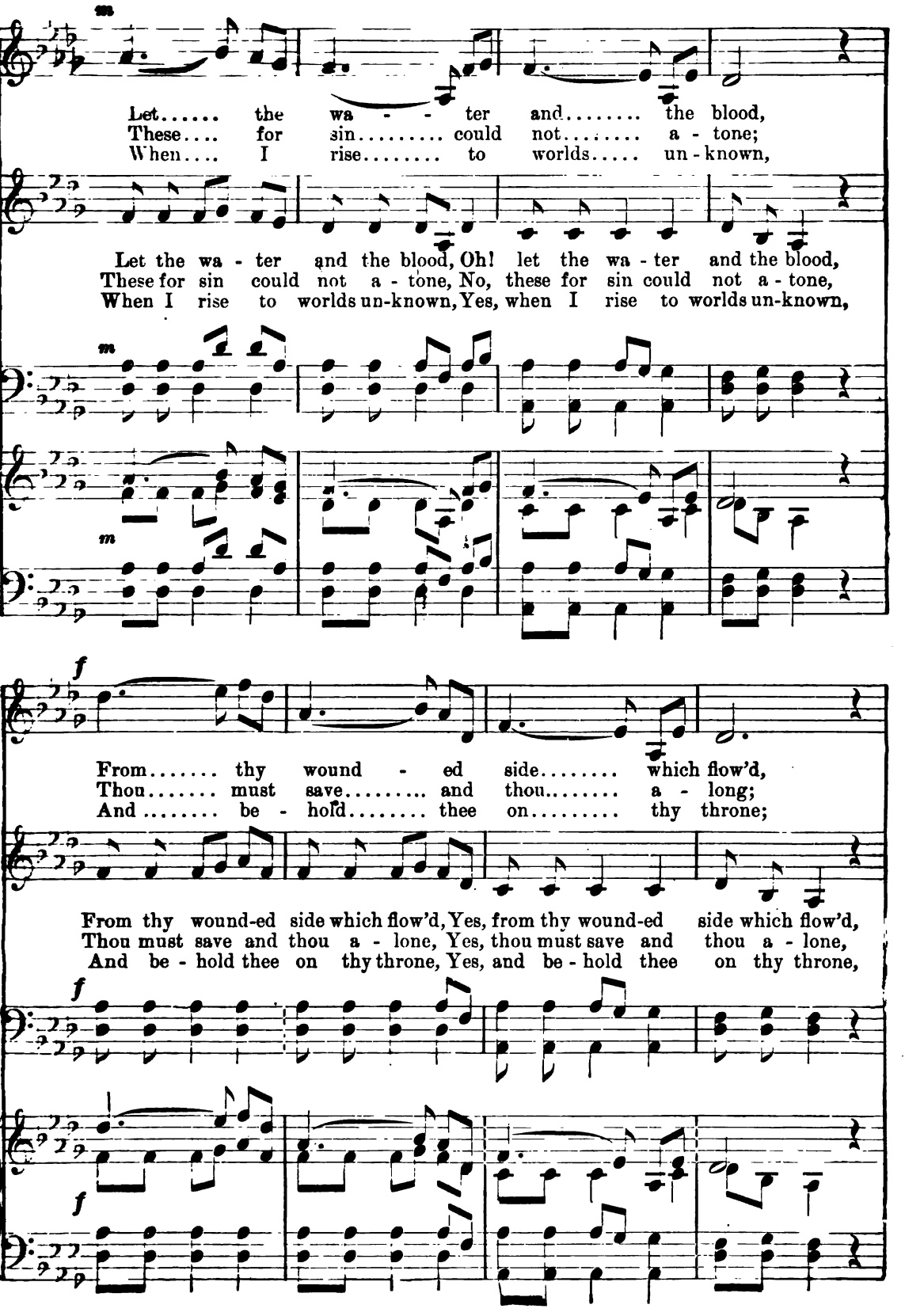
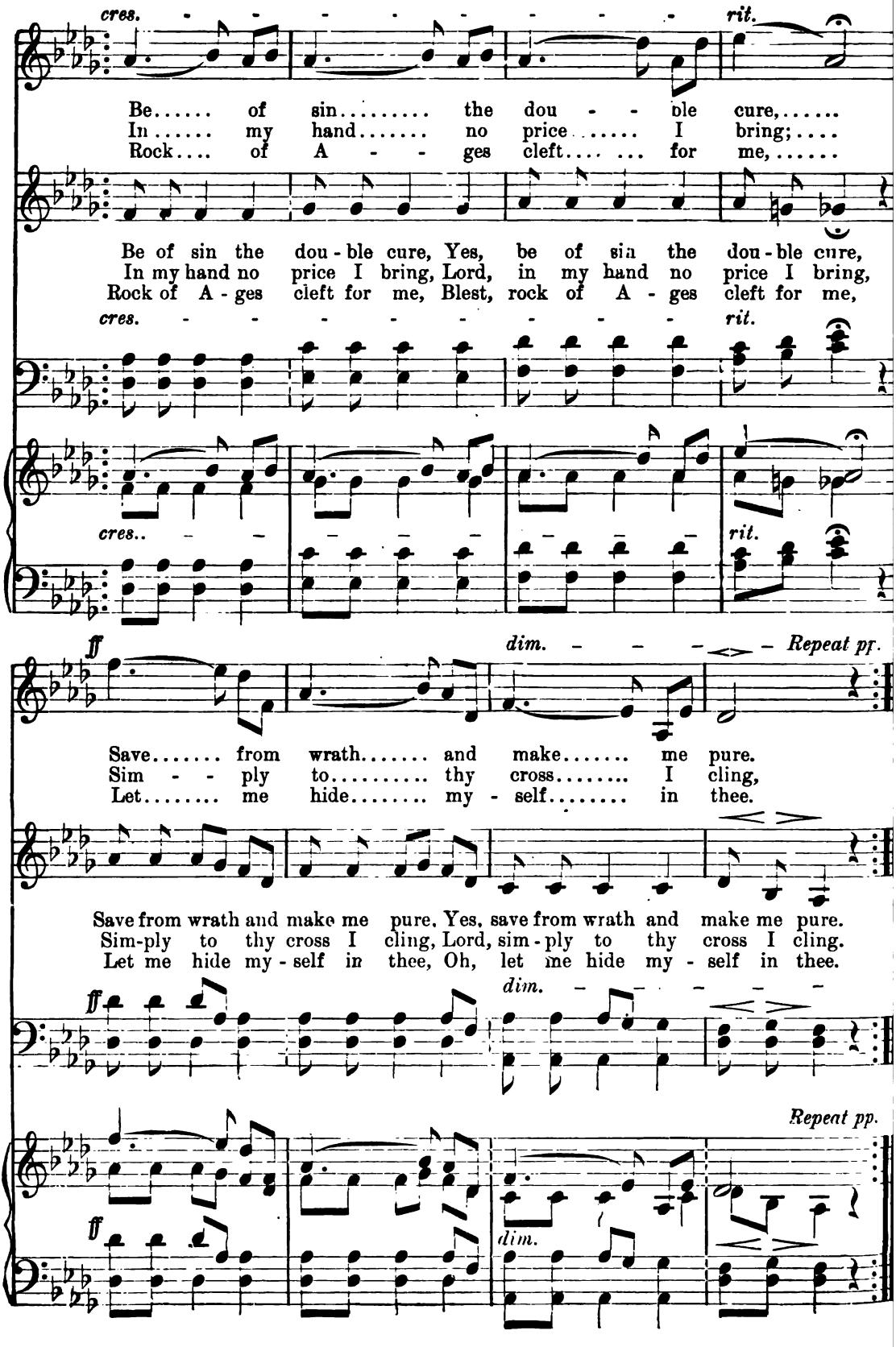
ROCK OF AGES. CONTINUED.




cres.
rit.
Be..... of sin..... the dou - - ble cure,.....
In..... my hand..... no price..... I bring;....
Rock.... of A - - ges cleft.... ... for me,.....
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Yes, be of sin the dou - ble cure,
In my hand no price I bring, Lord, in my hand no price I bring,
Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Blest, rock of A - ges cleft for me,
cres.
rit.
cres..
rit.
ff
dim.
Repeat pp.
Save..... from wrath..... and make..... me pure.
Sim - - ply to..... thy cross..... I cling,
Let..... me hide..... my - self..... in thee.
Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim-ply to thy cross I cling, Lord, sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in thee, Oh, let me hide my - self in thee.
ff
dim.
Repeat pp.
ff
dim.

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(See page 71.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. V. LAMONI, IOWA, FEBRUARY, 1892. No 2.

PRIMARY WORK IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

"SUFFER little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The story never loses its sweetness of how the Savior encouraged the little ones to come unto him, and how he took them in his arms and blessed them. Though but few of all earth's little ones could thus come into his presence and receive of his blessing while he dwelt among men, his voice still calls, "Let the little ones come."

We still follow the example of bringing our children in their infancy to Christ's ministry, who receive them in his stead and pray the Father's blessings upon them. Pure and sinless are they then, and until the appointed age of eight years they are accepted of the Lord and held unaccountable before him.

It is this state of purity, with loving trustfulness, which the Lord requires in his followers when he says, "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." Since this is the plane which all must occupy who wish with "the pure in heart" to "see God," we question, how can we help our children to keep their vantage ground, not becoming selfish and unbelieving, and retaining this, to grow in knowledge and all that shall further them toward the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

Can we overestimate the value of those years, when the little bodies grow and the minds are likewise growing, as a time for being taught? As the body's health and size depend greatly upon the conditions surrounding it in early years, so is the mind affected by all that is brought to bear upon it in the growing time. The Lord has commanded his people in all ages to teach their children concerning the things which he has taught them. To Ancient Israel he said,

"Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house and when thou walkest by the way and when thou liest down and when thou risest up."

Latter Day Saints are instructed of God to teach their children to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord, explaining to them the doctrine of Christ, that at the age of eight years they may understandingly enter the fold by the door.

The influence of the Sunday school should but supplement the influence of the home, in leading children to godliness; and even when the home training is the very best, the effect to be gained in the Sunday school is to be desired. How welcome to the faithful father and mother, striving to lead their little ones in the way of life, is the help received from a faithful teacher in the Sunday school. And for those little ones whose religious education is neglected at home, how invaluable the lesson they may here be taught.

It has sometimes been thought that children of the ages usually found in the primary class are too young to be taught gospel truths, and that they should simply be amused or otherwise kept occupied during the lesson time, until they become old enough to learn Bible lessons. In some schools the practice has been to use the time in teaching them to read, with the object in view that they may become able to read the Bible; when that is accomplished they are promoted.

This is a mistake. There is no child old enough to attend Sunday school (which

perhaps may not be under the age of three years) who cannot be made to understand Bible truths and the application of them to his own life, and the time is too precious to be spent for any other purpose.

Very young children can understand that there is a God; any who attend Sunday school know what it is to mind papa and mamma, to hurt or be kind to their brothers and sisters, their playmates or their pets. With these as starting points many good lessons may be taught which even the youngest can put in practice. Early impressions are apt to be lasting ones; then how important that principles of right-doing and love for God's service be instilled into little minds in these golden opportunities.

There is no part of Sunday school work which requires better preparation, more application, than that of teaching a primary class; and none which brings with it more pleasure, more inspiration, both from the children themselves and from the Great Teacher, who sends his Spirit in help and approval to one who lends her powers to this service.

The qualifications of a primary teacher should be love for children, a pleasant, cheery manner, firmness, patience, knowledge of God's word, clearness of thought and of speech, and underlying all these a well established faith in and love for God and his work, which shall be bringing out in her life all that she would teach the children to be. Is the standard too high? Do any shrink from the work they have undertaken, because they fall short of it? Let it not have this effect; but rather strive to come up to it, praying earnestly that the Lord will help you to be fitted for the work required of you, considering it a privilege for which you will be held accountable. And

"Whatever the ways or the means you take,
Do it alone for the Savior's sake."

Teach by example as well as by precept. Indeed, this may be the more effectual way; for children naturally imitate older people with whom they are associated, especially those whom they love; and to win the love of each child in her class should be the teacher's earnest wish. Then her first good example in the school should be to be in her place early. It is pleasant for the children to find their teacher there before them, ready to welcome them with a good morning smile. Not being left to themselves, they are also less apt to grow disorderly, or to forget the respect they ought to show for the house of God. To observe this should be one of their earliest lessons.

The primary class should be provided with front seats in the general schoolroom, for the evident reason that they cannot see over larger people, while the older ones may easily see over them, in listening to the superintendent, chorister or anyone who may be addressing them. They may occupy these seats during the singing of the first hymn and the opening prayer, after which it is very essential that they have another room in which to continue their exercises. It is better if the first hymn may be one in which these children can join, because they enjoy singing with the whole school; and it is good for them to feel that they have an interest there.

While the prayer is being offered they should stand, with the rest of the school, bow their heads to show reverence, and close their eyes to enable them to listen better, beside shutting out the temptation to look around. All this can be taught them in their own room, and any remissness be noticed by the teacher, who thus needs to keep her eyes open. But when the children understand what is expected of them, and that the teacher would rather close her eyes too, and think only of the prayer, they will soon form the habit, which let us hope may grow so strong that they may never be numbered with those who with indifference look about.

The singing of the second hymn affords a convenient time for them to pass to their class room. Here their exercises should be varied to keep them from becoming weary; and careful heed should be given that they pass over nothing which they do not understand. When they are taught a new song, the words should be explained to them, that they may be benefited by the sentiment contained, as well as enjoy the music, so that they as well as older ones may sing with the spirit and with the understanding. There are books containing little songs especially adapted to the use of small children and these should be employed, if possible.

To begin the services of the hour a

short responsive exercise may be used, in which the teacher leads with a Sabbath greeting, or with other appropriate quotation, and the children give one in reply. Next a familiar hymn may be sung and then prayer be offered.

In the training of children the subject of prayer is one of great importance, and should be one of earnest consideration. In the words of Faith Latimer, in *The Sunday School Times*, we ask, "How can children be taught to know and experience the value of prayer, the real heart-expression of gratitude, love, of asking for help, for forgiveness, for grace and comfort? All these are needs in a child's heart as truly as in mature life. The habit of daily prayer, of the cry of the soul in any moment of fear, temptation or sudden joy, is as needful for the child as for the grown person. How can children be trained in such exercise, and find relief in the experience of faith and prayer?"

Do not think the prayer in the large room sufficient. Here they need to be taught to pray, and the prayer to be in simple words, expressive of their own desires and needs. Endeavor to make each child feel that he has an interest in the prayer. They may first be questioned as to what they would like to thank the Lord for, whether they have done wrong and would like to ask him to forgive them, and what they want to ask him for. Encourage them to speak just as they feel, advising them as to what they should desire. Then let the teacher, carefully keeping in mind their wishes, form them in short sentences which the children may repeat after her. Teach them that saying a prayer is not praying, but that we must pray with our hearts if we want God to listen. Teach them to have faith that their prayers will be answered, and to think of the Lord as an ever-present friend. Talk to them about praying in their homes at night and in the morning.

"Mamma, do we need to pray in the morning?" asked a child of her mother, who from her childhood had had the habit of offering a morning prayer, but had taught her child to pray at evening only.

"Yes, my child," was the answer, "more then than at night, it seems to me; for if our hearts turn to God in the morning (when the day is all before us), asking him to help us to love him, to be good and to do good through that day, he will help us. And we are more apt to think of him then and try to do his will, than if we wait till evening, and then perhaps feel sorry to remember the wrong things we have done, which by his help might have been avoided."

"Why didn't you tell me before, mamma?"

And so with these little ones, let us tell them these things now, lest they may sometime say, Why didn't you tell me before?

After the prayer a responsive exercise may again be used, care being taken to make the meanings plain. The beatitudes are good, the teacher repeating the first part of each verse and the class the remainder. Other selections suited to their understanding may be substituted, and when different ones have been learned, they may be used alternately.

A short time may now be used in learning a new hymn; and, to rest them before the lesson, the children may be allowed to rise to sing a verse or two. This may be found to take too much time unless the room be seated with low chairs or benches; and it is recommended that these be had if possible, so the children may not need to sit with dangling feet. If considered practicable the pennies may be collected during the singing. This is most quickly done by one child in each row.

If the roll call be deferred until just before the lesson, the attendance of any tardy ones can thus be marked at the same time with the others. Of course all should be urged to be there promptly.

From twenty minutes to half an hour should be reserved for the lesson, which should be from the primary question book, adopted by the General Sunday School Association. And it should be held of more importance that the children get a thorough understanding of what they pass over than that a certain amount be taken each time. Keep in their minds, by review questions, the lessons they have learned, and especially, the two thoughts sought by the author to be made prominent, namely, the promise and fulfillment of a Redeemer to be sent, and blessing for obedience and punishment for disobedience.

There will come opportunities for many little lessons which may help to make

them more willing, obedient children of the kingdom. Teach them that this life is given us to prepare for the life that will never end; and that in that life we will have more happiness and good than we can ever know here, if we prepare ourselves for that life by keeping God's commandments. Lead them to regard God's service as a pleasure, showing them how he has left it for us to choose whether we will do the right and have his help and blessing, or do the wrong and walk in darkness by ourselves. With such teaching in their childhood it is not probable that they would ever say, as did a young lady to her friend who had become a Latter Day Saint, "I can never bear to think of religion. It always makes me feel gloomy and afraid."

Seek to awaken the children's consciences, giving them the standard from God's word. "My conscience wouldn't let me," said a little child thus taught, telling of how she had been asked to do something which would wound the feelings of a playmate. Children must be led from the things they know about to the things it is wished they should know about; and one is best able to do this who takes an interest in childish thoughts and ways. Observe them day by day, as you may have occasion, and treasure up all that will help to illustrate the lesson. Use simple language, and never tell the children what may be drawn from them by questioning, thus causing them to think for themselves.

There can be no successful teaching without good order, and this must be preserved according to the best wisdom of the teacher. However, a few suggestions may be of help. Here, too, let the standard be high. Feel determined to have perfect order and be satisfied with nothing less. Say as little as possible about it but watch carefully and allow nothing which will destroy it. Try to keep the children so interested that they will not want to get out of order. If one is inattentive or whispering, ask that one a question, or if this does not suffice, bring him to a chair in front and go on as if nothing had happened, doing all so kindly as only to keep the order without vexing the child. Special effort should be made to reach the hearts of the wayward ones, but they should not be permitted to interfere with the good of the whole class.

If there are Sunday school papers to be passed, they should be folded before being handed around. One child may be allowed to do this, quietly, at the same time listening to the lesson. They should be passed just before the children are ready to leave their room, as, if they have them before, they will be the cause of more or less disturbance.

In going to and from the room have the children walk two and two in order, not crowding, not lagging behind; because it is the house of God, and he loves order. Watch them as they march! Does not every heart go out toward them? So fresh and tender, so dear, so full of promise—the lambs of the flock!

"'Feed my lambs,' said Christ, our Shepherd;
Place the food within their reach;
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among his jewels
When you reach the better land."

CALLIE B. STEBBINS.

FATHER'S CHILD.

My little girl to-night with childish glee,
Although her months had numbered not two score,
Escaped her nurse, and, at my study door,
With tiny fingers rapping, spoke to me:
Though faint her words, I heard them tremblingly
Fall from her lips, as if the darkness bore
Its weight upon her: "Father's child." No more
I waited for, but straightway willingly
I brought the sweet intruder into light
With happy laughter. Even so some night,
When, from the nursing earth escaped and free,
My soul shall try in her first infant flight
To seek God's chamber, these two words shall be
Those that will make Him ope His door to me.—*Sel.*

THE PATH OF DUTY THE PATH OF SAFETY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER II.

"I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of wood and corn-fields and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals.

* * * * * * *

These two a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful;
And both were young, yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The youth had few more summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him."—*Byron.*

I HAD been up to my room for sometime upon the day when Edward came, and made my toilet with care. I was not expecting visitors, but just for my own gratification I added a few extra touches to my scrupulously neat and becoming attire. It was sundown; and as the evening was very pleasant I started down stairs with the intention of taking a walk, but, just as I reached the foot of the stairs, I was met by my Aunt, Mrs. Newton, who told me there was a gentleman in the parlor who wished to see me.

"Is he alone?" I asked.

"No, he came in with our friend Merrill, who introduced him as Mr. Warren."

For a moment all things seemed receding from me, and I held tightly to the banister to steady myself. My heart seemed to stand still and my limbs refused to move. With a desperate effort, however, I controlled myself and managed to reach the door, but I never knew how I managed to open it and walk calmly across the room and speak to him in the presence of another. The room was a little dark as I entered, and my friend (not knowing that I saw Edward) stepped forward, as I hesitated just a moment, and introduced me. This aided me in gaining my self-posession. For just a moment he held my hand in his, and our eyes met in a swift, searching look, and Oh! how wildly my heart throbbed as I saw in his calm, self-possessed gaze, all the tender fondness of by-gone years. Again everything swam before me, and it was only by a desperate effort that I reached a chair and saved myself from falling to the floor.

After a brief interval, in which some inquiries of a general nature were made and answers given, I rose to bring in a light; but Edward followed me into the hall and asked me to walk with him. Mr. Merrill had excused himself and left us in the parlor, and, as the evening was fine, I readily consented. As we passed out of the gate he offered me his arm, and though my hand rested very lightly upon it the touch thrilled every fiber of my being, and without such support I could not have steadied my steps. He was silent at first, which might have been just a little awkward had I not been almost too happy to speak. The knowledge that he was there, my hand resting on his arm, and his face—the face I had so longed to see—bending above me, was enough. At last he broke the silence by saying,

"How have you been this long, long time, Stella?"

"Well, all the time I think."

"And happy, too?"

"Why should I not be happy?"

He bent a steady gaze upon my face for a moment, without any reply. Then I added,

"You have been happy, too, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course, some of the time."

"But I believe not well all of the time. I heard of the sickness you had the first spring you were at college."

"Yes, I was sick; but that was a long time ago."

Thus we drifted on almost aimlessly, our words measuring so little the feelings of our hearts; but each time he looked down into my face I felt the ice melting away and knew that every barrier was broken down. No matter what explanation might be given, or whether indeed none at all was given, of these long reaches of silence the king of my heart had come, and against his entrance, bolts and bars availed nothing. So long as he loved me my pride was subdued, and I

felt only the joy of his presence; the realization of that which I had so long hungered for. We were gaining the suburbs of the village and the streets were almost deserted. Twilight had faded and there was no moon, but clear, bright star-light. He took my hand, which was resting on his arm, and drew it closely to him, saying,

"I am very happy now, Stella! are you?"

"Yes," I answered, "if this is real. But I am afraid that I am only dreaming, as I have done so many, many times, and that I shall awake to be mocked by my own happiness."

He laughed, a low audible laugh, which thrilled me through and through, like an echo of other days, and said, "Shall I pinch your cheek to reassure you?"

"How your laugh carries me back to our school days," I said, "and how many memories of those days come trooping into my heart!"

Then we both talked long and freely of those days. I had not intended to mention his letters; for my heart, even yet, was a little sore over them. But it now occured to me that possibly he had never received them, and that he might be thinking it was I who had deserted him. So, when he had told me how he loved me yet the same as in the olden time, and that he had heard how I seemed to be so happy and had so many admirers that he had resolved not to come at all or remind me of the past, but at last he found he could not stay away any longer, I asked him quickly,

"Why have you stayed away so long? Did you receive my last letter and do you remember the closing words?"

"Yes."

"Then what right had I to believe otherwise than that the past was all *past* with you? Why did you never answer it?"

"I did write two answers, but did not send them."

I was then too happy to question why he had not sent them, or to feel wounded that he had chosen all this time to selfishly keep me in suspense, and as for coolly resenting anything from those I dearly loved or standing on my dignity, it was not in my nature to do so. I feasted my soul on his presence for three and a half hours; then we reluctantly bade each other good night.

O my friend, what a song of joy was in my heart that night! As I knelt down by the open window and leaned my face in my hands I thought the stars had never shone so brightly, the air had never been so balmy. All nature seemed pulsing in harmony with my happy heart. The song of a katydid just over my window was answered by the chirrup of a cricket in the grass, and the fireflys as they darted here and there seemed radiant messengers of God's love to man. How full the night was of voices breathing praises unto God for his tender watch-care over all his works! It did not once enter my heart to question whether my happiness could last. I had waited and longed so earnestly for this time to come, and at times had almost despaired, so that I simply accepted it as a weary child accepts the shelter of its mother's arms and rests there in the love which questions not.

The Sabbath following he called and took me out for a drive, and once again during the next week. Then some time passed in which I did not see him and his letters again ceased to come. I knew that he loved me; and that too with an undivided affection; yet something was keeping him from me. What could it be?

By accident one afternoon he and another young man of my acquaintance drove through the village. The team belonged to the other young man and he purposely drove past Mr. Newton's. Mr. Newton and his family were away, but a young lady friend was staying with me and we were both in the front yard as the team came by. The young man who was driving was acquainted with both of us and reining his horses up to the gate got out. Edward, however, remained in the carriage, not seeming at all pleased to meet me until his friend accepted our invitation to come in the house, when he too alighted and came in. When he found there was no one at home, he seemed more at his ease, but was not at all himself. After a few moments of general conversation he asked for a glass of water. Taking a pitcher from the table I started to the back porch for water. He followed me and closed the door after us. I had not expected him to come with me and had no glass, intending to

have gotten one as I passed back through the dining room. I stood talking with him a few moments, holding the pitcher of water in my hand. But it was more in surprise at his manner and his flushed face than any pleasure derived from his company. Presently he made an impatient movement towards the water and said,

"I am choking for a drink; for God's sake do get me something to drink out of."

I stepped back from him, my cheeks aglow with astonishment and indignation, and answered,

"If you talk to me in that way, I'll never give you a drink!"

"Never!" he said throwing his arm around my waist and looking down into my eyes.

"No, NEVER!" I reiterated, as I drew myself away; for I smelled liquor upon his breath, and knew only too well the secret of his unexplained conduct towards me.

We entered the house, returned to the parlor, and after some more talk of a desultory nature they took their leave.

And just here, dear friend, I must tell you that long years afterwards I realized fully the depth of the precipice upon the brink of which my feet were standing. I did not see it then; for though I was hurt to the quick and my whole frame was shaken as with an ague, and my heart felt as though pressed by bands of iron, I loved him just the same; and no thought entered my heart that the bond could be severed. I meant all which the words "No, never!" implied; and I think he fully understood me and knew that I would never marry a man who tampered with liquor, even though he was not confirmed in the habit. But since then I have realized how many, many times young men have temporarily reformed—reformed before marriage,—only to become drunkards afterwards, that I think just there lay the greatest danger. Not many years ago I found in my reading this vivid picture of intemperance and I transcribe it here as it may never have met your eyes.

* * * * *

"I am aware there is a prejudice against the man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe that from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, dishonor and crime, that, from its source to where it ends, it demoralizes everybody who touches it. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against the liquor crime. All that we have to do, is to think of the wrecks on either bank of the stream of death; of the suicides, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the insanity, of the destitution, of the little children tugging at the faded and weary breasts of weeping and despairing wives, or asking for bread; of the talented men of genius it has wrecked, the men struggling with imaginary serpents produced by the devilish thing; and you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the stuff called alcohol.

"Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affections, erases conjugal loves, blots out filial attachments, blights parental love and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, misery and crime. It fills our jails, supplies our almshouses, and demands our asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It is the life blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It crowds the penitentiary and furnishes victims for your scaffolds. It countenances the liar, respects the thief and esteems the blasphemers.

"It defames benevolence, hates love, scornes virtue and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife and the child to grind the parricidal ax. It burns men, consumes women, detests life, curses God and de-

spises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses purjury, defies the jury box and stains the judicial ermine. It degrades the citzen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, disarms the patriot.

"It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolation; and, unsatisfied with the havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, wipes out national honors; then curses the world and laughs at its ruin."

You may call this a lurid, perhaps an over-drawn picture; but, my friend, it is not; and should your pen ever give to the public this heart-history which I am now giving you, say this for me to the daughters of Zion:

"Since the hour when God gave me grace and strength to place my feet firmly in the path of duty, I have been brought face to face with almost every phase of this picture, have felt in my soul that from these by the grace of God I had escaped. Too well I know it was not through any wisdom of my own, neither the wise counselling of friends, but through my simple determination of doing that which I believed it was *my duty* to do."

Oh, my friend! When I have looked upon the noble, manly form of my husband; when I have heard the ring of his quick, elastic step as he came homeward, and have felt his strong, manly arms around me, his loving, true, and loyal heart beating beneath my leaning head, there has come before me another—a different picture—a picture of "what might have been;" and I have felt that instead of the "saddest" they were truly the sweetest, most blessed words of "lip or pen." I have seen myself instead of the light-hearted, blessed, happy woman that I have been and am, a pale, careworn and weary one, shrinking away from the sound of unsteady steps, and longing for death to put a period to my misery. When I have seen my beautiful light-hearted children, flying to meet a loving father's tender embrace, have seen his eyes rest upon them full of the pride his heart feels in them, my own eyes have filled with blinding tears; and through the mists have gazed upon a very different scene. I have seen pale-faced, half clothed, half fed little ones, fleeing as for life from the sight of a reeling step, an idiotic face, and have heard the fall of cruel, heavy blows, upon tender flesh, while my own heartstrings have quivered with an agony never known or felt.

But, most of all, sweetest, tenderest and dearest to my soul, has been the blessed peace of God which, like dew upon Hermon, has rested down upon my soul, peace and thankfulness that I have been permitted to enter into the labors of one of God's servants; that to my children has been bequeathed the unsullied honor of his name, and blood untainted by the dreadful, the soul desroying poison ot strong drink.

Instead of being its victim, God has permitted me many a time to comfort and help those who were victims. Instead of being pointed at as the subject of a cruel fate, he has permitted me to warn others; and that too with an earnestness and depth of feeling which only the full realization of that which I had escaped could bring. Instead of dragging out a miserable existence as the wife of a drunkard, too wretched myself to speak of peace or to confer happiness upon anyone, I have ejoyed the blessed privilege of telling to the weary and toiling ones of earth, the sweet story of the gospel; not only the story of the cross, but the story of the life of Christ and his obedience to his Father in all things. But I must return to my story.

Edward and I had never formally renewed our childhood's engagement, but both accepted it as a matter of course. (And just here I will mention that it had never received the sanction of our parents, neither were they aware that it ever had existed.) His nature was entirely free from jealousy and he had given me liberty to accept whoever I saw proper to accompany me to social gatherings, drives, walks or any place where I might elect to go; however, from the time of his first visit until the last call, I had as much as possible avoided accepting attentions from anyone. But his inconsistency, together with the knowledge of its cause, compared so unfavorably with the constancy and uprightness of others that, while my heart still clung to him I began to question the wisdom of such a course upon my part.

The winter season was setting in with its long evenings and many parties, and

one young gentleman in particular, the owner of a very handsome "turnout," was always ready to accompany me. At first I accepted his escort the more readily because he affirmed that he had no intention of ever marrying, and I wanted someone to accompany me who understood that his attentions were accepted only in a friendly way. I had made up my mind that my future course towards Edward should be governed entirely by circumstances. I would wait and see how he carried himself. One thing, however, was certain; if he expected to win me, he must seek me and forsake liquor.

It is possible that as the winter advanced I used the privilege he so freely granted me more than seemed wise, or than was compatible with his feelings; for, before the gay season was half over, I received a letter from him in which he released me from my engagement to him saying that he loved me far too well to make me unhappy by holding me to any engagement with him if I was happier with others. Notwithstanding I had been making up my mind to try and forget him, this letter showed me how little progress I had made in such a direction. It was entirely unexpected, and I almost ceased to breathe as I read it. I felt that I was literally being torn from something which was myself—a part of my being, and the shock was terrible. But, unlike my former trial, when I sought silence and loneliness that I might indulge my grief, my mind now took a healthier tone and I would not suffer myself to grieve my life away. My spirits were far too buoyant for that, and I found too much of genuine worth and true loyalty around me. Perhaps, too, I was just a little spoiled with receiving so much attention.

At all events I said, "Be it so if he wishes it," and never answered his letter; though when by myself the bitter tears would flow and I felt as though my heart would break. At times I really thought it would; but the storm of grief would pass and I would join my companions and again be the gayest of the gay. For, away down in my heart, I still believed that "sometime" it would all come right between me and the lover of my childhood days. But for the time being I gave myself up to the full enjoyment of the present, and all the innocent mirth which was going on.

I had only thought of mutual pleasure and amusement when I began going with Mr. Harvey, but e'er long I found myself becoming fond of his company. He was some six or eight years older than myself, and though not handsome was possessed of elegant manners and had a peculiarly winning way. Indeed far too much so for the comfort of some. Because, without intending it, he had won the love of two young women of my acquaintance, and they were sighing for those attentions which he lavished so freely on me. My vivacity pleased and amused him; and it was generally admitted that I exercised more influence over him than did anyone he had gone with before. We attended many parties, but as I never joined in the dance Mr. Harvey came to dance much less than formerly; and, as I found ample amusement among lively little groups which would collect here and there apart from the room where dancing was going on, he would join me.

So marked and frequent did his attentions become that before the season was over it came to be the accepted opinion that we were engaged. This, however, was not the case. He had never spoken to me of love, nor asked me to be his wife. Sometimes he had talked of his plans for the future and asked "if that would suit me," or "what *our* house would be like," or "where it should stand?" There is, however, an unspoken language in which heart communicates with heart, and needs not, in order to make itself understood, the voice of speech in which our ideas are commonly conveyed. I knew that he loved me, and but for the fact that I believed I was growing into forgetfulness of Edward and learning to like him, I would have withdrawn myself from his company. The time soon came, however, when I realized my mistake, and when I knew only too well that there was but one on earth whose name could ever be breathed in my heart above the sacred shrine—the holy of holies—where love abides.

The season had nearly passed and the gayety was beginning to wane, when there came to our village a stranger. He was introduced to many of my friends and finally to myself. I think I am safe in saying that he became at once the observed of all observers—the admiration of the many and the envied of all. Com-

manding in person, handsome in features, animated in conversation, he assumed at once an enviable position in the limited circle of our village society. The relatives he was visiting were old friends of my aunt and uncle, and their standing in society gave him unquestioned access to the best the village had to offer. But Earnest Fielding needed no certificate from the hands of others; for his own gentle and winning manners, the perfect stamp of nobility upon his every feature, and the genuine good humor and unselfish zest with which he entered into every social scheme, would of themselves have been an *open sesame* in any society, even one less formal than ours. I remember spending some very pleasant hours (upon one or two occasions) in his company. He had been an extensive traveler and his fund of information seemed inexhaustible. My aunt once or twice rallied me upon my apparent conquest, but I accepted it only as the pleasantry it was intended for, and only when in his company ever gave a thought to the fascinating stranger.

In a few weeks after he came to the village a letter came from my father calling me home. In my heart I was glad to go, though I could not have answered why; could not, had I tried to do so, have analyzed my reasons. There came a touch —a momentary touch—of sadness at the thought of parting with Mr. Harvey, but it passed away; and, with a light heart, I made my preparations for returning home. Perhaps it is well for us, (though I have sometimes thought it ill) that the near, the very near future, is so closely concealed from our view. Small pleasure would have come to me then could I have foreseen the events so near—events which were to color and change all my life. But I will not anticipate.

(To be Continued.)

"THROW DIRT ENOUGH AND SOME WILL STICK!"

THIS sentence was first used by Archbishop Whately, of Dublin. It was probably intended to convey the idea of perseverance,—at least it was so taken by the originator of these few thoughts. But you cannot fail to see that it can be as readily applied in its literal, as in its figurative sense. You will certainly admit, that if he had spoken in a dry and literal style, such as "Try, try again," it would not have the effect of the words used.

I suppose (judging others by myself) that nearly every boy that has ever read the poem, "Try, try again," and has had it repeated to him by nearly every teacher he ever had, is heartily "sick of it," if you will allow the expression; and to him, at least, it will have a better effect to speak of perseverance in other language than that of the poem. To think of perseverance or persistence as "Try, try again," although it may affect one *to some degree*, does not leave so deep an impression as would an expression used figuratively.

When you make this a subject for thought, you cannot fail to see, at once, that its adaptation to this life is remarkable, and that perseverance is *necessary* to success. What can you hope for? What can you expect to accomplish, if you give way to the first, second, third, or *any* obstacle that stands between you and success? What pleasure or honor would it afford to accomplish your purpose when you had worked against no obstacle?

If a chick, in endeavoring to escape from its prison-shell, should, after a few attempts, give up, and suppose that by some mistake Providence had made the shell too difficult to manage, the result would be most disastrous to its future anticipations, and they would probably fall with such a crash as to break the shell and let the poor, tired little chick into the open air; and then the non-persevering chick would probably die,—from want of energy to scratch for a living.

The lives of men seem to be made up of efforts to obtain either ease in this world or glory in the next. And, this being the case, what better motto can be used by either than *this*, which, when kept constantly in mind, will enable them to grapple successfully with those hindrances to success which time that is now the future will bring and present before them when it is called the present?

How much one can accomplish by persistence! And, to illustrate that perseverance in life is necessary, I can only call your attention to some of the men who have reached the topmost rounds in the ladder of success.

Columbus, who advocated the theory of the world's being round, was sneered at, scoffed at, and was called a fool; yet he did not give up, and, as has been the case with most great benefactors of mankind, he tried in his native country first to advance his theory, and to secure aid. But, failing in this, he went abroad, neglecting his domestic affairs so much that he became involved in debt, and subsisted upon the poorest kind of fare. What discouragements he must have met! Yet he strove manfully onward, soliciting in other countries the aid his own had refused to grant. He advanced his theory wherever he could find a hearing. Superstition was his main obstacle, and, as you all know, that is a most stubborn thing to deal with. He was refused assistance by all countries,—as nations; and, had it not been for good Queen Isabella, he would probably have *failed;* not for the want of perseverance, however. No, Columbus patiently fought superst tion of the most stubborn character; and even after he had procured ships, provisions, and men, he still had to persistently contend against it, in order to repress mutiny among the several crews under his command. But, as in most cases, perseverance conquered, and Columbus' name will go ringing down the ages as the discoverer of America, and the first to prove the earth to be a globe.

History says of Confucius, who flourished in China about 500 B. C., that he became the great teacher of his countrymen; and, by his elevated moral precepts, he has, perhaps, exercised a greater influence than any other purely human teacher. But how came he to be such? Let us see: It is said that in his youth, becoming tired of study, he determined to abandon it for some other pursuit. Returning home with this purpose in his mind, he noticed an old woman rubbing an iron bar on a grindstone. On asking her what she was doing, he learned that she was going to reduce it to the size of a knitting-needle to replace one she had lost. Deeply impressed by such an example of patience, he exclaimed, "Shall an old woman outdo me, within whose reach are the highest honors of the kingdom?" Returning to study, and, I suppose, keeping the picture of the old woman before his mind, he became what history has said of him.

In Southern Africa there dwells a tribe of Africans, known as Bushmen, small in stature, but dreaded by those not at peace with them as the people of this country dread the rattlesnake, or the people of India do the cobra. You may ask why they are so dreaded. Their main weapon is the bow and arrow; but the point of the arrow is tipped with the most deadly poison. You may say that some of the American Indians used poisoned arrows. Yes, but this tribe will carry on a warfare that far excels that of the American Indians in the persistent manner of attack. These Bushmen have been known to carry on a war for three years, and during that time the enemy did not know a night of peace or safety, being continually interrupted by the whirr of poisoned arrows, mingled with the groans of some unfortunate who was suffering from the effect of a deadly wound. They conceal themselves around the enemy's camp, day and night; and the lurking viper is not more deadly than the lurking Bushmen.

But to return from our trip to Africa.

When Washington took command of the American army he found one that was entirely undisciplined, and was only armed with the rude firearms that were to be found in the farmhouses of 1776. Yet, by exercising the most diligent perseverance, he succeeded in making an army that successfully encountered the veterans of King George. Washington was a most diligent user of the policy of, "Strike whenever there is an opportunity." His opportunity was whenever he could strike a blow with the least cost of men. When the British thought he was in some position where he could not attack, that was very often the time he did attack. By his singular generalship, General George Washington won the respect of the great generals of the world. When Cornwallis thought he had cornered "the fox," as he called Washington, in New Jersey, and then was so completely outgeneraled by him, he even gave him the title of "Mister Washington."

General Greene, whom Washington selected to conduct the war in the South,

fought in the same manner. He was constantly on the alert to attack, yet very seldom did he attempt to attack the whole of Cornwallis' army. Greene was a blacksmith by trade, and he knew that to work iron into a desired shape it had to be done section by section, part by part. He used the same tactics in working Cornwallis into the position he desired.

Perseverance is absolutely necessary to success in this life. Without having an abundance of this needful quality what would have been accomplished by any of such renowned men as Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine; Robert Fulton, the successful applier of steam to navigation; James Watt, inventor of the steam engine; George Stephenson, the perfector of the steam engine; Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of instantaneous communication; Benjamin Franklin, the indentifier of lightning; Thomas A. Edison, the great improver of the electric light system and inventor of the Phonograph; Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, Charles Sumner, and others of our great statesmen; and Worcester and Noah Webtster, the great lexicographers? How many long, long, weary hours Worcester and Webster toiled and studied for the convenience of their fellowmen!

Now, in conclusion, let us remember that we live under the protection of a nation whose very existence was procured by men using this power of perseverance; whose renowned Constitution was framed by men who knew that only by perseverance could they succeed. And when we encounter anything that bars our progress to success, let us remember the perseverance that was manifested by the men who gave us this great nation—this nation that stands second to none! Let us endeavor, persistently and patiently, to win, always remembering to "Throw dirt *enough*, and *some* will stick!

FRED M. SMITH.

COASTING.

"LIVES there a boy with soul so dead" that he does not love to coast? If there is he must be a Sandwich Islander. Certainly he is not an Iowa boy. I think "we boys," living upon the banks of Bear Creek, enjoyed this sport more than any other; and for the probable reason that our location could not be excelled for this purpose. There were long hills, and short ones, hills with a "jump off," and hills where you slid down one side and up the other, and then the sleighs we made! They were certainly wonderful triumphs of youthful ingenuity —that is, some of them were. Of others the less said the better. But our experience was not confined to sleighs alone. We used a kind of rude toboggan, also a nondescript made by nailing and bracing a milking stool upon the concave side of an oaken barrel stave. It proved a good rider, but a little "skittish" with strangers.

Then we used chunks of ice, bundles of straw, old chairs with the slats out of the back and other choice bric-a-brac, among them a huge butter bowl which had been split in two. We could only use this upon the steepest hills, where the snow was perhaps a foot deep. We each placed our feet in our respective halves of the bowl, grasped the narrow margin on each side, and went sailing merrily down till we reached the soft and deeper snow at the bottom. Then the bowls would suddenly stop, the passengers plunging head first in the snow, and our little dimpled feet, encased in dainty cowhide boots (too large by a few sizes only) twinkled in the air as we completed the summersault.

Almost opposite the house was a hill whose entire surface from top to bottom was a springy peat bed. In winter the water from this great spring would freeze as it oozed out of the bank and upon the creek. Then it would come out higher up the hill, and running over the first would freeze on, and keep repeating this till it reached the top of a long steep hill. If the winter was cold there was all the way from one to seven or eight feet of clear blue ice encasing the hill and glittering till it became conspicuous for several miles when the sun was shining.

How many daring slides "we boys" took over that great lumpy cake of ice,

set up at such a tempting angle! And how many sleighs were wrecked by the rude voyage over it.

Now let me turn this sketch into the history of a pig, and such an obstinate, mulish pig was he that we did not mourn when one morning we found him buried under a small strawstack which he had undermined. We pulled him out quite dead, and that night he laid upon a snow-bank and probably became "cold pork," as the thermometer was quite five below zero. Our father gave us orders to remove him to the valley below, to become food for the wolves. We pulled him to the top of the hill and then decided to send him over the ice.

Just as we were about to start him the demon of mischief took possession of a certain youth. In an instant he had whirled that pig upon his back, sat down upon his frozen breast, and the next instant the pig's cold and placid features were splitting the frosty air in search of the happy hunting grounds. He was started toward a place where the ice was not so awful lumpy. But did he keep this direction? Not at all. The ruling passion was strong in death, (we may also include a day and night of grace), and his pigship headed for the roughest, the smoothest knobs and knolls of "glare" ice that adorned the hill.

And how he did go! And how that boy clung to those rigid front legs reeling in that mad race like jury masts in a storm at sea! They cross a slippery stretch, which seems to give them lightning speed. Then suddenly they glance off from an ice hill which rises up but does not call them blessed, and the boy might have blessed the hill for the jolt it gave him. But the speed was such that it would have fallen on the "next of kin" several feet down the incline. They flash around knobs and go over "jump offs" with ever increasing speed. At last the boy sees ahead of him about fifty feet of comparatively smooth ice, then a sheer jump of several feet upon the creek below. *It is a little too much;* he must part company with his steed; and, with a grace that is beautiful, he rolls upon the ice, spreading out as flat as possible that the friction of his clothing might perchance reduce his speed. His sudden leave taking seems to demoralize the pig, who turns partly around, and boy and pig dash on neck and neck. The pig seems to want to say, "You have deserted me, therefore there is coldness between us." At any rate the boy realized as much, he was so close to it. Then the pig turned away, as much as to say, "Good bye, Bub, I am in something of a hurry," and the next instant he skipped gleefully over the bank upon the ice below, followed not long after by your humble servant.

"And what a fall was there, my countrymen." It twisted me all over. But I was not seriously hurt; and after contemplating the landscape a little I arose. As my head appeared over the bank I heard fiendish laughter at my expense, and saw my brother rolling in the snow at a safe distance from the ice. Should I go around up there to be laughed at? I thought not. I would show him I was all right, not hurt at all. And O, boys, that was the most heroic thing I ever did, as I pulled myself together, hiding a choice selection of pictures or limps. But I am certain that after I got out of sight my gait would have done justice to a dromedary with corns. And now you boys that are so incredulous as not to believe this story, whenever you are up on the Beaver look for the fracture in the ice where I struck, and if you find it you will acknowledge that what I write is strictly true.

T. S. Brown.

MOONLIGHT.

The salutation of the moonlit air,
Night's dewy breath, the fragrance of the brine,
The waste of moving waters everywhere,
The whispering of waves,—a hush divine,—
Leagues of soft murmuring dusk to the sea's rim,
The infinite, illimitable sky,
Wherein the great orb of the moon on high
In stillness down the quiet deeps doth swim;
Behold the awful beauty of the night,
The solemn tenderness, the peace profound,
The mystery,—God's glory in the light
And darkness both,—His voice in every sound!
Be silent and behold where hand in hand
Great Nature and great Art together stand!

—The Century.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

CHAPTER III.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not,
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.
—*Joaquin Miller.*

Such as this
Is many a poor one in her humble home,
Who silently and sweetly sits alone,
Pouring her life all out upon her child.
What cares she that he does not feel how close
Her heart beats after his—that all unseen
Are the fond thoughts that follow him by day
And watch his sleep like angels?
—*N. P. Willis.*

THE marriage between John Luff and Ann Garbutt occurred on the 26th day of May, 1847, the latter being but sixteen years of age. As a result of this union seven children were born, four of whom remain. Two of the others passed away before their ages were numbered by weeks, and one, William James, lived to be nine months old, when the ailments incident to teething terminated his earth life. I have no recollection of him, hence will confine my writing to associations that come within the range of my own memory, aided by such information as the family Bible may furnish.

Of the four children remaining, my brother John, now resident in Independence, Missouri, is the oldest. He was born in Toronto on the 11th day of July, 1850, and was therefore two years and nearly four months old at the time of my birth. My sister Elizabeth Mary (now wife of Bro. Thomas Hattey, of Kansas City, Missouri,) was born March 9th, 1857, and my youngest sister, Mary Ann, on the 6th of July, 1859. The last named is now the happy wife of Mr. Thomas Smellie, of Toronto. In addition to these, two other children were born as the fruit of mother's subsequent marriage, to which reference will be made later on.

Before my first year of life had been completed I was taken to the Methodist church, of which mother was a member, and by her turned over to the Rev. John Douse, then minister in charge, who from the miniature Jordan improvised upon the pulpit for the occasion, took a few drops of water in his hand and, dropping it upon my forehead, repeated a customary formula and pronounced me baptized. The venerable clergyman then stretched forth his arms before the large congregation, holding me firmly, and formally consecrated me to God, concluding with an earnest prayer that I might bear the name given me in honor and like Joseph of old be ever found *valiant for the truth.*

From the lips of my mother I learn of the above circumstance, and with her I am fully agreed that the good old parson's prayer on that occasion was like hundreds of those now being offered for "pentecostal showers"—it comprehended more than he intended or his church had room to contain, and if the answer came at all, it must seek elsewhere for shelter and for welcome than within the smoky quarters and narrow limits of a modern creed:

"Full many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer never meant."

The ceremony thus observed answered the parental conscience at that time, without inflicting any injury upon the babe, which continued to grow and "wax fat," contentedly ignorant as to the design of such maneuvering.

From infancy to the point where memory begins its service, the years were passed as are those of most rugged boys born of poor but honest parents in a big city. Mother's account leads me to believe I was not lacking in the elements that combine to make "music" in the family. My brother, though older, was rather delicate; and it became my lot to drop in between him and trouble with the neighbor boys when juvenile altercations were in order, and such privileges gave me "no small delight." Much of our mother's time was taken up in nursing the sick; and during the great cholera scourge that swept over the city and the smallpox epidemic that resulted in such terrible mortality, she was in constant demand. I have heard those who knew her well in those days tell of the horror and surprise that was depicted on neighbors' faces as they saw her voluntarily go about from house to house, nursing the sick and the dying and laying out the dead, while many of the relatives of the smitten ones would fly from the dread contagion and leave their sick to die. Everybody but mother expected she would bring home the disease and destroy her children; but

the hand that was over her life when, amid the blackness of the plague, like a ministering angel she moved, was also over her little ones and he to whose kind care she commended them did his work well in protecting them from the destroyer's power. When hearing people in after years tell of her courage during those perilous months, do you wonder that I felt proud, and that I conceived the idea that royal blood was there, and that I was in the line of true nobility? I say it unhesitatingly, that a hundred times in my early life I have been kept from doing improper things by the thought that I bore my mother's name.

Just when I first went to school I do not know; but I remember with what ease I could learn to read and spell, and what impatience I used to feel while standing up in class and having to wait while some other boys drawled along and blundered. History, grammar, geography and writing were quite another thing and entirely out of my range of inclination. In fact I do not remember ever trying to learn them, though they were pressed upon me with other studies. If by any means I could avoid them they were avoided, and the result was that when I was compelled to leave school at ten years of age I could write a barely readable hand, but was about as ignorant of those other three branches of study as any boy who had not spent over two months in school. What little I know of grammar to-day comes of a natural faculty for observation, and is solely of the practical kind; for I could not give a book reason for any criticism I might offer; neither could I parse a sentence if my life depended on it. As for history and geography, my acquaintance with them is limited to the actual necessities that this latter day work has pointed out. I found no trouble in keeping at the head of my class in reading and spelling, and holding a fair average in arithmetic; but the other matters were seldom disturbed by my inquisitiveness. In fact they were despised.

I was early sent to Sunday school, and continued to attend for eleven years; but I cannot say that it stands to my credit; for had my own disposition been consulted I would have spent the time elsewhere. My poverty was indicated by the clothes I wore, which, though clean, were patched and in striking contrast with those worn by other boys in the school. They were not slow in making me aware of their superiority, and I had my only revenge in learning and reciting more verses of Scripture than did they; by which means I ranked above them. My regular attendance there was due to the fact that my mother so ruled. To disobey her was out of the question. The benefits that have come to my life in consequence of that ruling I can never overestimate; nor can I find a place to stop admiring her for it. It is but one of a number of instances where her will and mine were not at an agreement, and where submission on my part was mortifying to the flesh; but I have since learned that a parent's eye can discern and a parent's wisdom provide against a host of ills that, unseen, threaten the character of a mischievous and independent spirited boy. I never think of these things now without blessing God for so excellent a mother.

The work of providing for four children was no trifle; and when it fell upon my mother's shoulders alone, through my father's departure from our home, she assumed the task without any murmuring that I ever heard, and nobly continued it till relief came. It was no uncommon thing for me to wake up long after midnight — sometimes towards daybreak — and, looking toward the light in the next room, see that patient toiler, with swollen eyes and worn fingers, plying the needle and thread, not having had a wink of sleep. Calling to her, I would ask why she did not go to bed. There was but one answer to this. It came so often that I learned it: "I must finish this coat first. Go to sleep, my son, I will come after awhile." And thus the years went by. Day and night, the same patient, tired look upon that face till my young heart would rebel as I thought of wealth, wealth all around, and yet my mother must be a martyr to such conditions. Whenever my thoughts took words and she heard them, how she would come with outstretched arms to catch me in their embrace, and planting a kiss upon my brow or lips would exclaim, "If my boy only grows up to be a good man and to be useful, his mother will be, oh, so proud of him, and so glad that she toiled alone for him and the rest."

Reader, those words burn in my heart to-day, and the tears break forth as I see

even now the look of joyous anticipation that accompanied their utterance. I can see those tears and hear that benediction, "God bless my children," whenever I think of mother, and the former days. I can also rembember the joy akin to ecstacy, that seized her, when, on one occasion two ladies sent a small present to each of us. The thought that somebody remembered her children was rapturous to her.

While the burden incident to providing for us fell thus upon her, the domestic service rested with my brother and myself, as my sisters were quite small. We had the dish-washing, sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, and wood-cutting to attend to regularly. When enough money could not be raised to buy a quarter of a cord of wood at a time, John and I would go a considerable distance to a wood yard and buy three or four sticks, which we would carry home in the cold, and through the snow and cut up. This was no rare occurrence either. It became part of the routine work of weeks sometimes. And what a time we did have trading work. John would buck the wood if I would scrub the floor; and how we bartered and jangled about who should wash and who should wipe the dishes, till mother would have to settle the dispute by a fresh mandate.

Frequently the finishing of a vest or pair of pantaloons would occur about eleven o'clock on Saturday night, and they must be delivered when done. John and I would go together, perhaps a mile or more, and expect to receive the money, and get a few things at the store when returning. Sometimes we got paid, but not always. Upon this success depended somewhat the character of Sunday's dinner; but we never failed of a meal of some sort. This kind of business drew very heavily upon our time for amusement; and we used to wish that girls would grow quicker, so that our sisters would the sooner take the presidency of certain departments and thus divide up the responsibility. After deducting the school hours there was not too much time between morning and night for sport, anyway; and when even that was trenched upon to the above extent it cut deeply into either our chances for fun or the hours for sleep.

To make matters worse, my brother was taken down with some kind of a swelling in one of his knees, which made it impossible for him to get about conveniently. This lasted several weeks; and he had not long recovered when ulcers began to grow over his eyes and he gradually lost his sight, until I had to lead him about wherever he went. This added to the load of work and took away the help that had borne half the burden; but, worse than all, it added to the care and anxiety of our mother, as well as incurring expense that she was ill able to meet. Drs. Aiken and Constantinides were in constant attendance upon him, and what with leeches and fly-blisters and a string of internal remedies, they kept him a living martyr for several months. But they finally brought him through, to the delight of us all. When he could really see clearly again, we had a happy home and things began to assume a more normal condition.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And there was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamed of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ah, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—Eugene Field.

THE TEMPLE OF GOD.

BY ALICE E. COBB.

"Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth into an holy temple in the Lord."

Sometimes as we bow to pass under the rod,
We catch a faint glimpse of the glory of God.
Last night, when my soul was with agony stirred,
His temple again to my sight re-occurred;
My pencil to paint it, I afterwards sought,
And here is the picture that fancy hath wrought.

Behold it; God's temple; built, finished, complete;
Presented, accepted, with glory replete.
Sublimely majestic; the whole building seems
Ablaze in its beauty; rich, radiant beams
Bedeck and enwrap it from basement to spire,
And never did turret of temple rise higher.

This gorgeous palace appears to be made
Of pure burnished diamonds, all deftly inlaid
With those precious jewels that form diadems.
It glitters with rubies, and sparkles with gems.
Pearls, pure and resplendent, like great golden balls,
Embellish and garnish its beautiful walls.

But language has failed me; descriptions are vain,
No thought-flash, conceived in the subtlest brain;
No eulogy lisped by the ablest tongue;
No anthem of praise that the psalmist hath sung;
No poet nor artist can ever command
The power to portray it, that temple so grand,

God's temple! No words can more meaning express.
A building that he deigns to own and to bless,
Requires for its workmen no worthier meed,
For truly, it must be a palace indeed.
His temple, how stately! and ample in space,
To even a city completely encase.

That same holy city, described as of old;
Its walls made of jasper, its streets paved with gold,
Is safely ensconced with its thousands of souls,
Within this vast temple. No wonder there rolls
Awe-tremors o'er mortals, when vision unfurls
Its folds, round this mansion of glittering pearls.

Approach to this temple enhances the view;
Its dazzle is changed to a soft, mellow hue.
Now quickening our steps o'er the beautified ground,
Admittance is sought, the broad portals are found
Intent on our purpose, loud rappings begin,
And soon the Great Porter has ushered us in.

Astonished, delighted, enraptured, entranced,
Impelled, or by tacit permission advanced,
We stand in that mansion that "hath been prepared."
Its external beauty seems nothing compared
With that golden glory pervading within,—
But language is beggared, pen painting is sin.

Suffice it to say, that those glittering stones
Are warm, breathing creatures, with sinews and bones.
By pain-polish process that glow was achieved,
That luster obtained by the strokes they received;
By truth were they tested, and wisdom divine,
Placed them in God's temple forever to shine.

Each stone sheds its bright beams; all blend into one;
Thus having no need of the light of the sun.
Each stone fills its niche in the gem-studded wall,
And true love, like mortar, cementeth them all.
Each stone forms a wedge, and all pressing upright,
Rear high the grand structure, on God's temple site.

Law, harmony, order, and freedom exist,
Health, happiness, honor and justice assist
In polishing stones, till their colors outvie
The hues of the bow, overspanning the sky.
Great mirror-like diamonds, all "cleansed as by fire,"
Stretch out the great temple walls, broader and higher.

No stone to its crevice is strictly confined,
But all lively, glad ones, who feel thus inclined,
Throng through the broad dome, till its center they fill,
Then each one glides back to his own place at will.
No envy, strife, hatred, nor discord invades,
But throughout God's temple his glory pervades.

One stone every other in beauty transcends,
Upon it the whole mass for brightness depends,

As lever, base, fulcrum, or pivot it serves;
And never by pressure one atom it swerves.
Sustaining the whole of this ponderous weight,
Stands the chief corner stone, firm, lofty, and great.

A smooth, even-hewed pier, alive, active, warm,
Emitting such rays from its luminous form,
That the whole edifice from base unto crest,
Is lighted, warmed, gilded, with radiance blessed.
Upheld, bolstered, braced and supported alone,
By this golden pillar, this chief corner stone.

Of all fear dismantled, I onward am drawn
Like those other women who sought at the dawn
The crucified Master. Like them, too, I see
Him deified, risen, exalted, set free.
Faith bursts into knowledge; the nail prints are shown;
Behold the dear Savior! a live corner stone.

On nearing the chief stone unutterable peace
Steals o'er me, so deep that emotions all cease.
Love, even, is silenced, and reverence mute,
Until I am greeted with welcome salute.
In accents most kind he addresses me, and
A gesture is made by his glorified hand.

I follow its motion with tear-streaming eyes,
And lo! a bright stone, with no mask, no disguise.
A dear human form, a redeemed, perfect man
Stands there in my presence. His features I scan,
And quickly discern, with a glad throbbing heart,
No corner stone, but its exact counterpart.

Far out on life's voyage, through woe and through weal,
All men were but shadows, while this one was real.
Through long years of sunshine and darkness, I knew,
Though men were deceptive, that this one was true.
Again, as in girlhood, I bow at love's shrine,
And claim in God's temple one jewel as mine.

As steel follows magnet, so human hearts turn,
And human laws are but divine ones, I learn;
For, drawn as by magic, by impulse impelled,
Untrammeled, unaided, all doubting dispelled,
My spirit-momentum soon overcomes space,
And there, in God's temple, we stand face to face.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa,
Nov. 14th, 1891.

Espying a vacuum close by his side,
I rush in and find it abundantly wide.
Again within reach of those sheltering arms,
That hand-and-heart pressure, that smile and its charms,
Bring memories tending my soul to elate,
And crown me a queen in God's own house of state.

Rich clusters of jewels, all beaming with grace,
Strewn round and about me, flash up in my face,
And by the clear light that the corner stone sends,
I know them, my brothers, my sisters, my friends.
How gladsome the greeting; how welcome the power
That fits building-stones for God's glorified tower.

This moment of bliss for all past pain atones;
Bright eyes sparkle up from two small temple stones,
Two pretty brown heads, I instinctively know,
Two boys stand erect, with sweet faces aglow;
Four dear little hands, held no longer in check,
Reach out, and four white arms encircle my neck.

Fond mothers, no longer stand sobbing aloud;
That wreath on the coffin, that bier, and that shroud,
That grave on the hillside, that sad aching heart,
Are shadows that haunt us. But bid them depart;
Yes, dear ones, take heart; for both casket and sod
Encase precious gems for the temple of God.

Ah, me; the great dome out of sight has revolved!
Its form into glory has slowly dissolved.
But, looking again, we behold it arise,
Transformed into woman's most elegant guise.
A virgin adorned; and a Father, with pride,
Presents the fair one to his son as a bride.

On seeing the bridegroom, the thought quickly came—
His jewels are mortals; His church bears His name.
As temple-stones, then, both the great and the small,
Throughout the whole body must be, one and all,
Much livelier stones, live a holier life,
Be truly God's temple, the bride, the Lamb's wife.

ARE THEY CHRISTIANS?—No. 6.

THE history of the invalid and her companions soon became known to the occupants of the car. The young couple had been for sometime engaged, but the lady had suddenly developed symptoms of consumption; and, as a last resort, her physicians had ordered her to California. They were therefore quietly married and started at once upon their sad and anxious honeymoon. The old lady was the girl's mother. As their story became known, they found many friends and sympathizers, among them Mrs. Blake, who, aside from her natural sympathy and kindness of heart, found an antidote for a feeling of loneliness in helping to care for her wan fellow traveler.

The first day of the trip the invalid bore up wonderfully well, but on the second an alarming weakness seemed to take possession of her. A physician from another car pronounced the case a very grave one, and expressed doubts of her reaching the sunny land alive. Consternation filled the breasts of her husband and mother, and the poor girl herself, with mind perfectly, almost supernaturally clear was calmest and best able to reason of the whole trio. She had never given up hope, but with a tenacity peculiar to her malady clung to life for the future and even told her plans of what she should do as soon as she was well again, in a manner so pathetic as to cause her friends to weep again in secret.

She did not, however, entirely underestimate the gravity of her condition, and her mind was much given to spiritual things, and many an hour was spent in answering her marvelous questions. She was a member of the Methodist church. Her mother had considered it wise to allow her to grow up to young womanhood without teaching her the tenets of her own belief, she being a Latter Day Saint, believing that, as the girl grew in years and understanding, her good sense would lead her to accept the doctrine in which her mother found so much comfort and cause for rejoicing.

But what was her surprise, not to say grief, upon her daughter's return from a two-weeks' visit to a girl friend of her own age to learn that they had together attended a Methodist revival and had both been converted to that faith. The only sign she had shown that she had ever imbibed any of the faith of her parents was in demanding that her baptism be by immersion. Too late her parents saw that the neglect to inculcate the true principles of Christ's gospel had given an opportunity for others to teach her their creed, which, according to the standard of the Latter Day Saints, was not the perfect law of Christ. And now, though her daugher was neither willful nor obstinate, she found it hard, as many another has done, to convince her that even though she led a true Christian life she yet might come short of the full kingdom and glory of God.

To her daughter's mind all ministers held authority to adopt citizens into God's kingdom. The call of God was a question of doctrine which she could not rightly understand. She knew that some things in the teaching of Methodism did not accord with the written word; yet she had not allowed those things to trouble her. But in her present condition the truth alone was what she must lay hold of. Her mother knelt often and prayed. She could not catch all her words, but the burden seemed to be that she might become "one of the household of faith," that she might be healed by the Spirit under the hands of those servants whom God had called. At last these words seemed to chain her attention; they interested her. Were such things really possible? She had heard her mother tell of wonderful cures she had known through the administering of the healing ordinance. She did not doubt either the healing or her mother's word; but as she had never until now needed such a gift she had never given a thought to the fact that the church of her choice did not practice anything of the kind. Now she felt a new and vital interest.

Her husband, a good moral man, was not a professing Christian; and, as his wife and her mother discussed the subject as far as the strength of the invalid dare be taxed, he found himself strangely interested, yet neither believing nor disbelieving—it was all so new, so uncommon, so untried. Yet in some way it gave him hope—this new idea revealed

to him by the simple faith of this old lady. When the girl asked her mother to read again the fifth capter and fourteenth verse of St. James, he took the book and read it again and again, and yet again. He was one of those men who had always believed the Bible from the story of the creation down, but he had never made a profession of religion, and never until now had he known that such a precious promise was in the gospel at all. It took hold of him and excited him.

He had learned that the gentleman across the aisle was a Presbyterian minister, and he had been very kind indeed, as had his sympathetic wife; but this man had never told him that by the power of God the servants of God were permitted, aye, commanded to lay on hands for the healing of the sick. He would be satisfied on this point; and so, with the consent of his wife and during her mother's absence on a friendly visit to Mrs. Blake, he invited the gentleman into their section. He was no sooner seated than the invalid fastened her eyes upon him, and in a weak but clear voice asked him if he was a minister. Receiving an affirmative reply, she inquired if he believed the promises made by Christ and his apostles, touching doctrine, etc. He certainly did. Would he kindly read James 5:14? Wonderingly the divine took the proffered book and read the verse, and as he closed the book the eyes of the girl seemed to fairly transfix him as she said:

"Now if you believe that promise, will you, as a servant of God, anoint me with oil and pray over me as the apostle directs, that I may be healed?"

There was a moment of as near absolute silence as the rumble of the train would permit. Had a thunderbolt burst at his feet the reverend gentleman would not have been more astonished. He changed color, stammered, and at last found voice to say that administering to the sick was not practiced in his church.

"And why not?" There was the ring of considerable spirit in the weak voice.

The gentleman had somewhat recovered from his surprise, and he now went on to tell them that the spiritual gifts promised were no longer needed; that God only intended them to remain in the infant church, therefore they had been withdrawn.

The invalid listened patiently to the scholary opinion; then, without a word of comment, she laid her hand on the Bible and said simply, "Read to us where it says so."

It was another shock for the poor minister. He was again at sea. At last he had to acknowledge that the Bible did not say so in direct language, but that was the teaching of all denominations.

The girl did not show disappointment, in fact she had expected such a reply, and a moment after he finished speaking she said, "Thank you, that is all I wish to know."

He felt the thrust in the curt remark and pecular incisive voice, and in an embarrassed manner he took his leave of them.

The effect of the interview upon the young husband was singular. He seemed disgusted and angry; and, as Mrs. Blake at that moment followed Mrs. Harper into the section, she distinctly heard him mutter something about hypocrites. Then he told them the whole story. And Mrs. Harper, seeing that the time had come to speak, told him there was only one little despised sect in the world who taught and believed that doctrine.

"But," he inquired, "where are they? Where can we see them? We want them now, at once."

Then, being unable to master his feelings, which seemed a medley of anger, disgust, and real anxiety, he grasped his hat and betook himself to the front platform of the car. There he found a solitary fellow traveler, a man who seemed a well-to-do merchant, thickset and pompous looking; and yet with a look in his keen eyes that told you of kindness lurking within, which would only be shown when the armor that contact with the world throws around men was effectually pierced. As our friend Mr. Allen appeared upon the scene this man whirled round and shouted,

"Its fine out here, *fine;* this air [It was a kind of half hurricane mixed with cinders] will just do you good."

But our friend was not in a mood to enjoy either the air or the landscape. His brain seemed on fire. He *must* talk to someone, and he did. Unpromising as his auditor had seemed he proved a good, even interested listener.

"Only to think!" said Mr. Allen ex-

citedly, "it is the last hope, my wife is dying! And to have him calmly tell her that in these days we do not need the gift of healing. Oh God, if any poor mortal needed them more in olden times than she needs them now I pity them! But I don't believe what he said. He could not prove his assertions by the Bible. And there is a people, an almost unknown and wholly despised sect, who make strong claims to holding such a gift. And they have many witnesses to attest the truth of their assertions. Friends whom I know would never deceive me, tell me they have seen these things with their own eyes; yes, and experienced this healing in their own bodies. Now I must find these people; I must save her life; I believe it can be done."

Some of the cinders must have got in the portly gentleman's eyes. For they suddenly filled with tears, and he blew his nose violently. Suddenly grasping Mr. Allen's hand he said, in a voice quite loud enough, but a little queer and shakey,

"Do it, my boy! and if there's any expense connected with it I'm going to stand it. Do you hear? I'll be just glad to."

To this man the object Mr. Allen sought could be obtained through the use of money. It was part of his life training.

But his heart was right; and in spite of all objections he met more than one expense that would have fallen heavily upon the light resources of Mr. Allen.

Mrs. Blake during her visit to the section of the Allens', learned all the particulars we have described, among them the fact that Mrs. Harper was a Latter Day Saint. At first the knowledge rather staggered her; but she made no sign. She had come to like this kind, motherly woman. She should try and like her still; for she did not, could not believe her less than the good Christian woman she seemed. How she longed to question her in regard to her religion and experience, a little of which she had heard her tell to Mr. Allen before he rushed away from them; but the awkward counter-questions kept her silent.

They were now crossing the arid plains of Arizona. Mrs. Harper had friends in San Bernardino, through which city they must pass. And those friends were members of a large branch of the church. Therefore the travelers decided to stop at that place, that the ordinance might be at once attended to. Mrs. Blake had but little to say upon the subject, which by this time had been thorougly discussed by the others. She was, however, a thoroughly interested listener. They all seemed to have so much faith in it, and spoke of it as such a reality, that she often caught herself wondering whether she herself was not getting dangerously near to believing. She had always believed in healing through prayer, but the administering the ordinances according as the word directs was new to her. So she came to the conclusion that she had best *not acknowledge* a belief, even to herself, until she knew more about it. Mrs. Harper and the Allens had treated her exactly as though as a matter of course she believed as they did; however, they carefully avoided directly questioning her.

Finally the train crept up the last great mountain range and then swiftly dropped down, down, toward the warm, sheltered valleys. The change in temperature was soon felt, and by the time the train pulled up in San Bernardino the heat was quite oppressive to the pilgrims from a northern land.

The friends of Mrs. Harper had been telegraphed to meet them at the train. And here Mrs. Blake expected to bid them adieu. But, as she helped them off the train the heat seemed to affect the invalid most alarmingly. A carriage awaited them, and with gentle hands they placed her within it. Then in her interest and compassion Mrs. Blake forgot her train, and could think of nothing but this frail fellow creature battling for her life. She entered the carriage to support her, and a moment later saw her train roll away from the depot. She made no demonstration but determined that if she was needed, she would stay by the invalid till the end, which could not be far away, judging by her condition. Afterward Mrs. Harper, and indeed, Mr. and Mrs. Allen as well, thanked her touchingly for her kindness and devotion.

The drive was short and brought them before a large, square house; and, as the carriage stopped, the mistress of the house (the friend of Mrs. Harper) hurried down the steps to meet them. The eyes of Mrs. Blake took her in critically. For she knew her to be one of

the "singular sect," and she was a little curious to know how she looked. Strange as it may seem Mrs. Blake liked her looks; for, with the the keeness of a thorough physiognomist, she recognized a strong, healthy, self-reliant, and intelligent woman; one whose eyes met those of Mrs. Blake in a manner decidedly frank and friendly, her look instantly changing to sympathy and concern as her gaze took in the rest of the party.

Once inside, the invalid was placed upon a bed which, with the large room and homelike air, reminded Mrs. Blake quite strongly of her own home so far away. After the invalid was made comfortable, Mrs. Crain looked to the welfare of her other guests in a way that made them wonder whether they were not really long expected and welcome guests instead of strangers. Mrs. Blake informed her how she came to miss her train, and said that if she was not needed she would try and catch a later one. To this Mrs. Crain replied with energy that Mrs. Blake was tired and must stop for the night at least. "You will feel so much fresher and nicer, you know, to meet your friends if you have a good night's rest." And Mrs. Blake *did* feel the need of just such a rest and had no trouble in convincing herself that she was still needed.

Mr. Crain soon came in and was introduced. His was a mild, kind face, and Mrs. Blake found nothing to complain of in his appearance. Certainly he did not look desperately wicked, though an elder in the church. He asked at once to see the invalid, and Mrs. Blake took it upon herself to conduct him to her. He spoke to her cheeringly but asked no questions and made no comments on her condition. The girl seemed to like him; for she smiled as he talked to her for a moment, after which he excused himself and left the room. Out of the presence of the invalid he plied Mrs. Blake with questions enough to show the keenest interest and sympathy. "He cannot have a bad heart," was Mrs. Blake's mental comment.

Preparations for the administration were going forward, another minister having arrived—a man with white hair and beard, and a form bent somewhat with age, but of grand build and proportions. His eyes were undimmed by age; and though kindly in expression they bespoke a strong, independent, and fearless disposition. He talked but little and that to Mr. Allen. A couple of ladies, neighbors of Mrs. Crain, had come in, with offers to help if they could be useful. On learning that an administration was to take place they joined the others in the parlor, just as they knelt for a short special prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit.

The prayer was offered by Mr. Crain, and, though Mrs. Blake devoutly tried to pray, something akin to curiosity kept drawing her away to listen to the petition of this man, a minister of this strange sect. As she listened she marveled at its simplicity and faith, and as she listened further a new feeling in sympathy with the prayer took possession of her. She felt drawn away and upward in spirit, till she seemed to pass within the veil, and she felt an assurance that that prayer was heard and would be answered. Immediatily upon rising she turned to Mr. Allen and with an assurance that was amazing to herself she told him that she believed his wife would be healed. An instant later she thought of who she was and what her surroundings, and would have given much to have the words unsaid; but only he, and perhaps the recording angel, caught her words.

They were now ready for the administration. But as they were about to enter the chamber of the invalid, the elderly minister, Mr. Freeman, turned sharply and said: "If there are those here who do not believe in this ordinance we would prefer them not to go in." To the surprise of Mrs. Blake one of the ladies as soon as the eyes of the minister fell on her, turned and immediately left the house! Mrs. Blake afterward learned that the woman was a spiritualist, and had been a medium. Up to this point Mrs. Blake had seen nothing to which she could raise an objection, but she thought this was beginning to show some of the inside workings of this faith. Yet instantly came to her mind the fact that Christ himself could at times do no miracles because of the unbelief of the people; and her conclusion was that the act was justifiable and necessary. But how about herself? Did she believe in that ordinance? *She did not know* whether she did or not. But what about her words to Mr. Allen?

As these thoughts passed through her

mind, far quicker than I can write them, she turned and met the gaze of Mr. Freeman. As she did so she had a curious impression that he knew better than herself whether she believed. The impression was confirmed when he said, "Sister, we would like you to go in and help us with your prayers."

Amid a solemn hush the beautiful ordinance was performed. Mrs. Blake *did* pray; and her heart seemed bursting with emotion as she felt the outpouring of the Spirit among them. At the time she had no thought but of approval of the act of these two men, who seemed to fully realize the solemnity and sacredness of the occasion, and she saw that Elder Freeman, who had been so calm and self-possessed, turned and with a face betraying great emotion left the room as soon as he took his hand from the girl's head.

For a moment there was absolute silence. Then Mr. Allen, his face almost as white as that of his wife, took her hand and tried in vain to speak. She, seeing his emotion, smiled, and drawing his face close down to hers, said:—

"Oh James! thank God for me; the pain is gone. I do not feel it at all now, and *I know* that I am going to be well again."

(To be continued.)

"In Memoriam."

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND LABORS OF SISTER HELEN M. P. SMITH.

BY HER HUSBAND.

ON August 16th, 1840, in the town of Newport, Cumberland county, in the State of New Jersey, was born the subject of the following sketch. She was named Helen Marr Pierce, being the youngest daughter of Samuel and Rachel Pierce. Her father was of the same line as the former President of the United States, Franklin Pierce. Her mother was related to the famous Davy Crockett. Her father was a ship builder on the Maurice River, New Jersey; her brother, Jonathan Pierce, still following that business in the same vicinity. She had four sisters, Deborah, Sarah, Priscilla, and Rachel. Deborah became Mrs. William L. Barbour; Sarah, Mrs. Charles Gaskill; Priscilla, Mrs. Jonathan Joslyn; and Rachel, Mrs. David Shepherd.

Helen Marr became Mrs. T. W. Smith on the 31st of December, 1858. To her was born on October 13th, 1859, a daughter, named Amelia W., who lived but nine months. On June 14th, 1861, was born a son, named John Conrad, who lived fifteen months, and in December, 1862, a son who lived but an hour; and on December 2d, 1853, a son, named Albert Alma, who lived eight years and ten months.

Amelia W. lies buried in an unmarked grave in Philadelphia; John C. also lies in a grave unmarked, near Vandalia, Illinois, and Albert A.'s grave is also unmarked in Alabama. Being constantly engaged in missionary work, and therefore on the move all the time, and because of lack of means to procure enduring stone, the little wooden head-boards soon decayed, and long ago the graves could not be recognized. But the mother's grave, by the benevolence of the Saints, will not be forgotten or neglected.

After the death of Albert A. Sister Helen was greatly troubled in spirit because he had not been baptized. In the summer of 1872, his father intended to have him baptized, and the boy himself earnestly desired it; but, because he did not appear sufficiently sedate and sober-minded at the time, his father told him he would have to defer it until he could more fully comprehend the importance of the ordinance. He took the postponement very much to heart, and cried much over it. Before another opportunity offered he and his father were stricken down, it is believed by poison administered in meat. Sister Helen ate not of the meat, and so escaped. Albert and his father became sick on the same day, and were similarly affected. Albert died in eighteen days. At death his tongue was so swollen that it filled his mouth to its fullest capacity, and protruded fully two inches from his mouth. His father was unconscious for fifteen days; so Sister Smith testified.

Beside caring for her little suffering son, for three months she was found day and night at the bedside of her husband, who finally recovered. Sister Smith has also declared that her faith in the ultimate recovery of her husband was unshaken, because of certain prophecies uttered by Elder E. N. Webster of Boston, Massachusetts, and others, that he would return again to the East on a mission. And this was fulfilled on his return from the South in the spring of 1873; for, after being ordained a member of the quorum of the Twelve at the General Conference of that year, he was appointed in charge of the Eastern Mission.

After the death of Albert, as we were about to say, Sister Helen was greatly troubled in mind as to his condition in the unseen world, because he had not been baptized. And, after weeks of anxiety and much fasting and prayer, she obtained of the Lord a vision, in which she saw a most beautiful room, in a large and magnificent building. As she entered the door in one end she saw, on a platform that was slightly elevated, Bro. Z. H. Gurley, senior, on a beautiful seat or throne; and he was holding Albert, who was seated on one knee. She also saw the first two children, the little girl, and little boy, each in the arms of a most lovely woman, who seemed to have been appointed to take charge of them until their mother should finish her work on earth, and come and take care of them herself. She did not see the hour-old child, and she could never account for that, but supposed that it was in some other department or place. After this vision she never was troubled more about Albert's state; and she was also satisfied concerning the consciousness of the spirit after death, a matter about which she was somewhat unsettled, owing to her previous training in the doctrine of the unconscious state of the dead, among the Soul-sleepers, so-called.

Shortly after her union with the church (which occurred when Albert was about two years and three months old) she was instructed by the Spirit in prophecy that he would escape the various ailments which children are subject to, if she would be very faithful in secret prayer and in taking part in the prayer and testimony meetings. This proved to be singularly true; for as soon as she became in a slight degree negligent, he would begin to be sick, but would immediately recover when she renewed her diligence.

In her early life Sister Smith united with the M. E. Church, and was a member of that church when married to Brother T. W. Smith. She then united with the church to which he belonged, namely, the "First Independent Christian Church," of Philadelphia, of which Elder John G. Wilson was pastor. He was the author of the beautiful hymn, number 1118, in the Saints' Harp. Under his teaching we learned many truths that are taught by the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ; such as the pre-millennial advent of Christ, the restoration of the throne and kingdom of David; the gathering of the house of Judah, and finally of the whole house of Israel, to the land of their fathers; the earth as the Saints' everlasting abode; the resurrection of the righteous dead at Christ's coming; the translation of the living Saints; the reign of Christ a thousand years; the final resurrection at the end of that period, and other equally important truths.

A singular experience, or an unusual one, Sister Smith had before her marriage. Brother Smith, who then knew nothing whatever of this church and its claims to divine inspiration, was led to portray before her mind an outline of the future, something like this: That he would be called to go west and leave her for several months alone with her child; that she would be required to leave her mother and sisters and brother, and go to her husband in the west, accompanied only by her child; that, while there among strangers, she would be left for over a year at a time, while he went to other parts of the country on missions; that she would see the time when she would not have sufficient in the house for food and fuel, and that she would be called to move from place to place, and only for short periods would she be able to dwell in what she could call her own home.

This was in December, 1858, and she was asked by Brother Smith to consider the matter carefully, and if she believed (after two weeks of meditation upon it) that she could endure that kind of life as a missionary's wife, we would be married, and if not, that she would not be asked to become his wife. Singular as such a

statement may appear, as made to a young woman before her hand in marriage was asked, it was manifestly a revelation from God; for it was all literally accomplished, not a feature of it failing to come to pass as outlined. After two weeks' consideration being had, she was asked by her lover (who while picturing this missionary experience had at that time never preached a sermon) if she had given the matter due thought. She replied that she had. When her decision was asked for she replied that she would share life with him as it might come, the unpleasant and hard portion as well as the agreeable, the easy and the comfortable.

And faithfully for thirty-three years she carried out her covenant. And since her connection with the church, which occurred twenty-six years ago, (she was baptized March 18th, 1866, near Alden, Iowa, under the hands of Elder Jason W. Briggs,) she never tried in a single instance, either by pleading, or murmuring, or threatening, or in any other way, to hinder her husband from going on any mission, far or near, whether he was to be absent days, or years. Nor in any duty whatsoever, that pertained to his office and calling, did she interpose the slightest obstacle; but, on the other hand, she urged him always, and at all times of day or night, to answer calls for his ministerial services.

She never considered her own comfort or convenience, when she could benefit anyone in anyway, without regard to their color or position in society. To her there were no rich or poor, bond or free, white or colored; nor did she make distinction in nationalities. She had but one thought, so to speak, which was to do good in every way in her power. She might, perhaps, have been living to-day had she been more selfish and ease-loving. The wives of many elders make sacrifices for the work, but sometimes unwillingly or complainingly. Not so with Sister Helen; she sacrificed cheerfully and without murmuring.

When her husband was absent on a mission she would never write to him that she was in want or sick, even when she would be seriously ill, for fear that he would leave his field and return before his work was done.

Now I will mention a few incidents in her experience, which will show how God rewarded her for her sacrifice and self-denial. Once while she was living in Millersburg, Illinois, she ran out of coal and food, or at least she had just enough to last one day longer, and she knew not from what source a supply would come. But she had been promised by the Lord that she should never suffer want; and that night came a letter from the president of the church, which contained but these words: "Sister Helen, I feel that you need this. Yours in gospel bonds, Joseph Smith." Enclosed was a ten dollar note. Tears of gladness and thanksgiving flowed freely; and she praised God for his watchful care in inspiring his servant to send her help in time to save her from want.

At another time, when living in the same place, her food and fuel were about exhausted, and no money on hand to get more with. Her husband was in Dennisport, Massachusetts, and at a prayer meeting in the house of Brother and Sister Reumert the Spirit of the Lord spoke in the gift of tongues and interpretation, through two young sisters who had been but recently baptized. The revelation was as follows: "The companion of my servant Thomas is now in need; and it is my will, saith the Lord, that you give liberally of your means that it may be sent forthwith unto the companion of my servant." With it a blessing was promised to those who would assist in so doing. Five dollars and a half were raised then, and five dollars more were brought in next morning by those who had no money with them at the meeting. The money reached her in a few days, and great was her astonishment and her joy. She wrote in reply that the very day she received the money her coal would have been exhausted, and that she had used her last flour to make a pan of biscuits; and that her potatoes and other provisions were just consumed, while the butter and sugar had given out a day or so before. Of course this strengthened the faith of the Dennisport Saints in the divinity of the gifts manifested in the meeting, as well as the answer to her prayers strengthened her own faith in the promise of God that she should not suffer want.

At another time, soon after she came into the church, when living in Farmington, Iowa, and while her companion was in Illinois on a mission, she used up her

last bread, and had no flour, and her last potatoes, and meat. Indeed she had not a mouthful of anything for her dinner and that of her little boy. But she lost not her faith; and while the child began to be hungry and called upon his mother to prepare dinner, she felt that she could not tell him that he would have to go without his dinner. Yet she knew not where the food would come from. However, just when the little one became really pressed with hunger, a sister named Jenkins came to the door, with a large plate of cooked food, and bread, and said:—

"Sister Smith, I hope you will excuse me for bringing this food. For when I sat down to my dinner just now, and began to eat, I felt like choking, and I could not eat. Then a voice said to me, 'Before you can eat you must take some of the food to Sister Smith and her child; for they have nothing to eat.' So I have brought this; I hope you will not be offended."

Sister Helen broke out in tears; and, when able to control her feelings, she told Sister Jenkins that they had eaten the last mouthful that morning for breakfast. That afternoon a brother named William Doty brought her a dollar, and before that was gone her husband sent her a few dollars, and soon after returned home.

At one time when her husband was in Florida he sent for her, and urged her not to start with less than thirty dollars; as he expected that she would have to pay half fare for her boy, who was then nearly eight years old. But, if possible, she should leave on a certain day; for, as he was about eighteen miles from the railway station, and had to hire a conveyance to bring her with, it would be at considerable expense, and would also interfere with his appointments, if she did not come at that time. But altogether, what he had sent her and what she could raise, there was only enough for her own fare; nothing for food or for the boy's fare. The Saints at Buffalo Prairie, where she lived at that time, urged her to not think of starting without the full amount. But she said that she felt that she must go—that she was satisfied that God would prepare the way. She started at the day appointed, and, while on the different trains of the Illinois Central and the Mobile & Ohio roads, the conductors looked at the boy sharply, as they passed and repassed, and her heart would beat violently with fear lest they should demand fare for him. But they did not, and she reached the end of her journey with a few dollars left, her own expenses not being so much as was expected.

Thus was her faith in God rewarded from time to time; for the foregoing instances were not the only times that the care of God was over her, and his providences displayed in her behalf.

Now for a few instances in regard to her faith in the power of God to heal: Once, when her companion was in Boston, and while writing her a letter, the Spirit revealed to him that she was very ill. She was not so when she wrote the letter that he was answering, but was taken sick while the letter was on its way from Millersburg. As he wrote the last lines the Spirit came upon him and testified that his wife was sick. He was impressed to fold the letter, to lay hands upon it, and to bless it. He did so, and then wrote on the letter as folded these words, "Dearest, you are sick; lay this letter on the parts afflicted and you will be healed." She received the letter in due time, but, as it was brought to her quite late at night, (by Brother Ezra T. Bryant,) she did not try to read it until next morning. Towards morning she felt that she could scarcely wait for daylight to appear, she was so anxious to read the letter. When she came to the words just quoted the Spirit of God bore witness to what was written concerning her being healed, and laying the letter folded up on her chest, throat and head, which were all suffering intense pain, she received immediate deliverance and rose up as well as she ever had been.

There were then no elders living nearer than Buffalo Prairie, six miles distant, and for several years after that, or until elders were ordained at Millersburg, whenever she was sick or in pain she applied the sanctified letter and was always instantly healed. Her little boy, upon seeing his mother's faith and her instantaneous cure through this means, and also by the administration of the elders, both before and after this unusual method, also was able to exercise great faith; and he was always healed, until he was sacrificed through the malice manifested toward his father, in the sad experience heretofore related.

Sister Helen's faith in the ordinance of laying on of hands for the healing of the sick became first weakened through the persuasion of an elder, who advised and urged her to try a preparation of his, one that was designed to cure diseases of the liver and kidneys. It proved a snare to her, and ever after she was tempted to first try some so-called innocent and harmless medicine for her complaints before she called for the elders. Yet she would finally be compelled to trust in God; for she never obtained any benefit until she was administered to. If she had not been tempted in the manner named, who knows but that through her faith she might have been healed of this last sickness? However, it may be that her life-work was done, her warfare accomplished, and her course finished. Yet often in her last sickness was she delivered from pain and suffering through administration. She would have surely died while on the island of Kaukura, had it not been for the administration of her companion; also on board the ship, while on the way to America, she came near dying with what seemed to be congestive chills; and in Denver, Colorado, and twice since she returned home. In all these times she declared, and no doubt fully believed, that she was dying; but in each instance she was healed by the power of God.

(To be Continued.)

THE FRANKLIN SERIES.

LETTER III.

ABRON continued his labors in behalf of humanity, ever realizing that in God must be confided unswervering confidence. In common with all other of the Lord's ministry he had his trials, and ofttime from very unexpected sources. He learned that *all* who had named the name of Christ, having been professedly baptized into Christ, had sadly failed to put upon them the life trials of Jesus. This observation sometimes puzzled his youthful mind; but the Lord told him one day when at prayer:—

"Thou art to be saved as an individual by obedience unto my gospel; and it mattereth not what anyone shall do that is wrong, be they in the church or not. It cannot change the principles of my truth, by obedience unto which all men may be saved; and inasmuch as thou art faithful, and abide upon this foundation, thou shalt be secured from all harm."

This was very strengthening to him and he sought to remember it. But he found a number of persons who were looking unto man instead of "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." In 187—, he attended an annual conference. Ere going he inquired of the Lord to know of the acceptableness of his labors, and it was there told him by prophecy, through a stranger, of God's acceptance, and signified his call unto a higher position in the church; which he received upon ordination at that sitting of the conference. With added responsibilities added blessing and strength were conferred; and an increase in understanding of the work of God was given. He continued to labor for God by laboring for good among men.

One night Abron was blessed with a strikingly plain vision of the place where the records of Book of Mormon note were secreted. He saw Moroni and the whole process of arranging for and the depositing of the gold plates and their accompaniments. At another time he was given a dream of a company of Nephites who came to a certain place to tarry for a time; and, while querying in his mind as to whether the people of the town would be pleased with their unexpected visit, six of the women spoke in concert saying: "We na na, o no na, ta te he, we ta ha, ha ta ne ta se na ha." This meant that God would defend them against all attacks of their enemies. Abron wrote the incidents of the dream the following day; for they made a deep impression upon his young mind. He was blessed with scenes of spirits in Paradise, in the prison where the gospel is preached to them; and also of the dark habitation of Satan with his angels, and the sons of perdition. At times he was

blessed with the gift of prophecy, tongues and interpretation, both in speaking and singing.

For all these expressions of God's unmistakable goodness unto him Abron ever sought to be thankful. Ofttimes was he peculiarly guided in his ministerial labors from which good results followed. In a scene he once had of the patriarchal trio, he asked who they were and was told their names and the following was stated:—

"With whom thou shalt be in the kingdom of God inasmuch as thou art faithful. Thou shalt not depart yet, for I have a work for thee to do in my vineyard. Be thou faithful in all things that I have commanded; and thou shalt be blessed. In thy troubles I have stood by thee, and in thy temptations I have not forsaken thee. Continue to walk in the way of righteousness and keep my commandments and I will be with thee and cause thee to stand." At another time sixteen years ago the Lord spoke unto Abron saying: "Inasmuch as thou wilt continue faithful I will clothe thee with power, insomuch that thou shalt be enabled to accomplish the work I design thou shalt do. Thou shalt be made strong in me, saith the Lord, so thou shalt overcome all temptations and trials, and thine enemies shall not prevail against thee. All this will I do for thee, by continuance in faithfulness, prayer, and humility; for by thy diligence shalt thou be blessed and overcome; and I will be thy God and will still give thee aid."

These promises greatly stimulated Abron unto effort at faithfulness unto God. He knew full well "the work" was of God, and that all strength for its performance must necessarily come from the great author. Insignificant though he felt, yet the condescension of the Father's love reached him as it does all the servants of Christ. Often did Abron feel lonely; and at times when trials pressed him sore he'd pour out his soul unto God and receive help. Often he was made to realize the presence of heavenly messengers near to comfort, and at times was he permitted to see them in act of sympathizing for and with him.

One time, many years ago, he was in need of a pair of shoes. He disliked to go into the pulpit with the ones he had. He knew where a man resided who had money, and he told the Lord he was going to that man's house and desired it might be put into his heart to give Abron some money to put with what he had and make the required amount. Abron reached the house, rang the bell, the man of the house answered: "Good morning," said Abron. "Good morning, walk in." Abron did so and observed: "I thought while walking out I would call on you a few moments." "That's right, I'm glad you did," was the pleasant reply. During the few minutes' conversation that ensued, Abron prayed about the money, and the Spirit said: "He'll give you the money ere you leave." Presently Abron arose, saying: "Well, I must be going; it is getting well on in the evening." The man followed him to the door, and shaking hands Abron felt some money. He thanked the friend and departed. He went to a shoe store not far distant and purchased his shoes and wore them next day, Sunday.

One afternoon in the month of August in the year 187– Abron had the following vision: He saw a path extending from earth far up into space, the upper end closed from view by white vapor clouds. People were walking thereon, and a bright light shone from heaven upon the path. Some of the people had no hats on but received the full benefit of the light. These were also empty-handed. They walked with firm step and looked straight ahead; these entered and were lost to view. Others walking on the path seemed to start as had the others, but they held something in their hands that looked like an umbrella, causing a shadow to be thrown over them and away on the path. They walked indifferently, as though they thought being in "the way" they would get through all right. But when these reached about one half and two thirds of the way they turned about with heads down and appeared sadly disappointed. Abron could plainly note that people of the church holding to things in life's conduct that prevented the reception of the full light of God shining upon them which God was willing to bestow; and who walked with deceptive indifference would not be successful in the effort to obtain salvation. Membership in the church alone is not sufficient guarantee for salvation. Paul said: "Examine yourselves whether ye *be in the faith*." They were in the church; but were they or are *we* in harmony with "the faith?" The

gospel is not only in theory but in godly living and doing! Carelessness of life in connection with church membership is a condemning process rather than a saving one.

A few years after this when laboring at a certain place in the state of I——, a lady, member of the church, was taken ill of a violent fever. She received medical assistance (?) for a few days to no good effect. Her youngest son went out of the house and prayed God to move upon his mother to be administered to. Abron was talking with her husband and another son, when suddenly the Holy Spirit rested upon them, and in a moment word was received that the wife and mother desired God's help. She was administered to, the fever was rebuked, she partook of food, arose from bed about an hour after, and was healed. When the boy came into the house his mother was being prayed for, and he thanked the Lord for hearing and answering prayers.

Abron was often peculiarly directed in his travels, and protected from accidents, by dreams.

One time during a series of meetings, held some eight years ago, he had this instructive dream: He was in a house where resided a family of Saints. The outer door was open, and presently a stream of clear water came in. As it fell upon the carpet it did not spread nor wet, but fell in small blocks about an inch square and made of six different beautiful colors and very bright. Abron picked up two hands-full, rubbed them, looked at them, and they were not marred. They emitted a light. He went to the door to see from whence the water came and saw a new white hoze with golden nozzle raised from the ground so the water came pure and free from earth contamination. He looked out a few rods away and saw people in a sitting posture by a stream. They had their sleeves rolled to the elbows and were dabbling in the water, which was muddy; and they could retain none of it in their hands. They would look at each other and smile. Abron was informed that that which came to the Saints was "the water of life," the gospel, and it was solid, substantial, and gave light. The other was what the religious world had, and was impure. Only momentary pleasure was afforded, and it was not solid nor capable of retention.

Again; in a dream he seemed to have erected an electric light on a pole and it was burning in the day-time; but nothing strange was thought of that. He noted some Methodists and Universalists looking at it and talking about it. Presently he looked again and saw a pole about ten feet from his, and some people looking at it. Abron said to a brother: "Let's go and see what they've got." They did so, and lo! a pole with a tallow candle fixed to it, with a wire run into the lower end thereof. The wick had burned long and gave a flickering red light. The religionists looked at it and then at the electric light and seemed to think theirs was just as good! Abron was told that the gospel was the greatest spiritual light given to man and with which he had to do. Electricity was the greatest temporal light man handled. The tallow candle was the smallest, and it represented the light of the religious world. And how it is. And how apparently satisfied many are with the small light, and so heedless of the greater, gospel light.

Abron felt very glad for the gospel. During the meetings, at the time he had these dreams, he baptized about fifteen persons, who still abide in the "one faith." Some of them were marvelously blessed in their confirmations. "O, 'tis good to be a Saint in latter days," in the history-making period of the world's crisis. For such it truly is. Momentous time—most transporting theme! The blessed gospel of the nineteenth century; beautiful and clear as in the beginning; divinely new; inspirationally enchanting; of angelic enunciation! How pleasurably thrilling and most satisfying it is. Abron as often rejoiced in its life-giving power in the days of his youth as in after time. It seems very good to have a young man bear the yoke in his youth. It seems so good to "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

A yoke implies the assuming of obligation to bear something; to be attached unto bearing of duty, labor, effort. And Jesus said: "My yoke is easy; and my burden is light."

Some eight or nine years ago the Spirit of God spake unto Abron on a certain occasion. Among other things communi-

cated was the following: "I will hold thy life in the hollow of my hand, and preserve thee for good. . . . 'Thou shalt not heed the whisperings of the adversary at any time, who would seek to darken thy mind; but thou shalt seek my face in faithful, earnest prayer, and I will sustain thee. Behold thou shalt walk in all meekness before me as one whom I have both called and chosen to labor in my work, my great work, and aid in establishing my righteous kingdom upon earth. For, behold, I shall make my work triumphant and glorious, and will crown all my faithful people with everlasting victory. But woe unto those who are negligent, for their doom is certain; who have named my name but live not up to their privileges before me, if they repent not. . . . Behold I have bessed thee with my Spirit in the past, and in time to come it shall rest upon thee in the declaration of my word so shalt thou know that I am with thee, saith the Lord, Amen." This gave Abron much courage; and some things contained in the message were soon verified upon him in much power.

One time while bestowing labor in a certain district, a matter arose that required special attention; and he and another elder, who had lawful rule in the the case, offered prayer for guidance, and God communicated through Abron the following words, which we glean from the message: "No one shall be permitted to stand as a stumbling-stone in my church. I desire to show unto the world that my people shall be pure and act in harmony with my law; and my servants shall not delay in executing it upon the unruly; for they shall do all things in holiness before me that their works may stand approved." Thus were they guided. And in all things Abron was careful that he received nothing as from the Lord that was not in harmony with the spirit of the written law. In fact he was not misguided in the reception of communications because of the discretion used. He recognized the fact that God was not out of harmony with himself; hence unity of sentiment and principle must permeate all his revealments when treating upon moral and spiritual themes. While people should rely upon the written word and seek for spiritual guidance, yet an over-zeal for Spirit direction in everything to the laying aside the use of our judgment, based upon what God has already given, and looking for specific direction in the most minute matters, gives rise for evil opportunity and advantage to be had and taken for false intrusion unto misguidance and deception, the invasion of false spirits into the realm of our spiritual nature. Abron passed through many severe trials, and suffered much from those within; yet he strove to place his trust in God and he received strength to abide. Often were his prayers made up of the sentiment expressed in the verse:—

"I need thy Spirit every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord abide with me."

How sweet and precious the words! How full of meaning to the soul relying upon "the everlasting arms!" All the way God guides his trusting children however weak they may be.

(To be Continued.)

A THING DIVINE.

"IN the beginning God made her beautiful, and men called her altogether lovely. Yet because of the brightness of her countenance men hid their faces. Then tired of this and ashamed of their cowardice, yet not daring to face so glorious a thing, they vailed her in soft Eastern stuffs. Still the wonderful eye pursued them, so they prisoned her in the king's house, but the rich loved her not, and they put her in a tower. Here her eyes became as lamps to light the world, so they hid her in a dungeon. But always, while they hoped she might die, bolts and bars became as nothing at her touch, and men followed to learn wisdom from her lips.

"A charmed life this beautiful creature bore. She was hated by the evil, beloved by the good. When some found her, they sought to make her more beautiful, by clothing her in costly raiment, not seeing that God had made her so perfect, she shamed their adorning. Some said: 'She

is ice,' and shivered in her presence. Some thought: 'She is stone,' and sought to mar her whiteness. Some, when they found her, entreated her well, but many passed by on the other side. Many sought to slay her, and indeed, some thought they had done so, but ever she arose and walked, in naked and unashamed majesty, lighting the old things, revealing the new.

"Some made images, copying her beauty, but while they deceived for a time, men turned at last to the true brightness of the glorious model. Men feared, hated, loved, worshiped her, she was ever the same. She was, is, will be. Ere men were, she existed; while men are, she lives; when men go to their long home, still she is young and beautiful. Hide her, she shall be revealed; imprison her, she shall be freed; slay her, she shall be revivified; bury her, she shall be resurrected.

"*Truth* can never die. She is eternal."

BESIDE THE BARS.

Grandmother's knitting has lost its charm,
  Unheeded it lies in her ample lap,
While the sunset's crimson, soft and warm,
  Touches the frills of her snowy cap.

She is gazing on two beside the bars,
  Under the maple,—who little care
For the growing dusk or the rising stars,
  Or the hint of frost in the autumn air.

One is a slender slip of a girl,
  And one a man, in the pride of youth;
The maiden pure as the purest pearl,
  The lover strong in his steadfast truth.

"Sweet, my own, as a rose of June,"
  He says, full low, o'er the golden head.
It would sound to her like a dear old time,
  Could grandmother hear the the soft words said.

For it seems but a little while ago
  Since under that maple, beside the bars,
She stood, a girl, while the sunset's glow
  Melted away 'mid the evening stars.

And one, her lover, so bright and brave,
  Spoke words as tender, in tones as low;
They come to her now beyond the grave,
  The words of her darling, so long ago.

"My own one, sweet as a rose of June!"
  Her eyes are dim, and her hair is white,
But her heart keeps time to the old love-tune,
  As she watches her daughter's child to-night.

A world between them, perhaps you say.
  Yes; one has read the story through;
One has her beautiful yesterday,
  And one to-morrow fair to view.

But little you dream how fond a prayer
  Goes up to God, through his silver stars,
From the aged woman gazing there,
  For the two who linger beside the bars.

—Selected.

A DREAM OR NIGHT VISION.

I HAVE for sometime felt prompted to relate through your columns the following dream, or night vision, which is as vivid before me to-day as when given to me about eighteen months ago.

I was in the great city of London, England, and was engaged in some temporal or financial business, which seemed to keep me traveling to and fro considerably. It appeared to me to be a work of great importance, and I seemed to be limited in time, therefore had none to spend idly or in parley with anyone. In my pocket were some papers which called for recognition by those to whom they were presented. They were my property, and seemed to answer the purpose of passport. I was in the northern part of the city, known as Highbury, but was leaving there for Stoke-Newington, still farther north, and a part of the suburbs of the city where it is not so thickly populated. To get there I went to what had the appearance of a depot, where was seated in an office three or four men, of gentlemanly appearance, to whom I presented my papers. There was a partition between me and them with a window, through which business could be transacted, and through which communication could be had with those inside.

I presented to one of these gentlemen,

my papers, informing him of my desire to go further north. He immediately handed my papers to the others with him, who at once began to sneer and jest at their contents. After detaining them for sometime they were handed back to me in a mutilated condition, with advice to go by a different route from the one I wished to travel, which they tried to describe. I remonstrated with them for mutilating my papers. I could get no redress. They said that I was on the wrong track, but I replied that I knew the way to go, and would not follow their advice, or travel their way. So I left them and started on foot to reach my destination.

When clear of the thickly settled part, I looked up and saw dark clouds passing swiftly overhead; and it looked very tempestuous. I then remembered having left my umbrella behind, and thought to retrace my steps and obtain it. But some personage whom I could not see warned me not to return but to hasten forward. Walking until I was quite clear of the city it did not rain as I expected. Then I was told to look back; and in a southwest direction I saw the heavens were draped with black clouds, tinged with red, as it were boiling in angry commotion. Immediately under this blackness was suspended in the air a cross, composed of a vapor or cloud of a grey stone color, and the voice I had previously heard said to me, "The Catholic cross."

While I was looking at this cross, there appeared underneath it the outlines of a large building with a dome. At first I could only just discern it, for the thick darkness which encompassed it. Suddenly I saw fire bursting through one of the windows. Being in an elevated position, I could plainly see the building, and I knew from the first its fate was sealed. Around me people were passing to and fro, seemingly unconscious of what I beheld, and I began to lift up my voice and cry unto them of the danger which threatened them. But they heeded me not. There were young couples, linked arm in arm; gay people, and some looking grave; but all unconscious of this terrible scene presented before me.

I looked again at the building, and fire was licking it up. It was a different fire from any I ever saw before. It looked like huge tongues or waves of fire. I could perceive from its light the outlines of the great city that was filled with multitudes of people. The heavens above were black. I again cried unto the people before me, but they would not listen; they did not see what I saw, and I could not arouse their attention.

When I again looked, the building was completely enveloped in fire, and all at once the crash came. It trembled for an instant and fell. Then the cry of anguish and utter desolation that burst from millions of people I can never forget. Those whom I had warned seemed paralyzed, their arms fell to their sides, powerless. They could not utter a sound after their first outburst of terror. Some fell prostrate and could not rise. And still the fire burned; the city was in flames; the fire was rolling onward toward me, licking up everything before it. I felt a fear steal over me; I raised my eyes heavenward and uttered these words, "Father, is it possible I can endure these everlasting burnings?" Then I grew calm and at ease, and watched while these words burst from my lips, "Praise the Lord; the whore of all the earth 'is fallen, is fallen.'" The fire came within a few feet of where I stood, then there seemed to be a tunnel formed before and behind me through which the fire passed and left me on solid ground. I then awoke filled with the Spirit, exclaiming, "BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATION OF THE EARTH, is fallen, is fallen!"

RICHARD BULLARD.

A PLEA FOR STEPMOTHERS.

SO soon as a woman enters a family as stepmother all eyes are upon her; every tongue is ready to report every circumstance and to impute the gravest motives and predict the most serious consequences for every action. If she withhold a desired indulgence or inflict even a necessary punishment she is "heartless and cruel;" if she shows a whit more tenderness for her own children she is decried as a monster of partiality; if she be kind and indulgent she is (O, self-appoint-

ed critics, how great your ingenuity in picking flaws!) "afraid of public opinion" and "indifferent to the children's real welfare."

Brave and courageous, indeed, must be the woman who can hold firmly on her way, follow her own convictions of right and duty regardless of all the adverse criticism she provokes. And again, when stepmother and children fail to live together harmoniously, how many stop to inquire whether the children are altogether lovable and dutiful, whether the mother has not done all within her power, and whether the difficulty does not arise from the children's own ungovernable and ungrateful dispositions? Of course, when a child is nearly quite grown at the advent of a stepmother it is difficult to welcome her heartily—it is hard, indeed, to see a loved mother's place occupied by another, and she who essays to fill that place has need of much tact as well as genuine good will toward her husband's sons and daughters. But, O young man, young woman, does not your father's wife deserve some some consideration from you? Do not hastily conclude her to be your enemy and array yourself against her. You may be able to do each other much good. Why should you deny to her the application of that grand old principle of English common law that everyone is to be held innocent until his guilt is proven? But how can we find words to express the baseness of one who, having received the wise, watchful, anxious, earnest care and guidance of a stepmother from the years of helpless infancy to manhood or womanhood, can still excuse a slighting, disrespectful, unfilial speech or action by the remark, "O, she is only my stepmother." A good mother deserves all love, honor and reverence. A good stepmother deserves not one whit less, but rather more, for she gives from her goodness, benevolence and conscientiousness what the other gives naturally and could not withhold.

—Selected.

IF LOVE GROWS COLD?

"If love grows cold and dies as a dear one dies,
Do we weep when we close his lovely eyes?
Do we darken with gloom the saddened room?
And scatter pale flowers o'er the lonely tomb?

"No, the eyes must be tearless when love is dead,
The pain must be crushed from the heart and head,
The jest and laugh must fill the hours,
And sadness be covered with smiles and flowers.

"But hush—and I draw near—is it love that lies there?
That cold lump of ice, that we dreamed was fair;
That false hollow lie to all earthly ties?
No no, we are mad, real love never dies."

—Sarah T. Ballard.

A TRUE STORY OF AFRICA.

ABOUT a month ago it was announced that Mr. Dean, one of the leading officials of the Congo State, had been killed by a charge of infuriated elephants while out hunting.

Perhaps the most thrilling experience that ever befell a white man in Africa fell to the lot of this same gentleman about two years previously. He was in command of the station at Stanley Falls, on the upper Congo, when it was attacked and overwhelmed by the Arab slave raiders. Before the station fell his ammunition had been almost entirely exhausted, and the greater part of his force had skurried down the river, leaving him to his fate.

In the darkness of the night Deane and his comrade, Dubois, with three or four Haussa soldiers, stole away from Stanley

Falls and noiselessly made their way westward along the river bank. It was not long before Dubois, slipping upon a stone at the water's edge, fell into the rapid current and was drowned. Deane was left alone with his few black comrades, and the prospect that they would escape was very slight.

They pushed on all night, but in the intense darkness they were able to make their way only a few miles through the thick undergrowth. Thoroughly tired out, they stopped at daylight for a short rest. The rain which had been falling all night ceased, and Deane took off his drenched garments to partially dry them.

While his clothes were hanging on the bushes, shouts were suddenly heard a few hundred feet behind the little party. The Arabs had discovered their retreat and were in hot pursuit. They were so near that Deane could hear the grass rattle as the enemy sprang through it, rapidly following the muddy tracks of the fugitives.

D ane had just time to throw his clothes over his arm and start at full speed through the bush, followed by his Haussa attendants. They could hear the shouts of the Arabs who were on their trail for hours, and every nerve was strained to distance the pursuers.

At last the noises behind them grew fainter, and by noon it was evident that the enemy had grown weary of the chase. Then the hunted little party stopped for a breathing spell.

It was a woebegone and almost hopeless band of fugitives. In the mad race for life every Haussa had lost his gun, and not a weapon of any sort was left in the party. One by one Deane had dropped his garments, and he had nothing left except a small military cape, which he threw over his shoulders. In the midst of an African jungle he had not the slightest protection for his bleeding feet, and even if he had saved his boots he would not have dared to put them on, for the tracks would have instantly revealed to any prowling Arab or hostile native that a white man was in the neighborhood.

A cannibal tribe, with whom Deane himself had a serious fight, lined the river below, and he dared not appeal to them for succor. He was about three hundred miles from the nearest white station at Bangala. All that could be done was to struggle down the river, through the dense bush and forests, several miles inland, avoiding all the tribes, except one or two that were known to be friendly, and living on whatever they could pick up that would afford nutriment.

For four weeks this white castaway in Central Africa, almost naked, and weak with hunger and fatigue, wandered through the solitudes of the country. The nights were cold, but the only covering the fugitives had was dried leaves, which they heaped over themselves as they lay down on the bare earth under the trees.

They found many wild grapes and some other fruits of the forest, but these alone would not give them strength to keep up the hard march. An occasional monkey or a bird would have been a delightful addition to their food supplies, but without guns they could not obtain game of any sort.

They did what anyone else would do when fighting against starvation. Many African tribes esteem fried ants as a great del cacy. Whenever our fugitives came to a prosperous colony of ants they laid in a supply. Then many caterpillars crossed their path, and these treasures were carefully stowed away in a cartridge box.

At dinner time the party would build a fire, roast their ants and caterpillars, and disguise these solid viands as much as possible with mouthfuls of grapes and other fruit. It was anything but palatable food, but it kept life in their bodies, though the poor fellows became so weak that they could travel only three or four miles a day.

At last they came to the Bakumu tribe, who live along the river, and the fugitives thought they might safely reveal themselves to these people. Their confidence was not betrayed, and the fugitives were supplied with provisions which very agreeably varied their caterpillar diet.

Meanwhile the Bangala's who deserted Deane at Stanley Falls had reached home in canoes, and informed Captain Coquilhat of the unhappy plight of his brother officer. The captain at once started to the rescue on a little steamer. He found Stanley Falls station burned to the ground, and as he lay in the river he had a hot exchange of compliments in a rattling fire of musketry. It was evident that Deane

had either been killed or was making his way down stream.

Then began a search along the river banks for the unfortunate white man, but no trace was found until Coquilhat reached the Bakumu, who told him that two days before they had relieved the necessities of the fugitives.

A few miles inland in a deserted hut the rescuers found the naked white man. It was time. Deane was absolutely worn out. His face was badly swollen, his eyes were sunken, and he could hardly crawl. He had no disease, but famine had nearly used him up.

This bitter experience did not wean Deane from his love of African adventure. He remained in the service of the Congo Free State to the time of his death.

—Selected.

A BIT OF EXPERIENCE.

"I have met with a good many people
In jogging o'er life's varied way;
I've encountered the clever, the simple,
The crabbed, the grave and the gay;
I have traveled with beauty, with virtue,
I have been with the ugly, the bad,
I have laughed with the ones who were merry,
And wept with the ones who were sad.

"One thing I have learned in my journey—
Ne'er to judge one by what he appears;
The eyes that seem sparkling with laughter
Oft battle to keep back the tears,
And long, sanctimonious faces
Hide often the souls that are vile,
While the heart that is merry and cheerful
Is often the freest from guile.

"And I've learned not to look for perfection
In one of our frail human kind;
In hearts the most gentle and loving,
Some blemish or fault we can find.
But yet I've ne'er found the creature
So low, so depraved, or so mean,
But had some good impulse—some virtue
That 'mong his bad traits might be seen.

"And, too, I have learned that most friendships
We make are as brittle as glass,
Just let a reverse overtake us—
Our 'friends' on the 'other side' pass;
But, ah! I have found some few loyal,
Some hearts ever loving and true!
And the joy and the peace they have brought me,
Have cheered me my whole journey through."

And I also meet with some few who have laughing faces and cold hearts, who seemingly are the most cruel.

WHAT WORK CAN THE CHILDREN DO?

THERE are many overworked mothers of numerous small children, longing for relief, distracted with their cares, who do not realize that at hand they have a large reserve force of unskilled, but willing and affectionate, labor. These little ones who add so largely to our duties are the very ones who, if directed rightly, will spring to our relief and ease the heat and burden of the day wonderfully. It is the "step, step" of housework that is so fatiguing. The larger tasks, gone about systematically, are not exhausting; but the various little uncounted things which, if not done, show so blackly on a background of otherwise good housekeeping, are what try our nerves and tempers to the utmost. The song which melodiously sets forth that

"Children are blessings, and he who hath most
Hath aid for his fortune and riches to boast,"

is as true to-day as when it was written twenty or thirty years ago. Let us put these riches out at interest.

In training children to various kinds of work, due regard must be given to the temperament and propensities of each. The sluggish child may be slightly urged, the ambitious one gently curbed. Study the physical and mental strength of each, and never, as you value their future health and happiness, suffer any in the

slightest degree to be overworked. The whip and spur of a reward will cause many a forward child to overexert himself; induce him to desist at the first sign of fatigue. Watch these buds of promise very closely and tenderly.

Often a young child and one much older will work together more harmoniously than two of the same age; the reason is that there can be no rivalry where the ages differ widely. If a task threaten to prove tedious, the mother's presence and assistance will make the hour slip away unperceived with the work accomplished; in fact the mother's presence will always lighten any work, even if she only sits by and talks about it.

A child of two years is old enough to put away its playthings. At first, it will only roam over the floor, pick up a few and put in the destined basket, box or drawer. Later, shown by its nurse, the toys will form a procession and march to their places. In the next lesson, baby selects the picture-books, piles them away, sets the dolls upright in a row and makes a promiscuous heap of the rest. A very small child will take pleasure in arranging blocks in a box and sliding the cover on; and when once told that the blocks are tired and need to rest, he will always afterward connect his own fatigue with that of the blocks and announce to his observant mother the arrival of nap or bed-time by ceasing the play and commencing to stow away his playthings. A two-year-old can and will shake out and fold up, not unpresentably, a pile of the baby's napkins. His tiny feet will travel across the room numberless times to fetch you a book, to pick up your thimble, to find a pin; and the chief reward his loving heart will ask is a kiss and to be told that he is mamma's right-hand man. That these services may be cheerfully rendered, fail not to thank him in courteous manner, thus planting within the baby heart the seeds of good breeding and self-respect.

As he grows a year or so older, he will learn to button his own boots, and having accomplished this feat, let him button the baby's also. A frolic will generally accompany this piece of business; the rendering of personal services between children of the same family often constitutes a very close and tender tie. He can also bring and put away his own and baby's coat and hat; and will only need showing once or twice to induce him to lift the baby's hat by its edge or elastic cord instead of its dainty plume or fragile pompon. Of course these things must be kept in a drawer or on a shelf within his reach; and why not have a row of nails in the closet at half the usual height, on purpose to accommodate the younglings growing up?

At five years old our little helper will stand by mamma and wipe the knives. Children from five to ten years of age can open and air the beds in the morning; can wash and wipe dishes; can bring from the cellar all the coal and wood to be used in the other parts of the house, by repeating the journey many times with light loads each time. They can wash the inside of windows; can clean silver; can sew on buttons. They can sweep the back stairs or any bare floor, not a heavy carpet; and a large room may be divided into sections to be swept by small hands. They can tend a baby—not by lifting; no growing child should lift a heavy baby—and can take a baby to ride in its carriage. They can cut out, after the mother has mixed it, a batch of cookies or doughnuts, and if allowed to use their fancy somewhat in the figures, will consider this a most delectable employment. They can stone raisins, sort over beans, pick vegetables, pare potatoes, break macaroni. They can set and clear away the dinner table. They can dust the living room, wipe the mop-boards with a damp cloth, hang out the small pieces of a washing, bring them in when dry, iron the handkerchiefs, napkins and towels. The boys can learn to use a needle, the girls to handle a hammer. It is eminently fit and desirable that boys and girls should understand something of each other's traditional tools.

Tasks should be made easy to the children; when done in workman-like manner it should be recognized and commended. If a child not naturally lazy shows a special distaste for any particular duty, it is right to relieve him from that task, if possible; something else can generally be substituted. Children that help to prepare a meal might be allowed to suggest part of the bill of fare sometimes. In performing a task, it should not be considered completed until the implements that may have been required

are returned to their usual shelves or hooks.

Of course no child should follow all these tasks in one day; and after attendance at school commences, if he be inclined toward studiousness, seek to keep him in the open air as much as possible and relieve him from house duty. But the happiest children, like those of larger growth, are those who have an appointed daily task fitted to their calibre, who set about it cheerfully and who accomplish it to the best of their ability.

—Selected.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

Bro. Gomer Wells sends us the following:—

"Observations" in last *Leaves* on Lowell, reminded me of the following in my scrap-book It suggests *prophecy in poetry*. The occurrences in Chicage a few years ago, seems to be in point. The revolutionary, anarchistic virus of the Old World seems indeed to be inoculated in the New. From the poem of "The Sower," by Lowell:—

"I saw a sower walking slow
Across the earth from East to West;
His hair was white as mountain snow;
His head drooped forward on his breast.

"With shrivelled hands he flung his seed,
Nor ever turned to look behind:
Of sight or sound he took no heed;
It seemed he was both deaf and blind.

"I heard as still the seed he cast,
How, crooning to himself, he sung:
'I sow again the holy Past,
The happy days when I was young.

" 'Then, all was wheat, without a tare:
Then all was righteous, fair and true;
A am he whose thoughtful care
Shall plant the Old World in the New.'

"Then I looked back along the path,
And heard the clash of steel on steel;
When man faced man in deadly wrath.
While clanged the tocsin's hurrying peal

"The sky was burning towers red;
Nearer the noise of fighting rolled,
And brother's blood by brothers shed,
Crept curdling over pavements cold.

"Then marked I how each germ of truth,
Which through the dotard's fingers ran,
Was mated with a dragon's tooth,
Whence there sprang up an armed man.

"I shouted, but he could not hear,
Made signs, but these he could not see,
And still without a doubt or fear,
Broadcast he scattered anarchy."

LAMONI, Iowa, December, 1891.

Dear Readers:—So many thoughts came trooping through my brain, as I read the papers discussing ignorance *versus* learning that I felt impelled to write them out.

It is a common saying, possession counts nine points in law, but when we have the Lord's word on our side, it seems to me we not only have the nine points, but the whole case decided in our favor. When Solomon was asked by the Lord what gift he should confer upon him, he replied, Give thy servant wisdom. Now the Lord seemed greatly pleased with Solomon's desire, and quickly added, as he had only asked wisdom, that he might rule the people justly, when he knew the Lord was able to bestow great riches and honor upon him, he would add all these also, as well as long life. We notice the Lord seemed to associate riches and wisdom together, leaving one to infer they deserved to closely follow each other. On the other hand, we have been accustomed (in spite of many exceptions) to hear poor and ignorant made to chime together. It is no disgrace to be poor or ignorant, if unavoidable, but wasted opportunities and lack of effort to obtain knowledge within our reach, is never commendable. We always thought education was a mighty lever to raise one out of the depths, and, like riches, serves to increase our facilities for doing good. We have unbounded proof of this in woman's work in the last quarter of a century, having been accorded equal advantages with her brothers in the higher institutions of learning In times past, women were not considered capable as business managers, and if by any misfortune the responsibility of bread winning was thrown upon them, the needle or washboard was the only alternative.

Education has made it possible for women to fill any position. Some of the best literary papers and magazines are edited by women, and many of them of such a moral and Christian character, far-reaching in their influence, that they are calculated to do great good. Women are also foremost in all the reforms of the day, using every effort possible to raise the very foundations of society, thereby raising to a level with common humanity, the poor, the fallen,

and downtrodden of earth's creatures. The Lord gave the word and by and through the means of education, they that publish the good tidings are a great host.

Again, Solomon says, with all thy gettings get knowledge, get understanding. No. We cannot think either ignorance or poverty begets humility; in fact, we have oftener known the opposite element to prevail, a rebellious spirit The demands of the natural body are more clamorous than the spiritual, and nature must be supplied before we can reach the spiritual. We have abundant proof in the history of Israel that the Lord looks with favor upon our honest efforts to acquire learning and riches, if we have it in our own hearts to use it for our own good and the cause of humanity, and we can only think they who are proud or puffed up with either riches or knowledge, if they possessed neither would be puffed up, because they could say ignorance is bliss, and blessed be nothing, such a tenacity they have for clinging to their natural element. If we are not right in our views, we are open to correction.

ELVIRA MASON.

MANCHESTER, Eng., Dec., 1891.

Dear Readers:— I once more take up my pen to give form to a few of the thoughts passing through my mind. I am glad to see the *Autumn Leaves* prospering, and I trust that it may continue so to do. It is a source of light and comfort to many, and I would be sorry to see it fail. The instruction given in its columns from time to time is very beneficial to myself; and to me it is truly a storehouse containing a great assortment of rich gems. May God's blessing rest upon those who have it in charge. I can say to them with all my heart, "God speed," and may the good which you are doing be ineffaceably written on our hearts. I trust that God's Holy Spirit will continue to fill not only the minds of those who prepare this spiritual feast, but also the minds of those that partake of it, that we may amend our lives according to the excellent patterns set forth from time to time; thus, continually climbing up the ladder, the top round of which is "perfection." In this way we may ultimately become perfect, even as our Father which is in heaven is perfect, and then will we enjoy in full those blessings that God has designed for us, if we will but give heed to his voice.

I rejoice to see the work go on prospering from time to time, for it is indeed a glorious view to behold that stone cut out of the mountain without hands, gradually growing into the huge mountain which shall fill the whole earth with its effulgence.

Men may exult in their knowledge of the secrets of nature and in their wealth, but soon there shall come a rude awakening. Soon shall the Lord of Heaven with his angels descend, and with sorrow and anguish shall men understand the command, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal." Then shall they regret the chances they have missed of submitting themselves humbly to the will of God. Well would it be if all would keep that precious saying fixed in their memory and carry it out in their daily lives, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and what a literal promise is attached to this seeking: "And all these things shall be added unto you." Whatever is necessary for our ultimate good, either spiritual or temporal, will then be given to us, and we shall approach with swift steps to the stature of perfect manhood in Christ Jesus.

With what sadness—unutterable sadness—do we gaze upon the wickedness of men in this supposed-to-be most enlightened age the world has ever seen. But "Whatsoever a man soweth so shall he reap" and the world, having sown the seeds of sin, must reap an harvest of wickedness. Paul in his letter to Timothy truly describes these latter times when he speaks of the people being "Ever learning and never able to come to a knowledge of the truth," and, reading a little farther, "But evil men and seducers shall wax worse, deceiving and being deceived." At the present time his words are being most literally realized. Let us then take the same apostle's advice, "But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses." "Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come that they may lay hold on eternal life." Let us examine ourselves with that precious and most searching lamp, God's Holy Spirit, and let us see whether we have been spiritually born of God. Then nothing impure or unrighteous will escape our observation. Thus will we be able to obey the call to come up higher. Brethren, do we realize what is meant by "coming up higher?"

Do we realize that it means a thorough sifting of everything that is evil in our natures, and of completely subjecting ourselves to the laws of God? In short, it is as Paul says, "To offer ourselves as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable, unto God." By so doing, and thus only, will we reap the glorious blessings he has in store for us. Let us not even leave off the smallest item of our armor, and then shall we proceed to the battle with courage and hope. For we shall have to fight keenly in the contest for supremacy. Satan will not be overcome with one repulse, but it will indeed be a long and severe struggle between the church of God and its dire enemy. May we by the grace of God stand firm, that as one of old puts it, we "may be able to withstand in the evil day and having done all to stand."

The duties we owe to our church are many and should, at least, be first and foremost. Let us support it by carrying out the rules given by God to it for our government while here below. Then since these rules are given for our ultimate good, it is our duty to obey them. Some of these rules, however, are disregarded, due chiefly, perhaps, to ignorance of their import. But there is not the slightest doubt that if the church, as a whole would carry them out, it would be exalted both spiritually and temporally; and, to cause this, we must each individually do our share. I am especially referring to the Word of Wisdom. This is a revelation given by God to us for our temporal salvation. It is not only given to us that we may obtain health and strength, but it is also given as the way by which we may have unfolded to us hidden treasures of knowledge. Brethren, it is no use saying that the Word of Wisdom is all very good and well calculated for our welfare and then thinking not a jot more about it. Remember the words of the Savior, "Not every one that sayeth unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven but he which doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven" Let us also remember that "Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Not by *one* word but by *every* word. Brethren, I do believe it is our positive duty to obey the Word of Wisdom. As to its efficacy I can testify that during all the time I have obeyed the Word of Wisdom I have been much freer from sickness and more abundantly blessed by God than ever before. Others of my brethren and sisters can also bear out my testimony as regards themselves. I do earnestly desire that our minds may indeed be awakened to a sense of our responsibility.

With the permission of the Editor of the Correspondence Department, I would invite both brethren and sisters to give their honest convictions upon this matter by means of these columns.

I am happy to state that the work is rapidly increasing in this part of the Lord's vineyard and the Lord is pouring out upon us an abundance of blessings. The harvest time truly is nigh at hand, and I can sing with the poet:—

"O reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round you
And day begins to fade.
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come,
The golden morn is coming,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

"Mount up the heights of wisdom
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know;
Be faithful to your mission
And service of your Lord,
And then a home in glory
Shall be your great reward."

I must now conclude my letter, praying that God's blessing may rest upon us all and that soon the time may approach when the world with us may come to a unity of the faith. I remain, Yours in gospel bonds,

E. R Dewsnup.

What a splendid subject for our consideration here presented—The Word of Wisdom! I wonder it has not been thought of before Let us hear from many upon this very important part of God's word to modern Israel.—Ed.

Lamoni, Iowa, Dec., 1891.

Dear Readers:—I have just been reading your space in the *Autumn Leaves* and was somewhat surprised that the correspondence was so slim, as I supposed the editor would have all if not more than he could find room for. And, as to-night is my birth-night, I thought, although I did not seem to be able to make a birth-day offering in money to the cause, possibly I might contribute something to its aid, if I would try by aiding your corner of the work.

In reading the heading of Bro. Wm. H Greenwood's article where he says, "One of the questions asked is, 'What are proper amusements for followers of the meek and lowly Jesus,'" it struck me that perhaps my early experience might be of profit to some of the young readers of the Department.

Like many of to-day, I was raised in the church. My parents belonged to the old organization and united with the Reorganization at the first conference held at Council Bluffs. They at that time lived near Little Sioux. In those days the country was new, and not much in the way of amusements was going on, except

the dance, card playing, etc. I was born in '62 My only brother was ten years older. Mother, after uniting with the Reorganization, tried to prevent him from playing cards and attending dances, by talking against dances and forbidding him to keep playing-cards in the house, or indulge in such games there. My brother being quite willful, I remember, used to keep his cards somewhere about the barn; and, on rainy days, I would frequently come upon him with some others (he was a young man then about nineteen) playing cards in the stable or corn-crib. Mother learned of this, and finally said that if we (the children) must play cards we would do so in the house and all would take part. Thinking it better than that we should seek such companions as were found in doing so surreptitiously. The result was that as I grew up I learned to play, and became a pretty good hand at the various games played with the cards. As I grew up I could not see the harm in what I called a "civil game of euchre, or seven up, or Pedro." and came to regard dancing in the same light, only condemning the company and hours kept at the public dance. And, be it understood, that while I encouraged card playing and dancing in such company as I was in, I abhorred gambling, but asserted freely that such amusements were preferable to the games usually indulged in at social gatherings of the young at that time.

Things went on in this way until I was twenty-one. At that time I was traveling away from home with a photographic tent and outfit, a cousin eighteen years of age and not of the faith being with me, who was fond of both dancing and card-playing. We were tenting at a country place where there was only a post office and general store and blacksmith shop. There we would sometimes have dull days. The proprietor of the store and post office was a man of the world, honest and jovial, well liked by all of the boys, but very rough and profane. During these dull days he and his clerk would often come into my tent, where, with my cousin and myself, we would often engage in a "social game." Of course, sometimes I would try to talk religion to him, but could not, to my perplexity, seem to make much impression on him. One day, being in his store, I heard a customer approach him on the subject of religion, and during the discussion some one was named who belonged to the Latter Lay Saints' Church, when he broke out with, "Oh! yes! He's a pretty church member. He's like Chase here. He can go to dances or play cards and then when Sunday comes he can be as religious as anybody."

I leave you, in a measure, to judge of my emotions. Here was a man whom I loved and for whom I would have done much that he might see the truth of the gospel, who was using my very example as an excuse against all religion whatever; and I thought, "My God! is it possible that I by my example bring such an evil reproach upon the very church, that all therein are held as excuses for evil?" And then and there I registered a vow that, God helping me, I would never be guilty of indulging in those things again. That fall upon going home from my trip, the first evening I was greeted with, "Come, Mit, let us have a game of euchre;" and when I had refused and had given my reasons for so doing, as I have given them here, my mother and sister both agreeing with me, said that they, too, were through with the game from that forward Since that time I have often felt prompted by the Spirit to relate my experience to those young in the faith who seemed to be inclined to those things, and I have always been blessed in so doing. I have also learned further that it is meet for us to so employ our time that it will be not wasted, to say the least. Yours in the faith,

A. M. C.

Editor of the Department of Correspondence:— I cannot keep silent any longer, but will embrace the present time to address you. Words are inadequate and powerless to express my appreciation of the *Autumn Leaves*. Especially have I enjoyed the last number; either my faculties have of late been quickened to a higher perception of the beautiful things found in this work, or heretofore I have not read them as I should. Dear writers, one and all, I thank you for your words of comfort and cheer. There have been many contributors to the Department in the past year—in the one to come some of us may be called away, and our names, like the autumn leaves, fade away from the knowledge of earthly beings; but are there not others who will take hold of this work with a hearty good will? Each of us, when sitting at our desks or tables, penning a few lines, sometimes hurried, do not think that the words so hastily written may perhaps bring a ray of consolation to some sad, weary heart.

I have been reading "With the Church in an early Day"—What a beautiful book it is, yet how sad, causing the very heart to ache and the tears to start unrestrained from the eyes, in sympathy with those beloved ones who endured such hardship for the faith dearer to them than life. How little did I, when asked by one of the elders if I wanted a copy, think

of the untold benefit I would reap from a perusal of the same. Benefited I have been more than I can say. Strengthened, too, and also instructed; for previous to this I was not fully informed on the finding of the Book of Mormon. To "Frances" are thanks due for this precious souvenir of the past. They sealed their testimony with blood in those days—is the time coming when we may be called upon to do it also? And could I—would I have the strength to stand persecution for His name's sake. Even now the red blood surges from the heart, rushing in red torrents to the face when "Mormon" is used as a reproach; not because I am ashamed to be with the Latter Day Saints, no. Far from that. But then, this earthly heart is so easily disturbed. I thank God that I have been permitted to be a member of this church, whose doctrine is God-given and everlasting. While never having been blessed with the gifts, yet the work is true; this I know. I have sometimes wondered why I have not been among those favored by the outpouring of the Spirit—but have thought, you are not worthy. Whether I am right in thinking thus, I do not know. "'Tis a glorious thing to be in the light." That this may dawn more fully on each one of us, and that we may go on to perfection is my constant prayer.

The light is fading from the western sky, and the day is dropping to rest. The shadows warn me to cease. Other duties demand my attention and I must close. My letters seem so worthless, that I am tempted to tear them up, as I sometimes think there are many others whose letters are more interesting, but I am going to send this one.

Ever praying for the welfare of Zion and her children, I am, yours in bonds,

ETTA M. IZATT.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Sr. Elizabeth W. Waller, Burr Oak, Mich., writes: "I hope I shall not hurt any one's feelings, but I do think that we should be very careful how we follow the fashions of the world, as we are commanded to come out from among the world and be separated; then I believe the best way is, if we are tempted to put on any unnecessary thing, it is best to ask God to guide us."

Sr. Lue Scott, Coldwater, Mich., says: "I take a great interest in reading the lessons of instruction from the pens of those who visit us monthly through the Department columns. It has ever been my desire to live as becometh a true follower of the Master, that I might be an humble instrument in his hands of doing some good for his cause. Were it not for the blessed privilege we have of taking all our trials and troubles to our Heavenly Father, this would indeed be a gloomy life. My hopes are that I may live so as to secure a home in the mansion of the blessed and dwell with all the loved and just ones, where there is no more separation."

Sister Ada Bradford, Indepence, Missouri, says: "When the magazine is brought home from the post office I most always turn to the Department of Correspondence to see whom the letters are from, but my eyes have not very often seen a letter from this part of the Lord's vineyard. We have young people's prayer meetings. It is very interesting to hear the prayers and testimonies of the young. Some of them are very young in years as well as in the latter day work. I think that every branch ought to have these meetings. It will get the young interested in the work. This has been my experience. I would like very much to see letters from some of the Saints around Little Sioux, as we used to live up there."

Sr. Fannie O——, writes: "I believe it is the duty of all to help build up this department, for in so doing we build up one another in our most holy faith The subjects that are presented are very interesting and very important. The question I wish to ask is, are the Saints of to-day working for the great cause of temperance? Are they striving day by day to do something to abolish alcohol from our midst, or do we sit at ease with folded hands? Some say there is no harm in moderate drinking, but I consider the moderate drinker the most dangerous man to society and to himself. The first lesson of all beginners were as moderate drinkers, but by cultivation they have advanced to the ranks of professional drunkards. If the moderate drinker is a man of business or of high standing, those who look to him for a pattern of morals, copy his vices also. No evil is more prevalent, more destructive of all that renders life enjoyable, than intemperance. It ruins body and soul alike. Alcohol is a foe to the human race. Its history is the history of crime. Its name is legion, and its forms are without number."

Sr. Hattie Newkirk, Soquel, California, says: "The New Year will soon be here, and the thought has occurred to me, how much nearer God are we to-day than we were one year ago? I am afraid I will have to say that I, for one, have made very slow progress, but let us all see how much more good we can do in the future year than we have in the past.

"'Robes of spotless white are given.
By the glorious Prince of Heaven;
Saints will wear them, they are free,—
Is there one prepared for me?'

"God will prepare us all a robe and crown, if we will prepare ourselves to wear them."

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble."

CHAPTER II.

LESSONS LEARNED FROM COUSIN JO

"How things do get scattered around," exclaimed Myrtle, one morning not long after her mother's departure. "The rooms never looked like this when mother was here."

"That was because she was always putting things in their places and 'tidying up' after everyone," said Mrs. Holister. "I have felt tempted to do the same, but have purposely avoided it, wishing you to realize how much of such work your mother does. Then, when you know the care it requires, you may succeed in having as good order as she does; and, by taking thought, you will be able to make this work much easier for her when she comes back. While there must always be someone to have the general oversight in keeping the house tidy, each one in it can share in the work, which will be easy or hard for the one, accordingly as the others do this or not. If each one were to return to the bookcase the books he has used, replace the magazines in even piles when through with them, gather up and put away every article used with any kind of work, and never leave a wrap or other clothing lying around; in short, put in its proper place everything he handles, the housekeeper's task would be far less. It is necessary to preserve the tidy aspect; for, without it a home can have no beauty, however rich its furnishings, while with it the humblest home takes on an air of rest and comfort, that is really beautiful.

A house may be swept and dusted, and such places as need scrubbing be kept scrupulously clean, yet there will be lacking the pleasant, homelike look, if on chairs and tables, or other furniture, are lying things which do not belong there, or if those which do belong are in a topsy-turvy state. To keep a house free from such disorder is a work which requires constant care; but it is easier to do as we go along. For, if we allow ourselves to leave things out of place, it does not take long for them to get in a sort of jumble, which is double the work to straighten out."

"I have learned that in the care of my own room," said Myrtle. "I take pleasure in keeping everything in order there. As for the other parts of the house, I haven't been in the habit of thinking much about it Mother likes us to take care of our own things, but we know that if we neglect it she will do it; so I think we are not as careful as we ought to be."

"Well," said Cousin Jo, "I will help you to put the house in perfect order to-day, and after this let each one vie with the other in seeing how small an amount of litter or disorder he can cause."

Edgar and Grace agreed to try how thoughtful they could be. Myrtle felt interested to do her part, and Cousin Jo said to her:—

"You shall have the oversight, to supply all that the others lack and attend to the many little things which might be nobody's business if left to all; such as straightening table spreads and tidies, shaking up chair-cushions and giving little touches here and there, just as mother does, to make it look 'homey.' I will try not to add to your work, and I think you will find Archie very little trouble; for I have been training him from his babyhood to be orderly.

"How could you begin so early as that," Myrtle asked, with a surprised smile.

"I commenced with his playthings." replied Mrs Holister. "I had a special place to keep them; and, as soon as he was old enough to go to it and take them out. I had him begin to put them back whenever he was through playing with them. If he played with blocks I showed him how to pile them evenly back in the box. I accustomed him to think that he could not leave his playthings until they were neatly put away. Sometimes, if I saw that he was getting discouraged over it, or if there was any reason for him to hurry, I helped him, or had one of his sisters do so; but I still let him feel the responsibility of getting it done. I followed this course with all my children. As they grew older and handled a variety of articles, I taught them to replace each article just where they found it; or, if they came across anything out of place, to put it where it belonged. They had special places to keep their wraps, their books, their playthings; for of course I couldn't expect them to put things in place unless they they knew where they belonged."

"Didn't they ever forget?" inquired Myrtle.

"Yes, indeed, a great many times. But I

kept watch and reminded them when they needed it. Often I had to call them back after they had started out to play, or to school, or maybe on an errand, to have them put away books, doll things or some of their own clothing. It would have been less trouble to me at the time to have done it myself; but I knew that the other way would pay better in the end. If I had been seeking only to lighten my own burden I should have felt that I was selfish; but I could foresee that the benefit to them would be greater than to me. I knew that there would come a time when I could not do for them all I might be willing to do; but now these habits, formed in their childhood, will follow them always.

"Order is not only pleasing wherever we see it, but at many times there is also economy in it. What a difference there is in the school-books of those children who lay them in their desks in even piles, and of those who throw them in, helter skelter, pushing one against the other, in any way to get them in, bruising the edges and wearing out the bindings.

"Did you ever notice how some girls' hair-ribbons get to look creased and old so soon, while others keep bright and fresh so much longer? It makes all the difference whether they are rolled smoothly over the fingers and laid away carefully every time they are taken off, or are thrown down just as they come off, perhaps tumbled around in a drawer when looking for other things, or, maybe, worn all night instead of being exchanged for an old one.

"It is just so with nearly everything. Those things which are kept most neatly last longest, and also they look best while they do last. So it pays not only to preserve order where it shows the most, but also in closets, drawers, trunks and every place where things are stored away. To say that we can always do this would be unreasonable; but when it can be done it is much the pleasanter way, and more profitable and convenient. There is such a satisfaction to a housekeeper to feel that every part of the house is in order, and that whatever she or anyone else wants may be found in its proper place."

They were working away, sorting out here and straightening up there, getting things back to their normal condition; for Mrs. Davis was a good housekeeper. To all that Cousin Jo had been saying Myrtle had listened thoughtfully, interrupting her now and then to ask advice concerning the work in hand. At length she said:—

"What *shall* I do with all these odds and ends?"

"It is perplexing sometimes to know how to dispose of a lot of little things like," replied Cousin Jo, "and it is astonishing how they will accumulate. The only way to succed is to decide one by one what to do with them, then take all that belong in one room and put them away, then those that go to another room, not stopping till the last one is in place."

"Well, how much more like home this looks," exclaimed Myrtle later in the day, when they stopped to look around and enjoy the effect of their labor. "I mean to try and keep it so all the time."

"Then let me give you another bit of counsel, and it is to see that the sitting room is tidy when you leave it at night. One often feels tired and tempted to leave things as they happen to be at bedtime; but it is so encouraging to find the room neatly arranged when the family come back to it in the morning; then we never know what may happen in the night, or early in the morning to make us glad if it was left in order."

"I think that is good advice and I will try to rembember it," said Myrtle.

HELP IN TROUBLE.

Psalm 46: 1.

Lord, in my utmost need I pray
That Thou wilt in Thy love appear,
And chase the murky clouds away,
And show the heavens all bright and clear.

When shadows gather round my heart,
For comfort no where can I go
Except to Thee. Thy grace impart,
And all the help I need bestow.

Descend, and watchful at my side
Sweet words of consolation speak,
And with me in Thy love abide,
To strengthen where Thou seest I'm weak.

Help, that I may on Thee rely
With all my soul. The peace divine
Thou never didst to faith deny
Kindly bestow. Oh, be it mine.

Then howsoe'er oppressed I be,
Whatever trouble shall molest,
Knowing Thou art surrounding me,
In all my pains I shall be blest.

My heart, as it is taught by love,
Shall swell in gratitude and praise,
And all my conscious powers shall move,
Songs of enrapturing joy to raise.

—Selected.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

"A waiting world—a breath of midnight sighing
O'er land and sea, 'The good year dies at last;'
And through the gloom a clear young voice replying,
'I will renew the past.'

"So glide the years through Time's mysterious portal,
And grass grows green above their yesterdays;
But new years, reaching on to life immortal,
Are opening as we gaze.

"O, God, the old are new in Thy remembrance,
The new are old to Thy far-reaching sight;
Their light and darkness are alike in semblance,
Seen through eternal light!

"Forgive, we pray, the moments lost forever,
And the dim wasted days whose sun went down,
Ere the brief noontide of our best endeavor,
For an unfading crown.

"Forgive the hopes that were not aspirations,
The dreams that bore no purpose true and strong,
The faithless thoughts that nurtured lamentations
Instead of thanks and song.

"And help us so to live by Thine assistance
That each to-day of this New Year may be
Fair as it seemed when shining in the distance,
And beautiful for Thee.

"May every morning rouse some deep conviction,
Ere noon, in deeds to be made manifest;
Each eventide breathe holy benediction
Upon us as we rest.

"Teach us, O Lord, the fearless trust that buildeth
In joy or sorrow on Thy word alone,
Strong in possession of the love that gildeth
The pathway yet unknown.

"So would we live, Thy name and truth adorning
And know Thy peace alike in calm and strife;
Till, passing through some gateway of the morning
We have Eternal Life."

"Till passing through some gateway of the morning
We have Eternal Life."

It is beautiful as the thought of a poet, but to us it comes with a solemn reality, a mysterious one when we bring our minds to dwell upon it. We realize that there will come for us a time when the weary hands will be folded in rest, the feet which have many times ached upon their long journey shall have taken their last step and we shall have passed through the gateway of death into the world unscanned by mortal vision; the solemnity lies not in this, however, but rather in the thought: Shall we "Have Eternal Life"?

Oh, to be able for just one moment to realize what it means! If the full meaning could dawn upon us, just for one brief moment, it seems to us that life—this present life—could never again be just the same, as the ear attuned to harmony having once listened to the great Masters will never again be pleased with faulty melody and incomplete harmonies.

May the years bring to us wisdom and strength sufficient to enable us to battle on and claim the victory at last. While life remains we must expect to contend for each victory we obtain, but if we conquer at last in the light of the exceeding great reward, how infinitely small will appear all which has disquieted us here.

We clip the following from one of our exchanges:—

"The Israelites are coming every week in spite of the declared prohibitions. A large company arrived from Bokhara two weeks ago. [Bokhara is a powerful state in Central Asia, in Turkestan. We are rejoiced to hear this news It will yet be found that Israelites are scattered all through that region. They have camels trained for speed in that country which will travel nearly or quite a hundred miles a day. Read Isa. lxiv: 20. 'And they shall bring all your brethren for an offering unto the Lord, out of all nations, upon horses, and in chariots, and in litters; and upon mules, and upon *swift beasts* to my holy mountain Jerusalem, saith the Lord.' They are not going to wait till the railroads are all built. These 'swift beasts' are already in use. Besides, two persons can ride together upon the beast.—Ed.]

"These people dress and speak like the Chinese. No one here except Hebrew-speaking Jews can understand them. How wonderful to hear these people from all parts of the world, with diff rent languages, and yet all speaking the Hebrew language."

We lack yet a few hundred names of reaching the circulation which we ought to have this year. If each one to whom we are sending the magazine free of charge, would make an effort to add just one name to the list and each friend of the work we are endeavoring to do, would do the same, we are confident our most sanguine expectation would be realized. Will you do this? Please answer us in the coming month, by sending us the name of one new subscriber, if no more.

In the December issue we notified those whose subscriptions were paid up to December, 1891, that unless notified to discontinue, we should

send the next volume. Some have delayed notifying us until the January number has reached them. In such cases they will confer a favor by returning this number, as the loss of one number destroys the completeness of the volume and renders the remaining numbers of no value for binding.

In our notice of the musical publishing house of E. O. Excell & Company, in our last number we omitted to mention their place of business which is, Lakeside Building, Clark and Adams streets, Chicago, Illinois.

We are pleased to give our readers an essay by our young friend and brother, Fred M. Smith, and to say for him that we confidently believe he is not one who will stop throwing until some *does stick*. See page 58.

In the third line of the poem published in the January number entitled, "A Gift From the Heart" for "or faltering" read "or flattering"

THE CZAR AND THE RUSSIA OF TO-DAY.

Without professing to make a Christmas number at all, the *Review of Reviews* is, in fact, giving its readers two numbers so full of extra and timely attractions as to justify a claim to very special recognition of the holiday season. Following the extra large December number, the January number may equally be regarded as a midwinter extra-fine issue. It contains, as its most conspicuous feature, a very important sketch of the Czar and the Russia of to-day, written particularly for the American edition of the *Review*, by Mr. W. T. Stead, the distinguished English editor. Mr. Stead is the only English-speaking journalist who has ever had the honor of interviewing the Czar, and his knowledge of Russian affairs is exceptional. The article contains a number of portraits, and —what will be particularly interesting—a fine map showing the famine districts, and another showing the so-called "Jewish Pale," the district within which the Jews are permitted to live. In this brilliant article the *Review of Reviews* scores another of those journalistic triumphs for which it is becoming so distinguished. As usual it has struck the man and the subject that most keenly interest the whole world at precisely the right moment.

We again call the attention of our readers to some of the many testimonials of Johnson's Cyclopædia, which has thirty-three departments, with an editor of high scholarly standing for each. We might quote endorsements from hundreds of impartial, well qualified judges similar to the following, but will only give place for these at present.

From the Librarian of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Dec. 16, 1889.—"There is perhaps no better test of the merit of a cyclopædia than its usefulness in such a library as ours at Harvard; and here Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia has, during many years' experience, been found more useful *than any other* in the English language."

From Rev. Thos. Hill, D. D, LL. D., Ex-President of Harvard University:—

Portland, Maine, August 6, 1889.—"Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia (revised edition) is an ever-present companion and friend, and I consult it very much more frequently than I do my *Britannica*, *Appletons'*, *Webster's Unabridged*, etc., etc., and very seldom fail to find in it just the kind and amount of information which I need."

From Hon A. R. Spafford, LL.D., Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

"Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia is found, in the Library of Congress, to answer more questions satisfactorily than any other work of reference"

"I heartily commend *this* Cyclopædia to all, and especially to those who are pursuing self-set courses in the great university of life.

John H. Vincent,
Chancellor Chautauqua University.

For particulars to obtain or sell it, etc., address,
W. P. Hunnicutt, Omaha, Neb.

THE TRUTH TOLD LOVINGLY.

"How a truth is told has much to do with making a truth attractive or repellant. It is not enough to speak a truth that ought to be spoken; it is needful to speak it in such a manner as to influence in its favor those who hear it spoken A fault may be pointed out in a spirit that will prompt the one corrected to turn from that fault, or in a spirit that will tend to fix him firmly in its defense. When a prominent English artist was told that his portrait of Ruskin flattered its original his answer was: 'No; it is only the truth told lovingly.' How much more of gladness of heart, and of added interest in the right, there would be if the truth, when it was told, were always told lovingly! But, in order to tell the truth lovingly, we must first look at it lovingly."—*Sunday School Times.*

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"Each day we live is, sooth, a little life;
And longest life but many days repeated.
Make, then, each day with noble deeds as rife
As if that day thy life should be completed."

THE CHILDREN.

Eternal vigilance is the price parents have to pay for honorable sons and daughters. It is true, of course, that children sometimes turn out well who have not had any "bringing up," but they are exceptions. Watchfulness is needed every hour of the day.

Women are often exhorted to be strong-minded. Certainly it is needful that they shall be strong-minded in their own homes. Firmness is a quality absolutely requisite, but it should have behind it the greatest tenderness and kindness.

A child cannot know what is right and wrong until he is told. Granted that he has inheritances good and bad, and that the best of training will at times be unavailing, but eternal vigilance works its good ends. The mother must use a great deal of tact with her watchfulness. She must become aware of all that is going on in an interested and natural manner, and not make her demands in too peremptory a fashion.

Little bed-time talks are very beneficial to a child, and aid the mother in her aim to gain confidences. The child may usually be brought into a tender and affectionate mood at this time, and with a little gentle coaxing the various affairs of the day will be recounted. Confession is a most excellent habit to instill. If the wrongdoings are told, the mother will have a certain control over her child, and she can quietly admonish him for misdeeds, and point out why he was wrong Her influence, at least with her boys, will outweigh every other, until and even after they have attained mature years.

It is not possible to preach and teach all the time, nor is it best: but it is necessary that a mother shall live up to the principles she desires to instill.

Note has already been made in these columns of the necessity of truthfulness This is surely one of the first principles, it may rather be said the first principle, to inculcate, but how can a mother make it a strong point if she is herself careless? Eternal vigilance should indeed begin with the mother herself.—*Spectator.*

There is really no limit to the beautiful articles which may be made of the dainty, spiderlike drawnwork so much in vogue for ornamental accessories of all kinds, as well as in embroidery or painting. But there is a large class who have neither the time nor the skill required for such difficult work For such I append a few helpful suggestions:—

China silk lends itself to about as many handsome effects as any one material when selected in handsome colors and designs and finished with ribbons which harmonize nicely in color.

Head-rests on a chair the back of which is high enough to rest one's head against are both ornamental and useful. They may consist of two cushions, similar in shape, and held together by two or three bows of ribbon or with a row of small metal rings covered with silk in short crochet, attached at equal distances on one side of each cushion, and narrow ribbon laced across from one to the other; or there may be but one cushion, tied directly to the chair with two ribbons. These cushions may be oblong, crescent, bag, or bolster-shaped, as one prefers. Odds and ends of worsted may be utilized either to knit or crochet a bolster-shaped one, and cord and tassels may ornament the ends and secure it in place on the chair. But figured China silk is by far the handsomest material when used without embroidery of any kind. In larger cushions for the tops of footstools, seats of chairs, and floor cushions there is an opportunity for the exercise of much ingenuity and skill

All kinds of materials, from blue denim up through all the grades of canton-flannel, felt, bolton-sheeting, jute, damask, velvet and plush to heavy silk, are suitable. Figured goods are handsome without any other ornamentation than a plain piping or ribbon bow. Those for the tops of footstools and seats of chairs should be tied in place by ribbons of a harmonizing or contrasting color. Plain goods can be handsomely ornamented by bands of finely-contrasting material held in place by some of the easily-made fancy stitches done in silk. Diagonal or square corners, or even each half of a cushion made of different material are pretty. Box-shaped cushions are handsomely made with a puff around the edges and a piping at the joining seam.

Bags still retain their popularity, and almost any material, from cotton sateen to plush, can be employed in their construction. Few articles are more convenient, and they are gifts which one may feel assured will be acceptable, whether capacious, strong ones of cretonne for soiled clothes, or handsome plush for shopping; only study harmony in the combination of colors, and keep to a low rather than a high tone.

Baskets are articles which are sure of appreciation by the thoroughly domestic woman, as well as by the beauty-loving maiden, who delights in the dainty accessories of her dressing-table. The plain, natural-colored ones can be purchased very cheaply at any Japanese store, and a person of average ingenuity can paint them pale blue, pale pink, white, gold, silver or brown. They may be lined or not as one prefers, and ornamented with bows of one or a combination of different-colored ribbons.

A beautiful card-basket was made of a flat basket of fancy weaving painted white and touched up with gold A lining of pale-blue silk was shirred inside, and a wide, blue ribbon was passed under the basket, and brought up over the handle, and made into a full bow at the center. A round, Japanese basket, having a comparatively small opening at the top, can be

utilized for various purposes and ornamented in several ways. A glass tumbler fitted closely inside of one makes a pretty ash-receiver, match-receiver or burnt-match receptacle. A frill of lace can be sewed inside the tumbler before the tumbler is inserted, and then turned out and allowed to fall over the edge. Small, fluffy silk tassels attached to the scallops of the lace make a handsome finish. Strips of ribbon in different colors, folded to make one loop and an end, can be tacked around the inside and allowed to fall over the edge The ends should be turned in a point and tipped with a metal crescent or full-silk tassel.

These same baskets make pretty hairpin receivers by filling them with curled-hair and covering the opening with a fluffy top knitted or crocheted of some pretty worsted. Ribbons can be attached to opposite sides for suspending them if desired.

Very many styles of baskets and jewelry trays can be crocheted of macrame cord or coarse knitting-cotton, and shaped to fit whatever vessel you desire to shape them after. Of course, no definite rules can be given for doing this, but anyone adept at crocheting can easily accomplish it. The small wooden trays used by grocerymen are nice for this purpose, as are nearly all kinds of tin basins. They can be made in single crochet, shell or any other stitch preferred, and should be finished with a small scallop at the edge. When finished the whole should be thoroughly wet and starched in stiff-boiled starch, then carefully pulled out and pinned over the dish to dry. When thoroughly dry, remove the dish and varnish both the outside and inside with shellac varnish. After this is dry, paint with either gold or bronze. These are very handsome for decorating crocheted baskets and many other articles. Pine-cones, especially the smaller ones from the European varieties of trees, make very handsome ornaments when first varnished and afterwards painted with gold.—*Selected.*

HOME-MADE COUCHES AND DIVANS.

In a home where economy must be the watchword, any article which can be made at home and yet not have a home-made look is always gladly welcomed For years past the fashion in couches and lounges has been such that all attempt at home manufacture has been out of the question, and only those possessing some ingenuity could hope for good results in reupholstering old frames which were good. But of late a pleasant change has taken place, and the introduction of the divan has been a boon to many housekeepers of limited means. These divans may be easily constructed at home, and be fully as pretty as the more expensive ones, which can be bought.

Make a frame the desired size. Procure springs and fasten securely inside the frame. If not fortunate enough to get a set of lounge springs, buy the single coil springs and tie them down as upholsterers do. Over these stretch a piece of burlap and tack firmly in place.

Stuff well with excelsior, being sure to use enough; there is little danger of getting too much, as it packs down so much. Over this tack a strip of muslin. Next put in place the cover of any suitable material, and drape the ends and one side with the same material. Make two large pillows and place at the back against the wall.

If there is no one about the house who can handle tools well enough to make a nice frame, use small boxes for the ends, on which nail the frame, and fasten small castors at the four corners. The drapery will effectually conceal all defects in the frame. If material must be bought, and durability is the prime consideration, denim is a very useful article as it is very cheap, wears well, and is quite pretty. If desired, a large open design may be outlined on the denim with heavy linen floss either in colors or white; the only objection to white being that it soils very easily.

If it is desired to place the divan across a corner, make a low frame and nail securely to the undraped side for a back; having first covered the frame with the denim, place the pillows against this frame.

If the regular lounge with upholstered end is preferred, it may be made in the same way, only the drapery is omitted, and the legs must be fashioned so as they will be presentable. These may be sawed after the pattern of those on a boughten couch, or square blocks of wood may be used, and on to these fasten the castors.

For the raised end which is to be upholstered, nail to one end of the frame (inside) two pieces of board about two and one half feet long, and give them the desired slant, and fasten the pieces at the upper end with a strip of board the required length, to give the proper width Upholster this end as directed for the divan, only omitting the springs, and a very pretty finish may be given by placing a puff of some color which contrasts prettily with the color of the upholstery.

This is easily done, is really practical, and not at all like the "barrel chair," etc., which will generally be found a "delusion and a snare."—*Sel.*

DOUBLE KNITTING.

This stitch is much used for crib blankets, coverlettes and comforters It forms a double piece of knitting, though knitted at the same time and with two needles, and is very light and warm. Double Berlin wool and No. 4 needles may be used for blankets, or single Berlin wool and No 9 needles for comforters.

Cast on any even number of stitches, and knit four rows plain to form a border before beginning the pattern

1st row: slip 1, knit 3; * bring the wool forward, slip 1, pass the wool to the back again, knit 1, putting the wool twice round the needle; repeat from *, knit the last 4 stitches.

2d row: slip 1, knit 3; * bring the wool forward, slip the double stitch as if it were only one, pass the wool back, knit 1, putting the wool twice round the needle; repeat from *, knit the last 4.

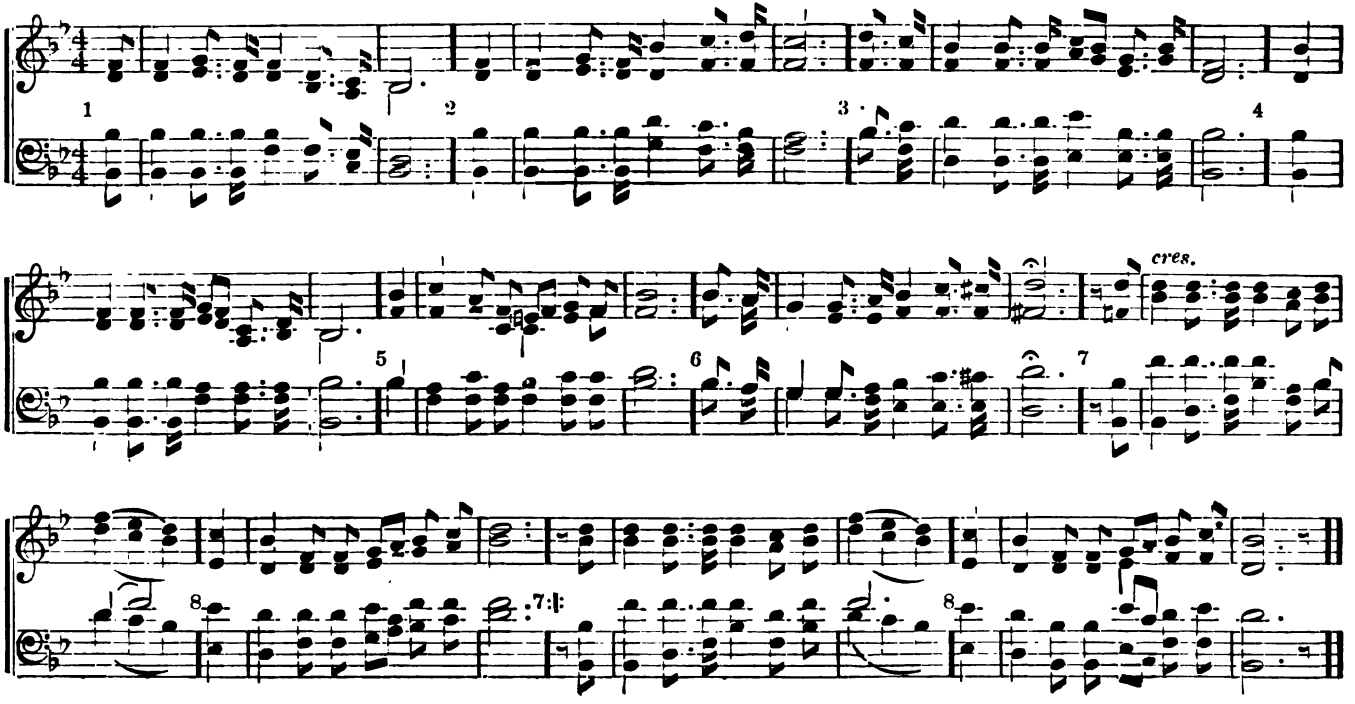
Repeat this row to the end of the work, always knitting the slipped stitch with the wool twice round the needle and slipping the double made stitch of the previous row. Finish off with 4 rows of plain knitting.

The plain border can be increased to six or eight stitches, if desired, the work beginning and ending with an equal number of rows of plain knitting.—*Home Journal.*

542 *S. H.* 1118.

EVENING THOUGHTS. 8s, D.

H. R. Mills.



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AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. V. LAMONI, IOWA, MARCH, 1892. No 3.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

CHAPTER IV.

And when moved
By some sore needed Providence, he stops
In his wild path and lifts a thought to heaven,
What cares the mother that he does not see
The link between the blessing and her prayer.
—*N. P. Willis.*

"Only a boy, with his fearful tread,
Who cannot be driven, but must be led;
* * * * * * *
"Only a boy, with his wild strange ways,
With his idle hours on busy days:
* * * * * * *
"Only a boy, who will be a man,
If nature goes on with her first great plan—
* * * * * * *
"Our torment our joy!
Only a boy."

SHORTLY after the completion of my tenth year, it was necessary for me to leave school and go to work. Hearing that a dealer in kerosene lamps, oil, etc., wanted a boy, I applied for the place and was engaged at a salary of one dollar per week, my time to be occupied in running errands and doing all kinds of chores incident to the business. Here I remained for several months. My employer, whose name was Kelley, was a very fine man and a member of the Baptist Church. His business was on rather a small scale, and his capital limited, but he was a man of large heart and kindly disposition. I well remember how he made my boy-heart leap for joy when on Thanksgiving eve he handed me a great big dressed duck, and told me to take it home to mother for Thanksgiving dinner, and that I might have all the day for a holiday. He was a man of small stature; but that night he looked bigger than anybody I had met for a long time. I ran nearly all the way home, carrying my burden, and went panting into the house, where the duck was dropped on a table, and I began a recital of all the good things I knew about Mr. Kelley, to mother, who listened patiently and agreed with me at last that he must have been a boy himself once; for he knew exactly how to make boys feel jolly. There is something about the name, Kelley, that sounds musical or suggestive of pleasure yet, to me, though all the Kelleys I have since met were not Baptists, nor small of stature, nor dealers in kerosene; but that duck and that first holiday (for which I received full pay), always seem to belong by right with the name of the donor.

While working there I learned some good lessons. On Christmas eve I was instructed to fill a five gallon can with oil, polish up a serviceable lamp and get several other items from the stock. After doing so, and putting all into a large box, they were placed on a small wagon and I was sent to the house of a poor man on a distant street, with instructions to deliver the goods and when asked who sent them to reply that Mr. Good Will had done so, and to give no other name. I did as directed, and wondered why my employer did not want his name divulged. When he and his wife would afterwards mention the circumstance the thought that they, out of their limited store, had been able to make some more needy one happy, seemed to fill them with delight. I question if the receiver of those goods ever enjoyed a tithe of the measure of joy that their benefactors did over the gift. I have since learned that Jesus was not mistaken when he said "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The secret of true happiness is in trying to make others happy. This truth, however, had not then become fixed in my mind;

hence the illustration of its force excited my curiousity; but it paved the way for a more ready endorsement of the truth when it afterwards came to my notice. It was but one incident of a number; and when those parties, thus benefited, appear at the upper court on explanation day and the books are examined to find Mr. Good Will's name, I shall be there to bear witness that the correct way to spell it is K-e-l-l-e-y, and certify to the fact that the credit belongs to the same man who made our home so happy on Thanksgiving day in 1863.

Early in 1864 I quit the service of Mr. Kelley and entered the store of U. J. Tracy & Co. grocers, then doing business on Youge street (one of the main streets of the city). Here I received three dollars per month and my meals. My hours were from seven in the morning until ten and (on Saturdays) twelve o'clock at night. The surroundings at my new place contrasted strongly with those of the old. Generosity was not discernible. Scheming was the order of the day. The conversation between parties congregating there was frequently such as should not salute the ears of an eleven-year-old boy; and it was work, work, almost without intermission. Upon the arrival of a crate of strawberries, the boxes must be taken out, gone over, and extended until three boxes made four, and all the large berries appeared on the top. To quiet the diminutive conscience I was supposed to possess, I was told that they had been packed in the berry gardens closely to economize space, and that the retailers were compelled to spread things a little in order to "come out even." When a mixture of molasses and water was copiously administered to the currants, it was not to add weight, but simply to clean them; hence I was required to spend ten or fifteen minutes in rubbing them or stirring them around in the big drawer, while the liquid was being poured upon them. If the goods delivered were not exactly up in quality to those shown the purchaser when buying, it was not to deceive but simply a mistake, the frequent repetition of which was owing to having trusted the matter to the boy. Thus it was explained to the customer, if he chanced to complain.

These things did not escape the notice of "the boy," who was groaning under the strain of his long hours and heavy work; and they helped make him what the "boss" called "sassy." Mr. Tracy was a Southerner, and may or may not have been used to slave-driving, but he certainly had but little mercy on the child then in his employ. He stood on one occasion by the store door and laughingly chatted about the toughness of the boy, while he watched me carry a hundred pounds of flour in a sack for half a block. At another time he sent me up unto the roof of the two-story building to sweep the rubbish from a hanging guttering, at the risk of my life. He would put half a bushel of potatoes into a basket and place it on my head and hang another on arm loaded with goods and send me off with it to the customer. The novelty of such experiences wore off in time, and the sight of other boys at play was often contrasted with my own lot, till I would grow heartsick and grumble at the fate that made me poor. Many a night my feet have been blistered and my limbs tired and I would trudge home at nearly twelve o'clock and wish that morning might never come. At meal times on going up to the dining room after all others had finished, the sound would ring up the stairway after me, "Now, Joe, eat quick; this order is ready." And after spending from five to ten minutes bolting a few cold potatoes, or grinding on some other remnant of the meal proper, a summons would hurry me down to the store to take up the horrid drudgery where I had laid it down a few minutes before.

One night, about ten o'clock, while wearily trudging along the street with a half bushel of potatoes in a basket on my head, I fell asleep. I suppose it was only for a minute; but I suddenly became aware that I was plunging about on all fours, with an empty basket under me and half a bushel of potatoes rolling around the sidewalk and in the ditch. It did not take more than a second to realize the situation; but it took longer to recover from it and get those potatoes back into the basket, for the night was dark and the street lamps shone but dimly from a distance. One by one they found their way back, however, till all I could locate by feeling around the pavement were again balanced on my head and the journey was resumed. I have not the

remotest idea as to how many of those potatoes were left in the gutter, or what the judgment of the customer was regarding the non-scriptural measure she received. I have neither explanation nor apology to offer for any seeming impiety attending my course that night. I was puzzled and frightened then; and as I think now of my tired feet and aching arms and bitter spirit, I wipe the tear that memory starts and leave some more profound philosopher to fathom the intricate depths of that circumstance, and from moral ethics explain to the fastidious or æsthetic soul the degrees of responsibility attaching to my boss or myself on account of the customer's loss.

On another occasion, after running errands all day and on till about 11:30 at night, I was allowed to start for home. It was raining and I was already drenched. I had a full mile to go; but it was mostly along a well-lighted street. Raising the old umbrella I carried over my head, I started along at a fair gait, and kept it up for a quarter of the distance, then gradually slackened, for it seemed as if I could hardly get one foot ahead of the other. After going along, probably three fourths of the distance I was startled by hearing the voice of a woman, and on looking up, saw a fair sample of womankind, using her tongue at my expense. She stormed away at me, and I looked on, almost dazed, till I found it would be better for me to make tracks before a policeman arrived upon the scene. I had fallen asleep, and had staggered up against her and almost jostled her off the sidewalk; and she, supposing me to be drunk, was lavishing her eloquence upon my devoted head. When I took in the situation, I well knew that a plea of drowsiness would be but poor oil to pour on waters so troubled; hence I vacated the ground and allowed the insulted lady to expend the remainder of her rhetoric on the heavy midnight air. To some this may have a suspicious sound; but there are others, who have been similarly situated, so far as the feeling of exhaustion and weariness is concerned, and to such I need not add that I have not overstated the facts.

During my stay at this place I formed acquaintances such as have wrecked and ruined hundreds of boys, and my dedeliverance from like fate can be attributed by me to nothing less than the merciful interposition of Him who afterwards told me that I had been preserved from my birth to preach His truth. I, at least, prefer to acknowledge myself under lifelong obligations to Him for what seems now to have been the working out of a divine purpose, having in view my everlasting good. No good object can be served by a recital here of the many forms in which temptation was presented; but to the glory of my Preserver, I repeat that on many occasions there occured what I now look upon as special deliverances. The evils were inviting, my inclinations were strong in their direction, and I am at a loss now to find a single reason for my escape except in the fact that a loving Father in heaven was listening to the tender and constant appeals of my faithful mother and was interested in her boy.

Having a few minutes leisure time one day I, with another boy, slipped into the moulding room of a stove foundry, next door to my employers' store. No sooner had my absence been discovered than his familiar whistle rang out and I hurried back to the store. Upon learning where I had been my employer raised his foot and kicked me, ordering me up stairs to dinner, and requesting my return to the store in a very short time. Then there occurred a sudden uprising of the Adam located in my blood; but going up stairs I deliberately ate all the dinner I could get, and, regardless of whistles or calls, remained at the table till my plan was matured. Going down stairs I encountered a volley of billingsgate, and an order to deliver some goods at once. But quietly walking over to a place where some articles of my own were lying, and, securing them, I turned round to Mr. Tracy and told him to deliver his goods himself, for I was going home. His threats to withhold my wages and give me trouble, fell on stubborn ears; for I marched out of the store and was soon at home, where I poured into mother's ears a story about that kicking work that made her feel worse than ever I had done. I forget just how I told it; but one thing is certain, mother's impression concerning it and her indignation were not a shade less than the event justified. I had gotten sick of that place, and there seemed to be no way of getting out of it unless I

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made her believe that I had been terribly abused. That little kicking scrape served the purpose admirably; for it was magnified in the recital, till mother determined I should not return to the store. Thus the desired end was reached, though the means may not have been fully justifiable. I have never felt proud of what I did in that connection; but the object of this writing is to show the boy as he was, and not as he ought to have been.

After a couple of weeks' vacation I secured a position with a Mr. Florence, a boot and shoe dealer, where I had shorter hours, and could be home evenings. He was a Primitive Methodist, and an average good man, so far as his treatment of the writer went. But my stay with him was limited to less than four months; for what seemed a much better opening for me presented itself and I accepted it.

While I was in the employ of Mr. Florence, I was also employed by the church to which mother belonged, as an assistant organist, that is, I was to preside at the bellows-handle and do the pumping by which wind was furnished for the instrument. My services were required on all choir rehearsal nights and at both of the Sunday services, for which I received six dollars per quarter. One thing was accomplished by this occupation—it kept me regulary at church. There was a small wooden box, about the size of a large thermometer, fixed stationary in front of me, as I stood with the bellows lever in my hand. Inside this box (which had a glass face) hung a metal bob, or weight, which moved up or down as the wind in the bellows increased or diminished. Certain marks on the dial indicated the proper place to keep the weight registered, and all was easy to understand and perform; but one Sunday morning, while a hymn was being sung, I became somehow interested in finding out why that thing moved as it did without anybody touching it. So absorbed was I in this study that I watched the bob go up to the top of the box, not thinking that anyone else would be affected by my investigation; nor stopping to consider that the wind was getting scarce. When, lo! the organ music ceased, and the whole congregation stopped singing, in the middle of a verse. This sudden lull in the proceedings startled me, and seizing the lever I charged the concern hurriedly, so that not more than a second was lost. I learned, however, that it broke a terrible "hole in the ballad," and produced considerable consternation among those who were ignorant of the real cause. My reputation as a mischievous scamp gained somewhat by the incident; but it was a clear case of absent-mindedness, nevertheless.

About this time my uncle Mr. N. C. Love, to whom reference has already been made, offered to take me into his employ and teach me the business of dealing in drugs, chemicals, etc., provided I would behave myself and stay with him for several years. By some means I had become noted among all my relatives as a mischievous citizen and they predicted all manner of bad fortune for me. Doubtless their fear in this direction led to the proposal to take me and make a man of me, conditionally; for they all gave me credit for being intelligent enough for most emergencies of boy life. It was easy enough to promise good behavior to my aunt, who took me aside and advised me generously; and I really thought I was going to be good. But I appeal to all the boys who are now about twelve years old to know whether old folks' ideas of goodness are not outrageous. I used to think so anyway, but was willing to surrender considerable of conceit in that line, even then; provided they gave me decent treatment.

As before stated, my relatives were comparatively rich. I was poor, extremely poor; and like many other foolish boys I interpreted every undesirable act in them as an intended slur at my poverty. This feeling made me suspicious and resentful; which feeling, with the independent spirit I had inherited, made it extremely hard for me to climb up and stay on their ideal platform of goodness. However I was received and initiated into the secrets of bottle-washing, shelf-dusting, ashes-shifting, and in course of time into the higher degrees of pill-rolling and cutting, seidlitz powder making, and pestle-and-mortar manipulation. I was required to be on hand at about half past five in the morning; for my uncle always took an early walk of a couple of miles and left his son Charles and myself to dust all the shelves and bottles during his absence. Upon his return we took breakfast (for I boarded there) and

then Charles would go to school and leave me to run the errands and do the day chores for either the store or house. About half past seven at night I went to night school. For my uncle kindly paid for my tuition while I was with him; though I fear that those few months of school were wasted upon me. It would be ten o'clock when I arrived home; thus making seventeen hours from my rising till bedtime, which was too much; and I felt it, though nobody else, except mother seemed to notice it.

Mr. Love was a man in whose company anyone could feel comfortable. He was cheerful, chatty, young hearted, and full of good nature towards me. But he had a lightning temper, which, try as I might to be meek, I would occasionally provoke; for my mischief-loving propensities were then in process of development, and Charley and myself were well matched. He would back almost any scheme I would suggest, and some of them were far from being innocent or trifling. I had no time before or after business hours to enjoy a game or get among the boys; so I had to make the most of cousin Charley's company (when chores were not crowding) and get in all the fun possible. For it seemed sometimes as if I would explode or fly to pieces if some chance for sport did not materialize. On one occasion while we were together blazing powder in little patches along the ground in the alley back of the store, I stood a three ounce bottle that was about one third full of gunpowder, upon the upper edge of a wagon wheel and deliberately walked up and dropped a lighted match into it. The bottle disappeared rather hurriedly, a piece of it catching Charley in the leg about twenty feet away, but I escaped untouched, except by fright. I have never been able to account for it, for I stood within reaching distance of the bottle and it gave me no time to plead exemption rights.

Charley was older than I, by some three or four years, and though in for excitement, always needed somebody in the lead. I was willing to take all the risks and he was willing I should. One morning, while his father was off on his regular early round, Charley complained of some trouble inwardly and decided to take a couple of Ayer's pills as a remedy. Taking a box from the show case, he broke it open and took out two of the sugar-coated beauties. Placing one in his mouth he tried to swallow it; but the faces he made over the effort furnished a fund of amusement for me, and I twitted him over his babyishness, until he dared me to swallow one. Taking the box out of his hand, I took out one of the pills and almost threw it down my throat, swallowing it quite easily. Then I took another and another, in bravado, until I had swallowed seven of them. Thinking those were quite enough for one meal I put the box away and kept bantering Charley over his cowardice, for a couple of hours, or until the appetite for fun left me, which occurred about the time of my uncle's return. On entering the store he looked at me in passing, and inquired what ailed me—said I looked pale. Just then I was feeling quite pale, but was determined to keep upright if possible. The effort was almost too much for me, however, and I will never be able to detail the agonies of that forenoon; for it would beggar my descriptive powers were the attempt made. About noon, my uncle found me nearly dead, and taking me into the store, he mixed up an immense dose of cholera morbus medicine and made me down it without taking the glass from my lips. He had a name for the disease from which he said I was suffering. I have forgotten just what it was; but he said I would have soon been dead if he had not doctored me so promptly and lavishly. One fact stays with me, and that is the certainty that that dose had no ice in it. For about half an hour it seemed as if my breath could set snow on fire; but down it was. As if to add insult to injury, Charley would leer at me from behind the partition and repeat the motions I had made when taking those pills. He knew I dare not give the case away, and he enjoyed to the full the privilege of havi g his laugh last, after he learned that I had passed the danger line. On another occasion I filled a small vial with *aqua ammonia*, and carried it in my pocket to help keep the boys awake at night school. A neat perfume label adorned the outside of the bottle to encourage heavier sniffing when it was passed around. I need scarcely add that a second sniff was seldom called for. I received many a thump

for my generosity and once a boy on whom I had played a trick with that bottle gave me a terrible blow in the pit of the stomach that made me sick of ammonia for a month, and cured me of the propensity for carrying it around to benefit others. Juvenile philanthropy was at a discount in those days, and, as a consequence, my career in that line was short lived.

My uncle was a very precise man in his methods, and everything about his store must be kept in the neatest possible order. The windows had to be polished regularly; the sponges had to be washed till the last speck of sand or pebble had been removed from them; the powder papers had to be folded and creased almost to a mathematical exactness; the sidewalk in front of the store had to be sprinkled and swept twice every day, and the counters dusted a score of times. It seemed to be as easy for uncle to move around among the goods without disturbing them as for him to walk; but on the other hand, it seemed that at the very sight of me the olive oil bottles would fall over and break, and the tumblers slip off the counter, and holes get into the seed packages and let the contents spill over the shelves or floor. Brush and dust and wipe as carefully as I might, it was a rare thing for a week to pass without something occurring to remind me that I was not yet ready to graduate in my uncle's line of business. The fact is I was a boy; and the more I think of those days and times the more I am convinced of that fact.

A great many incidents come up now before me, which time and space forbid relating, and which at that time made me think my uncle was a fearful man; but mature reflection has led me to decide that the fearful part applied to the boy whose clumsiness he had so often to abide the consequences of. It used to seem hard for a boy to have to pass by an organ-grinder with a monkey attachment, without stopping to watch the cute maneuvers; and it took only such a little while to stand half an hour after he had determined just to take a look. But it was nearly forty years since uncle had been a boy and he could not understand how I occupied forty minutes in going on a ten minute errand. He had forgotten some things and I was very sorry his memory was failing so rapidly. Charley and I got permission, one day, to go and learn the whereabouts of a fire which seemed to be in the direction of my mother's home. It was shortly after noon when we left, and about supper time when we returned. We had spent a good part of the time in pelting snowballs at the burning building and in sporting with the crowd of boys we found near there. It seemed as if uncle must have been there too, for the way he did spit fire after our return was interesting. We were obliged to stand under it, however, and I can remember how like martyrs we felt and appeared. My aunt came and counselled with me afterward and tried to show me how improper it was to act in such a way, and reminded me of my agreement to be good. I was subdued—for the time—and after supper started off to night school. Next morning uncle was as good-natured as ever; but I was never allowed to run to any more fires.

(To be continued.)

A MISTAKE.

A little cloud, one summer day,
  While roaming o'er the sky so blue,
Began to scowl and pout, and say,
  "Oh, dear! what is there I can do?"

Now, just below it, midst the corn,
  An old man stood, with hoe in hand,
In tattered clothing, all forlorn—
  He seemed at work upon the land.

"Ha! ha!" the cloudlet laughed, and said,
  "Now, here's a chance to have some fun!
I'll rain upon your hoary head,
  My ancient friend, and make you run!"

But though the cloud rained hard and fast,
  The farmer wouldn't budge a bit,
Till in a pet the cloud at last
  Cried out, "I never saw such grit."

Because the farmer wouldn't scare,
  It sulked and frowned the livelong day.
How could it know the figure there
  Was just to keep the crows away?

—Buffalo Times.

THE PATH OF DUTY THE PATH OF SAFETY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER III.

Oh! sweet fond dream of human love!
A rose-cloud dimly seen above,
Melting in heaven's blue depths away.
—Whittier.

We glorify the supremacy of a first love, as though the heart did not require a training as varied as the intellect.—*The Galaxy.*

Each time we love
We turn a nearer and a broader mark
To that keen archer, Sorrow, and he strikes.
—Alexander Smith.

SHORTLY after my return home, I was standing at our front gate, in the bright moonlight of the early evening. The air was crisp and cool, but not uncomfortable for healthy youth. Standing there there came before me many scenes of early childhood; and, as I reviewed them one by one, I lived over again with almost the vividness of reality many days of the fleeting past, days and dreams too fondly sweet to linger long amid the stern realities of life.

While standing there a step drew near, and a form I knew only too well, cast a shadow in the moonlight for a moment and then paused at my side. Looking up quickly I said.

"Good evening, Mr. Warren."

He bent his head a trifle lower and answered in a subdued tone.

"Good evening, Stella; I am glad to welcome you home."

To this I made no direct reply, but essaying to unfasten the gate asked him if he would not come in.

"Not this evening," he replied; "the moonlight is tempting, the air delightful, and, Stella, there are so many voices all around us to whisper of the past."

I felt that under all the circumstances he had no right to talk this way to me, and I mantained my reserve; though with a great effort. For as he came up my heart was living in the past, and its sacred, sweet, and tender memories were echoing even then among the corridors of my soul. He seemed not to notice my reserve, but poured forth his love afresh, assuring me that he loved me just as well as he ever had; that his heart knew no change. Six months ago, I had longed for a moment like this, longed to hear just such words. But now that it had come how strangely my answer sounded even to myself, as it fell on the still evening air,

"You have trifled with me," I said quietly, "till it is now too late. I love another."

He stood for a moment perfectly still, a little more erect than before, with such a far-off look in his eyes; and when he looked down again and spoke to me, how subdued the manner, and how sad the tone.

"If you love another, Stella, I have no right to say anything more. May you be happy!" He held out his hand, saying, "We shall always be friends, at least, shall we not?"

"Certainly," I replied, and gave him my hand. For a moment he retained it, looking me steadily in the face and then said,

"Good-bye, Stella."

"Good-bye," I responded; but, before I was aware of his intentions, he suddenly threw his arm around me and kissed me; then said quickly,

"Forgive me, Stella; I could'nt help it." Then he walked rapidly away.

As I slowly turned and went toward the house I felt out of patience with myself that I was not angry with him for so doing; but I never had been angry with him in all my life, nor had he ever spoken a reproachful or unkind word to me.

When I had retired for the night and all the household were asleep, my own words echoed back to me; and I wondered how I ever could have said them to *him*, even though I wanted to punish him; and then I wondered if I really did love another? I had almost thought so until I heard myself saying the words. Then it seemed vague, as if I had only been spellbound; and I found myself wishing I had never seen that other and no trouble had ever come between me and my first love. But we had separated now and it was I who had said the words! Still I knew it would be no hard matter to bring him to my side again, provided he kept himself from liquor. Perhaps it would all come right yet. There was plenty of time to wait for things to adjust themselves.

The next day, just as I was going out for a call, I was greatly surprised to see

a carriage stop in front of the house and my cousin, Harrold Newton, spring out, followed by Mr. Fielding. I was much pleased to see Harrold; and, in the excitement of greetings and rapid questions, I found no time to wonder at the presence of the other. With his usual happy faculty he had already made friends with the members of the family present; especially with my father, who was delighted to learn that his mother had been an old playmate of his, and his father a distant relative of our own family. Ostensibly he had come over with Harrold for a short visit to our village and a few day's ramble among the hills.

The hospitality of our home was frankly offered them; but the young men preferred going to the public house. They were, however, frequent visitors at our house and the second evening after their arrival, Mr. Fielding invited me out for a drive. The day was perfect, the air delicious, and the odor of swelling buds and balmy breezes from the south were like a charm to the senses. Never was a casual companion more charming than the companion of my drive; and I enjoyed it all. The lovely landscape, stretching away until the sky and valley met in a blue haze; the clear lake by whose shore I had played through all the years of my childhood; the hours spent in the mossy old woods fringing its banks where we had searched for the trailing arbutus, —all lay before me like a dream, as I was whirled swiftly along behind the spirited span of horses, and as I listened to the animated conversation of their driver.

After our return home, my mother took occasion to have a serious talk with me in regard to my future settlement in life. She told me frankly that if Mr. Fielding should make suit for my hand that he would not only have the consent of herself and my father, but they would strongly urge his suit for him.

"But, mother," I said, "how can you mention Mr. Fielding? He is no suitor of mine and beside he is almost a stranger."

"If he is not a suitor now, he soon will be; for Harrold tells me that he has loved you from the time he first met you; and that his object in this visit is to win you and obtain our consent. "And, Stella," she added, "you must make up your mind to be governed by our advice; for your father favors him; and you know that he never permits obstacles of a light nature to stand between him and the accomplishment of his wishes."

"O mother," I said, "you surely would not ask me to marry a man I did not love; and I *could not* do it!"

"Indeed, Stella, Mr. Fielding is a man whom I think any woman might be proud to love; and if you are not wise enough to choose for yourself then we must choose for you."

I knew my mother too well to attempt to plead with her; my only hope was that my father might not have fully made up his mind. But my heart sank within me at the prospect of this new and unexpected trouble. In all my life my own will had never been arrayed against the will of my parents; and, while I was fascinated with Mr. Harvey, my own judgment had more than once told me that he was not the companion I ought to choose for the journey of life.

"When Mr. Fielding asks you to become his wife," my mother continued, "think well before you answer. If you accept him, we will always do all in our power for your happiness; but if you reject him, you must take the consequences."

To this I made no reply and my mother soon left me to my own reflections. These were painful enough. Poor mother! her heart was fully set upon her daughter marrying the stranger; and looking back upon it now I can realize how great the temptation was. For, while he was in reality a personal stranger to us, his family connections were of the best, and his prospects in life were very flattering. And staggered and blinded by pain as I was, I could even then see that he was a man whom any mother might be proud to have her daughter wed. But, alas! I had no heart to give him, and I could not say I loved him when I did not. My sky was suddenly becoming overcast and storm clouds loomed up heavily in the distance.

It was nearly time for tea, and Harrold with Mr. Fielding, were already in the parlor. I longed for some way of escape that alone I might face the new trouble, —look it squarely in the face,—and make up my mind firmly as to my future course. But no way presented itself. I could

not make a plea of illness; for, sick at heart and desolate as I felt now, but one short hour ago my spirits were buoyant, and the blood of youth fairly leaped in my veins. I must join the family, and perhaps, (I held my hands tightly above my heart at the thought of this,) before I entered my own little room again I would be forced to a decision. Then indeed the stern reality of that which was before me rested down upon me like a heavy cloud of blackness and darkness. I dared not remain by myself a moment longer, lest all my courage should fail me and I be unable to join the family.

Hastily bathing my face and smoothing my hair, without a glance at myself in the glass, I went down to the dining room and busied myself with arranging the table for supper. I was resolved, however, that after supper was over I would make my escape from the house for a time and steal quietly back to my own room when they had ceased to look for me. In this, however, I was disappointed; for, just as we rose from the supper table, my mother said to me,

"Stella, I will attend to the work and you can join the company in the parlor."

I knew the object of this, and knew that no appeal, however public it might be made, would cause my mother to change her mind. So I went into the parlor and made a desperate effort to appear as though I was unconscious of any change in the horizon of my life. I laughed and chatted with Harrold; and, when Mr. Fielding joined us, I kept up an uninterrupted flow of small talk, flavored with bandiage and jest, until I really wondered at myself and questioned how it was possible. After about half an hour Harrold left us, and Mr. Fielding proposed a walk.

Were all the fates against me? I could decline the walk, but would that better the situation? If he intended to ask me for my heart and hand, what difference when and where? If it must come better that it be soon and over with. But would it be over with? Not if my father and mother could help it. For I knew only too well that it would not be with any light struggle they would relinquish so brilliant a prospect for their daughter. Perhaps if I was alone with him I could tell him that it was only their wishes, not mine, and he would leave me to my fate. When I went for my hat I met my father. He was pacing the dining room with a troubled face. When I passed him he asked where I was going. I told him; and bending his eyes fixedly and sternly upon me he said,

"Stella, your mother tells me that you would be foolish enough to refuse Earnest Fielding. Is she correct in what she says?"

Standing there before my father, I think I must have felt as a condemned criminal feels when he rises to receive the sentence of his judge. I wanted to say, "O father pity me! Take me in your arms and comfort me; for I am so wretched!" But the words choked me and I could not speak. In fact, I stood spellbound, clinging to a chair for support, while he continued.

"Let me warn you, Stella, that my mind is fully made up. You must accept Earnest as your future husband, or incur my lasting displeasure. You have no choice left you as to this."

My limbs failed me and I sank into a chair, while great sobs shook my frame. It was not all grief at the thought of that which my father was requiring of me; for my heart quivered and bled at the thought of such injustice, such sternness. Oh, if he had but opened his arms and folded me in them, I could almost have obeyed him with a light heart. But his features never relaxed; and when the first storm of my passionate grief subsided he said,

"Go now; but remember that we know what is for your good far better than you know; and you never can have our conset to marry any man but Earnest Fielding."

For a moment an overwhelming sense of this great injustice again swept over me; but I managed to make my way out of the back door and there bathed my flushed face in a basin of cool spring water. The moonlight fell upon the earth and seemed to wrap it in a loving embrace. So lonely was my heart that I envied all things, animate or inanimate, that had aught to which to cling.

Looking back now, through the vista of years, I marvel at my blindness, my deep ingratitude, and know that a loving, heavenly Father was but showing me how weak were all the supports upon which I sought to lean, how unsatisfying were the earthly fountains at which I was

seeking to quench my thirst. In the trial of my youth Jesus had taken me in his arms and blessed me. When he found me heart-sore and bleeding he had poured the healing oil of gladness upon my wounds, and tenderly bound them up. But I had forgotten him; and now, in my blindness, I was groping to find upon earth a support which earth had not to give.

I do not now remember, indeed I doubt if I ever knew, how the first half hour of our walk was occupied. I remember that just as soon as I could compose myself, I returned to the parlor and made an apology for my long absence; that after the gate closed behind us he gave me his arm, and that we walked down toward the lake. I have a faint recollection that after a time the conversation languished and both seemed buried in their own thoughts, almost oblivious of each other. Our walk led us by the village schoolhouse, over the play ground and under the very trees where I had played or sat apart and talked with the lover of my girlhood in those happy days which seemed to me now as though they might have been ages ago. I heard as distinctly, with the ear of my spirit, his sweet, boyish laugh, so full of joyousness, and music, as I had ever heard it with my natural ear in the vanished past. It was not the arm of Earnest Fielding upon which I was leaning, but his,—Edward Warren's,—and he was repeating again in my ear the old, old story of his love for me.

Judge then, my friend, with what a start I awoke to realize that it was Earnest Fielding who was pleading with me. He had told me in a manly, straightforward way the story of his love, and was pleading that I would give him an answer. Just then we passed a rustic seat, and noticing, apparently for the first time, my deathly pallor, he said,

"Sit here Miss Percy; you look very weary. In my selfish joy of being with you, I have forgotten to take care of you."

"Not there," I managed to say, as we moved on. For many a time right there I had sat by Edward's side, and I trembled as though shaken by an ague.

"Are you cold?" he asked tenderly; "shall we return?"

"Yes, if you please, Mr. Fielding; I think I am not very well, and all this has been such a surprise to me."

He stopped and drew my shawl closely around my shoulders; then lifted my hand to its place upon his arm and pressed his own closely above it, to warm and steady it; for strive as I would I trembled like an autumn leaf.

"I have been very selfish to keep you out so long. If you will sit here for a few moments I will order our team. You are not able to walk home."

"Oh, yes I am!" I said quickly; and nerving myself afresh and by a powerful effort I recovered my composure, in part at least, and we turned to retrace our steps.

With tender consideration he refrained from saying more until we reached my father's gate, when bending down over me he said,

"I will not go in to-night. You are weary and need rest. Think of what I have said to you. I love you with all the powers of my being, and if you will be mine it shall be my constant aim to promote your happiness by every means in my power. May I call in the morning for your answer?"

It was beyond my power to have answered more than in monosyllable, so I answered him in the affirmative. Then bidding me good-night he turned and walked briskly away.

For a few moments I remained there, leaning upon the gate and dimly wondering in my own mind if I was indeed the same girl who, such a short time ago, had, while standing there, uttered so calmly to another the words, "It is now too late. I love another." O, Edward, Edward, if in saying this I wronged you, wronged myself, were not both being terribly avenged!

The family had not retired when I went in, but for some reason I was permitted to drag my weary steps to my room, and for the rest of the night to remain undisturbed. I laid aside my shawl and hat, and not yet daring to retire, lest my mother should come to question me, I threw myself into a chair; and, bowing my head on my hands, leaned them on my table, and gave myself up to thought. I forgot entirely the pain and perplexity of the present, forgot even the existence of Earnest Fielding and Mr. Harvey, and lived over again my girlhood days. Again my heart beat at the first sound of his voice, and my frame quiv-

ered as his steps drew near. Every sorrow he had caused me to feel, every pain which had pierced my heart, wounded me afresh as I sat there in the silence, while all the joy, all the blessedness of his love, flooded my soul as the moonlight was flooding the room. How long this lasted I know not. I heard the family retiring and felt such a sense of relief that none of them came to disturb me; and then there came back to me the consciousness of things as they were, and I knew that it was not Earnest Fielding and Mr. Harvey between whom I had to choose, but between him and the love of my childhood, my girlhood, and my riper years. Yes, between him, the acquaintance of a few brief days, and one whose life was so entwined with my own that it seemed like taking life itself to rend them apart.

I have spoken of choosing. What mockery! no choice was left me but to accept of the one my father had chosen for me or my father's curse. The term may sound harsh and strong; but that is what it meant. I could never do this! Never!

How still the house was as the hours slipped by. I sat there face to face with the one stern fact, which had been so clearly revealed to me. I loved only Edward; and we were separated forever! Oh how little I thought when I told him I loved another, that the ghost of my words would return to haunt me as they were haunting me to-night! How the echo came back to me, "Too late! too late!" I shuddered convulsively, and then was strangely quiet. I heard the clock strike the small hours as the night waned, and at last, benumbed and utterly worn out with the conflict, I threw myself upon the bed and slept the sleep of perfect physical and mental exhaustion.

(To be continued.)

GLORIOUS LIGHT.

Glorious light from heaven sent,
Precious truths to mortals lent;
Truths to light the blinded ages,
Fill us with a glad surprise.
And with praying hearts we read
Need to guide our minds aright,
Of His Spirit which we need,
Need to give us perfect light,
Need to free from errors chain,
Need to cleanse our guilty stain,
Need to prove that "God is love,"
Need to guide our souls above,
Prove "His order," show "His law,"
Holy, just, without a flaw,
Prove He always is the same,
Just and "Endless" is His name.
So may we His teachings heed,
And His children be indeed;
Heed His prophet's sacred word,
Given by our precious Lord;
So receive and do His will
That He'll teach and love us still.
And, if all these things we do,
Of the doctrine we shall know;
And his coming to us be
Happy day to set us free;
And "celestial bliss" attain,
All in Jesus' blessed name.

December 25th, 1886.

IRA S. BROWN.

OUR COUNTRY.

BY PAUL PARKER.

THE student of history who has only a partial knowledge of the various nations in the world, may consider the vastness of the Russian empire, with its rich, grassy plains, its great rivers, its mountains, containing vast wealth, its diversified climate, from the cold regions of the north to the mild and productive regions of the south; he may think of Italy, with its cloudless skies and natural wealth, and of all the nations of Europe, Asia, and Africa, with those of Mexico and South America, which together possess all the materials for great wealth and the same sun to give life to vegetation and to light the world; yet none of them can be compared with our own land, where the chances for prosperity and happiness are indeed unequaled.

This great difference is the result of

our having a better government here. And when foreigners leave their fatherland and come hither they can, with thrift and enterprise, soon possess comfortable and valuable homes. Surely the country that has done so much for mankind should be loved and honored by us. And while thousands each year leave their native lands for our shores few leave our country to better their condition in other lands. And I ask the reader to patiently follow while an attempt shall be made to trace the workings of the vast machinery of government. And while so doing please give place in your heart for the spirit of patriotism to take such deep root that by no chance will it ever die.

There are three great divisions in our government, Legislative, Judicial, and Executive. The first makes the laws; the second decides whether or not the laws made are within the provisions of the Constitution, and the last executes them.

The President is the chief executive. Upon him depends the carrying out of the laws made by Congress. He is chosen by electors who have themselves first been elected by the people for this purpose. His term of office is for four years, beginning on the fourth of March succeeding his election. It is not possible for him to personally attend to all the duties of executing the nation's laws and provisions, but he must have others to assist him as he directs them; and others still to be directed by those to whom he gives direction.

The members of the Cabinet, eight in number, are his assistants and advisers in the performance of his duties.

The Secretary of State is the most important one among the eight. This department has charge of all business that may arise between this government and the government of other nations. The great seal of the nation is in his possession, and it is his duty to affix it to all commissions given by the President. The Secretary of State gives instruction to the minister, consuls, and other officers of our government abroad. He has in his possession all the acts, resolutions, and orders of Congress; and through him the various officers of the federal and state government, and the people themselves, obtain printed copies of the same. He also publishes amendments to the Constitution and the treaties made with foreign nations and with Indian tribes. It is his duty to give passports to those of our citizens as desire to travel in foreign lands, together with such information as he may receive from our consuls abroad, such as may be of value to our people in doing business with other nations. And thus through him the President executes the laws made by Congress which pertain to his department.

The Secretary of the Treasury has charge of the financial affairs of the nation. This department is to the nation what the heart is to the man, for all the money that comes in and goes out passes through it. The millions of banknotes used in the business of the country are all brought into circulation under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury. He is aided in his duties by an assistant secretary, a comptroller, second comptroller, five auditors, a treasurer and his assistant, a register and his assistant, a commissioner of customs, a comptroller of the currency and his deputy, and a solicitor of the treasury. All the money gathered by the government is collected through this department, at the custom house, offices of internal revenue, land offices, and post offices. But he can pay out no money only as it is ordered by Congress. Through him the President executes all the laws of Congress that pertain to the collection and disbursement of the funds of the nation. The coinage of money is also under the management of this department. Mints for coining money are located in Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Carson City. At various times branches have existed in other cities, and at present there is one in Denver, which, however, does only assaying or refining.

The Secretary of War has charge of all matters pertaining to the army. In importance he ranks next to the President, who is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. In time of war it is a very responsible office to hold; because he executes for the President whatever laws Congress may enact for the purpose of carrying on war. For Congress only has power to declare war against another nation, or to appropriate money and call for men to take up arms. In proportion to its extent and population our country has the smallest army in the world, it being composed of less than 25,

000 men, while Russia has an army of 798,125 men, France 558,607 men, Germany 461,243 men, and Italy 730,013 men.

The Secretary of the Navy has charge of all matter pertaining to the Navy. In authority and dignity he ranks next to the President, and executes for him such laws as are passed by Congress in relation to naval matters. Our Navy is like our Army, being very small compared with the Navies of other nations. We rely more upon the patriotism of our people to cultivate the spirit of peace with all nations, but to be ever ready, without coercion, to respond to the calls of our country in time of danger. Our Navy Yards, Naval Acadamy, Naval Observatory, coast surveys and lighthouses, are all under the management of this department.

The Secretary of the Interior has charge of matters pertaining to patents, public lands, Indian affairs, the pensions for soldiers, and soldiers' widows and orphans, and over the census department and other matters of minor importance. He attends to the execution of the laws made by Congress in relation to his department. His position is one of great responsibility, and his duties bring him much in contact with the masses of the people, the disposing of public lands by sale, and homestead and preemption acts, and in granting pensions, and patents upon inventions. To accomplish this vast amount of labor he has many assistants to aid him.

The Postmaster-general has charge of the Mail service, and he executes the laws that affect the business of this department of the national government. It has had marvelous growth in one hundred years. In 1790 there were only seven hundred and thirty-five post offices in the United States, and now there are nearly fifty thousand of them.

The Secretary of Agriculture executes the acts of Congress pertaining to that department. Among these acts are the laws that provide for the inspection of meat that is to be exported, the distributing of seeds for experiments in various parts of the country, and the giving to the people such information as may be of value to them in their business as farmers, dairymen, cattle raisers and fruit growers.

The Weather Bureau and the Signal Service business are managed by this department. By these the people are informed daily of the kind of weather that may be expected. In great cities signal stations are located in large buildings. When a storm is approaching or a change in the temperature is about to occur, signals are displayed. By this means, and by the daily reports that are published in the newspapers, the public are kept informed upon this important subject. By the information thus given sea captains may know whether it is safe to leave harbor, or not, on account of an approaching storm; or they can be better prepared to meet it than they could without the information thus obtained. Railroad men and farmers can find it of great benefit to them. It is also of great use to the public at large, in the ordinary pursuits of everyday life. Certainly it is not supposed that their reports are always correct. The bureau only came into operation during the present generation, and between fifteen and twenty per cent of their predictions fail. But, notwithstanding this the people find it to be of great value; and they would not abolish it because it makes a few mistaks.

The Attorney-general is one of the members of the Cabinet and is the President's legal adviser in all matters of law. He is selected from the ablest lawyers of the nation. Cases that are to be tried in the Federal courts between the United States and other parties are under his care. To aid him in his work he has attorneys in the judicial district of the nation; also marshals, whose duty it is to arrest persons for violating the laws of the United States and to execute the order of her courts.

The President of the United States receives an annual salary of fifty thousand dollars, and the Vice President and each member of the Cabinet receives ten thousand dollars.

The President must be native born. A man born in a foreign country is not eligible to the office. In this country persons possess no right because of parentage or by nobility of birth. The one selected by the people may have been born in a log cabin, and have toiled on the farm or in the workshop. The only claim that he can present for the office is that he has been an honorable and a law

abiding citizen, and that he possesses the ability and patriotism to faithfully execute the laws enacted by Congress. The President selects his Cabinet; but they are not fully qualified to act until they have been approved by the Senate.

To many who receive a small monthly salary the pay of the above officers seem extravagant; but a comparison with some other nations will show quite the reverse. In Turkey, the sultan and royal household receive $10,000,000; Russia, emperor and royal household, $9,608,000; Italy, the king, $3,146,000; Germany and Russia, emperor and king and royal family, $2,957,077; Austro Hungary, emperor and king, $5,501,200; Spain, king, $1,355,-200, and the rest of the royal family $445,280; Bavaria, king and royal family, $1,293,940; Belgium, king, $543,840; Wurtemberg, king and royal family, $528,304; Portugal, king and royal family, $643,-720; Great Britain and Ireland, queen and members of the royal household, $1,292,210. Among that number they receive as follows: The queen (privy purse) $290,400; the Prince of Wales $400,000; the Princess of Wales $48,400; the Dukes of Edinburg and Connaught each $121,000; other members receiving a less sum. Denmark, king, $268,886, and heir apparent $32,263; Greece, king, $252,541; Roumania, prince, $174,240; France, president, $116,160, and state household, $58,080; Sweden and Norway, king $80,663, and royal family $418,926.

When we consider that many of the above spend their time in idleness, and some in riotous and profligate living, we feel that we are a much favored people.

This vast net-work of government machinery progresses without a jar. All departments and individuals are responsible for their acts to some superior power. Assistants of every department are responsible to their respective heads, and they to the President, the President to Congress, and Congress to the people. Should the members of Congress fail to carry out the wishes of the people they would not be returned to office at the expiration of their terms. The laws passed by Congress are the "supreme law of the land." Should the executive or legislative departments act in positive violation of the laws then the Federal or Supreme Court would interfere.

(To be continued.)

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

"IS THERE ANYTHING IN THE REVEALED WORD OF GOD THAT CAN BE PRODUCED TO ESTABLISH THE FACT THAT THE SABBATH SCHOOL IS A NECESSITY FOR LATTER DAY SAINTS?"

WHILE the Sabbath school is not named in any of the books claiming to be divine, there is *much* in those records that renders that institution a necessity in these latter days.

It will be admitted by all Bible believers, that it is essential that young and old should be instructed in the things of God; because "this is life eternal, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."—John 17:3. They can never know him until they are taught to believe in him; they cannot intelligently believe in him until they have been taught his revealed will, and the necessity of obedience thereunto; and without obedience they cannot answer the purpose of their creation, therefore cannot enter into the glory of God.

In order that the offspring of the children of Israel might be taught the statutes of Jehovah, and be led to believe in him, Moses commanded concerning those statutes, "Teach them to thy sons, and thy sons' sons." And God said, "Gather me the people together and I will make them hear my words, that they may learn to fear me all the days that they shall live upon the earth, and that they may teach their children."—Deut. 4: 9, 10. "These words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children." —Deut. 6: 1, 7. The Psalmist says, "For he established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law unto Israel, which he commanded our fathers, that they should make them known unto their children, that the generations to come might know

them; even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children."—Ps. 78:5, 6.

If the law given through Moses was of such vast importance to all Israel that every child must be instructed in it, of how much greater importance must that be which was given through Christ, the perfect law of liberty; and how much greater the necessity that every child should be instructed in that gospel, for through obedience to that, and to that only, comes the knowledge of God and eternal life. The prophet Nephi realized that importance; for he said, "We talk of Christ, we rejoice in Christ, we preach of Christ, we prophecy of Christ, and we write according to our prophecies, that our children may know to what source they may look for a remission of their sins."—2 Nephi 11:7.

King Benjamin taught little children the commandments of God, as we find in Mosiah 1:12. In chapter two, paragraph three, he appeals to the parents, telling them that if they have come to a knowledge of God they will teach their children so to walk that they may attain to the same precious knowledge.

Alma recognized the absolute necessity of the youthful mind being filled with divine wisdom, and he exclaimed, "O remember, my son, and learn wisdom in thy youth; yea learn in thy youth to keep the commandments of God."—Alma 17:11.

In the revelations given in these latter days God has commanded us to teach our children to understand the doctrine of repentance, etc., that they may become fit subjects for baptism at eight years old. (D. & C. 68:4.) And he declared F. G. Williams was under condemnation because he had not taught his children light and truth. (D. & C. 96:6.)

"Well," says the objector, "there is not a word about Sabbath schools in all that you have quoted, the duty referred to devolves upon the parents." Granted; nor shall we seek to free the parents from the duty enjoined upon them. But it must be remembered that we are not now living under a theocracy, as were the Israelites in the days of Moses. The world has not acknowledged God as its ruler, for, like apostate Israel, the nations have chosen rulers of their own, or else aspiring men have thrust themselves upon them as rulers; and God in his tender mercy has forborne to put upon them the penalties for the neglect of this duty that were then in force; but he has never released the parents from the obligation.

Nevertheless this duty has been almost universally neglected, and it still is; hence millions of the rising generation are growing up without the knowledge of God or of his word. And here let me say: None are more guilty of this neglect than those who oppose the Sabbath school. And I fear that to them will come a two-fold condemnation, because they not only neglect this sacred duty at home, but they also, directly or indirectly, obstruct the work in the Sabbath school. Yet the neglect of such parents is one of the prime causes that renders the Sabbath school a necessity.

Another great cause may be found in our system of education. Yet, in the divided state of the world upon the subject of religion, it is hardly possible for this second cause to be entirely removed; for the conditions are such, in a religious point of view, that if the Bible, or religious training of any kind, was admitted into our common schools, a strite such as the world has never seen would endanger the safety of our government, and would deluge the land with seas of blood. Hence God and his revealed truth are shut out of the schoolroom, the religious nature of the child is left undeveloped and untouched, and the heart and mind which should be trained for God, and in which should be found growing all the graces and beauties of the spiritual life, are left barren and desolate, dead to all that can render life blissful in this world and in that which is to come.

Since parents neglect this duty, and our present system of education entirely ignores it, upon whom shall this obligation rest? The world cannot perform it, because it knows not God. Shall the church ignore it, under the pretext that her work is to preach the gospel? Are we not commanded to *teach* all nations? Is there any better time to commence that work than in youth, when the mind is tender and easily inclined to good or evil? Shall we leave the youthful mind to the evil influences that beset it on every hand; to grapple with the fell powers of darkness, unshielded, unaided, and untaught; and then, when that heart

and mind have become the nest of every unclean and hateful bird, the cesspool of every filthy thought, and the seat of all kinds of corruption, calloused in sin, sunken in the depths of degradation, gnarled and twisted entirely out of the straight line of right and truth, and *then* commence our work of bringing them into the pleasant way of truth and peace? If the church does thus neglect her duty she will be a traitor to the human race, an enemy to her own best interests, and unfaithful to her God; then her power for good will wither away; she will become barren and desolate; and, instead of her exclaiming, in the joy of her heart, "Who hath begotten me there?" "who are these that fly as doves to their windows?" she will be left childless and a widow, disowned of God and dishonored of man.

To her has been committed the sacred trust of enlightening the world by communicating the truths of God to the young as well as to the old, of leading the little ones into the courts of God's house, that they may be fitted to dwell in his presence. Then, shall the members of Christ's church be found laying hindrances in the way of the Sabbath school, simply because God has not mentioned it in his word? Has he not enjoined upon us to do much good of our own free will, without waiting to be commanded? Shall we be slothful servants? Or shall we seek opportunities to do good, and thus be worthy of hearing the welcome plaudit, Well done, good and faithful servant?

No true worker in the cause of righteousness will be found opposing this work of faith and labor of love. Faithful parents will not only implant in the infant mind the first seeds of truth and right at home, but they will further aid in the development of that truth by leading, or sending, their children to the Sabbath school, where they can be further instructed therein. And they will encourage those who so willingly devote their time and talents to bless the rising generation. In conclusion, let me draw your attention to the following facts: That God has commanded us to teach the rising generation to love and serve him; that this duty is neglected by the parents at home; that our system of education shuts out entirely this training of the heart and mind for God, by its confining the young mind to the study of things secular, and those alone. Thus the spiritual development of the child is utterly disregarded, and he is left the prey of every evil influence, without direction, warning, or protection. I say that these facts render the Sabbath school an absolute necessity, and it becomes the imperative duty of every member of the church to aid and encourage the Sabbath school by their talents, means, and, if possible, by their presence and labor.

No tongue can tell, nor pen portray, the good that has been and shall be accomplished by that sacred institution, so long as it shall be opperated under the light of God's word, and the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Its benefits can only be measured by the limitless wisdom of God, and by the measureless breadth of eternity

CHARLES DERRY.

A PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

O, Father, strengthen thy child, I cry,
For I am weary and worn;
My feet, in the narrow pathway high,
Are pierced by many a thorn.

The road is rough, and the way is long,
The pitfalls many and deep;
My heart in its sadness has never a song
To cheer, when the path is steep.

I am tired, so tired, of wandering on
Through sorrow, and want, and sin;
My friends, and the loved ones, all are gone
Where I cannot enter in.

I am, Oh! so weary of life and pain,
Pray whisper the words once more,
"The loss of earth is in heaven gain,
When we pass the now closed door."

Oh! lift up thy mighty arm, my God;
Encompass me round about;
I will lowly bend beneath thy rod,
Till the light of life burns out.

Shield my aching heart, and spirit, too,
From tempters who round me prey;
And my many duties I'll strive to do,
And walk in the narrow way.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa, Jan. 14th, 1892.

MINA A. PERKINS.

THE FRANKLIN SERIES.

LETTER IV.

With purer thought and nobler heart
We'd serve thee, O, my gracious Lord;
From out the treasure of thy word
We would receive the living bread.

SO felt Abron in his soul; and, marching on, the way grew plainer, the light beamed more brightly, and the precious promises of God bound his pulsating heart with strong yet tender cords of love. The emptiness of earthly things was very apparent to his mind; for, while worldly pleasure would pass from thought, the spiritual favors of God's mercy were more abiding; and in times of conflict often served a salutary influence.

There came a time when he was sent on a mission East. He visited his parents, and had his mother accompany him to where his eldest sister had been buried the year before. He found himself short of means and sent to the Bishop for aid, but had to wait two weeks ere he received any. He counted his money, and what the expense of the journey would be and there remained but twenty-five cents. This was not sufficient for after-expense in the city, for transfer, etc., and he so informed his mother. But he purchased tickets to a given point, and upon arrival there he bought tickets for their destination. He asked the agent how much they were and Abron counted the amount. Seeing that he had more than twenty-five cents he repeated his query and received the same answer. Tears filled his eyes; for he knew the Lord had mysteriously provided more means; as the answer of the agent was in perfect harmony with Abron's estimate. His mother saw the change of countenance, and asked the cause. Abron answered,—

"You remember how much money I told you I had, what the expense for our journey would be, and how much I'd have left?"

"Yes," replied his mother.

"Well, see here," said Abron, "I have two dollar and fifty-five cents."

"Where did you get it?" asked his mother.

"I do not know, save this, that no human being gave it me," replied the astonished Abron. "Here is a dollar, mother, just what I desired I might have been able to give you," and his mother gratefully received it.

They soon parted, and Abron passed on to his mission-field to labor in part with many whom he had known in earlier years. There he met with young men who were boys when he was a boy; and with men older than when Abron "first believed;" but, strange as it may seem, to their lives, years, and "experince," had added no wisdom to their doings. They were ever seeking to teach the law yet ever infringed upon its sacred provisions ofttime, to the producing of division and contention. While Abron was there the Lord communicated his will concerning matters; and we here take permission to give a brief extract, for the good there may be in it:—

"And there shall be no opposition against my appointed servants of this branch; to speak ill of their work in righteous doing, or to depreciate the same by any private talk or act to their detriment; for such is displeasing unto me." An item concerning members negligent in duty, was given thus: "Behold, such shall be visited; and inasmuch as they manifest no desire to continue their standing in my church, or to act in harmony with the rulings and laws governing members thereof, they shall be dropped (cast off) as withered branches, not being willing to receive life from the proper spiritual source. They shall not cumber the spiritual ground of my church. Any who manifest a willingness to return and renew their diligence shall be dealt with leniently; but a continued disregard for the laws of my church, by which every individual member therein should be governed, shall not be tolerated."

This seemed to be, and really is in harmony with God's written word, the Scriptures. It is obvious that negligence can never win the reward given unto faithfulness; for Jesus has plainly taught that, "no man can serve two masters;" and any who try will find out their mistake.

Notwithstanding the favors received from the Lord, Abron had his severe trials, sometimes of a physical nature, or a spiritual one, when darkness of feeling and thought would crowd upon his

mind. But during one of these times the following beautiful lines came to his mind and he wrote them:—

"There is no name like Jesus,
None that's so dear to me;
For I do know he blesses
The bondmen and the free;
I know that he will keep me
Safe from the wily foe,
And that he will protect me,
Wherever I may go."

Oft did he experience the protecting power of God, under varied circumstances and in many places. Battling for the right was no small effort; and to maintain "the faith" in his soul was at times a great task. For the waves of trial dashed so strongly against him that he (not being a rock) was almost carried away. One thing, however, proved to him a security, he stood upon the "Rock of Ages;" and being firm in his determination he was kept by the strength of the Almighty. "The Lord is a strong tower into which the righteous flee and are saved." One time, while feeling tired and as though the Lord had forsaken him, he received a letter from a far distant friend, stating that they were ill, and had felt prompted that day to write to Abron asking his prayers. He thought that it was strange, but went into the house and alone prayed unto God, and was especially blessed. He then wrote a letter to the afflicted one; and after a time received a reply stating they were better—and the improvement dated from the very time prayer had been offered for the sick one. So he felt that perhaps when a person feels downcast, forsaken of God, then is the time when they are had in peculiar remembrance, and that "the Lord is not far from every one of us." How little we fully realize God's nearness and tender mercy, and his great goodness to us all. Abron felt to exclaim:—

Closer to thee O, Lord
Now let me walk;
Far from the world to be
But near to thee.
Far from the darkened way,
Out in the light of day,
O, do thou guide my way
Up unto thee!

Precious unto the soul is the Lord of life alway! Abron used to be called "vain," "proud;" but he did not think he was so. And I will here relate an incident said to have occurred unto him. He had been out in a rural district preaching God's word. Some few months ere this, however, he had purchased a suit of clothes. The pantaloons although of the same color were not so good material as the coat and vest. He expected to go to a certain town to preach; and, desiring to look respectable, he prayed unto God that if there was anyone near who could give him means wherewith to buy a pair of pantaloons, to have it put into their breast to give him enough to obtain them. He went into town, saw a young married man, and asked permission to remain at his home a few days, as he was expecting some mail matter determining the course of his travel.

"Why, yes," said the man, "and remain until after ——," naming the day.

"Why so," queried Abron.

"Well, that's pay day in the shops, and I wish to give you some money."

Abron was willing to stay for "pay day," when he received five dollars, bought his new pantaloons, gave the old unto the poor, and had fifty cents left. He told the Lord he didn't like to go to a town to preach, looking so shabbily clad.

There was a time when a person preceded Abron to a certain town and told a certain family that brother Abron would be there at a given time, "and you'll find him a proud young man; and I'm going to send him here, for you have, possibly, as good a home-place as there is in the branch." Abron arrived, and after being there two weeks one of the daughters of the family told him what had been said, and how they felt over it. She said she took it to the Lord in prayer, and that he was shown to her as being in their home two weeks and how he appeared during that time; and they recognized no "pride" save that of cleanliness. And she said: "You can't tell how much that dream assisted us in receiving you into our home." It is not always that people judge aright of another. It was written of Jesus, "He shall not judge after the sight of the eyes nor the hearing of the ears." The means that humanity is so prone to use, are discarded by Jesus.

In a communication given through Abron to a branch in answer to their prayer we glean the following item regarding pleasure: "I, the Lord, have implanted within human nature a lively disposition, and designed that man shall use it with discretion. Here is wisdom,

that he may, by use of the same, find relief from the burdens and cares of business life, to illumine his mind, and give cheerfulness thereunto, that man be not overpowered by anxiety of mind. The pleasures that are lawful ye may know, inasmuch as they are of such a character as are not unchristianlike, or unbecoming those who profess my name, or that would bring reproach upon my church, in the estimation of the people. I have not designed that man shall deny himself of all pleasure. But ye shall not so far indulge even in lawful pleasures as to become forgetful, or n gligent of your duties, as those who profess my name nor that ye remain from the house of worship thereby. Some have permitted themselves to become negligent in duty and in the observance of my commandments, by excessive indulgence in these things; and thereby Satan has taken advantage to darken their minds and lead them astray. It is *in excess* of these things that injury is wrought. Ye shall not, therefore, suffer yourselves to be overcharged therewith to the neglecting of your spiritual duties, otherwise ye shall come under condemnation, and grieve my Spirit."

This was clear and to the point; and it satisfied those who had prayed to learn of the matter. There are those in the world who cannot discriminate—but class *all* pleasure as that of sin! If we are to condemn all pleasure as wrong, because some is or may be so, we might with the same degree of impropriety dispense with *all* religious views. Classification, the work of discrimination, is the only reasonable method to be persued in the premises. The reverse is unreasoning, and justly branded as "bigoted." For in one place we read, "Put away *all* laughter," etc. And in the same book, about coming to the house of prayer on the Lord's day, it says: "Not with *much* laughter, for *this* is sin." Here is discrimination. So thought and believed Abron of the word. The gospel has its enlightening tendencies; and they who open their hearts unto its influence shall receive of its holy benefits.

Abron did not have a pleasant time alway; for his life was threatened more than once. One evening while going to the place of service he was shot at by some one secreted behind an open fence. The shot divided and fell before and behind Abron on the frozen ground like hailstones—not one so much as touching his garments. Eggs (over-done), ice balls, and stones, were thrown at him but none ever touched him. At a certain place in a Western state, some five years ago, he received a friendly note advising him to leave the community upon penalty of "a flogging with a black-snake whip." The following evening he called for the writer of the note to stand up if he were present and let the audience look at him; but no one responded. Such characters are usually muscular blusters, but moral cowards. They have low conception of manly graces, and require cultivation of the principle of honor.

Abron went to a town called Minerva, and out into the rural districts. Seeking a house in which to preach, he obtained a "Union church," and at the time appointed had a full house of attentive listeners. He afterward learned that the house had been opened with the understanding that, "If he preaches Mormonism (Utahism) we'll not let him have it again." So they didn't call it Mormonism, thinking what they heard was "quite orthodox," so Abron preached again in the evening. He went home for the night with some Lutheran friends who claimed to believe in primitive Christianity, and they treated him very kindly. Abron, while seeking to "declare the whole counsel of God" was ever made to realize the truthfulness of the promise of the Master: "Lo, I am with you alway."

The promise made to Abron of seeing Bro. S.—, as named in the second letter, was verified ten years afterward; and Abron had traveled many thousands of miles, and passed through many blessed and many trying seasons during that time. When at last he met with S— and had told of the promise made him, said the brother: "I had a very sick spell and was nigh unto death, but I recovered; thank the Lord." "Yes," said Abron, "you were not to die until I had met with you; for the Lord said I should see you." He spent several days with the brother, preaching in his home, and then he left for other parts of the missionary field.

In 1885 he was shown of labor to be performed in a certain town, and upon going there five months after he met a certain elder, and the two were together

two days. Upon the departure of the latter he remarked to Abron, "What do you think of this branch?" "I don't know anything about it," replied Abron. "Well, what do you think of the idea of putting a child to the breast of a dead mother for nurse?" Abron mentally queried: "What have you been doing that you leave the branch no better than you found it?" God blessed A. and the people were revived, and members added to the church. The good done was because the people of God were specially addressed; and they opened their hearts to receive and act upon what they were taught. Any servant of God who stands up to declare of the truth as a man-pleaser is going to fail in his effort to do good; and no man has the right to say what God may have to deliver to the people nor how. No servant of God is to be held resposible for the interpretation others place upon his teachings or method, so long as he is self-conscious that he is standing loyally by "the truth as it is in Christ Jesus," and seeking only the betterment of man's condition. Israel of old found fault with God's servants because they did not always prophecy (preach) to suit them. Human nature likes to be promised good things, but ever is ready to evade the benefit of a righteous reproof. Abron recognizing these facts—ever sought to declare the truth as the Holy Spirit directed, "holding no man's person in admiration for advantage sake."

In 1887, Abron took unto him an helpmate, in whom he found a friend, and a heart in which to confide; and who has *not* been ready to place a hindering cause in his pathway in preaching the word of God. For, having been born of parents who obeyed the gospel years agone, knowing its real worth, there was implanted in her heart a desire for "the truth as it is in Christ Jesus." Since then she, too, has sought to serve God. Thus we close this sketch of the life of our friend Abron, whose name since he entered the marital relationship is J. F. McDowell.

ALCOHOL AND MURDER.

TOLSTOI, THE RUSSIAN NOVELIST, WRITES ON THE LIQUOR CURSE.

A SOBER man scruples to do that which a drunken man will execute without hesitation. These words embody the essential motives that induce people to have recourse to stupefying drugs and drinks. People employ them either for the purpose of stifling remorse after having performed an action disapproved by their conscience, or else in order to induce a state of mind in which they shall be capable of doing something contrary to the dictates of their conscience, and to which the animal nature of man is impelling him.

A sober man has conscientious scruples to visit lewd women, to steal, to commit murder. A drunken man, on the contrary, is troubled with no such scruples. Hence it is that if a person wishes to do something which his conscience forbids him to do, he first stupefies his faculties.

I recollect being struck by the statement made by a man-cook on his trial for the murder of an old lady—a relative of mine—in whose service he had been living. From the account he gave of the crime, and the manner in which it was perpetrated, it appears that when he had sent his paramour, the maid servant, out of the house, and the time had come for him to do the deed, he seized a knife and repaired to the bedroom where his intended victim was; but, as he drew near, he felt that in his sober senses he could not possibly perpetrate such a crime. "A sober man has conscientious scruples." He turned back, gulped down two tumblers of brandy that he provided and felt that he was ready to do the deed, and did it.

Nine tenths of the total number of crimes that stain humanity are committed in the same way, "First take a drink to give you courage."

Of all the women who fall fully one half yield to the temptation under the influence of alcohol. Nearly all the visits made by young men to disorderly houses take place when the faculties have been blunted and dulled by intoxicating liquor. People are well acquainted with this property of alcohol to

deaden the voice of conscience, and they deliberately make use of it for this purpose.

Nor is this all. Not only do people cloud their own faculties in order to stifle the voice of conscience, but, knowing what the effect of alcohol is, whenever they wish to make other people perform an act that is contrary to the dictates of their conscience, they purposely stupefy them in order to render them temporarily deaf to its remonstrances.

In war soldiers are always made drunk when they are about to be sent into close hand to hand combat. During the storming of Sebastopol all the French soldiers were completely intoxicated. After the storming of a fortress in the Central Asian war, when the Russian soldiers showed no inclination to plunder and kill the defenseless old men and children of the place, Skobeloff ordered them to be duly plied with brandy till they were drunk. Then they rushed out to accomplish the ghastly work.

—Tolstoi in Contemporary Review.

"In Memoriam."

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND LABORS OF SISTER HELEN M. P. SMITH.

BY HER HUSBAND.

[Concluded from last month.]

BESIDE the gift of faith to be healed she enjoyed the gift of vision and spiritual dreams, also the gift of prophecy to an unusual degree, and the gift of tongues, and the interpretation of tongues. She has spoken in six different tongues during her experience in the church.

Among the most remarkable visions that she had was of seeing an almost innumerable company of people coming from the far north, on a broad and high road, level and beautiful, which lay in the sea, with no land in sight on either side. They were an unusually tall people, both the men and the women, being large, well built, and somewhat swarthy. They marched in regular order, appeared to be under perfect discipline, and were very cheerful and happy. They were also singing, but it was in a strange tongue to her. At this time, which was but a few weeks after she was baptized, she had not seen the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and had never heard of the return of the ten tribes of Israel from the north country, or of a highway being cast up in the sea for them to travel upon. In her vision she saw a man standing near her, of whom she inquired as to who these people were, and where they were going. She was told that they were some of the lost tribes of Israel, and were coming from the Arctic regions to Zion, preparatory to going to the land of Palestine.

While mentioning this vision the writer is reminded of one had by Sister T. J. Franklin, now of Independence, concerning our mission to the South Sea Islands, which she described to Sister Smith months before we started on that mission. It is related here because it was one of the many evidences given of the calling of herself and husband to that field, the wisdom and propriety of which was doubted by many. The sister saw them land from a vessel (which was painted white), at a village or town which was situated on a large island.

She saw that upon the shore throughout the town, and back upon the hillside were many cocoanut and other strange trees. On the shore where the vessel lay there was a long shed, and under this shed there were a large number of dark-skinned people, neatly dressed, who had come to meet the missionaries. She saw Sister Smith go on shore with her companion, and then, with some of the native men who had come on board to greet them, they went to the women who were under the shed. She saw that Sister Smith began to cry, because she was among strangers whose language she could not understand, and that two women, who were dressed in dark blue dresses, took her in their arms and tried to console her. One of these was a large, fleshy woman, who had a defective eye; the other was smaller and she had a very pleasant countenance. Now if Sister Franklin had been present, and had described what she had seen with her natural

eyes, she could not have more graphically described what actually occurred. The large sister was Puturua of Maatea, and the other was Tepure of Kaukura, the adopted daughter of Elder John Hawkins.

When Sister Smith was confirmed by Bro. Jason W. Briggs she was informed that she should receive the gifts of the gospel; and it was not long after that she received in Farmington, Iowa, the gift of prophecy. Afterward, when she went on the first mission to the Eastern States, she received the gift of tongues and interpretation.

There is one fact connected with the exercise of these gifts on her part, which served to produce confidence in the divinity of the revelations given through her. That was that, as a rule, she was unwilling, or at least reluctant, to speak, and only spoke by constraint of the Spirit. Her companion states that she must have spoken fully five hundred times in her twenty-five years' experience in the church; and that he had never reason to think that she spoke through a desire to speak, or what seemed to be her own mind, but two or three times. There are scores of men and women in the church who have received through her, instruction by the Spirit which had an important bearing upon their future life and conduct. The writer knows that some of them were kept from despondency and doubt, and even from despair. By the voice of warning others were saved from dangerous temptations, which, if yielded to, would have cost them their standing in the church. Others were instructed how to proceed in cases, the settlement of which was to them a matter of doubt and uncertainty. Others had light given to them in answer to prayer. Also the secret, and supposed unknown, sins of others were brought to light; and although in some cases they were denied by the guilty ones, yet invariably were the revelations sustained by eye witnesses, who in due time confirmed what she had spoken.

These cases were the most painful of her experiences in speaking in prophecy; and she would resist the Spirit as long as it was safe for her to do so. Now what is meant by that is this: Soon after her union with the church she was taught that it was dangerous to "quench the Spirit." For at one time, in Farmington, Iowa, she was constrained to speak upon an unpleasant matter; but refusing to speak she was taken possession of by an evil spirit, which caused her to leave the meeting and go up stairs, where she engaged in a most unearthly laughter. Her companion and another elder laid hands upon her, rebuked the unclean spirit, and it left her at once, so that she went down stairs perfectly willing to speak what the Lord had for her to say; which word she spoke to the good of the work there, as was soon manifest.

Because of this lesson she was ever after fearful of quenching the Spirit; and, being found by the evil one to be so useful to the church, he determined to seek to destroy her, in divers ways. Her companion was aware of that fact, and, knowing the determination of the devil, he was therefore enabled to bear with considerable patience the trials brought about by the enemy to destroy her influence for good in the church. At one time the adversary sought to kill her direct: for, on the island of Campo Bello, New Brunswick, in a testimony meeting the devil was seen standing back of her, with his right arm around her neck. He only touched her on the throat, where his hand was placed in an attempt to choke her. At the same moment that this was seen by the elder in charge of the meeting, she cried out that she felt a hand on her throat, and that she was being choked. The evil one was rebuked at once, and he departed. In this same meeting, and just before this circumstance occurred, one Saint who had the gift of discernment saw several small, dark clouds of the size of a pillow, and that were round like a cylinder, roll over the faces of several and down to their waists, and then roll up over their faces again. As the clouds covered the faces of the individuals, they would instantly fall asleep. This result was seen by all who were not affected themselves, and after meeting was over some of those who were affected stated that they would find themselves going to sleep against their strongest efforts to keep awake, and that suddenly they would wake up, only to fall asleep again in a few moments, and then awake and then go to sleep again. After the casting out of the evil one who was endeavoring to choke Sister Smith, this influence left and quite a lively, and spiritual time was

enjoyed during the remainder of the meeting.

As said before, the adversary sought in different ways to destroy the influence for good that Sister Helen was exerting. Many times was her life in danger; and often did Satan seek to take her in snares that were laid for her. The writer has seen some of the most skillfully planned devices, such as only satanic cunning could devise, to lead her from the path of uprightness, plans that required weeks of time for their full development. But this is the work that Satan tries with all who can be or are being used by the Almighty as instruments of blessing to their fellow man. And in the exercise of the gift of prophecy, and the gift of tongues and interpretation, by Sister Helen, a number have been warned of such devices of Satan; and by paying heed to the warning voice of the Spirit they have escaped the pitfalls dug by the adversary of souls. On several occasions the writer was so warned through the gifts exercised by her that he was enabled to escape some cunningly devised plans of Satan to lead him from the narrow way. No wonder that Satan was angry with her, and that he sought her destruction; his scheme being so often frustrated in the manner named.

Not only was moral danger averted, but also physical suffering was avoided by reason of warning given through the Spirit. At one time while on the Island of Grand Manan, Province of New Brunswick, the preaching of her husband was designed to be prevented by the evil one inspiring some rowdies to put cayenne pepper and brimstone on the stove, which, being located near the front door, the cold air rushing in whenever the door was opened, would drive the pepper and brimstone laden air back to the platform upon which the speaker stood, and in front of which the few Saints in the place were seated. The Spirit had before admonished the Saints that they should not permit themselves to get angry or excited at this attempt of the children of Belial to break up the meeting, and they were told that if they heeded the warning that they should escape all harm. There were thirteen Saints present; and while the rowdies and their sympathizers, male and female, were coughing and choking with the fumes of the brimstone and pepper, only two of the Saints were affected, and these two confessed after meeting that they had allowed themselves to feel angry with the rowdies. The speaker kept right on preaching to the few who remained in the house; and, while breathing more of the stifling atmosphere than any other one in the house, he was not affected a particle. The next night the same work was repeated, and with the same effect; but, as some of the few honest-hearted men in the neighborhood threatened to shoot the first one who tried that trick again, the rowdies ceased it. But on the following night some of them thrust a stout pole about eighteen feet long through the window, which just grazed the knees of Sister Smith. It was thrown with such force that if it had struck her doubtless it would have dislocated her knee joint, if not broken the bone.

It was on this island where Sister Smith, night after night, walked three miles to meeting when the snow was fully eighteen inches deep, and only a narrow foot path to walk in, while her companion dragged on a sled their little boy; and then she with him would walk back the same distance.

An incident just now recurs to the mind of the writer, which should have been mentioned in connection with what was said concerning Sister Helen's great faith. It occurred at Buffalo Prairie, Illinois. Her husband had planted some potatoes, with other seeds, on a piece of ground, and after the vines had grown to about the height of a foot, she went to see to the hoeing of them. She walked from Millersburg, some seven miles, and carried her little boy part of the way. When she arrived at the garden, she discovered that the vines were literally covered with the Colorado beetle or potato bug. She was in despair at the sight. After hoeing the other vegetables she returned home, went into her chamber, and laid the case before the Lord, telling him that as I was away on a mission, and could not be there to help her, and that she depended on the potatoes in a great measure for supply of food, and as she could not go daily that long distance to pick the bugs off, even if she could stand the disgusting task, she asked him that he would preserve her crop from destruction. She returned in about three days

to the garden, and was gladly surprised to see that not a bug was on the vines, and that those that had been on them had not hurt them a particle; and, while another patch of about half an acre, not over twenty feet away, was eaten to the ground, and others in the neighborhood were likewise destroyed, yet hers were left unmolested, and the vines yielded her a fine lot of potatoes; nearly enough to last her through the following winter.

Sister Smith accompanied her companion on several distant missions. Twice she went to the Eastern Mission, traveling with him in Maine, on the islands of Campo Bello, and Grand Manan (in the Province of New Brunswick), and also in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Virginia. She was also with him in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri and Kansas; also went to the states of Alabama and Florida.

On October 1st, 1884, she left America for the mission field of the South Sea Islands and Australia. She labored in her place and did all she could for the cause on the islands of Tahiti, Maatea, Tikahau, Rairoa, Kaukura, Apatai, Arautua, Niau Fakarava, Anaa, Hikuari, Taroa, Manihi and Tapoto, in all fourteen islands. With her husband she landed at Papeete, Tahiti, on November 6th, 1884, being thirty-seven days on the journey from San Francisco to Papeete, on the brigantine *Tropic Bird*. In November, 1886, they left Papeete on the steamer *Richmond* for Auckland, New Zealand, where they arrived in sixteen days. After a week's stay in Auckland they sailed for Sydney, Australia, which they reached on December 12th. After laboring with her husband in New Castle, Hamilton, Wallsend, Forster and Nambucca branches in New South Wales, and in Hastings, Queensferry and Leopold in Victoria, she returned with him to Tahiti in February, 1888, arriving there in March. After visiting a number of branches on the islands they left Tahiti for America on April 12th, 1890, reaching San Francisco on May 16th, after thirty-five days sail.

The first marked symptoms of consumption showed themselves on the island of Niau, and she became quite feeble on the island of Kaukura, where, because of the failure of trading vessels to call there for several months, she failed to obtain nourishing food, except a fowl occasionally, and now and then a few eggs; but vegetables, beef, milk, and bread she did not have; and these she craved. A trading vessel called while she was at Kaukura, but the captain was an enemy to the church, and would not sell a pound tin of condensed milk, although Brother Smith offered him a dollar for it, and a dollar for a two pound can of roast beef. But he would sell neither, although he was informed of the state of Sister Smith's health. He was a white man; that is, he had white skin.

About the beginning of December, she left in a boat belonging to the church on Kaukura, which she begged the captain, a native elder, to take her in to Papeete; but, on a specious pretext of being afraid that the merchants at Papeete would seize the boat because her owners were in debt to them, he refused to go to Papeete, but landed her at Tautere, about forty miles from Papeete. There she was compelled to stay in a damp hut, located on low ground, and which was soaked with water; for it was the rainy season. There she waited three days for a chance to get away; and then she had to go in an open boat, with no cabin, and no protection from sunshine or rain, except what an umbrella could afford. Her husband held it over her from eight o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening, and neither could change their position of sitting upright the whole of that time, the boat being loaded with cocoanuts, and plaintains, and their own boxes, etc. It was about as much as she could endure; but she knew that the clean, dry, and comfortable new mission house awaited her; and she kept her courage up.

Here she received the kind attention of Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Gooding, Mrs. Dexter, and Mrs. Henry of Papeete, who came to see her, one or the other almost daily. They brought everything that would prove appetizing and nutritious to her. No sisters in the church could have done more for her than these ladies did. And the native sisters did all that they could for her, especially Tatehau, Kahake and Tuani, while Brethren Metuaore, Tapuni, Pai Haoatea, Pori, Haroatea, Pofatu, Mahana, Pai Tutu and others brought fish, oranges, breadfruit, and whatever they could get. From a vegetable garden

across the street, kept by two Chinamen, were obtained onions, lettuce, beans, peas, cucumbers, egg-plant, cabbage, and tomatoes. On April 12th she started homeward on the brig *Tahiti* and reached San Francisco on May 16th as before stated. She and her husband were absent on that mission, that is including the journey there and back, from October 1st, 1884, till May 16th, 1890, or five years and seven months. Of that time fourteen months were spent in Australia. When she was in Victoria, Australia, she was nearly ten thousand miles from her home in America, over eight thousand of which she traveled by sea.

Being born August 16th, 1840, she was fifty-one years, three months, and seventeen days old when she died. She lies buried in the cemetery in Independence, Missouri.

In one respect, particularly, was she a pattern to the wives of the traveling ministry; it was in that she never in any way sought to hinder her companion in the fullest discharge of the duties of his office and calling. At no time did she ever claim to be sick, or fearful of being left alone, or give any excuse whatever to keep him at home; nor did she ever call him home from a mission field because of sickness or poverty. In fact she would not either write to him herself or ever permit others to write to inform him of sickness or of being in need. In her last sickness, while it was not really safe to leave her, as she might have died at any moment, yet she urged and entreated her companion to go to the Lowry City Reunion, saying that the Lord would take care of her in his absence, and that she would be blessed in making the sacrifice; and it was even so.

Twenty-five years and nearly nine months she spent in the service of the Church of Jesus Christ, and fully twenty years of the time she was in the mission field with her companion; and but five years, (and then only about a year at a time,) did she have to spend in a home called her own. Her present pretty and cosy home, she enjoyed only for a little over three months. Never before having such a comfortable and tasty home, she longed to live a little longer to enjoy it; yet it was not so to be.

But she is now in a far more beautiful mansion; and is happy, doubtless, with her little ones, who passed on before. That she is safe, and saved, and at rest, is beyond question. As Brother and Sister Heman C. Smith lately wrote, in her case, no words seem so expressly fitting as the two little words, "At Rest." For she needed, and had fully earned rest, even in the paradise of God. She was buried from the stone church at Independence, Missouri, on Sunday, December 6th, 1891. Interesting and appropriate discourses were preached at eleven o'clock by Elder W. T. Bozarth, from the words, "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4:9; and at seven in the evening by Elder J. A. Robinson, from the words, "Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord from henceforth, saith the Spirit, yea that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Of her it must be said, "She hath done what she could," that is, *all* that she could. It is difficult to conceive what more she could have done for the good of the cause; and, as for her personal relations with others, I never knew her to have a quarrel, either with a member of the church or with a neighbor, or to have an enemy anywhere; all who knew her loved her.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frost and shortening days protend
The aged year is near its end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue, as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoning within my heart,
My look to Heaven as I depart.—*Sel.*

OBJECT LESSONS GLEANED FOR THE YOUNG.—No. I.

DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX.

The gospel of a life like her's
Is more than books or scrolls.
From schemes and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives;
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives.—*Whittier.*

SHE was born on the 4th of April, 1802, in the little town of Hampden, Maine, a few miles down the Penobscot River from the city of Bangor. The childhood of the little girl was somewhat neglected, comparatively poor, and had very little in it of sunshine. Indeed, she used to say in after years that she had no childhood. By the time she is fourteen she is teaching school, making her dresses longer than would be worn by a child of that age, so that she may appear older and command the respect and obedience of her pupils. But her health is poor; and, as time goes by, she breaks down, and begins to wonder whether she will be able ever to render any service to herself or to others. Frail, weak, liable to frequent hemorrhages, she hardly knows what her future destiny is to be; but at last she enters the home of Dr. Channing, becomes the teacher of his children, and with his family escapes the severe climate of Boston, spending one winter in the country in Rhode Island, at the Doctor's country home, and another in the tropical island of St. Croix. She recovers her strength and renews her health under these favoring influences; and at last we find her again in Boston at about the age of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, founding a school in earnest in the old Dix mansion house of her grandmother, with the distinct and definite purpose of winning for herself a competence, so that she need not be obliged to look to any other for help and independence for herself or for her brother. She organizes a day and boarding school, then, and for several years devotes herself to it with assiduity, and is successful both as a teacher and financially. But this is not enough for the weak, comparatively frail woman; and, while she is carrying on this school, she organizes another, free for the poor and neglected children of the street,—a school held in a room over the stable connected with the mansion house. And these two schools she carries on together for some time. But at last the burden is too heavy. She breaks down completely under the strain, and is obliged to go abroad.

By this time, with some savings, the reward of her own efforts, and a little money left her by her grandmother, she finds herself in a position of personal independence. She is not rich; but she is able hereafter to live her own life and follow her own impulses. She goes abroad, then, to find herself, when she lands in Liverpool, so completely broken down that she is not able to reach London. So, delivering a letter which Dr. Channing had given her to a prominent gentleman in Liverpool, she enters his home, and is there a long time, a helpless, hopeless invalid. But she recovers. Her strong will power dominated the flesh then, as it did through the long years that followed, when it compelled her to do things which another would not have undertaken even in health, perhaps; for all her life she was as much an invalid as are many of those who spend their time wandering over the world merely in search of health and recuperation.

On her return to this country,—and it is now about the year 1841,—what seemed like an accident reveals to her her life-work. Some of the students at the Divinity School in Cambridge have undertaken the work of giving Sunday school instruction in the House of Correction at East Cambridge; and one of those students, feeling that some other hand than his ought to deal with the problems that he finds there, and that a woman's heart and consecrated purpose ought to be enlisted, at last goes to Miss Dix for advice and counsel, and her answer is, "I will be there next Sunday." She finds the condition of things in this asylum such that her heart is touched and stirred, and she feels that now at last the call has come from on high for her to accomplish a task which none other seems ready to undertake.

Right here I must pause to hint at,—I should not dare picture it, had I the power to paint it; I should not dare to tell you all the truth,—to hint at, I say, the condition of things here in New England

and throughout the United States and the civilized world in the care,—shall I say *care?*—in the treatment of the insane, —a condition such as it is almost impossible for us to-day to comprehend. Insanity, on the part of the lower barbarous races of the world, has, curiously enough, generally been treated with extraordinary tenderness and reverence. Almost always in the Old World and under the old religions insanity was supposed to be possession,—spirit possession, not necessarily possession by evil spirits, either; and sometimes among the barbarous races even to-day you will find an insane person tenderly treated and cared for, his words watched and taken down, with the possibility that they may prove a divine oracle. But, under the teachings of Christianity, which taught not only the goodness of God and heaven, but the horrors of hell and the malignity of Satan, it came to be generally believed that insanity was demoniacal possession. You find that believed and taught almost all through the New Testament. This belief came down through the ages, and was a common one throughout New England a hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago. And, when that had partially died out, it was not thought that insanity was a physical disease, but that it was mental perversion, mental corruption; that it meant malignity, deviltry; and that the person, if not consciously in league with evil spirits, had brought himself into such a moral condition that he was under their influence and guidance. And so an insane person was not looked upon as merely ill and one to be gently treated and cared for, but was regarded as an outcast and as one that it was hopeless to attempt to cure, and so must be beaten down, subdued, controlled, at all hazards.

As Miss Dix went on her way, studying the condition of affairs in regard to the treatment of the insane in Massachusetts, she found cases like this: One man in a cage,—a stone cage, to be sure,—only a few feet square, with no light, no ventilation, with no fire, even in our New England winters, with an iron collar around his neck, and an iron chain attached to it and fastened to the solid stone floor. And here he was week after week, month after month, year after year, sometimes a part of the toes, the feet, or the hands frozen away, his food pushed in to him, as it would be pushed to a mad dog that for some unaccountable reason was permitted to live. This is one instance out of thousands. It was generally true that the insane throughout Massachusetts, as indeed throughout the country, were sold, bid off, not to the highest bidder, but to the lowest,—bid off to the care of a man who would keep them for the least money for the following year; and they were left, with no supervision, no care, to the person who had thus taken the contract to keep them for the year, and who was allowed to treat them very much as he pleased. A picture is drawn of "Old Bedlam," as the Bethlehem hospital in London was called, in about the year 1770; and this shows us the place turned into a public show. An income was received of several hundred pounds per year from the curiosity-mongers, those who were permitted to go there as they would visit a menagerie, and see these men cursing, fighting, and raving, treating it as an entertainment. Not uncommonly, when the men were particularly severe in their outbreaks, they were beaten, with clubs, subdued like wild beasts,—anything to control them.

This is a hint of what was universal here in our New England, all through this country, in England, on the continent, —all over the civilized world, in fact. Here, then, was the task which Miss Dix undertook. She wrote no articles, and she called no public meetings. She asked no one to help her, but she started on a tour of investigation. She visited every almshouse, every jail, every place where the poor and the insane were taken care of, throughout the entire Commonwealth of Massachusetts. She visited them alone and on her own responsibility; and then she drew up her memorial, stating the facts of her own personal observation, and appealed to the legislature for help. She was attacked. The things that she said were true were called a pack of lies. There was conservatism to be met. Doctors who had never found any other way of treating the insane than this naturally thought it was an impeachment of their wisdom, and they fought against it. Legislators, willing enough to use money for their own personal ends or to carry out any scheme that a friend was interested in, were very jealous of the use of public money for the advancement of any

such cause as this. But she called around her strong, noble, faithful, earnest men,—men like Horace Mann, like Dr. Howe, like Charles Sumner,—men who knew that what she said was true; and she swept the State, and carried her reform. Was she contented then? This was simply the first step.

She visited another State, and then another, and then another, on a campaign that was to last until her life ceased or the work was done all over the land. With her own means, with one dress and a light hand bag, sending her trunk on ahead, she traveled. And, in those days, what did it mean to travel? Not steamboats, not luxurious Pullman coaches, but stagecoaches, private conveyances,—any and every means by which a person who was bound on a mission of mercy like this could get from one place to another. She traveled by night and traveled by day, and always alone. As she went through the South, finding at last that the drivers there were very careless in regard to providing means for getting out of any difficulty, she took along with her, as part of her regular baggage, tools with which to mend a broken wagon or to put in order a conveyance that had fallen to pieces, so that she might continue on her work of mercy. Sometimes aground on a sand-bar in the Mississippi or the Ohio, night and day, summer and winter, she traveled. Her method was, as in the first place, simply to travel quietly all over the State, and investigate the condition of things for herself; and then to go to the capital, rally around her some strong, noble men, such as she knew she could trust in, and stay there and work until she carried the legislature and established a new condition of things.

One or two illustrations of her persuasive power may be given. In one of our cities she was in great need of money to help carry on this public work; and she went to the very man who, though worth several millions, was the least likely to help her. He knew what she came for, and tried to put her off, and talked about everything else; but at last she quietly gained his attention, and talked for an hour on the subject nearest her heart. At the end of that time, he said, "What do you want me to do?" "I want twenty-five thousand dollars this moment for this object." "You shall have it," was the answer. In Washington, after she had carried the bill for its establishment through Congress, she decided that the very place for the asylum was the private residence of a man of wealth,—a place to which he was much attached on account of old family associations, and which he did not wish to give up. She said, "This is the place." The man said: "I will not sell it. No money can buy it. I do not wish to sell it." But she went to him, and talked with him and pleaded with him until she had touched his heart in regard to the grand cause in which she was engaged, and finally he consented to sell the estate for less than the real market price, though he signed the deed with tears on his face at parting with it; but she had touched him so that he held her in the highest love, reverence, and esteem from that time until the day of his death. These are illustrations simply of the patience, the persistence, the winning power of one consecrated to a high and noble cause, and with whom there was not the slightest personal or private end to gain.

So she traveled in those old days, when traveling meant weariness and suffering, all over this land, from Maine to Texas, from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, until she had revolutionized the treatment of the poor and the insane throughout the whole land. By this time she is worn and broken and old. She is obliged to go abroad again for rest. How does she rest? She reaches England; and, finding that the condition of things there is no better than here, she cannot rest. She goes to London, gets the ear of the Prime Minister, of those most interested, carries the appointment of a royal commission, and works a revolution throughout the British Islands before she is done. Is she contented then? She goes on the continent, to France. She visits Italy. Here she has a personal interview with Pius IX., wins the influence of Cardinal Antonelli, and revolutionizes the treatment of the insane in the city of Rome. Then she goes on to Greece, to Austria, to Russia, not knowing any of the languages, traveling always alone, winning her way everywhere, and carrying similar reforms.

She goes to Constantinople; and, strangely enough, this woman, Puritan in every fibre, Christian in every thought and aspiration, is compelled to admit that

here in this city, which is supposed to be the sink of all iniquities, the worst place in all the world, she finds an intelligent, loving, human treatment of the insane, such as she has never found anywhere else in the world. So well is the work done that she says, "There is nothing here for me to do," and simply leaves the place as she finds it, and turns elsewhere for her work.

She comes back to America, now sixty years of age. It is near 1861, the outbreak of the war. She has already rendered a service and accomplished a work the like of which, so far as I know, was never achieved by any private woman since the world began. Is she contented? She is in Trenton, New Jersey, visiting the asylum which she has founded there, when the United States troops are fired upon by the mob in Baltimore. Three hours after the old Massachusetts Sixth passed through the city, she passes through, boards the last train leaving Baltimore for Washington, and reports to the Secretary of War for service so long as the war shall last.

Right here I must stop to tell you one thing that I think probably very few people in America know. You are aware of the fact that there was supposed to have been a conspiracy against the life of Lincoln at about the time of the outbreak of the war. It was intended that he should never reach Washington alive, that Washington should be captured, that the national archives should be taken possession of on the part of the South, and that the South should be declared the United States. This was the plot. Who discovered it? Miss Dix. Her knowledge of the South, her intimate acquaintance with the condition of affairs there, made her fully aware of what was going on; and she went to the president of the Philadelphia & Baltimore Railroad, and told him all about it. This led to his sending out spies in every direction to ascertain the truth of what she had said; and he and those acquainted with the secret history of the Rebellion from that day to this know that probably the saving of Washington was due to Miss Dix, and that the fact that Lincoln lived, and that we have the grand inheritance of his service and his name, was due to our Unitarian Saint.

But, to return to Miss Dix's services at the beginning of the war. She is placed by the War Department in charge of all the women nurses in the national hospitals in and around the capital; and here throughout the war she stays, untiring, devoting day and night to her work. She makes a great many enemies, but is ever supported by the War Department, who know the efficient work she is doing. At the end, what is her reward? Secretary Stanton appealed to her, and said, "What shall the nation do for you now in recognition of your services in its time of need?" He proposed calling a great public meeting, which should be presided over by the highest officials of the land. This she refused. He proposed that Congress should pass a bill, making her an appropriation of money. She refused. "What, then, shall we do for you?" She answered, half-banteringly, not expecting him to accept the suggestion, "Give me the flags of my country." Whereupon the Secretary of War immediately ordered a beautiful pair of United States flags to be made for and presented to her. At her death she bequeathed these flags to Harvard College; and to-day they hang suspended over the main portal of Memorial Hall. This was the only reward she asked or would receive for her services to the nation.

For a year and a half after the war she devoted herself to carrying out the commissions that had been left in her hands by the sick and dying, and in helping to provide government support for the more pressing cases of need. She also devoted herself to the task of inducing Congress to erect a monument to the dead heroes in the cemetery at Hampton, Virginia. This she accomplished; and the monument now stands there, with orderly rows of arms and cannon about it, as a memorial to those thousands and thousands who are sleeping there. Was this, then, enough?

For the next fifteen years she devoted herself, still untiringly, to the same great cause to which she had given herself early in life. The South was utterly disorganized, and many of the asylums were left so impoverished that they were practically falling into decay. Curiously enough, though she had rendered such service to the North during the war, and had never concealed her loyalty, she had so won the love of the South by what she had done for them in years past that she was wel-

comed back with enthusiasm to take up her old work once more.

I have omitted many features of her life. She was one of the first to be interested in the life-saving service for sailors and those suffering from wreck on our coast, and also in such things as the establishment of drinking-fountains for poor and tired horses, and other beasts of burden. Indeed, whatever could possibly enter the heart and brain of a noble, consecrated woman in behalf of any creature that could feel and was suffering became her care. She labored on in this way, reorganizing, continuing, and completing her work until she was eighty years old. A characteristic picture of her at this time—the last time she was in New England—is drawn by an old friend of hers. He tells how she appeared at his house late one stormy winter night here in Massachusetts, old and chilled to the very marrow. He built his fires as hot as he could: his wife got her to bed as speedily as possible, and piled on blankets to get her warm. He thoroughly believed that she was in for a long sickness, feared pneumonia, and thought that the end had surely come. When she started to go upstairs to bed, he offered to assist her; but she declined. Even then, she must walk her way alone. The next morning, instead of finding her ill, she was up early, and off; for she was on one of her tours of inspection to see how the great work of her life was being carried on.

But the end was now near at hand. Eighty years of age, with a life-work like this behind her, she went at last to the asylum at Trenton, which she called her firstborn child; for it was the first one she had thoroughly established and endowed by State aid. There she was taken too ill to pursue her work any farther; and for five years she lingered, the guest of this "firstborn child," until at last, at the age of eighty-five, the end came, and she fell quietly asleep. She had asked the physician in charge not to give her anything to cloud her mind, even to ease the pain, and to be sure and let her know when the end was coming; for she wished to go through this last phase of her experience on earth clear-headed and open-eyed.

Such is just a brief outline, a little hint, of a work of this nineteenth century. Does it seem to you that the age of heroism has gone by, that the time for saints is in the days of old? Friends, let me repeat: in all the calendar of the saints, among all the revered women of all the world, so far as my knowledge extends, I do not know of one who, in a private station, and as the result of her own initiative, the result of her own tireless devotion, accomplished anything like such a work in the alleviation of human suffering, the delivering of the world from wrong. I am proud of her as the product of humanity. They abuse this poor old humanity of ours, who tell us it is all and utterly evil, totally corrupt; but here was one inspired with a grand belief in humanity, and who has taught us in her own life what sort of beautiful, fragrant flower, and what sort of luscious fruit this old stock of humanity is capable of producing. Point me out, if you will, all the mean, contemptible characters that ever lived, and say, "These are characteristic of man." I will turn, then, and say: "Before you have exhausted the characteristics of this human race of ours, you must include in it characters like hers. These are what humanity is capable of on its upward side." She believed, that there is the germ, in the lowest, meanest, poorest creature that wears the human form, of all that she illustrated, of all that she became. Let us, then, instead of thinking that our life is commonplace and bare, and that humanity is contemptible,—let us learn that humanity is capable of this, and have an increase of faith in our race.

Let us learn one more lesson, and that as cheer and comfort and assurance for ourselves. What did she do that any woman, any man, set free from other tasks, might not have accomplished in her or his time? There must have been some marvellous personal power about her, of course; but there was no distinguishing intellectual ability. There was only this faithfulness, this tirelessness, this persistency, this determination that what ought to be done should be done. That is the dominant characteristic. You and I, friends, may not be able to achieve as much. There may not be the opportunity. The task clearly outlined may not be set before us. Our time may be frittered away by a thousand cares, by a thousand demands upon us; but the one thing that never ought to be forgotten, and

which we can each one of us cultivate, is the same spirit, the same temper, the same character, the same devotion, and be as much as in us lies, and as far as our opportunity goes, sainted like her. That is possible. And, though we seem chained, hindered on every hand, let us remember that word of Browning,—

"What I would be,
And was not, comforts me."

It is what we would be, what we try to be, what we seek to accomplish, the aspirations, the purpose, the way we are facing, that classifies us, and tells what we are.

IN AUSTRALIA.

HAVING written for one of the local papers an article on baptism, which was answered by a Presbyterian minister who had stated his willingness to publicly discuss the matter, a man by the name of Johnston (of the Disciples) who used the title of professor, wrote the minister that he had seen and accepted his challenge! He thus endeavored to step into shoes that were not made for his feet.

After arranging for the debate to take place in July we started for Nambucca by coach, stopping at Laurieton for a fortnight, the guests of Brother John Rodger's hospitable family.

While there we made a visit to "The Heads," some two miles distant, a number of us going in Brother Rodger's steam punt. But a short time after landing we came upon the wreckage of a small ketch-rigged vessel that some months before had been dashed to pieces on the rocks, she having gone out in the face of a storm it had been wiser not to have battled with. A son of Sister Rodger, one of the crew, also a mother and her child, went down in this sad wreck, their bodies never being recovered. The captain of this ill-fated vessel has since gone mad, the scenes in those raging billows no doubt hastening the catastrophe. He carried the mother and child far in shore, when she, seeing his exhausted condition, plead with him to let her go and save the child. But the fates had otherwise decreed; and who shall say but what it were far better thus to have perished rather than to have been thrown upon the world without a mother! But who can picture the agonized feelings of a young husband and father, so suddenly and awfully bereft, or the anguish of Sister Rodger, whose only son had but a short time before left her presence and thus become a victim to the angry seas?

To some of his companions at parting he had jokingly remarked that he was going to become food for the sharks! How little did he realize that his words presaged so sad an event. It were impospossible to give a pen-picture of the awful scene as it occurred; the fury of the gale suddenly bursting upon the frail ship; the sudden careening; the snapping of the cordage; the plaintive moan of the increasing storm, coming as a farewell requiem to those whose end was near; the fated plunge and last great battle for existence with the maddened deep! We draw the vail, and with feelings of sadness depart from the skeleton hull and the battered keel that lay bleaching in the sand, the sad reminder of past events!

From the wreck we visited the "Heads," and, as we stood looking down at the foam-crested billows, which sent their spray many feet high, as they dashed against so formidable a barrier, it seemed almost a premonitory feeling impelling a backward movement lest a dizziness from a too extended gaze might destroy the equilibrium, and we be dashed to certain death. On our return journey the engineer dropped the spanner into the hold, after having arranged to let off steam, so that it all escaped, and we were forced to go the rest of the way in a rowboat.

Our meetings were fairly well attended with passing interest, and at the fortnight's close our journey was resumed. For thirty-two miles we had to ride in a van (a spring wagon with a permanent cover), having to use boxes for seats. Reaching Port Macquarie—named for a former governor, and of an apparent age and quaintness to bring to mind days of convict lore—at about nine p.m. we did ample justice to the viands before us, after which the journey was resumed.

From there to Telegraph Point, fifteen

miles distant, the driver proved to be so cruel and unfeeling that our better natures were sympathetically aroused in favor of one of the horses, which he belabored most unmercifully the whole way. A fellow passenger, whose vernacular denoted the Emerald Isle as the place of nativity, remarked that he was a "mane chap," and not worthy a "dacent" burial. At the Point were other passengers, so that an all-night ride in an overcrowded coach was the prospect before us. The driver was going to take off some of our baggage when we remonstrated, not having a desire to "wait over" till it should follow.

It was a night long to be remembered, bringing with it those events which so deeply engrave themselves on memory's tablets as never to be effaced. Packed? Yes, literally, like herrings in a tin, with a coach jolting like that described by Dilke in his overland trip from Utah to California. All this did not bring pleasant dreams, nor enchant one with coach-riding by night in an Australian "bush;" and especially when the road traverses hills and valleys recently made slippery and muddy by winter rains. In vain does one seek the pleasant embrace of Morpheus, while the cold is benumbing the muscles, or when the bottom of a large rut comes suddenly in contact with the lower part of the wheel, especially when the horses are in a sharp trot!

Despite it all, however, Lizzie found time to lose consciousness in sleep, remaining in this condition till just before a start was made from a stop that had been made for a warm from a fire that was lighted by the roadside. I could only indulge in the warmth in imagination, as to have moved would have aroused the sleeper. No doubt her nativity had something to do with the ease with which she could thus overcome the difficulties; for, be it known, that, as a rule, the colonial lassies are intrepid equestrians.

This is well illustrated by a tale concerning one resident in New England. When a maiden she had been fond of the chase after the wild horses that inhabited the mountain country, and had become celebrated in this sport. After becoming a mother she consented on one occasion to act as guide to a party engaged in the hunt, and with the baby on her lap successfully led them to where these horses were found. In the chase that ensued, and when seeing that the pursuers were not successful, the fire was kindled again, and with all the old ardor returned she gave successful chase through the mountain fastnesses, to the apparent peril of both herself and baby, and succeeded in running them into the paddock.

Just as the first faint streaks of light betokened the approach of coming day we reached Kempsy, a town of no inconsiderable size, situated on the McClay river. Securing lodgings we soon embraced the opportunity we had vainly sought through the night—rest in sleep. At nine o'clock we partook of breakfast, and at seven o'clock the next morning we started for a fifty mile ride, reaching our destination about four o'clock. The driver's humanity was in noble contrast with the one before mentioned; for, while he drove the distance in the nine hours, he never once found occasion to use the whip on the horses.

We traveled through an agricultural district during the first part of the day. Appearances indicated a rich soil. In the afternoon we were greeted by the denseness of the tall waving gum trees, which lined either side of a winding road, one that passed over hill and dale. This is usual along the coast of New South Wales. In fact there is so much sameness that it becomes monotonous. At certain seasons of the year, however, the mud for depth and density on these forest-lined roads is beyond the power of our descriptive faculties to fully portray, and more especially where the bullock trucks (log wagons) are used. A description of these will no doubt be of interest to the "Yankees."

The wheels are usually made of solid blocks of wood, some sixteen inches thick by three feet in diameter. These are hewn on both sides from the center to the circumference, so that around the outside they are some four inches thick, while the nave or hub is left the original thickness. Through the center of the nave a hole some four inches in diameter is mortised, into which a heavy iron thimble is securely driven. The tire on and the wheel is complete. Some have spoke wheels. A large bar of iron, say three by five inches, with spindles on each end and bolted on a piece of timber some

five by ten inches, and hollowed out on top for the log to lie in, forms the axletree. Into both the forward and after trucks a pole or tongue is made fast, into the end of which is fastened a clevis-like iron. By the use of a chain these trucks are shortened or lengthened at will. These are called trucks, and the oxen (usually nine yoke) are called bullocks. And woe-betide the road over which these pass, for they often sink eighteen inches or two feet into the soft places. The drivers are called "bullockies," so you see that the vernacular is entirely strange to "Yankee" ears; and were he, in turn, to talk to them about "oxen" and "log wagons" they would be as blissfully ignorant.

In fact vehicular expressions also differ, the most of them coming under the common designation of "trap," while distinguishment is made by such terms as "cart," "dray," "trucks," "wagonette," "coach," "bus," "hansom-cab" and "cab."

At Congarina we alighted from the coach, expecting to find Bro. G. Ballard in waiting. But were disappointed, as he did not expect the coach to arrive so soon. Thinking that he was not coming that night we went to Central to secure lodgings, but were soon agreeably surprised at his coming. Having so often heard of the striking resemblance between him and his brother William we secretly resolved to test the matter, when being assured of his coming by a knock at the door. Before us stood George and we called him William. But, when it is learned that their own father made a mistake when both were present, the striking resemblance can be better understood.

During our stay we had the pleasure of dedicating the chapel, the movement resulting in its erection having been started by Bro. Smith on his visit, and also celebrating a double wedding—all members of the church.

A trip to the "Heads," Sister Wight remaining the while at Bro. E. Ballard's, brought us in contact with a clergyman of the English Church, whose mind was not of the strongest type, and a very amusing controversy took place, he finally consenting to "sit at the feet of Gamaliel," an expression by which he wished to convey the idea that he would be present at the service; and he was true to his promise.

It is here that the Nambucca River empties into the ocean, this river being navigable for droghers (a sort of steam punt) to Brownville, some nine miles below where our chapel is situated. These droghers carry the produce to the "Heads" where it is transhipped to a steamer trading with Sydney, and the only means of getting the corn and "pigs" to market. Shoats weighing some two hundred pounds are always designated "pigs," and usually sold when attaining this size. Above navigation the river is scarce more than a winding mountain stream, the valley on either side being occupied by tillers of the soil who have brought it to its present state, after felling and clearing the thick forests. Our people were among the pioneers of this valley, and it is among these hardy sons of toil that we are planting the work in various parts of the colonies, the Stewart River being another striking example.

On these rivers the orange and lemon grow in profusion, while various other fruits can be easily produced, especially the grape and peach. One occasionally sees the banana; but the climate is not so well adapted for its growth as in the farther north—the colony of Queensland. The finest bananas, however, come from Fiji, and when plentiful in the market they can be had for four pence (eight cents) a dozen. Apples can be easily produced in Victoria and parts of New South Wales, but they have not the rich flavor of the American apples from the fact of ripening in midsummer and being often blistered by the intense heart. Tasmania and New Zealand have better climates for such fruit. Just here it will perhaps be of interest to give some particulars of plant and animal life and other features of these colonies.

"To the botanist and zoologist, Australia is a most interesting field. A very large proportion of the flora and fauna are of a species not found elsewhere. About eight thousand species of flowering plants have thus far been discovered. Among the forest trees the gum and the wattle are specially noticeable, the leaves of both extending vertically instead of horizontally. Of the *eucalyptus* (gum) there are about one hundred and thirty species, and among them are the tallest of known trees. One fallen forest-giant

found in the Victorian Alps measured four hundred and eighty feet. Here also are found the gigantic ferns, rising from forty to fifty feet in height, and throwing a broad canopy of foliage under which an army of prospectors might encamp. Here, too, are seen the magnificent acacias, the yellow flowered mimosa, the sweet scented myall and flowery banksias. Far different is the 'scrub' or vegetation of the interior, consisting of impenetrable brown thickets, growing to the height of fourteen feet and inclosing the roads cut through them like walls. Many species of the scrub plants are armed with strong spines and matted with vines and shrubs. On the sandy plains is found the terrible 'spinifex' or porcupine grass. Still another peculiar feature of the Australian landscape is the 'grass tree,' consisting of a rugged stem ending in a tuft of wiry drooping foliage, from the centre of which rises a spike like a huge bulrush.

"Even greater peculiarities are found when we turn to the animal kingdom. . . . Here are no oxen, antelopes, deer, apes, elephants, wolves, bears, pigs, hares, or squirrels, but in their place we find the *dingo*, a half wild dog, the *kangaroo*, with its long hind legs and pouch for its young, the *bandicoot*, or rabbit rat, the wombat, next in size to the kangaroo, the beautiful flying oppossum, and the fierce native cat. Many animals have been imported and have thriven only too well. Thus the wild horses, the oxen, and, above all, the rabbits have become an actual pest. Of birds, there are five hundred and twenty-eight varieties (exclusive of Tasmania), mostly of beautiful plumage, but lacking in the power of song. Of the parrots, over sixty species are found. The beautiful lyre bird, and the lower building satin bird are less common. The bowers of the latter are adorned with shells and feathers, which the birds take great delight in admiring. Honey sucking birds, differing greatly from the European humming bird, are found in great variety. The platypus or ornithorhynchus parodoxus, has recently been proved to be a masupial mammal, rather than a fowl, which it greatly resembles. Snakes and insects are found in many species. The river fish are not of great value, but from the sea the Tasmanian trumpeter and the garfish are obtained for the table."

The above author at the time of writing was evidently but little acquainted with the finny tribe in Australian waters; for, among those inhabiting salt water and delicious for table use, may be mentioned taylor, snapper, whiting, brim, flounders and pike. There are also many others that are not so palatable.

Since coming to this country the writer has received inquiry relative to the aborigines as to their color, habits, etc., hence we quote from the same author that those curious in this direction may learn somewhat of these remarkable people:—

"The native blacks" (please notice they are are not *blue!*) "of Australia are as distinct and peculiar as are its vegetable and animal life. They belong to the groop of tribes known as the *negritos* or *Austral* negroes, being entirely distinct from the Malays, Papuans, and Polynesians. In physical appearance they are of a height little inferior to the European, but of small muscular development, and inclined to corpulence. The cranial formation is, on the whole, long and narrow; the color varies from coffee color to black. In mental qualities they stand very low, having no forethought, prudence, self-restraint, or sense of decency. Marriage is merely a form of slavery, chasity is unknown. These aborigines dwell in caves, rock shelters, and rude huts, in winter wear skins, and in summer go altogether naked, and live upon every form of animal life, including snakes, insects, lizards, ants, frogs, and occasionally human flesh. In the construction of their weapons they show some ingenuity, and they wield the spear, boomerang, and throwing stick with great dexterity. The only form of government is that of the family; the only law the club. Summing up their manners and customs, we may say, 'manners, none; customs, beastly.' Dread of ghosts and demons form the only religious belief. The languages of the tribes are numerous, but closely connected. In sound they are harmonious and polysyllabic, but are incapable of expressing abstract ideas, and evince no sense of number. Most tribes can count only to three, a few to five. It is believed that the Australians represent a primitive race, superceded in other lands by higher tribes. The number of natives at the time of settlement by Europeans

was about one hundred and fifty thousand."

Observation and inquiry point to the fact that our author has overdrawn the picture. We have been told by many that marital rights and privileges are strictly adhered to in most cases; and that in their morals they are very good, all things considered. The Salvation Army has recently obtained a goodly number of converts, and so far as observation goes they are making fair progress.

After a three weeks' stay Bro. McKay took us to Congarina, to meet the coach. We started from his mother's in the early morning when the frosts made wraps and mitts a necessity. And well do we remember that ride, as the crisp air brought energy to our beings which served to animate the ever changing conversation, till all too soon we realized we were emerging from the tall, waving gums and our time for parting had come.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

Lily fair and pure and cool,
Floating on yon miry pool,
Is the sweetness all of you
Has the mire from whence you grew

Naught of virtue,—building up,
Leaf by leaf, your perfect cup,
By some strange, transmuting skill
Moulding, shaping you at will?

Certes, many a flowering shoot,
With the wholesome earth at root,
Well may envy you, my queen,
Blooming from such depths unclean.

Yet is wrought no occult spell.
Nature but disposes well
All her forces: then she grows
Here a lily, there a rose.

One she tends with dew and sun,
Cribs in finest mould; and one
Buries 'neath the dark and slime,
Bidding each to bide its time.

Till, arrived at blossoming growth,
She is justified of both,
Since which sweetest is, who knows,—
Or the lily or the rose?

Therefore, O ye darkened souls,
Struggling upward unto goals
Ye must reach 'gainst bitter odds,
Courage! Nature's ways are God's.

What though he withhold from you,
For a season, sun and dew?
Where you cannot understand,
Trust to his transmuting hand.—*Sel.*

REV. LEIGH RICHMOND'S COUNSEL TO HIS DAUGHTER.

"KEEP a devoted heart to God in the least and most common transactions of ever hour, as well as in those events which may seem to call the loudest for manifestations of religious conscience and principle.

"Pray regularly and frequently for grace to live and die by.

"In every possible circumstance keep in mind that God's eye is upon you.

"Beware of forming hasty judgments of characters and persons; and, above all, of hastily uttering sentiments and remarks to their disparagement. Be known for charity, forbearance, and kindness.

"Keep Christ's golden rule in constant remembrance. It is the panacea for most of the evils of life, so far as they are connected with our social intercourse.

"Avoid all prejudices against nations, churches, sects, and parties. They are the bane of both public, private charity and comfort, and are directly contrary to the spirit and letter of Christianity. Of course you may and ought to have conscientious, well grounded preferences, but no ill-formed, nor half-formed prejudice against any of them.

"Be courteous to all, friendly with few, intimate with fewer; strictly confidential with the fewest of them all.

"Choose your female companions as opportunities may present themselves, with circumspection. Many civil, hospitable, agreeable people are, after all, not improving companions. We may owe them and pay them the debt of civility, kindness, and gratitude, and yet not be obliged to give

them too much of our voluntary time and affection. Two or three Christian women comprise a circle of large and profitable friendship; seek, and you will succeed in finding them.

"Be not contented with anything short of deep, devoted, diligent piety. Never make half decent, half-hearted, but dubious Christians your pattern for imitation. Let your mark and standard be higher, and your aim steady but determinate.

"Study and observe great simplicity and plainness in dress. It is an outcry against too many professing females in gaudy, gay, showy, and rich apparel. Remember the Apostle's injunction on this subject, 1 Peter 3: 1–6:—

"'Christ has been fully and freely made known to you. Let Christ be your *all, now and evermore.*'"

Leigh Richmond was the author of the Dairyman's Daughter and other books. I think that he was stationed on the Isle of Wight.

WORRY *VS.* WORK.

THERE are countless numbers of people in the world fretting for fear they are going to hurt themselves with overmuch exertion, when all they accomplish of manual labor could be done without any inconvenience if they would only go at it cheerfully. Worry does more damage than work. "Imagination," says a Philadelphia physician, "is responsible for a multitude of ills; nervousness commonly is bad temper; two thirds of the so-called malaria is nothing but laziness; and a great deal of what passes for heart disease is only mild dyspepsia." I remember the story of a wood chopper who staggered into the house to die, he had of a sudden given way inwardly he thought, but his practical wife diagnosed the case and said, "your gallows button broke, you old fool you, go out and go to work." He went. His wife was a woman whose judgment he could depend upon. A clergyman after preaching an exhaustive sermon, was given a teaspoonful of sweetened water by his physician, and he dozed off like a babe under the impression that it was a *bona fide* sedative. Thus are our bodies subject to our fancies. If we could only keep cool, and not worry about ills that have not arrived, we would be happier and healthier, and able to accomplish much more of the world's work.

The "will cure" or "faith cure" might find a field here, and do more effective service as a preventive of disease than as a restorative. It is an easy thing however to say "don't worry," but not so easy to practice. Everybody who has ever kept house knows how many little annoyances are constantly arising that are so hard to be disposed of with calmness. It is the little worriments that kill, the nameless grievances that must not be spoken of, but are yet forever present. If you lose a near relative or friend, or are laid up with sickness, or burned out of a home, everybody is ready to pity and help, and it really makes you feel good to be in trouble, it turns up so many sympathizing friends you never before knew that you had. But when you are obliged to go through a hard day's work of washing or housecleaning, or many of them, with aching back and heavy head, who is going to pity you, or offer a consoling balm if your sweet temper breaks down, and you mix in snappish words with your painful burdens. Who thinks of commiserating the dilemma of the tired housekeeper when company comes in to dinner on a busy day, just as she has set upon the table a "catch up" repast for her own family? There is no alternative, it must all be hastily removed, and new dishes prepared in the midst of excitement from a larder seemingly empty, and all the while she must smile as complacently as a June morn, while she inwardly wishes her visitors on the other side of Jordan. There is considerable of heartless smiling in the world, but it is not the kind that makes you fat.

If we must worry, dear sisters, and it seems as if we must, let us at least put our worry where it will do the most good. I have seen women look the picture of despair because the stove was not polished as brightly as it might be, or the kitchen windows were dirty, and the tin cup in need of scouring, but who could sit down quite composedly when such cleanly minutæ were attended to, with rotten

fruits and vegetables in the cellar, and sour bread and stale pies in the pantry. I have seen mothers who could not be comforted if their boys made tracks on their spotless floors, or slung hats and boots about in boyish disorder, but they could go to bed and sleep soundly with their young sons out they knew not where, long past the hour when honest people should be in bed. So have I seen them fret because their daughters would not study French or practice music, while they could see them going about with young men of questionable character without any apparent disturbance. We don't seem to know where the worry comes in, and let little things that at most should only be annoyances, trouble and torment us while the seed of future woe is germinating in full light before us.

How many of the real sorrows of life might be avoided if we could only rise above the little ills, and wage our fiercest warfare against those things that are sure to be productive of suffering. Somebody must bear the burdens of the world. No home can be a home in fact as well as in name without some one at the helm to guide and direct, and carry its load of attendant care. This usually falls to the lot of the wife and mother—to her the whole family go to have their wants attended to, and their pains and troubles soothed and relieved. Happy is she if her family are not too willing to cast their burdens upon her shoulders, while they themselves are thoughtlessly enjoying the fruits of her incessant watchfulness, and wondering why mother is growing so sickly and cross nowadays. Oh, mothers, you should demand a time for rest. You should see to it that your children are taught to bear a share of family responsibilities. No mother should permit herself to become a slave for her family. The sweetest disposition must become soured under such constant strain, and with it goes health and spirits, and who then would be the center of the home. Unceasing care does not belong to you by any rightful authority:—

"So, toiler in life's weary ways,
  Pity thyself, for thou must tire;
Both body, mind, and heart have days
  They cannot answer their desire.
Birds in all seasons do not sing,
  Flowers have their time to bloom and fall
There is not any living thing
  Can answer to a ceaseless call."

—Selected.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

HILL CITY, S. Dak., Jan., 1892.

Dear Readers:—Allow me to refer to a few instances and occurrences, and I will promise to not make any apologies for my inability to write, as others of your Department.

Most of my childhood days were spent in the country, on the frontier plains of Southern Kansas. My parents having gone there from Iowa when I was quite young, and for twelve long years, to me, I had no opportunity of mingling or associating with people of culture and refinement. From Kansas my parents moved to Rich Hill, Missouri, and for two years I followed blacking boots and shoes on the streets, for a livelihood; when I was honored with a position in the Town Company's office of that place. It may be surprising, to some of you at least, to state that I was the first bootblack in Rich Hill. From Rich Hill, I went with a circus to Kansas City, worked a while on the Boulevard which unites Independence with Kansas City, then went to cutting cord wood at Independence, which business I followed for some time, and finally I went to Lee's Summit and hired out to work on a farm for a Mr. Mulligan. I also worked for Messrs. Broughton, Powers, Whiting, and Steele in the vicinity of Lee's Summit; and I suppose that none of those parties thought of me aspiring to higher employment, as I was a very ignorant, obscure, and unpromising lad. I left Lee's Summit with my brother and blind uncle, who wished me to go into the concert business with them, to which I agreed. I stayed with the boys till we arrived in St. Paul, Nebraska, where I deserted them and went to work on a farm. I husked corn the greater part of that winter, but having done very little of that, I had very poor success at the outset. With all the willingness and liveliness that I could produce, about thirty-five bushels of corn was all that I could get out in a day. This will seem to you like a small amount, when I tell you that there was a party in my field who was taking

out his seventy-five and eighty bushels, day after day, and with seeming less exertion. And there was another fellow living two miles north, who claimed to be husking his one hundred bushels per day, occasionally.

Now began the discouraging part of my life. Having attained the age of twenty years, my observation becoming better and my aspirations running higher, being in the company of polished and polite people, brought my terrible condition so squarely before me that most of my time was spent in trying to devise some way by which I could set myself free from the meshes of obscurity and privacy. I had not gone to school enough to learn what school was, but concluded that about the only thing that I could well do, was to try school awhile; so I made arrangements at once to work for my board and go. I shall never forget the morning that I took the recitation seat with the primary class, before a school of nearly every grade, and was given a column of figures to add, and was either too dumb or embarrassed to add them correctly. But this state of affairs did not last long, for I became offended at the way the larger and more advanced scholars treated me. I became so much displeased that I applied my powers with such earnestness and seldom equaled zeal, that when three months had passed, I was admitted to the senior grade, and in eleven months from my first day in school, I obtained a second grade certificate and began teaching school in the same county, and soon was numbered with the best teachers of Howard county. Four years have passed since then and I have made considerable money and own a fair amount of property.

If I have related anything in the foregoing that has or may benefit anyone, I shall feel well paid. But the point, dear reader, which I wish you to see, is that all I have and all that I expect to have has been won by the little step that I took when I started to school. Without what I acquired there, I could have done nothing. That step has secured me honor, notice and respect. It has made me able to associate and compete with the best of men in several respects. That step gave me power to do business successfully, to become prosperous, and meet with favor wherever I go. It furnished me with a place among the best of society, where I learned to be polite, courteous and practical in manners. By that step I was enabled to appear well, and by this means I obtained my choice of ladies for a wife. I believe that some of the best talent and intellect that the world has ever produced, has remained uncovered, because the person who possessed it has lacked pride of opinion to exhibit and display it. The boys and girls who are courageous, brave, valiant, and prominent, are the boys and girls who are successful, victorious, and become markedly conspicuous. To believe that God "hath made of one blood all nations [people]," that you are just what he has made you, and that you are capable of doing all that he intended that you should do, is a guarantee of complete success in any honorable pursuit. This kind of faith, hope and confidence will prepare you under equal circumstances, to aspire to all that the greatest men and women have accomplished. It will make you serene, calm, peaceful, honored, brave, dignified, powerful, and obliging. It will give you ability, strength, influence and authority. Has God made for the poor, a coarser earth, a thinner air, a paler sky? Dear Saints let us be up and doing, that our Heavenly Father may find all that done which he has commanded of us.

I hope to meet you all in heaven; and that God may guide us, and that none of us will lose an opportunity to show our respect towards our Master, the King and Ruler of the universe, is my most earnest prayer.

Yours very sincerely,

E. T. ATWELL.

Here is a lesson to the young, of what may be accomplished by one who is determined, and the advantage of an education. No, Bro. E. T., we little suspected that the profession of boot-blacking was ever honored by such as you; but all that is honest is honorable. Come again.—ED.

LAMONI, Iowa, Nov., 1891.

Kind Reader:—You will see on page 559 of *Autumn Leaves* for December an article on peculiarities of the voice.

Dr. Durant uses the voice as an index to the character. While he uses the voice as an index, another uses the mode of walking, another the way the clothes are worn, another will use the manner of carrying the cane, while the shoemaker will read your character from your old shoes. I once read of an old shoemaker who was called upon to fix an old pair of shoes. He looked at the bottom of them and said to a bystander, "The owner of these shoes is a thief."

He claimed the manner in which the bottoms were worn indicated a peculiar walk characterized by thieves only; and before the shoes

were taken from him the owner was arrested for stealing.

While these are all indexes to character, the only true and complete mode is to study the brain together with the conditions of the body. There are in the brain upwards of forty different pair of organs corresponding with every faculty of mind. Dr. Gall, a German physican, may well be called the first true mind reader, his mind being drawn to this system of studying the mind by two boys who sat in front of him while in school. Young Gall perceived a vast difference in the shape of their heads and a corresponding difference in their capacity for learning, and also their characters. Dr. Gall was unable to complete this system, as all must be done by observation.

Following Dr. Gall were Drs. Spurzheim, Comb, and many others, all adding a little to this science of all sciences, the science of mind. Since the dawn of this science, it has had its earnest advocates among the best minds of the age. The ministers, merchants, lawyers, farmers, and all classes of people now believe in this science to some extent.

I hope these few lines will awake an interest in the young, that they may investigate closely what goes to make up our minds—for to study nature is to study God's work. One great man has said, "The proper study of mankind is man." To study nature is to study God's work.

Hoping some one of a more extended knowledge will give us some points of general interest on this subject,

I remain,

J. W. GUNSOLLEY.

FALLBROOK, Cal., Jan., 1892.

Dear Friends of the Department:—Our Editor has again scored us for not filling the Department (not to say his desk) with letters.

There seems to be a one-sidedness on all topics so far presented, that savors decidedly of "me too," not a bad showing either for people who are so weak-minded (?) they can be led away by this Latter Day delusion (?).

I had to smile at the very earnest admonitions regarding marriage outside the church. Good advice, every bit of it; but to lads and lassies whose love would "laugh at locksmiths," even the seriousness of a union of hearts, but not of faiths, would not stand in the way.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you want letters, are we to be curtailed as to subjects? Myself for instance, while I heartily endorse the letters on the evils of intemperance, fiction reading, etc, etc., hardly feel like being one of the "me too's" when others show a better ability to handle the subjects. On religious subjects, I am still a "babe" needing "the sincere milk of the word," and do not care to expose my ignorance.

What shall I write about? Life on the deck of a California mustang? The wonders and beauties of the Pacific Ocean shore? The hidden secrets of wood and mountain? Or describe the whys and wherefores of "ranching in the land of the setting sun?"

Or, why not have the young people write to each other through the Department? Who knows but the danger of our boys and girls choosing mates outside the church might be lessened. What do the many readers think of such an idea? Will you give us free rein, Mr. Editor?

H. B. ROOT.

The subjects suggested seem to be good, Bro. Root, and in reference to the last suggestion made, it is but reasonable to say that free rein will be given to the writing, but the editor would be compelled to exercise his discretion about publishing them, for fear they might become sentimental. It is suggested that a better plan might be to select your correspondent from among the writers to the Department and address them personally and privately, thus not burdening the Department.—ED.

BROWNVILLE, Neb., Jan., 1892.

Dear Readers:—I know my name is not familiar to you all, but I desire to become acquainted and assist in proclaiming the truth we love so well.

There is a work for us to do, and how to accomplish it may ofttimes be a problem; but if we have the faith that is so essential to spiritual life, each duty performed will help us to perform another, and in the end we will have peace. knowing our Heavenly Father has accepted our labor.

Sad will be they who have refused to perform the little duties that came before them in this life, when the great balancing of accounts has come; for they will have a perfect knowledge of their guilt and inability to stand in the judgment perfect. In little things they were not faithful to God and with greater they were not entrusted.

Let us strive lawfully in all things. It is pleasing to God that we endeavor to attain to perfection in the way he has said we should go. We have the holy law in the Doctrine and Covenants, Book of Mormon, and Holy

Bible; and while we hold fast sound doctrine, we need not fear the enemy, for the Spirit abideth with us. While we abide in the doctrine, we increase in the knowledge of truth, and are quick to heed the advice of the Spirit.

It is essential that we should remember our prayers. In Doctrine and Covenants, section 98, paragraph 8, we read, "What I say unto one I say unto all, pray always lest that wicked one have power in you and remove you out of your place."

While we advise others, we must be careful that evil does not befall us. It is those who teach the law that Satan desires to lead astray. The history of the past teaches that corrupt shepherds lead away innocent sheep into strange roads. While God redeems the deceived, his wrath falls heavily upon the false shepherds.

We should strive to live in harmony with all men, remembering it is written: "Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land. Wherefore be subject to the powers that be until He reigns whose right it is to reign, and subdues all enemies under his feet. Behold the laws which ye have received from my hand are the laws of the church, and in this light ye shall hold them forth. Behold here is wisdom."—Doc. and Cov. 58:5.

Hoping to increase in wisdom and understanding,

I remain your brother in the gospel,

JONAS H. DRURY.

DETROIT, Mich, Jan., 1892.

"Another year has detached itself from the chain of ages. To fall into the dark days of the past."

Dear Readers:—Has the question risen in your mind, "In that year have I done what I could, to improve the talents God has intrusted to my care; and to advance the message of salvation, declared to this generation?" If we see wherein we have lacked, may not the New Year be entered upon with a greater determination to act our part in this drama of life? When the *Herald*, *Ensign*, and other papers, come to us laden with words of good cheer, and encouragement; and as we learn of the work's progress, contentment may settle itself in our mind; but we must arouse from this slumber, and remember that our duty has not been fulfilled.

Mountains of difficulties may arise, and excuses present themselves, and even though we feel our inability to write so impressively and intelligibly, or to speak with as much eloquence as others, yet we are not justified nor are we excused, for our part is still left undone.

One thing we all can do by careful and prayerful attention. Always strive to speak kindly and be courteous, at home, as well as abroad. And if it takes one year to overcome a besetting sin, "Each victory will help us some other to win," and as we encourage and bring into our lives the "Supreme Gift" (of which Henry Drummond speaks), the minute things will expand, and we will be more competent for a broader work.

While reading the editorial of the Correspondence Department, I was sorry to learn that more letters were needed. The thought came, should I not cast in my mite. If all would act their part in this, there need be no lack of contribution, and perchance grander ideas may be presented.

Yours in the one faith,

F. CLAUS.

THREE RIVERS, Mich., Jan., 1892.

Dear Column:—I have often heard our editor say, "If the coat fits, put it on." I suppose he would like to quote this old maxim to a great many of us, after reading his remark lately written in the *Autumn Leaves*

I do not think we are sustaining the Department as we should. We ought to be ashamed to let the idea be suggested, that regular contributors would have to be obtained in order to keep up the Department.

The past has revealed the fact that there is talent in the church. The older Saints say that it requires thought and study to grasp many of the ideas advanced by the young in their letters and other productions.

Now as this is a good time to commence, let us try to keep the editor's box well filled that when his next greeting appears the report will be, "Not room to publish all you send."

I think we could also aid financially as a large portion of the church is composed of young folks.

Of course if we have a college it is we that will be benefited and not the older generation, so we should do all we could to give intelligence a chance to be cultivated. I have also thought a gospel boat would be so nice. I have heard non-members say they would give some towards it.

There are but few Saints in this vicinity. I frequently attend other churches, but am often amused at the way they explain many points in the Bible.

I see one sister has introduced the subject of

"politeness." I believe some very instructive letters could be written upon it. I think the study of decorum should interest us all. Who knows but what some one may become a "George Washington" by trying to write a few good rules upon this subject? All would do well to follow some of his rules recorded in most of our Readers. A SISTER.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"One day at a time! but a single day,
Whatever its load, whatever its length,
And there's a bit of precious scripture to say,
That according to each shall be our strength."

A GRANDMOTHER'S LESSON.

HUGH had just left the room, and his mother leaned her elbows on the table and rested her face in her hands with an air of dejection.

"Take your elbows from that table, and stop sulking!" commanded a stern voice.

Startled, Mrs. West removed her arms so quickly and awkwardly that a beautiful vase containing a bouquet was thrown to the floor and broken.

"Oh, dear! You are so awkward! One can never have anything decent when you are around. I wish"—the unfinished sentence was eloquent.

Mrs. West stared at the speaker in silent amazement.

"O mother," she cried at length, "how can you speak to me like that?"

"And yet, my dear,"—the voice was soft and sweet now,—"those were the very words and the tone you used to poor Hugh a minute ago What sort of a day will he have at school, after such a beginning at home?"

"He has not gone yet."

"Then I think you had better go and win him to a better, happier mood. He came to you for comfort, I know, because his face was so sorrowful, and because he was abrupt and awkward you were unkind and unladylike."

"Mother!"—in a tone of remonstrance.

"I am telling you the truth, my child, although as painful to me as to you. But go and apologize to Hugh, and then we can talk this matter over more fully."

"Apologize! Why, mother!"

"Certainly. If you had so far forgotten yourself as to be impolite to a stranger, your first thought would be to make amends. Your rudeness to Hugh was positive and uncalled for, and you have no more right to be rude to him than to a stranger."

Mrs West stared at her mother, her face alternately flushing and paling, her mind busy over this new thought. Her own careful bringing-up soon helped her to a right decision.

"You are right, mother. Thank you for this lesson;" and turning, she left the room.

She found Hugh laying on his bed in an attitude of hopeless dejection, and it was a sad, miserable face he turned to her.

"Hugh, mother has come to ask forgiveness for her harsh, rude words just now."

The miserable look changed to one of intense surprise and incredulity, and he sat up as if he had received an electric shock.

"I don't wonder you are surprised, my dear," she said—so humbly the boy's heart was touched.

"Please don't, mother," he cried, putting his arms about her and giving her a loving kiss. "It was all my fault, but"—here there was a catch in his voice—"father has sold Hamlin and I was half wild; but you didn't give me time to explain." The boy strove manfully to keep back the tears, but could not, and his heavy sobs quite alarmed his mother.

"O Hugh, mother is so sorry. We ought to have told you before this that your father has business troubles which will oblige us to sell some of the young stock on the farm. We have kept it from you because we thought you would be happier not to know it; but I feel we have made a mistake, my boy. Now that you know, I am sure we can help each other to bear it better, for it is as much a grief to us to part with the colt as it is to you."

A little later Hugh's grandmother watched the boy as he ran down the road leading to the schoolhouse, and his merry whistle brought comfort to her heart, for she knew that her lesson had not been in vain.—*The Household.*

A BIOGRAPHY OF THE BABY.

A PLEASANT custom, that I am sure more mothers would like to observe it they knew of it, is that of keeping a brief record of baby's life. Our children's earliest years must ever remain a blank in their memory, and who can tell with what delight they may in after years peruse the pages that may give them a clue to the happenings of that wonderful period.

Once, when looking over some rubbish in my mother's garret, I found a package of old letters, some of which had been written by grandmother to my mother when I was a tiny infant, and never shall I forget the eagerness with which every word referring to that remarkable baby was devoured. The color of hair and eyes, weight at birth, a suggestion concerning the name, etc., all were invested with a strange charm for me; yet the facts were pitifully meager; and when my own sweet baby came, I resolved to keep for her future gratification a systematic record of her progress and achievements. To be sure there isn't time to do much at once, but I planned to write a few lines each month, even though baby has to sit on my lap during the operation.

It takes but a few minutes, and if the darling,

when grown, shall value her baby history, surely the reward will be sufficient. Such a record could conveniently be kept in a small blank book and in any way desired. Mine begins with a newspaper notice of baby's birth, and is followed by a minute description of the interesting little maiden. Then in order of occurrence are chronicled the principal events of her babyhood, together with many hopes, reflections and prayers of her mamma. When baby was a few months old we printed her tiny hand and foot on one page by carefully rubbing ink on them with a sponge and pressing them on the paper. What would not you and I give if we to-day could see the imprint of our own baby hands or feet?

A lock of silken hair grac-s one page, and here and there throughout the history are short poems clipped from papers and magazines by way of variety, and which are of course appropriate for baby. Other features, to make the account interesting, could be added from time to time as taste or ingenuity might suggest, and the history itself could be as lengthy and complete as time and inclination permitted. But if no more than five minutes in each month could be devoted to this purpose I would earnestly recommend every mother to do so much for the future happiness of her little ones.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Some years ago I saved the above clipping; but long before that I had liked the thought suggested, and had fully intended to put it in practice. One little daughter had come to our home and made us glad by her presence. Day after day, as she grew and learned in this strange world of ours, she surprised and amused us, or touched our hearts, by quaint or tender little speeches, I fully intended to treasure them up —write them—so that in after years she and we might enjoy them; but I put it off.

A little sister came, and they were so sweet together. She stayed with us not quite a year, but that was long enough to find many little things, dear to a mother's heart, that I meant to write, yet did not. Though I had a book ready, it was not till after the baby left us that I began to write in it. Then such things as I could remember of both precious little lives, I wrote. But how meager the account, compared with what it might have been.

At that time I thought of the one still spared to us, "Her babyhood is past, with all its sweet baby ways and expressions;" from this time on there will be less of interest to write; or if not less of interest, there will always be something new developing, and we will care more to look forward than backward. And so the little red covered blank book was not thought of. In the happiness of possession we did not realize that the time might come when memories would be all of her we had to keep.

She too has been "lifted over," tenderly carried beyond the rough places of this life; and, even in the few years since thus I thought, how many dear, sweet things she said and did which now I would fain remember. Nor would the time to write them have been spent all in vain; for many times there were lessons in them, by which we older ones might profit well.

Our children died, while yours may live. But if they do they will grow up; for, "All the children we keep at last are they who in childhood die;" and, whichever way it may be, (aside from the pleasure to the children in after years, if they live, whose pleasure it seems to me can never be equal to that of the mother or father,) what a help to keep our hearts from growing old, to be able to go back over the happy days and read the sayings which often equal, and many times excel, the wise and funny words of children which we see in print. We can remember part, but not enough to satisfy.

You are busy? Yes I know, and so was I. Every mother is who has housework and little ones to attend to; and it were better for any to forego this satisfaction than that memory should bring to them thoughts of neglect for the welfare of any in the home. But there were times when I might have written, and I surely would have done so, could I have seen as now I see.—Ed.

MANNERS AT TABLE.

The time for acquiring good table manners is during childhood, and at home. Years at boarding school, hours spent over books of social etiquette, may efface vulgar habits, but can never give the ease and grace acquired in childhood at a well-ordered table. A child who is almost a baby can be taught to handle his knife and fork, or spoon if he is too young for those more advanced implements, with a daintiness that will offend no one. Where there are children it is not a good plan to have a wide difference between your everyday and company china, silver and napery. There is too apt to be a wide difference also between everyday and company manners. Let each child have his cover as nicely laid with plate, knife and fork, spoon, napkin and glass as his elders, and remember that he will be sure to note your own use of these articles. Teach him to say "Thank you," and "please," and if he is allowed to leave the table before the meal is ended let him learn to say "Excuse me." We were very much amused at a baby of four summers who recently dined at our table The meal, interspersed with interesting conversation, was tedious to his infant appetite and intellect, and finally the little man spoke up with, "May I be excused, please? I have enjoyed my dinner very much." Some one at the table—not his father—remarked that that boy bade fair to be "the finest gentleman in America."—*American Agriculturist.*

WATCH THE CHILDREN.

Brood over them lovingly, but don't interfere with them unwisely. During the first eight years of their lives, so important to all their after existence, let them be clean, loving, playing little animals. Let them eat, play, love and tell the truth. Give them plenty of brothers and sisters, and if these fail to appear, let them have other playmates of their own age. Children should never be taken as a joke, and never put forward as a show. Everything which concerns them is big with consequences, and should be seriously considered. The chief business and duty of each generation is to worthily rear the next, and the weightiest charge that can devolve upon a human being is the possession of a child—a fact which too few parents fully realize.

"Sunshine of the heart is a necessity in the lives of children."

EDITOR'S CORNER.

If you have sent money to renew your subscription to this magazine and do not see it credited, on the label where your name is printed, the first number after sending the money, write immediately to the office to ask the reason. Compliance with this simple request will obviate much trouble.

WHAT NOT TO LOSE.

"Don't lose courage; spirit brave
Carry with you to the grave.

"Don't lose time in vain distress:
Work, not worry, brings success.

"Don't lose hope: who lets her stray
Goes forlornely all the way.

"Don't lose patience: come what will
Patience ofttimes outruns skill.

"Don't lose gladness: every hour
Blooms for you some happy flower.

"Though be foiled your dearest plan,
Don't lose faith in God and man."

From the fact of our having said much in both "Home Column" and *Hope* in regard to the relation which our young people of to-day sustain to the church of the near future,—yes, to the church,—we have purposely refrained heretofore from frequent mention of it in the magazine But in examining our exchanges we found the following very earnest appeal in the pages of *The Unitarian*, a magazine devoted exclusively to the interests of that denomination, and most ably edited. We commend it to a careful reading by our young people; and we say to them, that if this be true of the religion of the "Liberal Church" (as they are pleased to style themselves), of a church which does not accept of the divinity of Christ in any higher sense than the divinity of any other man equally good, equally pure, (which they hold it is possible for man to become,) what shall we say in regard to you who believe in Christ as the Son of God and to such of you especially as know by the witness of the Holy Spirit that his doctrine was not his own but was that of the Father's who sent him?

What shall we say of you! As we write there passes before our mental vision many, many, familiar faces, faces of the young both of Lamoni and those whom we have met elsewhere in the church. And we can fancy thousands whom we have not seen, yes, a vast army of intelligent, bright, wide-awake young Saints; and we ask of each one, What shall we say of you? Can you be depended upon? In the midst of this mighty revulsion of liberality against dogmas and creeds of men,—and men who have professed to found them upon the Bible,—can you be depended upon to stand upon the Lord's side and intelligently give an answer, a reason for your hope?

If we could call each one of you by name today, the spirit dwelling within us would plead with you, to arise and fit yourselves to be "living epistles known and read of all men." Each one of you, by a *life*, a daily life consecrated to God, are called upon to be living witnesses of a crucified and risen Redeemer. And, while around you surges the huge billows of doubt and infidelity upon one hand, narrowness, dogma, and creed upon the other, with liberality set over against them, you are called upon to defend the *gospel of the son of God;* to defend it in its length and breadth, its height and depth, its purity and entirety; even the gospel which is the "power of God unto salvation."

"Your church" and "your chandalier" *are nothing!* But Christ must be all in all. To recommend him as such your life must be conformed to his. Your religion must not only be of the head, an intelligent faith which you can comprehend and defend, but it must be of the heart as well, and control the whole life.

Men may criticise the Bible, criticise its plain

teachings, its historical facts, its inspiration, everything in short connected with it; but when, through obedience to its teachings, they see lives transformed before them and individuals changed by the power of the gospel, criticism is harmless; and there is no power to withstand the mighty testimony borne by such living witnesses. It is *living* witnesses the world needs to-day. Witnesses upon earth to testify by their lives, even as the "great cloud of witnesses" by whom "we are surrounded" have in times past testified by theirs.

But we give place to the selection:—

"We wish to commend very earnestly to every Unitarian parent, young person, and boy and girl the following words of Rev. Charles F. Dole, showing to how large an extent the success or failure of our liberal cause depends upon our children and young people. Says Mr. Dole: I wish to speak to our young people and children. The world is judging our religion by you. Can the simple religion keep its children? men ask. Will its young men and women be loyal to it? Will they do anything for it? Do they believe in it?

"I will tell you what men are actually saying about you. They say that the children of the liberal church are most apt to desert it: few of them are there on a Sunday; the boys leave its Sunday school, where no men stay to command their respect; its young men go riding bicycles across country, and doing their best to break down the institutions of the past, without an idea of putting anything better in their place. It is said that the young people of the liberal church are worldly and mercenary. It is said that we cannot recruit our own ministry from them.

"This impression about our children frightens people who want to believe in us and in the beautiful, simple religion. You children could do more to make the true light shine, to disabuse prejudice, to help men believe in a good God, than all the sermons preached from our pulpit in the last fifty years. Let us train youth to be depended upon to stand in that place or march to that post wherever they can do the most good. Let such young people as these stand together, as some even now wish to stand. Let them be resolved to make their church a success, to make their chandelier the mightiest light in the place! You have no idea what such a light as this would do for religion in America. One such church as this would kindle the light of another, and the blaze would go through the land. People would tell of it in the West and the South. 'Yes,' they would say, 'the religion has come that thoughtful men can believe in, free of dogma, that fears no questions, that meets doubts,—the religion of pure faith, hope, love, is a reality.' And their children stand by it? the children support it? their children believe it? 'Yes, very heartily.' Ah! then the religion of the generations to come is secure. Then faith in light and good and heaven shall rule the coming world. Would to God we might see one such church ere we die!"

Let us add that in God is our hope and trust; and we look to see his righteous cause move on. There is leaven, though it be hidden; and our soul rejoices in this grand truth, "God hath highly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

How infinitely, incomparably smaller when examined by the light of truth and measured by the word of God, appear hopes which have not this sure foundation; "God hath sworn by himself."

"From yonder star each throbbing ray
Its flight through trackless space began,
Ere mind had crowned the rising day
Or Nature brought her gifts to man.

"So shines, O God, from depths unthought
Thy truth, eternal and sublime,
In noblest life of ages wrought
And thrilling in the heart of time.

"Here may our every effort rest,
Here life and precept sweetly blend,
Thy truth in fullness to attest,
In love and power its cause defend.

"Make deep and pure, O God, the springs
Whence streams reflect the light above,
While loud the call to labor rings,
And love is work and work is love."

We are pleased to be able to announce that in response to a request from us, Elder Zenos H. Gurley, of Pleasanton, Iowa, will prepare a series of articles in proof of the Book of Mormon, for publication in the Autumn Leaves. He writes "The subject seems to have been exhausted by able writers and that I cannot add thereto. However, the feeling is with me to comply with your request and the subject has been upon my mind for some time, hence I will try. I am busy for a little season, but will send in an article soon."

We also have the promise of Bishop E. L. Kelley to write upon the same subject as soon as the pressure of other duties will allow. Our young people are calling for such articles and we want its defenders to bring forth "their strong reasons." The growth of the church needs them and the world needs them.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"Therefore I hope as no unwelcome guest
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited."
—*Longfellow.*

CHARMING ROOMS.

The ways in which rooms may be made charming with little or no expense are infinite. A seemingly hopeless sort of a room is a large, square apartment, with a low ceiling which slopes down on one side to within five feet of the floor. When to these difficulties are added a very homely ingrain carpet and a stove far from beautiful the situation seems well nigh hopeless, but two energetic young women undertook to solve the problem of its transformation, and—they solved it. The room was changed into a cozy, pretty place, with an air half of "sitting room," half of "study," but wholly of genuine comfort.

The wall paper was nearly plain and of a grayish white tint, with a narrow, old-fashioned blue border. It was a convenient paper for it did not interfere with any other colors. Of course no pictures could be hung where the ceiling slanted, but one was placed on a small writing table so as to lean against the wall. It was a simple engraving framed in oak, and around it was wreathed some Egyptian asparagus—by far the most beautiful and feathery green stuff to be obtained at a florists. On the same side of the room was a couch, and over it was fastened a large fan of home manufacture.

Opposite the lounge, on the other side of the room, was a well filled antique oak bookcase, whose top was decorated with bric-a-bric. One piece was a bust of Dickens, which stood out boldly against a brilliant background formed by a scarlet silk handkerchief hung on the wall behind it. A yellow art silk curtain hung straight from the rod on the bookcase Another touch of yellow, without which no room is now considered complete, was found in a bunch of corn, whose husks were turned back to show the ears. It was sustained by a ribbon, so that the husks point upward, and was a very pretty ornament to the wall.

Pictures were hung on each side of the bookcase, and on the third side of the room between the windows. The two doors, one of entrance, the other leading to a closet, were removed and dark red portieres were hung in their stead. The windows had white shades, and over them pale madras lace curtains hung straight from yellow rods with brass rings.

Another small table stood between the windows, and on it were the usual books and papers, and a slender necked vase with a bunch of peacock feathers, which always add to the coloring of a room. They can be put anywhere—tacked on the wall, pinned on a screen, or fastened over a picture, and always look well.

I spoke of the homely stove. That was concealed by a screen, just a frame with a single set of hinges. On it was some olive Canton flannel fastened with brass headed tacks. I have seen that same screen once adorned with the aforementioned peacock feathers, at another time with red and yellow autumn leaves, and now—triumph of inventive genius!—it was decorated with a tennis net hung in graceful folds over its top. Set in front of the stove, it concealed it and kept the room from becoming too hot Carried into the little dining room and placed before the box which held an oil stove, it removed all "kitchenv" traces at once. In short the screen was a family blessing.

These were the salient features of that pleasant sanctum For the rest, there were easy and straight-backed chairs, including a steamer chair—enough for the inhabitants and their guests. These last were numerous indeed, for all agreed the room was a pleasant place to visit.—*Detroit Tribune*

FAMILY MENDING.

Repairing and mending over, cover a wide field in woman's work. Some general directions can be given for it, but each woman must study well the best way to prolong the usefulness and appearance of the article she desires to renew, before taking it in hand. When sheets show age by splitting they will last longer if torn down the middle, the selvage sides over-seamed together, and the raw edges hemmed. This puts a seam up the center, a matter of small inconvenience. To over-seam, hold the two edges even over the forefinger, and whip together.

When blankets grow thin, and begin to give way, it is scarcely worth while to mend them. Several such tacked together, and quilted into a cotton or woollen case, make an excellent coverlet. To quilt, divide into diamonds by drawing diagonal lines crossing each other, and stitch on the machine, or run by hand, taking care the stitches go through and through.

Marseilles quilts must be patched by darning the patch with unturned edges.

Towels are often patched with scraps of old ones.

Tablecloths break first in the middle where the two folds cross. It is sometimes expedient to transfer to such a place a center cut from an old napkin, and darn the edges without turning. Such a patch makes an excellent appearance, and is worth the trouble in a handsome cloth.

To make over carpets, spread them upon the floor they are intended to cover, and see where worn places can be best hidden. The widths next the walls are usually least worn, and can be substituted for the middle. Parts of widths can be cut out and patches put in, but straight edges only can be used, cutting with the lines of the warp. Take good seams on the wrong side, sewing together with coarse linen thread, waxed. Of course in sewing the widths together the edges are whipped. Worn carpets can also be turned into rugs by sewing together the best widths. These are much beautified by adding a border mitered at the corners. To mi-

ter, cut where the fold comes in turning the corner, and sew together the bias edges.

Much trouble is saved in mending children's clothes if the knees and seats of boys' trousers, and the elbows of jackets and girls' waists, are made double. It is also economical in the end to buy material sufficient for two pairs of sleeves for everyday clothes.

When waistbands are burst and buttonholes torn out, put on new bands of twilled cotton, and work the buttonholes with coarse thread, making the ends especially strong.

Men's clothing can be cut down advantageously for boys First rip up and clean. There are many preparations put up by druggists that are much more effective in taking out grease than home recipes. After pressing lay the patterns out thoughtfully, and cut with as little waste as possible. Large pieces left can be joined together to line the waists of wrappings for smaller children. Such alterations are only repaid when clothing is not very badly worn.

The wear of men's shirts can be lengthened by new wrist and collar bands, mending the buttonholes, and darning where the bosom breaks from the shirt. Such darning is hidden by the vest. All starch must be washed out first.

Dresses can be renovated by trimming with new contrast goods, a plain with a mixed or plaid, or solid colors that combine well. A child's dress remade in the present style could have a yoke of contrasting color upon the waist, which would hide a soiled front; a straight band let in the skirt to lengthen; a belt to lengthen waist, and a puff at the top or cuff at the bottom to lengthen sleeve. Let out the seam under the arm to increase the breadth. After letting out seams dampen and press.

Prepared dyes are used at home with complete success, and a wonderful amount of doing over they make possible. Everything will dye black that will dye at all, and a black dress is always useful, genteel and unobstrusive — *Good Housekeeping*.

FEATHER HAND SCREEN.

This can be made with a Japanese paper fan —the kind that does not close. Cover one side with gold-colored satin by drawing it tightly around and making long stitches across the back. Then over these stitches paste peacock feathers. First a circle around the edge, then another inside that, and another, until a small space is left in the center. Cover this with a feather, the stem of which has been entirely cut off. The stem of all the feathers should be short. Tie a bow of gold-colored ribbon on the handle.

SOFA CUSHION.

Four triangles of chamois, join four points at the top, and also at the sides. In the openings fill with surah, pad with cotton and line with surah. Finish with a large satin bow at top.

SLUMBER ROBE.

Take two summer shawls, contrasting colors, say deep red and olive, place sheet wadding between the shawls, and knot with No. 1 ribbon.

A prettily decorated chair is always an acceptable and useful gift. A chair costing one dollar can be enamled in white with the Harrison decorative paint. Have the seat, which is closely woven bamboo, painted also in white, and the alternate pieces of bamboo gilded, and the small rungs gilded. For decoration, the upright slats at the back can have tiny vines of forget-me-nots painted on them, also the sides of the rockers and rungs. It is not necessary either to paint or to embroider in order to get some excellent decorative effects.

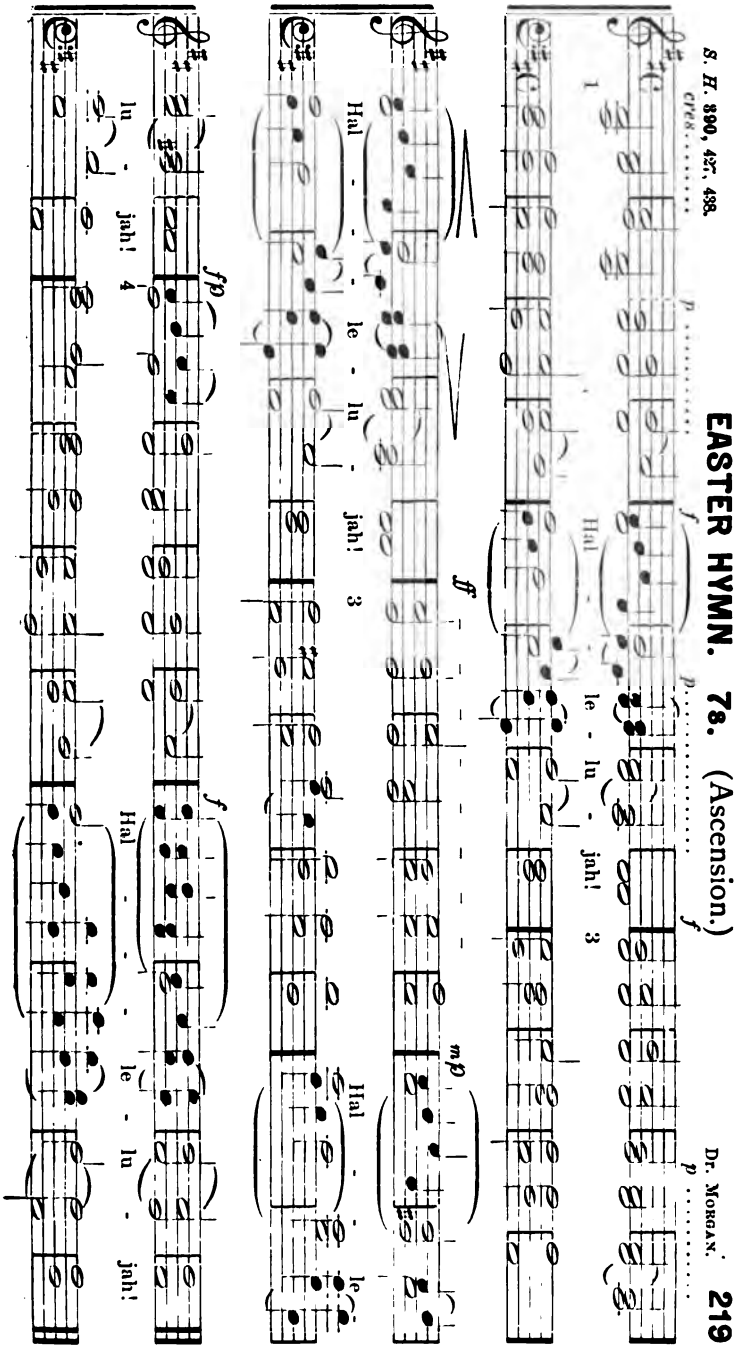
An odd looking and pretty newspaper-holder is made of some of the straw matting which is sewed around the rolls of Chinese matting, and it costs but a trifle. Cut a piece twenty-seven inches square, although different proportions should answer as well. The upper selvedge is tacked with gilt-headed nails to a fine strip such as is used in the bottoms of window shades. The lower selvedge is turned up to form a pocket about nine inches deep, and this is also tacked to another strip of pine A piece of orange satin ribbon is sewed to the upper edge of the pocket at either end, and another at the corresponding place at the back, and these are tied together in handsome bows. Two or three screw eyes fastened in the wood at the top serve to hang it up by. The fringe which edges the matting is left and gives a very unique effect at the sides, while the generous size of the pocket is a great delight to its possessor. The gilt tacks should be put in at equal distances and about an inch apart to give a good effect, and the points must be filed off where they protrude through the wood. Although these wooden sticks are scarcely visible, they would look better if gilded The word "papers" may be put on the front in gilt letters.

The closely woven Japanese scrap baskets of a greenish hue are handsome if left in the natural color of the straw, and trimmed with a full puff of pale turquoise blue China silk around the top. A scarf of the same with a bunch of artificial peaches loosely knotted in makes an artistic ornament, and a gift which anyone would appreciate.

To make a sofa rug use double Germantown yarn in the shades of red. With a very coarse hook make a chain of 136 stitches. Work in double crochet (insert hook, draw yarn though, then through two stitches on hook). Work always with back part of stitch to give a ridged effect. At the seventh stitch of the chain, put two stitches in one, at the fourteenth skip one; this alternate widening and narrowing produces a vandyked appearance which is very handsome. Fringe should finish one or both ends.

DECORATION.

Get a quantity of cones from evergreen trees of different sizes, paint them with different colors of the tinsel paint, then with tiny tacks that are easily concealed, fasten narrow ribbons of different colors upon the stem ends to hang them up by.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EASTER HYMN. 7s. (Ascension.)
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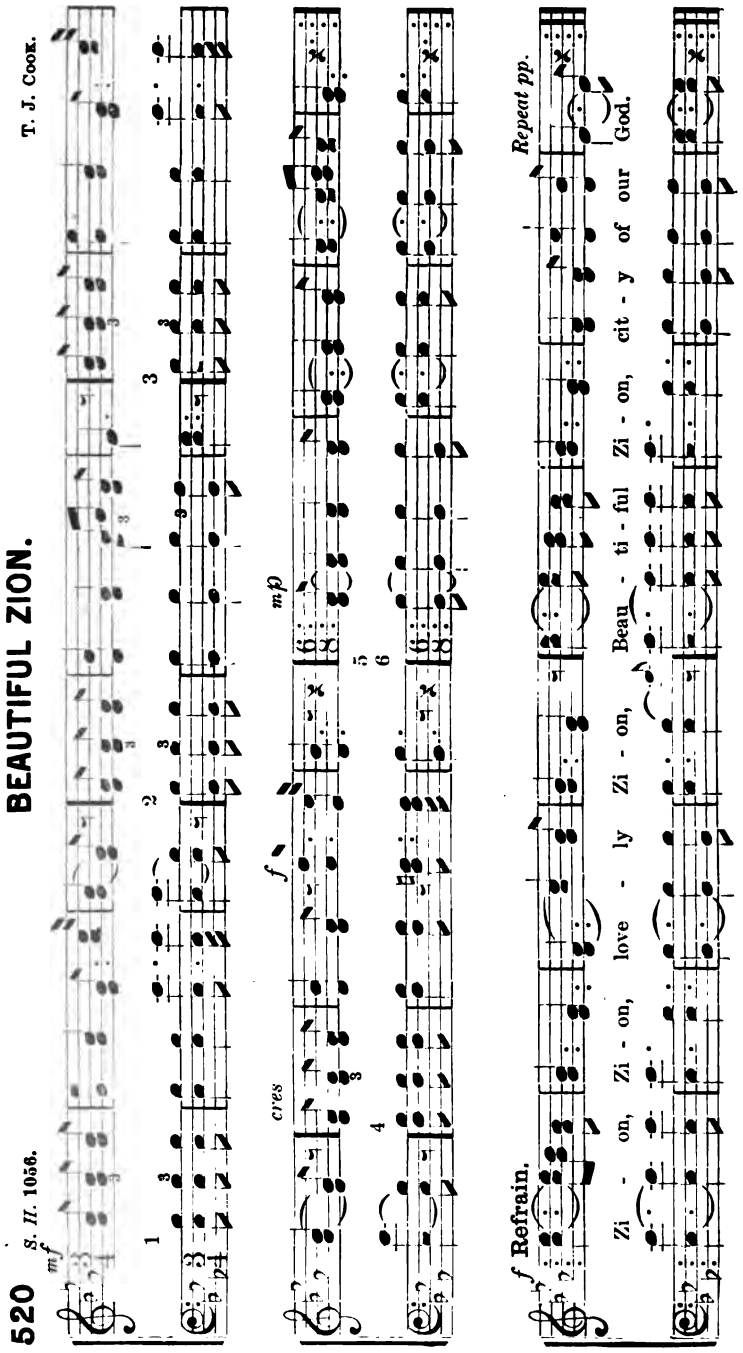
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MY BABY BOY.

(See page 178.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. V. LAMONI, IOWA, APRIL, 1892. No 4.

EASTER MONDAY IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

EASTER Sunday is coming again, and I suppose there may be children in these days who do just as my sister and I used to do when we were children, and knew that Easter Sunday was approaching,—namely, saving up eggs for a feast on that day. Eating an unusual amount of eggs was the only way in which I had had any experience in keeping Easter, until we went to Australia. When at sea some of the seamen would protest against working on Good Friday, but they were Catholics or Lutherans.

In Australia Good Friday and "Easter Monday" are public holidays. The latter is the grand holiday of the year. On both these days all shops are closed. Until eight o'clock, on the morning of Good Friday, hot cross-buns are issued by all the bakers in great abundance, but nothing else, that being the principal article of food in the city of Sydney on the morning of Good Friday. While passing through the streets, every little urchin that one meets will have a paper bag of hot cross-buns. The only difference between those, and the buns of any other day is that each one has a cross printed on it. As everybody ate them for breakfast, we ate them too.

I kept a dressmaking shop, but was informed the day before that I must keep my window shutters closed. I complied with the law and kept them closed; but, since I did not wish to go out, as the custom was, I opened some of the slats of the upper part and sat in the shop and sewed all day. It was a good Friday to me; for I got such a good day's work done without being interrupted by callers.

But our friends insisted on us going out one Easter Monday afternoon to see the sham fight, which was to take place on the water, near the entrance of the harbor. And, from what we had seen of Sydney, and its pleasure-seeking inhabitants, we judged that crowds of people would go, and that every conveyance would be overloaded. So we made arrangements with our friends to start at eight o'clock in the morning and thus get ahead of the body of the people, and avoid the discomfort of being in a crowd. We were to go down to the pier, about two miles, on the tram, (not *train*,) and from there go in a ferryboat down the harbor, from five to seven miles to Watson's Bay, land there, and view the battle from the Heads.

But, when we reached the sidewalk where the trams stopped, we were led to believe that hundreds of people had been of the same mind that we were; for we were obliged to stand there and see three trams pass that were so densely packed that another one could scarcely find footing; and the crowd was gathering on the sidewalk faster and faster every moment. A happy thought struck us, and we started and walked out in the direction where the suburbs of the city were nearest, and boarded the incoming tram before it reached the principal thoroughfare.

When we reached the pier two or three ferryboats had already left, and those that were at the landing were so loaded that it was difficult for the people on board them to move about. No boat could leave the dock until their time came, every ten minutes, I believe, for that one day. Every available boat was put into service for the occasion, but all did not go to Watson's Bay. I might have thought so before the day was ended, had I not seen the Heads on the opposite side of the harbor, literally swarming

with people. Policemen were stationed at the gangway to keep more from coming on board.

At length the one on which we had taken passage started. The day was fine, the water smooth, and the run down the harbor was delightful. We landed at a jetty, which projected out in the water, over the gradually sloping beach, so that the ferry boats could go and come at all times of tide.

After landing we had quite a long walk up a hill and across the table-land before reaching the cliffs or Heads. On these grounds a division of soldiers was in camp, and the men moved about in military order. Their arms were stacked, artillery drawn up in line, horses in readiness, and in every respect the soldiers live for one week as though they were really in the field, and momentarily expecting to be called into action.

Of course all who went out before noon took their lunches, and about noon those were the most extensive picnic grounds I ever beheld.

The large man-of-war that was to represent the enemy went out in the morning. She was to act the part of a real enemy and surprise the cruisers if she could. Later in the day a gunboat and torpedo boat went out to meet her. Whether they sighted the enemy or not we did not know; but they soon came back and remained inshore just around the point.

When everybody seemed to be tired of waiting and wondering, the formidable enemy made her appearance, and was soon attacked by the lurking Australians. The soldiers lined the shore, some hiding behind rocks, and some lying flat on the beach. Boom, boom, boom, came dismally over the waters, accompanied with the smell of powder, and the occasionally rattling of musketry. The smoke was so thick for a time, that the hulls of neither of the ships could be seen. In the midst of this dense smoke the Australians were surprised by a Russian (?) torpedo boat, and then the two torpedo boats attacked each other, and the cracking and rattling indicated lively work. Presently the Russian (?) man-of-war, though somewhat disabled presumably, started to come up to and enter the harbor.

When she came in range of the big guns that were mounted at the Heads, where the cliffs were lined with people, she was greeted with an eighteen pounder, under whose very shadow almost, I was sitting, and knew not that it was going to be used. My! I thought the earth had burst asunder. Several heavier guns were fired from the fort on the other side, and a volley of musketry from the soldiers on the shore beneath us. So for once I was in the very smoke smell, and sound of war, with seared and blackened scraps of wadding floating about me.

The enemy was entirely defeated and taken into a little bay just around the fort with only her stub masts standing,—topmasts and yards all sent down and jib boom taken in. The large torpedo was to go off at four o'clock, but we were very tired and sunburned, and concluded to make our way at once to the jetty and perhaps get the start of the main body of the people, and for that reason we went across the grounds instead of around by the road.

But when we got opposite the head of the jetty, just before coming out in the road, what was our surprise to see it literally packed with people; one loaded ferry-boat just leaving, and one unbroken, living, moving stream of people filling the whole width of the road, and extending as far back as the road was visible. We thought that we might as well take our chances with the rest, and, with the mutual understanding not to let ourselves get separated from each other, we fell into the human current and were borne onward for a time, but very, very slowly. We were still in the road that led to the jetty, and had not yet reached the planking where it commences to go over the water, when progress was entirely stopped by a current from the opposite direction. They were men who had, probably, been down to the ferry to assist their wives in getting started homeward, and now they were trying to work their way back again to the grounds.

This produced a fearful struggle. The great, strong men were pushing their way through the crowd by main force, which was no easy matter. They were making their way along by placing their hands on the shoulders of first one then another, irrespective of sex. It was some minutes before any ground could be gained; for the constant flow of people, coming down

and trying to crowd the people on ahead of them was every moment making the narrow lane more densely packed, and as those men neared our party, we were terribly pressed. Sometimes it almost took our breath away, being pushed helplessly against people's elbows, or in some other distressing position.

In this crush I was struggling to get from behind a woman who was only second from the one being pushed back by a great, burly man, when my parasol, which was closed, by some means got crosswise instead of hanging down close to me as it was when I started; and it was being pressed against the throat of a child, who was holding to her mother's dress, and already nearly smothered, being so much shorter than the rest. I let go of the parasol and did my best to get the child clear; but it was no easy matter. The mother had a babe in her arms, and every other person was for themselves; but by pushing, pulling, and almost fighting, I got it from her throat.

During the few minutes that I was thus occupied, I became severed a few steps from my husband and daughter. But these few steps were so packed with people that it would be difficult to get together again. When I caught a glimpse of my husband through the crowd he made signs that we would work towards the edge of the crowd, get out as soon as we could, and go back. But as yet we could not move. The men that were stemming the human tide, were getting nearer, and the next moment one of the heavy hands was laid upon my shoulder; and, though he was at arm's length from me, yet the pressure was severe. Fortunately he did not grasp the shoulder, but just laid his hand against it. A person at my side moved away a little. There was just the least bit of a vacancy. I made use of the opportunity, and, with the strength of desperation, I gave his hand a sudden shove and dodged at the same time. Although it brought his weight more heavily against some one else, I got clear; and with a few more efforts I reached the outer edge of the crowd, and was made aware of the fact by feeling myself being jammed against a table, where, in the early part of the day, cakes and beer had been sold. I managed to get myself down under the table, crawled through and came out on the other side, and edged my way along next to the board fence and soon got to where the lane was broader. By that time my husband joined me. He had endeavored to get to me in the struggle, but was forced back by those who were dividing the crowd to make their way through. Addie and our friends had reached the other edge on the opposite side. From there we had no trouble in getting back.

When we reached the main road we crossed over, went through a gap in the fence and up on a hill, where a good view was had of the bay, the jetty, the ferryboats coming and going, the hotel, and a portion of the road, or of the steady stream of people who kept coming, coming around the point where the road curved and wending their way to the jetty until it became a packed and solid mass clear up to the hotel. There was one fishing boat and two rowboats at the shore, just back of the hotel, whose owners were taking extortionate prices to set the people on board the ferryboats, but we made up our minds to stay where we were for an hour or so, till the crowd got a little thinner. Beginning to feel a "coming appetite," we made a search in our lunch-baskets, and were delighted to find fragments enough to make quite a respectable meal. So we "boiled the billy," as an Australian would say, and had supper. After replacing our few dishes we sat on the hillside, with many others, waiting and watching. The ferryboats were leaving now as fast as they could load up. Sometimes as soon as one would load and leave there would be another ready to take its place. At other times they had to wait awhile. But the boats were so small that there seemed to be as many people as at first.

Finally the day began to wane and the air to feel quite cool, for we had not even thin wraps with us. The street lamp at the head of the jetty was lighted, so also was the lamp in the miniature lighthouse at the far end of the jetty. Other than these all was darkness about us. We could no longer see the boats coming and going, only by their lights. We sat there till nine o'clock in the evening, when we thought there must be less people on the jetty by that time, and concluded to try it again. But we found that it was still full, though not so distressingly packed

as it was before, and all were going the same way. We held fast to each other this time, and no one made any effort to get ahead, or to go any faster than the crowd moved, which was to go a few steps, then wait a few minutes, and go a few steps again, whenever a boat load would be taken away. In that way we got along very comfortably, though the crowd was dense until we passed under the first rope.

Policemen were stationed at two places where a rope was drawn across the passage, from side to side, and they only allowed a certain number to pass under at a time. This precaution was necessary to keep the crowd back, both that people might not be pushed off into the bay, and also for fear the jetty would give way under the great pressure that was upon it. There was real danger of such a calamity. Each time the boats struck against it it would sway back and forth in a way that made a person feel that they were on very uncertain footing, and almost to hold their breath for fear of adding one ounce more to the already overweight. I silently prayed the Father to protect us from disaster and to permit us to reach our abode in safety, and I resolved never to be a party to such folly again.

To die in the service of the Master would perhaps bring no dread; but to be tumbled into the bay with a thousand or more of people and drown like so many wharf rats, was quite another thing.

When we were passing under the first rope, being about the last of the allotted number, Mr. Burton had passed under when the signal was given that no more were allowed. The struggle I had a few hours ago, unnerved me, though I was not aware of it till it was over. And every time during that long hour that we were passing down the jetty, when the crowd became packed about me, I would begin to tremble. And I had to exert all the will power that I could command, and hold fast to Joseph's hand, to keep myself calm and quiet. And now I was afraid he would be borne onward with the crowd and in the darkness we would not be able to find each other again, and I said,

"Oh Joseph do come back on this side!"

He replied, "I will stay right here; there will be no crowd as long as they are on the other side of the rope."

The policeman said, "Is that your wife?"

"Yes sir; my wife and daughter."

"You may go through," he said, and raised the rope for us.

At length our turn came to step down from the overloaded jetty to the equally overloaded ferryboat. Here also the gangway was guarded by two policemen and a heavy rope. When the boats had as many on as they could carry, the rope was drawn across the gangway again; but so great was the eagerness of the people to get on board that they had to be pushed back by the police, who would swing their clubs in a threatening manner. Joseph and I had got on board and Addie was trying to follow, but was being elbowed back; and, just as she was about to step down, the rope was drawn. I rushed up to the policeman and said,

"That is my daughter; if she cannot come please let me go back and stay with her; I could not leave her there alone."

He said, "She may come too."

And while they loosed the rope to let her pass down they had almost to fight to keep others back. I thanked him fervently; for I felt deeply grateful. That was twice we had been granted special favors.

The ferryboats were not at all like those that ply between New York and Brooklyn; and the one we came home on was much smaller than the one we went down on; in fact it was not much more than a large sized tugboat, with sitting accommodations around the sides. We were fortunate enough to get a seat, and in due time we landed at the pier.

Oh how thankful I felt to be permitted to stand on the solid earth again, and to have plenty of room to move about. And how cheery it was to see the lighted streets again, after sitting in darkness on the bank and being in that horror of darkness all the way down the jetty, except while entering the boat. It was all the more dismal because it was the first time we had been in darkness since our landing in Sydney. It was eleven o'clock when we reached our rented rooms. How good it was to get home once more, where the great street lamps shone in at the front windows, keeping the rooms light continually.

The ferryboat continued to run till twelve o'clock, and yet the people were

not all brought back. Every available room at Watson's bay was occupied; quite a number walked home (ten miles by road), and yet many had to sit around against the fences, or whatever more comfortable place they could find out of doors. The next day there was an article in the morning paper speaking of the insecurity of the jetty, and surprise was expressed that it had not broken down beneath its burden and launched many hundreds of people into the bay. The paper appealed to the city authorities to see to it that a new one was built, or that the old one be made more secure before another public holiday.

SAN BENITO, March 14th.

SISTER EMMA.

AN APARTMENT HOUSE.

Down by the pond that fed the mill,
  Where lily-pads grew thick,
There stood a house all by itself,
  Not made of stone or brick,
It towered upward to the skies,
  Some forty feet or more;
And only one small family
  Kept house upon each floor.

It was an old and withered tree,
  With not a leaf in sight,
And summer's sun and winter's storm,
  Had bleached its surface white,
And there it stood, when all around
  In beauty seemed to thrive,
Quite dead to all appearances,
  Yet very much alive.

For many, many little birds
  The tenement possessed;
And oh! with what amazing skill
  Each one had built its nest;
A house some fifty stories high—
  Oh, what a sight was that!
I don't believe that anywhere
  You'd find so tall a flat.

And as the birds flew in and out,
  Like bees around a hive,
No other tree in all the place
  Seemed quite so much alive;
And thus God gave it recompense
  For loss of leaf and stem;
The birds remained—while in its heart
  He made a home for them.

—The Independent.

THE PATH OF DUTY THE PATH OF SAFETY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER IV.

He conquers grief who makes a firm resolution.—*Goethe.*

Where is the fiery furnace hot enough to burn despair into our souls, so long as we see walking with us the form of One like unto the Son of God?—*Bishop Huntingdon.*

The plaintive wailing of the minor mingles itself with every earthly melody; and it is only by and by that the veil shall be lifted, and the full chords of harmony peal out on our ear unmarred by that undertone of pain.—*Anon.*

WHEN I awoke next morning the sun was shining clear and bright. I pressed my hand wearily across my forehead and tried to recall the events of the night before. My head felt sore and my thoughts were all confused. It was not often, however, that in our busy household the sun found anyone in bed. This thought came to me first of all, and I rose slowly to my elbow, discovering that I was already dressed. Then came the full recollection of all which had occurred the day before; and, with a moan of pain I sank back upon my pillow, passing my hands over my eyes with the vain hope of excluding the light of memory. This was but for a moment, when, springing to my feet, I donned another dress and adding a few hasty touches to my toilet went down stairs, glad of the thought that I might at least help the weary hours to move on, by fully employing my time.

I was questioned by my mother in regard to the previous evening, and when she learned that I had given no answer she admonished me anew that neither she nor my father would accept of a refusal to comply with their wishes.

"For," she added, "we have both seen much trouble and our hearts are set upon this."

Poor mother, she little knew how those last words touched my heart and made me forget all the hardness they were showing towards me. I knew the many drops of bitterness which had mingled in her cup; and I knew that they thought they were only promoting my happiness by the course they were pursuing. But it came to me vaguely, even then, how much better to have the willing obedience of a loving heart than to rule by arbitrary commands. I made no reply, but, with double diligence and scrupulous care, I bent myself to every task my hands could find.

I did not know at what time Mr. Fielding would call, but every step outside the door made me tremble, and the cold perspiration stood like beads on my forehead. Once I caught sight of my face in the glass and wondered at my own paleness, but the heaviness of my heart was reason sufficient for that, and the strain to which my feelings were being put seemed at times beyond endurance. "What answer can I give him?" "How can I place an eternal barrier between me and Edward?" were the questions constantly repeating themselves. Ah! my friend, I can write the name now, but then I could not speak it even to my heart. It was like the moan of the ever restless ocean that is heard in the shell picked up from the beach.

The time came at last. I heard a quick, bounding step, the click of the gate latch, followed by a light rap on the hall door. For a moment I gasped for breath, feeling that I should suffocate. My heart seemed contracting, and I had to steady myself to keep from falling. I heard mother's step in the hall, heard her open the door, heard his cheerful, "Good morning Mrs. Percy" and mother's response.

Then the door of the parlor closed and I knew I would have a few brief moments of respite; for mother would not come for me until he asked to see me. The moments of my reprieve, however, were brief. I heard my mother re-enter the hall, and, with one despairing thought of prayer in my heart and a desperate resolve to master my emotions, I walked slowly towards the room, not knowing in what way I was to meet this terrible emergency of my life. He came forward to meet me, extended his hand, and, holding mine for a moment, he looked tenderly into my face as he said,

"You are pale this morning. Perhaps I ought not to have called so soon. You have not yet recovered the effects of last night's indisposition?"

"I am feeling much better," I replied, the ghost of a smile hovering around my lips. "Pray be seated, Mr. Fielding."

He drew an easy rocker just in front of the window, and when I was seated he stood leaning his elbow on the mantle, closely regarding me for some little time without speaking. I knew that his eye was upon me, and did not dare trust myself to meet his gaze, but sat with my own eyes averted, hoping that he would speak first and break the silence; for it seemed impossible for me to do so. At last he said (and even wretched as I was I felt the tenderness of his tone and the deep feeling which pulsed in his voice):—

"Miss Percy, I cannot tell you how much I regret having spoken to you so soon. Our acquaintance has been so very short that you have been taken entirely by surprise. I could not realize this, however; for to me it seems that I have always known you. I have loved you from the first moment my eyes rested upon you; and the very fact that I knew you were perfectly ignorant of my feelings only made me the more anxious to speak, lest I should lose you forever. But I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that I have been hasty. Your pale cheeks and changed manner are a constant reproach to me, and I feel sure that you cannot regard with favor one who has been the cause of such a change. But may I not hope that you will find some small palliation in the fact that I am compelled to return home in a few days and thus might never have the opportunity of pleading my own suit again."

Oh, how I longed to tell him all; to ask his pity and help. I felt sure that I would receive both from his warm, manly heart. But I dared not tell him; for I knew that my parents would question me, and what answer could I give them? Again I heard my mother's voice repeating, "We have both seen much trouble and our hearts are set upon this." I could not disappoint them; yet it seemed to me equally impossible that my lips

should ever speak the word which would separate me forever from Edward. As I still remained silent, he continued:—

"I know that I love you, truly and tenderly; and it pains me beyond expression to see you suffer so bravely and silently. If I am the cause only tell me so and I will not urge my suit, but will leave you and try to forget that I ever cherished the hope of winning you. Speak to me, if only one word, just to bid me go or stay."

My heart felt as though a band of iron was being drawn around it, and my lips refused to utter a single word. I could only raise my eyes to his in mute appeal, like some dumb animal wounded unto death.

"O, Stella," he cried, forgetting all formality in the perfect rush of feeling which swept over him at my appealing glance. "Tell me what it is which so much distresses you. I cannot endure to witness such grief, believing myself to be the cause. Speak to me or I must leave you. When I first saw you you were the impersonation of a light-hearted, happy girl, the light and life of every circle you moved in, but now you look heart-broken and only the ghost of your former self." He moved towards the door, then turned to me and extending his hand said,

"Good-by, Miss Percy, forgive the pain I have unwittingly caused you, and may God help me to endure mine."

I took his hand, but not to say good-by. The thought of his going, sent away by my stubborn silence, (as I well knew it would be called,) roused me to such a pitch of desperation that I found voice to say,

"I cannot now give you the answer you desire, Mr. Fielding; for my heart does not go with it. All this has been so sudden, and it seems more like a dream than a reality. Have patience with me; wait and hope; perhaps I may sometime."

O, my friend! It ought to have repaid me, and richly too, for all the pain those few words cost me, to see the power they had to bring light and joy to the pale face that bent over me. But my heart was as yet too selfishly absorbed by my own grief, and they only sounded to me like the knell of doom. However, I made a desperate effort to master my feelings, and for some time I conversed with a show of animation; but I felt very grateful to him when he rose to go, saying,

"With your permission I will call again this evening, but I will not urge you any more. Take your own time in which to answer me. With the bow of hope spanning my future I can well afford to wait while you seek the lost roses of your cheeks and the merry twinkle of your eyes."

And so he took his leave. Not a word of love had he uttered since my reply to him, but the very tones of his voice were a caress. Alas! alas! that he had not loved one free to return his wealth of love! When he had gone, I sat for some time bewildered, striving earnestly to collect my thoughts; but in vain. I was now in reality ill. My face was flushed and feverish, and my temples throbbed almost to bursting. I rose and sought the quiet of my own room and threw myself upon the bed, only to be borne about by the surging billows of thought and feeling. I dumbly realized that the irresistible tide of events had, in the short space of *one day*, borne me onward until I stood almost hopelessly separated from my early love. How much crowded itself into that one day! I seemed to have been snapped asunder from every tie in life, and to stand alone, viewing a dreary waste over which I must travel. Dark clouds rolled over my head, but not one drop of moisture fell on the burning sands at my feet. Looking backward so much of light and love shone all around the path I had come; but not a single ray illumined the future. All was a dreary waste, silence and darkness.

In that hour of darkness, when I felt that more was laid upon me than I was able to bear, Jesus the Savior rose up before my mind and seemed to draw very near to me. Then I remembered how I had been losing sight of him and seeking my own pleasure. I recalled the time when he had comforted me in the first sorrow of my girlhood; when I had taken my burden to him and found peace. And now, in this fiery furnace—heated seven times hotter than any former one, lo, he was with me, and his arms were stretched out to enfold and comfort me! The clouds were still heavy and dark above me, but a gentle dew was moistening my eyes, and I found solace in a quiet shower of tears—the first which had cooled my burning lids since this trial came

upon me. Then I said, "Though all the earth seems void, it is well; I will arise and go to my Father."

Then and there, my friend, I made the resolution which has been the pole-star of my life, the beacon leading me on from conquering to conquer, and which has enabled me through trials and temptations, in sunshine and storm, in peace and safety or in the midst of peril, to ever remember that "I am not my own, but am bought with a price." I resolved that from henceforth I would give my life to him; that I would not suffer anything nor anyone to come between us. Supreme love to God and a high sense of duty should be the controlling motives of my life; no love should ever come between me and the Savior. So fixed was my heart in this steadfast resolve that I longed to be entirely free from every tie of this kind; that, without hindrance or the shadow of a reservation, I might lay myself upon the altar of his love. It was no altar of sacrifice to me; for there came to my heart such a transforming power, when I opened the windows of my soul for the sunlight of God's love to enter, that every fear vanished. Like Abraham, if God had commanded I could have raised the knife, nor staid my hand had there been a thousand children "of promise" bound before me.

This exalted frame of mind was not always to continue, else trials and temptations could not have reached me. Yet, through all the journey of life, even down to old age, I have been enabled to guide the frail bark of my earthly life, by that same spirit of consecration; though at times I have had a much less degree of it than God gave me then; for the promise is only, "As thy day."

The day was waning; and, as the shadows of evening began to close in, my brother came to my room and talked kindly with me. He felt that my father's demands were unjust, and he said,

"Stella, if you do not wish to yield to them, I will stand by you to the last."

"No, brother," I answered: "I should never be happy in pursuing such a course. Father is a stern man, and if I disobeyed him it would bring gloom over the whole household. I am sorry if my present course shall bring unhappiness to others. I would gladly avert it, if it was in my power to do so. My duty is plain before me. I have neglected Christ and his service. My profession of religion has been only a form; but from henceforth I shall endeavor to live it. And I know that he will help me; for I will never again suffer an idol to come between him and my heart. I feel that it is better as it is."

I asked him to pray with me that I might have strength and help. And, in the silence of the evening hour in that quiet little room, clasped in each other's arms, we pleaded for help, strength, and the guiding hand to lead. And I was strangely upheld and comforted; so much so that I could scarcely realize that I was the same person who had staggered into that little room only a few hours before, so utterly filled with sorrow and pain, so blinded with the misery of despair. True I was not the blithe and light-hearted girl of a few days ago; for I was sad and subdued, and my head and heart were both sore from the awful strain which had been put upon them. But He had said "Peace, be still," and the waves were stayed; though the sands were drenched with the spray hurled there in their fury.

My brother still opposed my yielding; but my mind was fully made up, and together we went down stairs. I sought my parents and told them my decision. I added that I would much prefer not marrying at all, but if it was their will I would marry Earnest Fielding. My pale face and subdued manner, together with my acquiescence in their wishes, softened their hearts towards me; for their countenances relaxed and some tenderness crept into their manner. I could see, too, that they had been greatly troubled with the fear that after all I would thwart their wishes. I felt weak and soon returned to my room, leaving word that I was suffering with a headache and would not be down to tea.

Later in the evening, however, I carefully arranged my hair, and changing my dress, I joined the family below. Earnest, was there, and, though I often caught his glance resting on me, and noticed that when he spoke to me his voice took a different tone to that in which he spoke to others, he gave no other demostration of his feelings, but was the life of the circle around him. I felt grateful to him for the thoughtfulness, which drew the attention of others away from me by

drawing it to himself. I think it was my pale face and weary look which caused him to take an early leave, and I sought my pillow and slept sweetly and peacefully until the dawn of a new day called me to new duties.

My mind was now fully made up. I would give Earnest his answer at the first opportunity, and then I would turn my face resolutely away from the past. No one should ever know that I had not given my heart with my hand. Above all Earnest should never know that I had consented to marry him from a sense of duty which I owed my parents. If this sacrifice was pleasing to the Lord (and I then and ever afterward believed it was) he would sustain me and take care of all the consequences.

There had come with the formation of this resolution a dawning perception of the great truth that seeking happiness in this life is not a worthy pursuit. That we are placed here for something higher and holier than that, and, if Christ had a work for me to do why should he not demand of me what he demanded of all who would be his disciples: "Deny thyself and follow me." It was not his own will which he came to do but the will of his Father. My parents were fallible, while God was infinitely just; but this infinitely just God had written, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Perhaps you may say, "That commandment was graven upon tables of *stone*." It was, but the force of it was graven upon my heart; and it was my highest conception of duty. Had I proven false to this conception in the hour of my trial what would have been left me?

I am not arguing the point as to whether my parents had a right to make this demand of me. The question is whether I should have obeyed or refused obedience? And I can truly say that I believe God accepted my sacrifice, and that through it he has overruled my life to his service. I put away my earthly love, firmly believing that I would love God more and live nearer to him; and I know that he helped me in the conflict. I firmly resolved that I would bend all my energies to make Earnest happy, so that he should forget that I had even hesitated to accept him; and no one should ever suspect that he was not the one of my own choice. I would school my own heart to be still, and would give him all I could in return for the undivided love that he gave me.

In this frame of mind I plighted my troth to him, and for days after went about as one not having a self. In his presence I strove to be cheerful, as much like my old self as possible. He seemed perfectly content and happy, often speaking of his cup of joy as being full, even to running over. But, when he left us to return to his business, and there no longer rested upon me the necessity of giving my time and attention to anyone, then my thoughts turned inward upon myself, and there came a terrible awakening to my real position. Then followed dark and sorrowful days. I concealed my feelings by day but wept much at night when alone, and discovered the truth of Holland's couplet:—

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

It may not seem possible to you, and I myself did not realize that, up to the time when the wedding day was set, there had ever been in my heart a hope that something would intervene to prevent the consummation. But when Earnest insisted upon the day being named, and no longer delay could be made, then when I discovered that the last ray of light was going out, then for the first time I felt indeed that my fate was sealed. As I began my needed preparations of things which would be required in housekeeping, and no change came, the light in the distance grew more and more obscure, and I sewed up many a tear in those wedding preparations.

Sometimes my heart rebelled against the fetters which should have been so willingly put on. I felt that I was being defrauded of the cream of existence. The one supremely happy time which came to other girls could never come to me! Then such a longing would come over me to once more see and talk with Edward; to tell him that I loved him yet and always would love him; and that if I could only know that he would continue to love me, I could almost be content. I put this thought resolutely away, however; for it would not only be treason to my betrothed lover, but if Edward was in

possession of this knowledge he might assert his claim and make an effort to gain me. So I smothered this longing, and while I passed him on the street sometimes, I merely bowed as to a casual acquaintance.

And now, my friend, if this were a story of fiction I would soon conclude it. But it is not, and there remains another chapter to be written. It is false and misleading (so far as my own history goes at least) to suppose that by one grand, superhuman effort we can change the current of life, or uproot from our hearts the feelings and emotions which have become a part of ourselves. The plant which we have watched and tended, at first a tiny helpless thing, which failing for a day to receive our care would droop and die, finally develops, as we feed and nourish it into a growth so strong, sending out its roots broad and deep, drawing in all the forces of our being, that when we would uproot it we find ourselves standing aghast—balked by its strength. Our hands drop away from the task, falling impotently at our sides, and the heart moans out its plea to God for help and strength. But I must not anticipate.

We were married amid the congratulations of relatives and friends. I was indeed considered a most fortunate girl; and few of my young friends who congratulated me would not have been willing to change places with me. Earnest was proud of his bride; and, but for my own untamed heart, there would not have been a discordant note.

Shortly after our marriage we removed to the city of R——, and in the midst of new scenes and surroundings the past was for the present buried.

(To be continued.)

ARE THEY CHRISTIANS?—No. 7.

WITH a face now radiant he turns and informs the anxious little audience of her condition, and subdued though heartfelt rejoicing takes possession of them all. As for Mrs. Blake she hardly knows her own mind; she is not yet certain in regard to this healing. To be sure the girl is there before her, smiling and even talking in a new, bright way. But is not this the elixir of excitement; and will not the faint tinge of color that has come into her face soon fade to the ashy hue of death? Time will tell. The next fierce coughing spell may be her last of earth. But Mrs. Blake still prays and hopes for her. An hour passes, and she electrifies her family by declaring that she is hungry. "And food was brought her and she did eat," and with evident relish, a thing she certainly had not done since Mrs. Blake had known her. Momentarily, after this repast, Mrs. Blake looks for the dreaded cough; but her cough is gone never to return again. And in a voice that has the thrill of new life and strength in it, she joyously protests again and again that she is healed; and "if she is not too happy she will rest and sleep to-night."

Mrs. Blake has now been assigned sleeping apartments. She offers to remain with Mrs. Allen, but the Crains will not listen to this. They, with the help of Mr. Allen, will take ample care of the invalid; and as for her, so they say, she needs rests as much as anyone. And when she gets into the home-like bedroom, and notes the great soft bed, she for the first time really knows how worn-out she is. Mrs. Harper is to be her roommate and she is so childishly happy that she cannot talk until they bow in prayer. And such a little and poor prayer! Hardly a prayer at all; just thanks for mercies and blessings, a plea for care and keeping. Why a child could do as well; and yet there was *faith* in it. She seemed not to doubt at all, and even forgot to admonish them to call her in case of a change for the worse, and then retiring went to sleep at once as a child might do, to the utter amazement of Mrs. Blake, through whose tired brain the events of the past few days keep passing.

Was she really Mrs. Helen Blake, who had started west to see to what spiritual depths her daughter had been led; and now was she not enjoying the hospitality of these very people she affected to despise? Has what she seen been real? Or is it part of a dream that is mixing with her waking thoughts, till sounds

grew distant and pendulum-like? "Like a sing-song wheel in a ship at night;" and she sleeps and wakes not, till the morning sun is streaming in. And Mrs. Harper has actually risen and gone without waking her. She soon came in, however, and Mrs. Blake saw she was in tears. Mrs. Allen is dead! The thought came like a blow after such strong hope had been built up. But Mrs. Allen is not dead; and her mother sheds tears of joy; and her tongue is loosened, and she talks fast enough now. Her daughter has slept and rested well; the cough had never returned; she was much stronger, and so bright and happy. Mrs. Blake hastened to verify her statements, and found the change for the better had been indeed wonderful. The red spot no longer burned in the hollow cheek and the glitter was gone from her dark eyes. To use her own words she breathed from new lungs, and therefore had no need to cough.

Mrs. Blake's mutual queries were, Is she cured? If so, was it by the power of God? Perhaps after all she was only to have a short respite; she should not try to name the power that healed her till she knew she was really healed. But for her to pass a calm restful night seemed of itself miraculous.

It was now Sunday morning, the very Sunday morning she had planned to be at her daughter's home. And the train she desired to go on would not leave till two p.m. The morning passed quickly, however, and the people began to prepare for church. Of course she was asked to accompany them; then her loyalty to her own denomination asserted itself. Should she go alone to the Methodist church? Or would she be stepping into voluntary sin if she attended the service of these people. (She would not mentally call it worshiping with them.) And then she thought that she might possibly see some of the iniquity which she had heard even cropped out in their church services. As she had come expressly to discover these, and to exclaim against them, she decided to go, mentally asking the Lord to consider "the evil justified the means."

She went in company with Mrs. Harper and a young daughter of Mrs. Crain. As they arrived early, Mrs. Blake used her eyes to good advantage. She could not, after a critical inspection, find any fault with the neat little church with its walls perfectly plain and white, and its soft, subdued light. And the serious and reverent demeanor of the congregation was in happy contrast with many congregations she had seen in what she would term an "orthodox" church. She scanned the faces around her closely expecting to see stamped upon them the ignorance and vice with which they were everywhere credited. But she had to acknowledge that they appeared fully up to any similar congregation she had ever seen, as regards personal appearance.

But had not the last book she had read, "Mormonism Exposed," said that there was scarcely one among them who could read or write? She cautiously tried to pick out one whose face indexed so ignorant a condition. But she failed even in this, unless it was the baby a few seats ahead, who was scandalizing its young mother by cooing loudly and bringing a smile to the faces of the young people near it. Even the action of the minister met her approval. He was an old man whom she had never before seen. He entered the sanctuary with becoming reverence. But he did not kneel for the moment of silent prayer that is quite customary in the "orthodox" churches, but, instead, he seated himself facing the audience. More than once in the past Mrs. Blake had wondered what could be the burden of that silent prayer that could not be offered in the audible petition, almost immediately following, and to her it looked a little, *just a little* as though—as though it was done to be seen of men.

The preacher was a "local elder." At first he seemed embarrassed, but he soon spoke with ease and great simplicity of manner. His theme was the setting up of the church and the great apostasy, in the light of Bible prophecy. Mrs. Blake was not long in discovering that he, at least, had no sympathy for the doctrine of polygamy. She wondered why she had never noticed those prophecies, and what her own minister back in M— would say they meant. And she caught herself thinking that if she believed as the Saints did that the explanations she had just heard were correct.

The sermon was short and a short testimony meeting followed. Of course some reflection of the sermon was heard

in the testimonies, the last to speak being an old man who related some of his experiences in the Missouri trouble. Mrs. Blake was absorbingly interested. He stood near and facing her; and he gave his testimony in a way that stamped it as truth. Then it was so new; it showed so plainly the moral poverty of that howling mob of priest-led barbarians that had followed the Saints like bloodhounds; it was so different from the book; *it was the other side!*

He told of the hardships, of the cruelties, of the indignities to tender youth and to decrepid age, as well as to women, many of whom like herself had been tenderly reared in northern homes. He told of many a one being driven barefoot over the frozen prairies till they could be tracked in bloody footprints; and of how he had run barefoot through the snow as long as he could endure the agony, and then stopped on tufts of grass till he felt able to proceed.

The terrors of the night were awful; the wails of innocent children went up on every hand, their parents powerless to comfort them. And then, O God of pity and tender mercies, there was heard the cry of newborn infants, who, under no canopy but that of heaven, breathed their first breath of life from the bitter, wintry blasts which swept the frozen earth, as they were wrapped in the coarse and threadbare coat that was snatched from the back of the benumbed and shaking father.—But the testimony is ended; Mrs. Blake is weeping and has plenty of company.

(To be continued.)

A MOTHER'S PRAYER;

OR CHILDHOOD'S VISION RECALLED BY AN AGED PRIVATE SOLDIER OF THE CROSS, AS COMMUNICATED TO THE WRITER.

BY CHARLES DERRY.

His locks were thin and gray—his steps were slow;
His eyes had long since lost their brightness, and
His once vigorous form was bow'd beneath
The weight of his manly threescore years and ten.
But, through the dim and misty past, he saw
On memory's page, indelibly graved
A scene of true devotion—purest love,
Akin to that which angels give in heaven
To their great King and our's, as their faces veil
Before his august presence, crying "Holy,
Holy, holy, Lord God, Omnipotent!"
And, as the scene loomed up before his gaze,
Undimm'd by time, or by the great cares that oft
Had bowed his soul, his heart was touch'd anew,
As with holy fire from heaven's altar,
His lips, inspired by sweetest memories
Of her who gave him birth, the vision told.

Scarce three times the sun its annual course
Had mark'd, since his first Natal day, when oft
At noontide he had miss'd his mother's form—
Had seen her oft retire to some lone spot,
But wist not where, nor why. But on this day
His thoughts were roused. Childish indeed were they,
Longing for mother's presence, and her care;
For who can soothe the infant woes and calm
The childish fears, or lull the tender form
To sleep, like mother? He must her footsteps trace.
They could not lead to danger; with her was safety.
Did instinct guide those little patt'ring feet,
Or angel hands lead him to that lone room
Where he heard an angel voice in prayer?
Fore there, before the throne of grace was bow'd,
In humble, earnest prayer, his mother's form,
Pleading as only mothers can for mercy;
Not for herself alone, though feeling need
Of mercy from His hand who gave her life,
But for the object of her love and care.
Not last, nor least, upon her trembling lips
She bore the name of him, her infant child,
Whose little feet had found her lone retreat;
His name he heard, with strong emotion borne
In pleading tones before the great white throne.
It touched his childish heart, and there engraved
Upon the tablet of his mind the scene
Never to be erased while life endures;
And, as his footsteps sounded in her ears,
She turn'd and saw her babe wrapt in wonder,

His lips quivering betwixt joy and fear.
Yet, with childlike trust, he glided to her side;
And then she pressed him to her loving heart;
And, with her gentle hand in reverence laid
Upon his head, she breathed anew to God
The tender impulse of her pious soul—
Her child committing then, and for all time,
To His almighty arm and loving care
Whose eye doth note the sparrow in its fall,
And hears the unfledged ravens as they cry.
That He might fill that heart with love divine,
Instruct that mind in wisdom's pleasant ways,
Direct those infant feet in virtue's path,
And in full manhood's prime be still his guide,
Until his falt'ring feet should find their way
Into the portals of Eternal Life.

That prayer was heard, what mother's prayer is not
When offered in full faith and harmony with God?
Amid youth's giddy scenes and pleasure's haunts,
In manhood's struggle with earth's cares and woes,
This lovely vision kept before his mind;
And who shall tell what folly, sin, and shame,
What depths of evil he was led to shun,
As in his ears rang that sweet mother's prayer,
Like heavenly symphonies before the throne
Of Him who never spurns the contrite heart?

And when in after life his feet had trod
The sacred portals of Christ's mystic kingdom,
And thus was born anew, a child of God,
And by the Holy Spirit sealed an heir
Of life eternal, promised ere the world began,
What plummet line could sound the depth of joy
That swelled his heart—the grateful love that filled
His newborn soul, to know her prayer was heard,
Heard and answered, and his sins forgiven?

No wonder now, those eyes grow dim with tears,
And sobs of sacred joy impede his speech,
As he the scene recalls, and o'er it lingers—
The one bright spot of life whose radiance
Illumed his path and led his youthful feet
From slippery paths of soul-destroying vice
To the one path of pleasantness and peace.

Mothers, take heart, you cannot plead in vain,
Your trust in God will ne'er be spurned by Him.
Christ your petition bears and pleads it as his own;
And for every earnest, contrite prayer
Heaven's sacred portals always stand ajar.
Then let your prayer and good example join
To bless your babes and lead the wayward youth
From sin's dread thrall to love and serve the Lord.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE GOSPEL UPON CIVILIZATION.

BY SISTER CORA VAN FLEET.

THE face of the whole earth, almost without exception, is now known. The human family is divided into different races, and by the natural boundary lines of the countries which they inhabit, into different nations, each governed by its own peculiar laws.

By referring to ancient and modern histories, we find that many nations who were once among the foremost in the world have faded out of existence, and even the earth itself is undergoing a change which in the course of time, may result in its being blotted from the universe.

A litttle less than four hundred years ago the whole continent of America was, to those from whom we derive the knowledge of history, as though it had not been created. A little before the birth of our Savior, Great Britain, the land of our ancestors, was unknown, as was the whole of the northern part of Europe, the southern part of Africa, and the eastern part of Asia. If we go back two thousand years from the Christian era, no traces of inhabitants are to be found on the face of the earth, except a few comparatively small nations near the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean Sea.

Man is by nature progressive. A glance at the pages of history will show how each tribe has increased, and how mankind gradually spread over the earth, developing into nations of more or less strength, being governed by kings and divided into castes as the people of India now are.

By nature man is also religious. In human nature, as far back as we can date, is found the element or desire to have something to revere, and some-

thing on which to lavish affection. Thus we find men worshiping idols, the work of their own hands, and making sacrifices to unknown gods. Then faintly gleams the light of the gospel through the aisles of the dark ages. Brighter grows the light as we advance, until we walk the streets of Jerusalem in the land of Judea, "the spot towards which the eye of every Jew lovingly and with reverence turns."

Here we mark the pomp and display of the Roman government, in the building of beautiful structures that were dedicated to the gods they worshiped; and over and above all the gold-bedecked pinnacles of the majestic temple of the Jew, —the people who were persecuted and oppressed by the Romans but, nevertheless, bearing the gospel. At this time we find people progressing in arts, yet continually at war; and when conquests were made they were always made with the sword.

But, passing along with occasional glances at the myths of the ancients, star-worshiping Egyptians, heroes and gladiators, we realize that the faint glimmer of gospel light has been almost lost, and but for the despised few even that little might have disappeared. The morals of the people were degrading, and except with the Jews, virtue was almost unknown.

We mark the effect of the gospel upon the people who received it, especially when we compare them with the Romans as to the regard and treatment which women received. Geikie says:—

"Among the Jews woman was never so dependent and despised as among other Eastern races; for the law proclaimed that she was bone of man's bone, and flesh of his flesh, and designed to be a help meet for him."

No literature of any age offers a finer ideal of the wife and mother than a Hebrew poem that was written not less than twenty-five hundred years ago, when the history of Greece was still the era of fable, and Rome was little more than a rude fort on the top of the Palatine Hill. This poem is found in Proverbs.

Turning from it we hasten on to the time when Rome was beginning to see prosperity, and when the "Prince of Peace," Jesus Christ, was born at Bethlehem of Judea. When Jesus arrived at manhood John the Baptist came preaching to the people to repent. He declared that the Son of God was coming and that he had been sent to prepare the way before him. Many people believed in him and were baptized. But when Jesus came many rejected him and sought to take his life. The Jews thought that he was not the promised Messiah, for he did not fulfill their preconceived ideas of the Christ.

Christ came to conquer the world with love, and his teachings were very different from those recorded in the Old Testament. He taught freedom of thought, purity of motives, with meekness and humility, whereas human teachers always came with the very apparent purpose of self-aggrandizement. His coming had been heralded by the song of peace, theirs were ever with the cry of war.

Moses could see with natural vision, what it would be to possess the "treasures of Egypt," but he forsook them, defied the hosts of Pharaoh, started with a rebellious, undisciplined host, without a commissary, leaning upon a higher revelation, trusting in higher powers than this earth possessed, "to set a table in the wilderness" for them, to educate them so that they might possess a goodly land for an inheritance, and to show them what God could do for a man or a nation.

The love of God permitted divinity to be veiled in humanity, that humanity might be forever exalted. It permitted the temptations in the wilderness, a life of trial, Gethsemane, and the cross, yet he never withheld his care from the perfect example, nor suffered his love for him to fail. The hope of the world lay bruised and pierced in Joseph's tomb. The spirit fled on its mission to fulfill that which was written by the prophets of God. The disciples were overwhelmed with disappointment and confusion. With minds entrammeled by faith, their enemies remembered the words of the deceiver and secured the fiat of the powers of this world to prevent the accomplishment of words that had been written, and the demonstration of the power of God and of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Angels that excel in strength and power, that do God's bidding, were at hand. The stone was rolled away; the signet of eternal sleep, sealed by the kingdoms of this world, was broken; the sentence of death was annulled, and the words that rang in the ears of the astonished disciples, "He

is not here but is risen," have startled the world into glad surprise, and given to it the hope that death is only an appearance, —a name and not a fact.

Meantime the world was being blessed by the light that streamed from the glory of the cross. Through the man of sorrows came the words that were to free mankind from bondage and oppression. As man advanced in the knowledge of the gospel he also advanced in his understanding of the sciences of the world and its people. As we wend our way to school and chapel we glance back to the time of our great reformers, and gratefully bless the tidings glad that prompted Wickliffe, Luther, and others to begin the work of the great reformation.

Wickliffe denounced the practices of forbidding the masses to read the Bible. He was at many times summoned to go before the Pope; but, paying no attention to these demands, he continued his preaching. He also translated the Bible into different languages. People liked to hear him; and so great was the influence that he exerted upon them that schools were started, and rapid advancement was made in learning.

A century later Luther and Melancthon waged a wonderful wartare, the influence of which spread throughout Germany, and no doubt it hastened the gospel work even in our time.

What American can forget the brave souls who bade farewell to the land of their birth and sailed for the New World in the old "Mayflower!"

"What sought they thus afar,
Bright jewels, the wealth of mines, the spoils of war;
They sought a faith's pure shrine,
Aye! call it holy ground the spot where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God."

The story of their sufferings is too well known to need repetition. Hardships and trials beset them. The wild waves of the Atlantic sounded on the one side, and the wild war cry of the red man on the other. The prayer of the hardy pioneer arose above the low log houses, and the gospel of the Lord was studied. Free to think, free to act, free to pray, who shall say they were not heard of God? The glory of the gospel spread. Their minds were enlightened; and, with the enlightenment of freedom, the grandest government of the world was created.

The influence of the gospel was it? It surely must have been. Our glorious nation of free men and women look upon the old flag with thankful hearts that 'neath the flutter of its fold we read, sing, pray, and learn of the gospel news that is carried to darkened nations. Eagerly we scan the columns of our papers to note the progress and influence of gospel work in the dark corners of the earth and upon the islands of the sea, wherever the people know not the refinement and advancement of the world of light where church and school crown each hilltop, where the song of the children in the schoolroom is blended with the harmonious swell of anthems and music in the church.

The influence of the gospel! Who can tell it? The heights to which man has climbed, the depths to which he has descended, the laurel wreaths that twine his brow, all these are nothing compared to the influence, the light that streams from the cross upon every benighted land. From them the shadow has been lifted and removed, as some great curtain rolled back to let the glory in.

In years to come, others will seek to trace, as we have done, the "Influence of the gospel upon civilization." And, like us, they will lay down the pen and say that all *real* good, all *truly* great and *lasting* benefits to the human family have been but the results of the gospel influence upon man, in causing him to labor in harmony with the gospel law, in conjunction with his Maker, even with him who gave to the world his Son and sent to us the gospel. Who shall be able to tell its power? Already its light has illumined the home and the nation, the hovel and the palace, the prison and the throne, the cradle and the grave.

No man can know all of its effects until the books are opened, the judgment set, and the song that once rang o'er Judah's plain finds its echo as angels shout the loud chorus and God makes known the grand total of the influence,—the wonderful influence of the gospel upon civilization.

THE WARMTH OF A WORD.

'Twas a day in the dead of winter,
And the echo of hurried feet
Struck sharp from the icy pavement
Of the pitiless city street.

Each passer was loth to linger,
Though wrapped in a fur-clad fold;
For the air was a-tingle with frost-flakes,
And the sky was benumbed with cold.

The cimeter wind, in its fury,
Bore down like a sleeping foe;
The tempest was waiting the onset,
And abroad were its scouts of snow.

Yet, midst it all, with his tatters
A-flap in the whirling blast,
A child who seemed born of the winter—
A creature of penury—passed.

So tremulous were his accents,
As he shivered and crouched and sung,
That the names of the mumbled papers
Seemed frozen upon his tongue.

He paused for a bitter moment,
As a wondrously genial face
Arrested his voice and held him
With a pity that warmed the place.

"Have a paper?" The kind eye glistened
As the stranger took the sheet,
And glanced at the stiffened fingers,
And thought of the icy feet.

Then dropped in his hand the value
Of his fifty papers sold:
"Ah! poor little friend," he faltered,
"Don't you shiver and ache with cold?"

. . . The boy, with a gulp of gladness,
Sobbed out, as he raised his eye
To the warmth of the face above him,
"I did, sir—till you passed by!"

—Selected.

THE MISSION OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

AT this time, when the whole civilized world have their eyes turned toward Chicago and are either interested or participating in the preparations that are being actively carried into effect at the great Columbian Exposition soon to be held there, it may not be unprofitable for us to turn our attention for a moment to the events which this greatest of world's fairs is supposed to commemorate.

It is quite generally conceded by foreign critics that the buildings for this fair will be the most spacious and imposing, and of the finest architecture, that were ever provided for an international exposition; and they bid fairly to do credit to our great country. All this is very gratifying to our American pride, and "Uncle Sam" is inclined, perhaps, to lean so very far back in consideration of his importance as almost to burst the straps which hold his striped trousers to his boot heels.

In the midst of this bustle of preparation, in anticipation of the stupendous and magnificent array of the products of every clime and nation under the sun, our attention becomes so engrossed with the display of every industry, by the immense business interest represented, by the almost fabulous developments in the arts and sciences of to-day, that we almost lose sight of the man who gave to the world a knowledge of a land which has made a home for the greatest nation the world has ever known.

Thousands of years before Columbus breathed the balmy air, and gazed on the beautiful skies of sunny Italy, there lived upon the continent which he afterwards discovered to the European world, a people whose civilization was doubtless in advance of his own time and nation, and who even rivaled in art, in science, in architecture the Americans of the Nineteenth century. Of this people and their civilization we have many imperishable monuments in ruins of their cities, mines, roadways, etc.

But there has come to us by special providence a more particular history of this people, of their mode of life, and of the impulses which impelled them to action. In this record there is an account of a man who was shown that in future years his people would be brought low because of their evil practices, until their former glory would be almost forgotten in that day. He was told that the Lord would move upon a man to cross the great waters to this land, which action would result in the development of

great good to his people and to others.

In scanning the history of the world, tracing the great network of human events, we cannot fail to see the guiding hand of the Master of ceremonies in bringing about his immutable purpose. A Cyrus is born and the captivity of Judea is ended; Cæsar lives, a world is subdued and the haughty and rebellious Jews are punished; and so the life of Columbus is woven into the great design. He was possessed of an idea which never left him, though he was scoffed at and opposed. He persistently followed up this conception till it brought him to a new world, though he never lived to realize this fact, but died in the belief that he had reached the eastern coast of Asia by a western passage.

Upon the land he had discovered there was destined to arise a mighty people, demonstrating to the world not only the possibility but *the divine fitness* of a government by the people and for the people; where liberty of person and conscience would make it possible that the dispensation of the fullness of times should be ushered in, under which all the spiritual blessings ever enjoyed by man were to be restored. Here was to be placed the leaven that was to leaven the whole lump of religious thought and belief; here was to be gathered the nucleus to which all the faithful should come when the "Desire of all nations" shall appear and bring the millennial reign of peace.

But Columbus had little or no conception of the incalculable blessing which was to come to mankind because of his discovery. To him it simply meant a short road to personal and possibly national wealth. For India was then considered the land of plenty and of luxury; and its trade was a source of great wealth. There is little doubt that this was the consideration which impelled Columbus to undertake his voyage of discovery; and certain it is that the promise of golden returns was the persuasion which induced Ferdinand and Isabella to fit out his little fleet of three small vessels, the largest of which would hardly equal our smallest coasting schooners. Justin Windsor, Librarian at Harvard College, lately finished a biography of Columbus. In it is cleared away many of the flattering accounts of his work, which very naturally were fostered by the feeling of gratitude over the results of his discovery. In that biography we see him as he doubtless was, a man with one overruling thought, and moved upon by selfish interest to follow it to success.

It is supposed that Columbus was born at Genoa about 1445-47, of poor parentage, and educated to the family trade of wool combing. As a child he showed no remarkable aptitude in anything except sketching. Later he studied astrology and cosmography a short time at the University of Pavia. In 1473 he left his native Italy and went to Portugal. Here he developed his all absorbing idea of a western passage to India. By reading Pliny, Cicero, Virgil and other writers, he had learned the theory that the earth was round. Also Seneca, Strabo and others had advanced the idea of a western passage; some had even calculated the distance. One Toscanelli a Florentine scholar had placed the east coast of Asia about where the coast of California lies.

But Columbus brought it still nearer Europe, about where New Foundland lies. He wrote as follows:— "We can thus determine that India is even neighboring to Spain and Africa." He at first laid his plans before King Joäo II. of Portugal, with such proposals as would give him great honors and gain if he proved successful; but, as these were not accepted, he turned to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. Here his plans were rejected by a council of wise men. But he persisted, and after many reverses the Queen was induced, by the promise of such a short route to the land of pearls and spices, to fit out the expedition. Among the conditions of the agreement were these: That Columbus should be Admiral, Viceroy, and Governor general of all the Islands and Continents he might discover; that he should retain one tenth of all gold, precious stones, and merchandise found or bought within his territory, and that he or his lieutenant should be sole judge in all disputes over said traffic.

With the story of his first voyage, with its doubt, distress, mutiny, and final success we are all familiar; also with his second voyage and his degradation and neglect. In a great measure these results must be attributed to the failure of his deceptive promises, as he somewhat prided himself on his power to deceive.

Thus we see in his downfall a legitimate result of seeking personal aggrandizement by dishonest methods. We see also the consequence of an ignoble purpose, and of misspent opportunities in life.

To him, as one who had a knowledge of the teaching of the gospel of Christ, there was opened a new and very promising field for gospel teaching. There met him on the shores of the new world a people who had years before been traditioned concerning this same Jesus; and, though they had dwindled in unbelief and sin, yet they so much looked for his coming that when Columbus arrived they hailed him as a messenger from their Lord, and were ready to receive his teachings and pay him reverence. Therefore imagine their sorrow and disappointment when, instead of a beneficent teacher, they found him to be a plundering tyrant, one who abused their confidence and spoiled their goods.

But, whatever may have been Columbus' motives, the work that he performed has been overruled for great good by the God who utilized the ambition of a Cyrus and the wrath of a Cæsar to work his soverign will. For he even "maketh the wrath of men to praise him."

GEORGE H. GATES.

THE MILESTONE.

Men and women, a shifting crowd, we hasten by;
Less changful moves a summer cloud across the sky.
But firmly by the broad highway
Is set the milestone worn and gray.
Let him who will its legend read,
Or idly glance, or scorn to heed;
Yet it whispers to everyone,
Just so much of the journey done.

Just so much of the journey done ere falls the night;
Tired feet their way have hither won, and footsteps light.
Here troop the children warm with play,
Here fondly dreaming lovers stray.
Fair as young hope do buds of Spring
About the ancient milestone cling;
Still it marks in the morning sun
Just so much of the journey done.

Soft and slow like a mourner's tears there falls the rain;
Through misty, half-forgotten years love looks in vain.
Grief-laden showers, ye may not raise
The withered flowers of other days;
Yours will it rather be to shrine
The bow whose promise is divine,
When at last the setting sun
The milestone tells the journey done.

—Argosy.

TOBACCO.

WE have been impressed for a long time to write on this subject, not because the associations are pleasant, but because it is high time that every individual who has professed to love and obey Christ should have a word to say in favor of—no, but in behalf of those who are abused in consequence of its use, and to give a few timely words of counsel to the indulger.

It is a trite adage, that "man is a creature of habit," and we are inclined to believe it; and yet we wonder why men and woman claiming civilization, to say nothing about Christianity, should condescend to such a low indulgence, and one practiced by the savages too, including the poor God-forsaken Lamanites. They disregarded and forsook God's laws, consequently were given up to their own devices and lusts. Then they learned to solace themselves by the harmful use of a nasty, poisonous weed, one so filthy that no animal, except the hog, will voluntarily use it.

If tobacco had not been introduced from the new world into the old, one might readily suppose that Christ chose the swine in preference to any other animal, in carrying out his miracle with the demons at the tombs, because of this filthy indulgence. Whom will he choose

next? If we were a user of the weed we should tremble.

Every person from the beginning has been or now is controlled by habit; and if it stopped with the individual it would be well, comparatively speaking. But each one has liberty to choose whatever habits he wishes, and he has the aid of the Spirit of truth if he makes a wise choice, but if he chooses error he must sink into the habit of error and take its consequences.

One may form habits of cleanliness and industry, and thereby command respect and thrift, or he may form habits of uncleanliness and sloth and thereby become a loathsome object in the path that leads to dishonor and poverty. Thus one has liberty and power to form the habit of doing to others as he would be done by, or not, and also any of the innumerable habits that are indulged in by mankind.

We ask right here, Is any person clean who uses tobacco? If he is, do inform us of his method, that we may look upon the practice with more favor. Does any man do as he would be done by who deposits his tobacco-poisoned saliva on the stove, the floor, or into the spittoon, for his wife or servants to care for? We know by experience, that it requires more patience than mortal mind possesses to quietly meet such vexations, not duties, unless provision was made to that effect in the matrimonial obligation. We went to God in our emergency, and we did not go in vain, so we advise the sisters to do the same in this matter. If He does not cause the indulger to overcome, he will give the other party grace to bear, as he did to Paul in regard to his thorn in the flesh.

But we know that men have been enabled, by the help of God and through the prayers and patience of loving friends, to rise above the use of the filthy weed. It is so disgusting that we do not wish to repeat its name, and we wonder why it is repeated and showed up in Harper's geography as one of the staple products of the South. I think that it demands a revolution, as much as the old tea question did. There is so much smoking practiced in some stores that the goods will hold the odor for days and the confectionary tastes of it. What is the result of such an influence upon the young? Who can answer? When can it be answered? Not fully until the mysteries of eternity are unfolded.

In some families the old gentleman uses the filthy weed, and perhaps the old lady has formed the habit from thinking that thereby she may be able to endure his filthiness. The son smokes and perhaps chews, too, and the old people may, for amusement, teach the children to make use of that which gives *so much pleasure!* If the mother does not indulge how can she caress her children, or respond to her husband's caresses, if she is fortunate enough to have such a proposal? But a man who is thoroughly wedded to tobacco is liable to neglect his wife. A house filled with such inmates is a staying-place, but it cannot properly be called a home; for it is an unclean and an unholy place, and very often it bears the marks of discord and of extreme poverty. The father's coat may be rusty, but his pipe must not be empty; the mother's dress is shabby, the children cannot be fitly clad to go into society; but that is of no consequence.

A very moderate user will expend twenty-five dollars a year, quite an amount for a poor family, if used with economy. It is one hundred dollars in four years, one thousand in forty years, all gone into smoke to be consumed by electricity, or gone into saliva to be cleansed by water and hand power, enough money to have bought a comfortable home, such as the wife and children ought to have.

Twenty-five years ago there were in New York City two hundred thousand smokers, and nearly as many chewers. It was estimated that they spent daily over ten thousand dollars for cigars and less than nine thousand for bread. It is said that fashionable ladies on both sides of the Atlantic smoke cigarettes, but we are doubtful as to their title of ladyship.

In China the women, from the age of eight or nine years, wear a small silk pocket to hold their smoking apparatus, and make their brains small as well as their feet.

It is very strange, yes, astonishing that such men as Robert Hall and other great preachers should ever indulge in such a habit (we cannot decide on the adjective) and still more astonishing that one claiming to be a "Saint of Latter Days" should persist in the habit and say that

he cannot overcome it. Where is the love for the Master, and where is the faith? Everyone in the church ought to know the teachings of the Doctrine and Covenants on this subject, and govern himself by it as strictly as by any other law of the same. We do not wish to wound the feelings of any individual, but we do wish that the Saints would strive for the power to overcome every error, and so strive as to win. And we are very sorry to have the fact to state that some who cherish this indulgence, cannot afford to subscribe for the church periodicals, and that they are obliged to make scanty offerings to the cause. Which is the better way? Which will favor one in the reckoning day?

Dr. Foote, and many other men of understanding, have given to the world correct ideas on the use of tobacco and its result, and yet how many will justify themselves in the habit, saying, "I can't leave it off; it is so much company; and besides my health is better when I use it." We wish that every victim would inform himself as to the facts of his case. We are glad that the school physiologies are now giving the young correct instruction on this subject, and upon the subject of alcohol, its twin brother.

How is it that the few who indulge in the latter must be dealt with by the authorities of the church, while the many who indulge in the former pass on unnoticed, in that respect? Let some one who knows answer. May this little essay, which has been written out of kind feeling, not be in vain. God is able, and He is willing, to help everyone overcome who desires to overcome for good, or for Christ's sake.

SR ALMIRA.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Address by Elder H. A. Stebbins at the Lamoni School Exercises of February 22d, 1892.

THE twenty-second of February is memorable to every American. It is made so by reason of its being the anniversary of the birth of that illustrious man, George Washington. For this cause it is so highly esteemed that it has been appointed as a national holiday.

And this year it has been selected in Lamoni as the proper day upon which to erect the flag of our country over this schoolhouse, to be both a token and a reminder to the children and young people of our village; indeed a token of liberty to all, and a reminder of the noble deeds and heroic struggles of those who gave themselves and all that they had for the freedom of our country, to establish and to prepetuate the spirit and the principle of American liberty. And let it be remembered by you that the evident purpose of our Heavenly Father has been that human liberty should be established and maintained upon this favored land; that he decreed in ages past that America should be free from kingly rule; and we believe that by his will George Washington had a part to do in this work of making it free.

In our schoolhouses the children of the poor and rich meet alike in the mutual effort for an education; and it is right that this education should include a lasting and a loving reverence for that world-famed symbol of liberty, the glorious flag of our Union, the banner of stars that is like the heaven that encircles us as a covering of light and of liberty under the favor of God.

On June 14th, 1777, the flag of thirteen stripes and thirteen stars was adopted, with the intention of adding one stripe for each state admitted into the Union, and so it was until July 4th, 1818, when the thirteen stripes were restored, and a star was added for each state received, as it is now. And who of you boys can tell the number of stars on the flag we raise to-day.

It is proper that the flag should be lifted upon the natal day of the great leader who held his often disheartened and almost famished army together for so many long years, chiefly by his undaunted courage, his superior firmness, and his unshaken confidence in God and in the justice of the cause which he was endeavoring to defend. During seven years of peril he made unceasing efforts to pro-

tect his country from the invaders, all the time practicing self-denial, and enduring toil, privation, and suffering, that he and his countrymen might be free from oppression and wrong, and that their children, and their children's children might also be free. And largely by the unselfish patriotism of George Washington was it made possible that a nation of freemen should have an existence in America, over which to lift such a starry emblem of union as has been hoisted to-day upon our public school building. And it stands high over all the galaxy of states, which though many are yet one nation.

Therefore, for these things and for this great work, has Washington been called the father of his country, and as being the first in the hearts of his countrymen. And this place of distinction and honor he still holds, even after the lapse of more than a hundred years; and his name is likely to be so held in honor while the history of nations shall be of interest to mankind, or as long as men shall need an example of integrity, faithfulness, and honor, in every duty, great or small.

History informs us that the name of Washington, as a family name, was first known in England, in the county of Durham, in the thirteenth century. In the history of the county the name seems to have honor; for we find that members of the family were ministers, scholars, and lawyers; and several for bravery and loyalty in time of war were made knights. Sir Henry Washington was renowned for his skill and bravery during the civil wars of England. Later Lawrence Washington was mayor of Northampton, England. Two of his great-grandsons came to America about 1657, and settled in Virginia; and one of them became a colonel during the wars with the Indians. It was his great-grandson who attained such world-wide fame as General George Washington, whose birthday we celebrate here this afternoon.

Our Washington was born on February 22d, 1732, one hundred and sixty years ago to-day. His father died while yet in the prime of life, when George, his eldest son, was but eleven years old. To his wife, Mary, was left the care of the five children, and the charge of their large estate, containing some six thousand or seven thousand acres of land. In these weighty trusts and important duties the mother is said to have shown both superior wisdom and great executive ability. Not only was her care for her children a tender and loving one, but also she was noted for exercising such a guiding influence and power over them as helped largely to shape and mould their characters and their lives for their future work of usefulness and honor. Especially fruitful was her prayerful influence over the oldest child, as manifested in the subsequent devoted, upright, and we may say the sublime character of George Washington.

With full honor to womanhood and motherhood we may here exclaim, What a great calling; yes, what a sacred and divine mission is that of her who has heavenly souls committed to her trust, to rear, to guard, to teach, to bring into the path whereby they may return back unto God; to plant in their hearts the deepest and strongest reverence for purity and virtue, and the highest regard for honesty and truth; to erect in their minds the noblest principles as the enduring standard of a true life; to keep before them and with them that standard ever, even as we lift this flag to-day in the sight of your children as a perpetual standard of liberty and feedom before your eyes. So did the mother of Washington seek to inspire her sons to worthier thoughts and nobler deeds that man by nature has; and so she left a worthy example for the American mothers of the past and of the present.

But, until eternity unfolds the wondrous secrets of time and the causes and results of human effort and noble deed, as wrought out in the history and development of individuals and of nations, we cannot know what the world owes the mother of Washington for those principles of integrity, faithfulness and honor, which were so early developed in him. And by them he became a leader and guide to millions after him, in their comprehension of liberty and of what characteristics her true champions should manifest in their lives. The world had seldom seen the like; her chieftains of renown were those who conquered others, not who first governed themselves and then served for others' good. History says that the mother of Washington saw all her children honorably fill the spheres

allotted to them in life; and this was honor conferred upon her and upon her memory, in that she had been their helper in establishing in their minds pure motives and just purposes as the guides of daily life, both in boyhood and in manhood. Thus was her work an enduring one. And she was fortunate in living to see her oldest son exalted to the highest place in the nation; and that not by scheming, but through the deep and unanimous respect of the people, and amidst their acclamations of joy and tears of grateful love.

In 1789, after General Washington was elected as the first President of the United States, before his departure for the seat of government, he called upon his mother. It was her last sight of him; for she was then eighty years old and did not survive his absence. To her he said: "Madam, before I can assume the duties of my office, in the chief magistracy of these United States, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell." He promised to see her again, as soon as his duties would permit; but she replied that she knew that he would see her no more. And she said to him: "Go, George; fulfill the high destiny that heaven appears to have intended you for; go, my son, and may heaven's and a mother's love be with you always."

Truthfully can it be said that the greatness and the honor of men and women is often made or marred by the example and the teachings of their mothers while they are yet young. How great, then, is that responsibility which rests upon the mother. In that responsibility the fathers should share; but to the mother both the child and the man turn for love and for gentle counsel. Even as from her loving breast is drawn the nourishment that is the fountain of physical life in its beginning, so in her tender heart is found, more than anywhere else, the source and the inspiration to lives of truth and deeds of honor; or else, as is sometimes the case, to the reverse of these, unto dishonor and death.

At school Washington is said to have been both diligent in his studies and gentle in his manners; but he also loved athletic sports; and he trained his schoolmates in military tactics, so far as he understood them at that time. For his kindness and good behavior he was held in honor by his fellows; for his discretion and wisdom he was usually chosen as a leader; and for his justice and truth he was often selected to arbitrate between them in their disputes and differences. He is said to have been unselfish in his decisions, dignified in his rulership, (not arbitrary or exacting,) and even-tempered in all his associations. He did not assume to be more than he was, nor claim honors or fame that did not belong to him. This is according to history; and I trust that in this respect it is not too partial to the great subject.

From the time he was thirteen years old his manuscript schoolbooks have been preserved; and one even earlier than that shows the tendency of his mind to prepare for the business of life. For he took up what are called forms of business papers and wrote them out, such as bills, notes, bonds, deeds, wills, warrants, etc.; not as a school necessity, or by instruction, but by his own will and wish, perhaps also by his mother's wish. Probably he thereby prepared himself, unknowingly, in love of system, order, and method of work, for his future calling as a surveyor, and for all the duties of his after life. Indeed he seemed to realize that he was laying the foundation in youth of what his future work would be; and that it was necessary to build it broad, and firm, and strong, that upon it might be erected such a superstructure, or building, as time and coming events should show to be necessary.

And to you young people I would say, that in these things he was a noble example; if you will but lay it to heart while you are young. As I have often urged before in speaking to boys and girls, to young men and women, so do I say again, Prepare yourselves, by every proper and good means, to come up higher; to rise to places of worth, of honor, of usefulness, of fitness, for the work that may be yours; or for the hand of the great Master of the universe, in the wise conduct of your own or your neighbor's affairs, or of those of state or nation; and especially to have part in the affairs of that greatest and most enduring of all nations, the kingdom of Him whose wise and loving reign shall yet permeate all lands and fill them with justice, with righteousness, with everlasting peace, unto the ends of the earth and throughout eternity.

But not only was George Washington a student in his youth and a soldier in his manhood, but also while yet a boy, like many of you here to-day, and even before the age of thirteen, he formed and wrote down certain regulations to govern his conduct and conversation, his life, his temper, and his disposition. These he entitled, "Rules of Behavior," and some of them are said to have been of great worth in the moral and social conduct of his life, as doubtless they would be for other boys in the proper conduct of their lives. They were a discipline to the highest integrity and virtue; and under them, and by his mother's example and culture, he began the government of himself which he carried out and made more perfect throughout his life; so that, amidst his severe and trying experiences as a man, he kept his temper and his powers in good subjection. And it is said that from boyhood his conduct and his conversation showed the discipline to which he had subjected himself. He was civil, respectful, and gentle to all whom he met, no matter what station he occupied, whether it was as a schoolboy, as a surveyor, a major, a general, or as the President of the United States.

Of him at the close of the Revolutionary War the historian Lossing says: "Surely if ever a man had cause for serenity of mind while taking a retrospect of his public and private course, it was George Washington. From his youth he had walked in the path of truth and rectitude; and throughout his long public career not a stain of dishonor had been seen upon his character."

A gentleman who was Washington's secretary for two years, and who also lived with him, said afterwards that he had never found a single thing which lessened his respect for him; whereas usually one lost some part of their respect for others by daily assocation or intimate acquaintance. With Washington his respect increased as he saw his kindness, honesty, and uprightness in all public and private dealings and experiences.

When Washington passed through Trenton, New Jersey, on his way to be inaugurated as President of the United States, the mothers and daughters came out to do him honor; and thirteen young girls dressed in white strewed blossoms in the way and sung the following words:—

"Welcome, mighty Chief. Once more
Welcome to this grateful shore;
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow,
Aims at thee the blow.

"Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arm did save,
Build for thee triumphal bowers;
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers,
Strew your hero's way with flowers. . . . "

Thus his example is a worthy one for you to follow, wherein you look to man for an example. And the nearer that Washington or any other man or woman follows the greater example, even that of Jesus, the Son of God, the more readily should you follow his course, in uprightness of life, in courteous manners, and in kindly ways to all around you.

I would like to relate something more of Washington's history, and to give you other evidences of his wisdom, his moderation, his discretion, his executive ability, as well as of his higher virtues of heart and mind. But I advise you to obtain and read his life by the Hon. Jared Sparks, or else Benjamin J. Lossing's work, "Washington and the American Republic," or both of them. They will not only inform your mind, but will benefit your thoughts and your character. For reading of worthy and noble examples always inspires one to try and follow in the same pathway to virtue and honor.

In conclusion I would say to you scholars, Follow always after the noblest and most worthy patterns that you can find. Avoid everything that is mean, ignoble, unclean, and dishonest; and no matter who the man is who does not lead you right, or set a good example, do not follow him, though he be your own father, or brother, or other near friend. Read of the formation and exercise of such characters as that of Washington; and also look for the best examples around you in daily life. With these, and the life and character of Jesus Christ before you, you ought not to go very far wrong; that is if you are disposed to do right; and if you desire to fit yourselves for trust and honor here and hereafter. May it be your happy lot to attain to them both now and in the beyond, is my wish for you all, as the boys and girls of the present, and as the men and women of the future.

THE HEAVENLY GUEST.

One golden morn to Adine's house there came
The angel bearer of a sweet behest—
"With loving care,
Adine, thy home prepare,
For Christ, the Lord, this day shall be thy guest."

With awe Adine the heavenly message heard.
A holy hush fell on her heart and face;
And going to and fro,
She whispered low,
"To-day his presence shall make glad this place."

Long hours she watched—and while she bent her ear,
And thro' the twilight strained her eager sight,
A shadow crossed the floor,
And at the door
A sad-eyed child begged shelter for the night.

But Adine, waiting for her kingly guest,
With hope and fear at war within her heart,
No thought or care
The weary child could spare,
And with ungracious alms bade him depart.

Then suddenly the childish form was chang'd
And with a look that smote her like a sword,
All fair and bright,
In robes of silvery white—
He turned and said, "Adine, behold thy Lord."

And while with trembling hands her face she hid,
The glory faded that thro' the place had shone;
The sheen of pinions fair
Swept thro' the silent air,
And in the twilight dim she stood alone.

Still for the Master's coming Adine waits,
But help from those who need no more withholds,
For, evermore
In all who seek her door,
Adine the image of her Lord beholds.

—Selected.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

CHAPTER V.

Saint Augustine! Well hast thou said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder. * * * * *
All common things—each day's events
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.
—Longfellow.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.
—Froude.

IT was while I was in my uncle's employ that my father returned to our home, after nearly six years' absence. Five months later, on the evening of May 16th, I was told, upon arriving at home, that he was sick, having taken cold while lathing a house some distance away. The doctor was called and everything possible done to stay the disease, which was called inflammation of the lungs. But he grew worse, steadily, until the morning of the 23d, when he died. When leaving the house early that morning I was told that he was quite low; so, after the ordinary routine of my morning's work at the store was through with, permission was given me to run home and see my father. Some matters requiring attention just then delayed me; but, as soon as could be, I hurried home, to find that the crape was already on the door. He had been dead nearly two hours. All the children but myself had seen him die, and they told me of his words of advice.

The resolution of my heart then and there was to be a good boy, and to be better to my mother than ever. Looking up into her careworn face the resolution was that thereafter I would endure anything and be patient for her sake. Though wild and mischievous, and also inclined to be stubborn, yet I was neither vicious nor mean; and a tear in my mother's eyes would subdue the most independent feeling my heart ever harbored. I knew she was afraid that my love of fun might lead me into places and company where my ruin would be wrought; and she was always apprehensive lest my independent spirit would make me insubordinate towards my employers. She had plead with me to be patient, so that I might make a man of myself in time; and, though but twelve years and seven months old when my father was buried, I verily believe that the resolutions made as a child about that time, God recog-

nized, and that to some degree has helped me to observe them ever since.

The feeling occasioned by my father's death was not as intense as if we had been dependent upon him in life; but it was the first death in our family that I had knowledge or cognizance of, and it started thoughts that, for a time, gave a more serious tone to my deportment. I had been fretting over my long hours of work and my few chances to get out among the boys for play, and was wishing for a break of some kind to occur by which freedom could be had. But my decision now was to be more patient and careful on mother's account, that I might help her and make her feel more safe about me and my future. Of course it was but a child's determination, and not reached after counting possible costs; but I never forgot it, though excuses were sought by me afterwards for conduct not in complete accord with it.

I continued to work for my uncle for some time after this, and was progressing finely; but, after some months, my restless, impatient, and independent spirit again asserted itself to my hurt. While mother was away nursing some sick friend I overslept myself one morning, and did not get to the store till nearly seven o'clock. This annoyed my uncle and he scolded me; and in his temper he told me to stay at home altogether if the offense was repeated. I was full of resentment and resolved to take him at his word, though knowing that he did not mean it. Arising late the next morning I did not go to the store at all, but spent the day playing with the neighbor boys, though my conscience kept reproving me, and the day was far from being a happy one. I cared but little about leaving the store, but felt guilty and more troubled because of having taken advantage of mother's absence to do it. The next day she returned, and, learning of my conduct, felt terribly grieved and scolded me. Very late that night, it must have been after one o'clock, I awoke; and, looking through the door into the room where a light was burning, I saw mother sitting and sewing. The tears were coursing down her cheeks. Soon she heaved a wearisome sigh and turned her eyes upward, with an imploring look that melted my heart. Jumping from the bed I ran to her side, threw my arms around her neck, confessed my wrong, and begged her to forgive me and not to weep. I would do anything that she required of me if she would only be cheerful. All the imaginary wrongs that had been heaped upon me, seemed to grow insignificant, and I realized how guilty, very guilty was my course, and that by one foolish stroke had been blasted my mother's fondest hope concerning me, and a deliberate throwing away of what she considered to be the golden opportunity of my life. Broken was my promise to endure anything for her sake, and I was about as wretched as a repentant boy could well be. Poor mother, she placed her hand on my head and for a long time reasoned with me regarding the danger of my acting in such a way. She told how she had endured hardship, privation and oppression for her children's sake, how her hopes had been centering largely in my success, and how fearful she was that my willfulness would rob me of much good that might otherwise be within my reach. Then she asked me if I would go back to my uncle next day and ask him to take me again into his employ. This was agreed to on my part, and with a tear of hope glistening in her eyes she kissed me tenderly and I returned to bed.

Next day I went as agreed, but entered the building by the back way, fearing to confront my uncle before my aunt had interceded for me. Meeting her I told the object of my coming, and after a mild chiding she advised me to go in and tell my uncle that I was anxious to come back, and would try to be punctual in the future. I replied to my aunt that if told in that way it would not be the truth, for it was not my desire to return, but my mother wished me to; and for her sake I would try to abide the rules my uncle had made. There was more honesty than diplomacy in that remark; but it had a bad effect. She told me I need not speak to her husband if such was the case; for he would not want me if he knew it. She advised me to go home, and I returned there, feeling mixed in my mind. I had told the truth, and yet there was, or seemed to be, something wrong about it, and I dreaded the effect it would have on mother when she learned of it. To my surprise, however, when she heard my story, she did not appear either grieved or angry, but took it calmly and without

uttering a word of complaint against me. Will the reader answer to him or herself whether that was a case where all the truth should not have been told by me, or was it an instance of injudiciousness on the side of my aunt. Was not a boy worth trying and trusting who would surrender his own feelings to please his mother?

Several weeks later I entered the wholesale confectionery store and factory of Mr. William Hessin, but remained only three or four months, leaving then to take a position as route boy in the Daily *Globe* office where they gave me one of the regular routes, and had about one hundred and fifty papers to deliver every morning, beginning at about five o'clock. I generally got through by nine o'clock and then went to school for the remainder of the day. This was not for long, however. I obtained a situation with a tinsmith, named George Sawdon, where my services were only needed in the afternoons and evenings. At this time my brother was also carrying a route in the same newspaper office, and it afforded a little more time for both of us to take recreation in such sport as was pleasant and available. After getting through with our morning delivery we had from nine till nearly two o'clock before it was necessary for me to commence my afternoon work at Mr. Sawdon's. We moved along finely while this programme continued; but after a while my brother quit the newspaper carrying and went to learn the plumbing business. I continued in my two situations for a time, when my mother rented a building on one of the main streets and started a small grocery store. The building belonged to my uncle, Wallace Millichamp, and was next to his own place of business at that time. I then went to work for him at the silver-plating business. My work was to file carriage irons, preparatory to their being covered with silver leaf; also to clean other wares prior to their being eletroplated. Soon tiring of this work I was for a time employed in the mailing room of the *Globe* office. After that I went to work in a cigar factory, for a Jew named Moses Benjamin, who lived next door to our home, and there remained for about fifteen months.

During this time my mother married again. Her new husband's name was Edward P. C. Devine, a printer by trade. Soon after this marriage the store business was dispensed with and we went back to live in the house from whence we had moved to the store. However, I still remained at the cigar business for some time after the above event. There I leared to smoke, and so practiced upon my new acquirement that soon four or five cigars a day seemed not too much for me. This was kept from my mother, who would have been incensed had she discovered it. I also became addicted to the use of words that before would have seemed terrible to me. It got to be easy to swear, and the associations had a very demoralizing effect upon me in general; though there were never more than half a dozen persons employed there at the same time, and they were all considered respectable.

The first trouble of any importance that occurred between my stepfather and me happened about this time. We were moving from one house to another. I had risen early to help get things in readiness, and while busy polishing a stove, made an abrupt answer to a remark from my mother. I was standing on the steps at the rear of the house and my stepfather was lying in bed in a room close by. He jumped from the bed, came out to the door, and struck me wickedly in the face with his hand. Seizing a large claw-hammer that was lying beside me, I fell back about a dozen steps and threw the hammer at him with all my might. As it struck the doorjamb close by him it seemed to frighten him, and he went back to his room, dressed, and started after me. With my pockets full of rocks I dodged from one corner of the street to another till he gave it up and returned home, while I went to my work for the day. At night he worked pleasantly with me till the moving was finished, but after we were all safely in bed at the new house, he came and thrashed me with a three-ply rope. Being completely in his power I could do nothing except *resolve;* but what the resolution was will never be told. Thank God it was never carried out. Mother came to me, and softened my bitter spirit. She was in a strait, and knowing it, I relented, for her sake. But she never knew what a demon was in my heart for a few days. After a while the affair blew over and I lost my strong

thoughts entirely, until they were revived by subsequent events.

One of the printers at the office where my stepfather worked rented a small job office up town and started for himself. He needed a boy to help, and it was thought a good chance for me to learn an excellent trade. Being now fifteen years old it was high time for me to begin. Consequently I quit the cigar shop and started with Mr. Samuel Piddington and was duly installed as "devil" in the new office. Here, for the first time, a business was found for which I seemed adapted, and which presented suitable attractions to my mind. The office was not large nor very modern in its appointments, but it was a wonder-world to me; and I told mother she need look no further to suit me, for my intentions were to be a printer. I had a hand in every job that was done in the office; for there was no other help; and the more I saw the greater became the desire to see and learn. Mr. Piddington was a good printer and a very good man; but he was not a business man; nor did he possess the faculty for rustling around and making things lively in the way of trade. Hence we were frequently without enough to do to keep us active. We had a good time, however; for he was as mischievous as myself, and we followed our inclinations to excess sometimes. While working on a small Washington hand press one day I was rolling the ink on the form from one side while he stood upon the other working the crank and lever. Just as I moved back from the press on one of my turns he drew a long ink mark across my face and started to laugh, but had hardly opened his mouth before the paste brush landed in the aperture. The paste was all of two months old and rather loud of expression, so, as quickly as he could recover himself and his breath, he started after me. I shot down stairs, followed by two slippers, and dared not return until assured that the smoke had cleared away. When it was safe to do so I climbed the stairs again, apologized for my outrageous conduct, and the press work proceeded. Mr. Piddington thought I came nearest to filling the bill of his ideal "devil" of any lad he had ever seen. But we liked each other nevertheless; and it was with regret that I found myself compelled to look elswhere for work, after five months association with him. He could not make the office pay and therefore gave it up and took a situation where he had formerly been employed. I obtained a situation in the *Christian Guardian* office, and thus continued the business I had formed a fondness for.

The *Guardian* was the organ of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada. Attached to the paper was a large job printing office, where books, pamphlets, periodicals and church documents of all kinds were printed, as well as commercial work generally. Here was ample opportunity for learning the various branches of the business, and I applied myself as diligently as a boy of my disposition could well do. One would naturally suppose that in a place of this kind the fostering influences of religion would be thrown around me, and that my better nature would be developed; but such was not the case. The only man in the printing office who made a profession of religion was the foreman, Mr. Thomas Wilson, who was a member of the church where I attended Sunday school. He seemed to take quite a fancy to me and tried to help me to an understanding of the business, so far as he had time and opportunity. All the rest of the men and boys were of the godless order, and as I was more in their company than in that of the foreman I drank more into their spirit, yet could not go with them to the excess of profanity and vileness that they indulged in. I could swear when vexed, and could maintain my reputation for juvenile deviltry; but there was always a restraining something that prevented my using the Creator's name, or that of the Savior, in my reckless talk. Whenever mischief was on the *tapis* the boys could safely count on me; and when, on Saturday afternoons, the big bucket of beer was brought into the engine room in the basement, I was on hand to respond to the frequent invitations to dip my tin cup in and drink until the bucket was empty. All this was slyly done, however, for the rule of the establishment was against it. Let me say right here that I always loved the taste of liquor of every kind, and drank it whenever it was offered to me. The taste of it is pleasant to me to this day. On several occasions drink was taken until a dim uncertainty seemed to hang around me, though I

never was fully overcome by it. The reason why I never became intoxicated is unknown to me, unless I was afraid to become so. I was then approaching an age when observation and reason were urging their claims upon me for acknowledgment and respect, and conscience was continually arraigning me before its bar. My mother's prayers were beginning to count in my favor, and there always seemed to be a limit in every direction beyond which I dared not venture except when the boys were in for genuine sport. Then I would usually shut my eyes and "go it blind," as the sages told me.

There were about ten persons employed in the job room, and six in the news room. On one occasion I somehow obtained possession of a bottle of Dr. Wolcott's catarrh snuff, which was rather slow in operating but remarkably vigorous and emphatic when once it got in motion. Passing quietly around among the men I gave to each a liberal "pinch" and then retired to the ante-room, from whence, through a partly opened door the cataclysm could be seen. There was scarcely time to notify the other two boys, when there was a fizz and a snap, and soon, as if by pre-arrangement, seven or eight heads simultaneously swayed backward and then suddenly forward, and every man expressed himself as though he was trying to scare a regiment of cats from the premises. The foreman looked up from his desk and adjusted his spectacles just in time to take in the second round and sat watching with eyes bulging while about twenty rounds were fired over the whole room. Just as the job room hands reached about the fifth volley the news hands upstairs sarted in, and the scenery and music were simply immense. I am sure the foreman could not doubt the men's earnestness, for the tears were starting from their eyes, the handkerchiefs were kept afloat, and every man who had sneezed three or four times would return his head to position after the forward plunge, with a pathetic "ah-h-h," which was interrupted by the suddenness of another attack, until the curtain fell on the last act, and seven or eight clear-headed men resolved upon taking a course in religion—that is, they agreed upon an effort to suppress the "devil." By this time the "devil" had found his way down to the cellar and was waiting for the clouds to roll by before venturing near the stricken locality again.

Such capers did not always end as harmlessly as the above. Sometimes I came out of such ventures with the laugh on my side, but not always. One evening I stooped down and crept under the type frame to prod a workman on the other side with a pin. I succeeded in starting him, but while I was working forward, one of the other boys jumped into my place just vacated, and threw his foot forward to give me a surprise from behind. Just as he did so I turned around to escape the man that was punctured with the pin and received the heel of my chum's foot right over my left eye. Quite a gash was cut there, and they took me to a druggist, who drew the parts together and secured them in position with a liberal supply of court plaster. Next morning, when at the foreman's desk "holding copy," it was hard for me to keep track of the words, while he "read proof," on account of the soreness of my eye. But it was twice as hard to explain to him how the thing happened, when he asked me for the particulars. Being rather a hard citizen, however, I was equal to the demand and gave him an outline of facts, leaving ample room for filling. He rewarded me with some expression of sympathy, but I rather thought or "felt" that there was a tinge of suspicion in the corner of the foreman's eye as he heard the account of the accident. But perhaps I could not see clearly, for my eye was bandaged; and I did not look at him very closely during the recital.

(To be continued.)

IN EARLY SPRING.

Bright days are with us, lengthened and serene;
The clods grow mellow and the forest hath
Its budding pleasures; yet of Winter's scath
Some drear memorials here and there are seen.
For, though the wind no more breathes frosty-keen,
It often floats the old leaves in our path,
Or sighs along some unreaped aftermath,
To mind us of the rigor that hath been.
O thou my joy, Spring of my Wondrous Year!
Forgive, if in thy presence aught of grief
Remain from that dead time ere thou wast here.
Now, surely, such gainsaying shall be brief;
For thou wilt set my feet where flower and leaf
And soft new sward blot out the stubble sere.—*Sel.*

STORY OF A COTTAGE.

OVER a century since, there stood a cottage on the banks of the Potomac River. It was in the midst of six hundred or more acres called the "Widow's Mite."

It has been described as a mansion in the days of small beginnings, but doubtless no better than its neighbors across those broad acres. This cottage was low, sharp-roofed, one story, with a garret. On the first floor there was a sitting-room, dining-room, and two sleeping rooms, with the kitchen, a detached building, doubtless, after the fashion of the time in Virginia and Maryland. There were no steps needed to reach these rooms, only a broad flagstone laid before the door.

The doors to this cottage faced the north and south, and one opened toward the river. This large plantation had descended from successive generations to a sturdy Scotchman from his ancestry, and this very cottage was his home. He had toiled on this land many a year, and he loved the place and did not wish for any other home; neither did he wish to part with this property for any sum.

But a time came when a committee was appointed to select a site for the Federal City, and upon George Washington fell the lot of negotiating for the same. And no other place seemed to be desired but this "Widow's Mite." So Washington must deal with this Scotchman; and many and long were the talks between them. It was human nature that Master Burns should wish to keep the place, and, if he did part with it, to have his own price. Washington had christened the man "Obstinate;" but when patience with him had ceased to be a virtue by these interviews, he said to Davy:—

"I have been authorized to select the location for the National Capital and I have selected your farm, or a part of it; at all events the government will take it; so I trust you will enter into an amicable agreement."

Then he yielded the point gracefully, saying:—

"Any terms that your excellency may choose to name."

The deed of this property is said to be the first recorded one in the Nation's Capital.

But, in its provisions, no streets were to be laid out in any way to interfere with the aforesaid cottage. So there continued to dwell this Scotchman, with his wife and only daughter, an only son having died in his early youth.

But a change came to them when the land-sale brought to them money without stint. Possibly their first thought was for their daughter. She must have advantages equal to their means; and history tells us that she was sent to Baltimore to have, with the daughters of the distinguished family into which she went, such teachers and society as would fit her for her future.

She went, and at eighteen returned to this lowly cottage to be its sunshine, and to entertain, with added charms to the ease and grace of her nature, the notable personages of those times. Such men as Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, the Keys, Calverts, and Carrols, men whose histories are the property of this nation, were the society found in this humble cottage. And it is said Thomas Moore once found his way there to sleep in one of those rooms off the living room.

Was it to be a marvel that some men would go there and go again, with the hope that they might win to themselves the winsome Marica, with all that might be theirs in the victory? Without doubt many illustrious suitors were disappointed when it was known that the "well fed, well bred, and well read" member of Congress from New York, John P. Van Ness, had won the suit and become the husband of the heiress.

Did this couple then despise the low roofed cottage? No. They dwelt there several years after their marriage, no doubt caring for and comforting the aged parents during their declining years. Later on, the husband built a mansion as beautiful and costly as his elegant taste could supply. Mr. and Mrs. Van Ness had but one child, a daughter, who was educated in Philadelphia. To this elegant home Mrs. Van Ness brought this daughter from school. Between this mother and daughter it was known there existed such a bond of sympathy as is unusual in this relation. They read and wrote together, and had so much in common amid their fashionable surroundings.

But this especial companionship was not to last long. The daughter married Arthur Middleton, son of the Arthur Middleton of South Carolina, the signer of the Declaration of Independence; and two years after she had left school Mrs. Middleton, the young bride and heiress, was laid away, and Mrs. Van Ness was childless.

From this time the mother more than ever renounced the world, and gave up as much as possible all that society of fashion that had been hers. Just a little way from her own magnificent home the old cottage still stood, beneath the noble trees planted by her ancestors. Now, in her loneliness, her heart turned to this old home, and in it she fitted up a room that would be apart from the gaze or the intrusion of the world. And especially did she consecrate this room to meditation and prayer, and to it she often resorted. It was to her much nearer than a "Sabbath day's journey," and in this selfsame cottage did she resolve to make a special offering to God in memory of the past. She did not wait for the orphaned children to come to her, she sought them out at all hours, and became their mother in very deed. She endowed the Orphan Asylum of Washington for a home, and while she lived, she worked out the resolves made in the solitude of that room in the old cottage.

A little way into the second quarter of this century, at the age of only fifty years, did this grand woman cease at once to work and live. Having served the asylum as first director for fifteen years, after the retirement of Mrs. President Madison, she at last fell a victim to the cholera in September 1832. Her husband was then Mayor of the city of Washington, and she was buried with great honors. A second silver plate was placed on her casket with such an inscription as only citizens could place upon it who appreciated her worth, her charity, and her piety. More solemn and sacred, if possible, was the scene of the lines of little girls between which the procession passed. They were from the Orphan Asylum; and while waiting at the opening of the vault, they placed on the bier of their dead friend the branches of weeping willow and sang a farewell hymn.

In 1833 the portrait of Mrs. Van Ness was painted and hung in the Asylum. It has been represented with three little ones clinging to her, and one of them with its head in her lap.

Many years after this the Van Ness estate passed into the hands of a Virginia gentleman; but, with something akin to a veneration of notable things, this man did not say, as many another would have done, "Tear down the old cottage." Instead, he took much pains to preserve it, without changing its arrangements; and by re-roofing, whitewashing it and leaving the old trees standing. But history does not tell us just how long the cottage stood.

—The Newsboys Appeal.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

IT is recorded in the history of Methodist Missions that in the winter of 1832–3, four Flatheaded Indians appeared upon the streets of St. Louis with a request which no white man had ever heard before. They came, they said, from the land of the setting sun. They had heard of the white man's God, and they wanted the white man's Book of Heaven.

Gen. Clark, then commanding the military post at St. Louis, was a Roman Catholic, and caused these Indians to be shown the pictures of the saints, but they were denied the thing for which they had come all the way from Oregon—a Bible.

Two of these poor red men died in St. Louis from the fatigue of their long journey. The other two, dispirited, homesick and sad, started on their return to to this Pacific Coast without the Book. An account of this was published in *The Christian Advocate* in the spring of 1833. Rev. Wilbur Fisk, then President of Wilbraham Academy, upon reading the account, made an appeal through the *Advocate* for missionaries "to respond to the call from beyond the Rocky Mountains." Rev. Jason Lee responded, and selected his nephew, Rev. David Lee, once a resident of Montgomery county, Illinois, where the writer met him, to accompany

him to preach to the Indians in Oregon.

Three laymen, Cyrus Shepherd, T. S. Edwards and P. L. Edwards, volunteered to share the danger and the labor with these two ministers. After a long and weary journey the party reached Oregon, and Jason Lee preached the first Protestant sermon on the Pacific Coast at Vancouver, September 28th, 1834.

After leaving St. Louis for the West one of the Indians died, so that but one of the four who started in search of the Bible ever returned to announce in the great Council the death of his companions and the refusal of the white man to give them the Book. The Indians were embittered, so that when the Lees found them they received no welcome. Nothing daunted, however, they prepared to stay, and established a school for the Indian children, preached Christ to them and taught them civilization.

Here they labored with varying success till 1838, when Jason Lee started back to the States, taking with him two Indian boys. Learning some six weeks ago that one of these boys was still living, I resolved upon behalf of the young readers of the *Central* to find him and have from his lips an account of the matter. So my arrangements were completed for a zig-zag journey through Washington Territory, Eastern Oregon, and Idaho.

Without stopping to give details, I am pleased to state that I found with little trouble the object of my search in a beautiful little city called Pendleton, on the edge of an extensive Indian Reservation about two hundred miles east of Portland. His name is Wm. C. McKay (pronounced by him McKy); apparently about sixty-five years of age, stout, but not fleshy; Indian in color only; dresses with good taste; he speaks good English, and, so far as I was able to observe, is a perfect gentleman, well informed on all topics of our government and of the day. I learned also that he is considered there a very competent physician. His home gave every indication of refinement and comfort. At my request his daughter, a beautiful girl, took a seat at the piano and played with exquisite skill.

When the music was finished I said, "Doctor, are you one of the boys that accompanied Rev. Jason Lee, one of our missionaries, on horseback from Oregon to St. Louis in 1838, and thence on, riding the same horse, to New York State?"

"I am, sir."

"Well, Doctor, tell us about it."

"Yes, sir, with pleasure."

"Well," said Dr. McKay, "you see Mr. Jason Lee was a very tall and powerful man. The Indians admired him for his fine personal appearance and manly ways. But, as soon as some of the Indians were converted and began to learn to use the hoe and plow, the Hudson's Bay Fur Company refused to sell them hoes and spades and plows. They seemed to want to keep us trapping and hunting. This Company sent a ship, annually, from England up the Columbia river to Vancouver with goods, and all sorts of supplies.

"On the refusal of this Company to sell the missionaries cattle, Lee organized a company, went to California and bought six hundred head of cattle from the Mexicans and drove them to Oregon. In 1836 Mr. Lee's wife came round in a ship from Boston. In 1838, two years nearly after the arrival of Mrs. Lee, we, Mr. Lee with myself and another Indian boy, started on horses for St. Louis. It was a long, weary ride, I assure you. After we had been on the journey a week or ten days a messenger overtook us with the information that Mr. Lee's wife and child were both dead. The good man was now broken hearted; but it was no use to turn back, so we pressed on. After a brief rest at St. Louis, we crossed the Mississippi river and went to a town twenty-five miles north, called Alton, where the Illinois Conference was in session, presided over by Bishop Soule. Mr. Lee was called to the platform, where the Bishop was, and then we were told to come too. When Mr. Lee told his experience the people present wept and cried like children. Many of the ministers hugged Mr. Lee like a brother and cried aloud. One keen-eyed, bushy-headed fellow by the name of Cartwright was there. I remember him quite well. They had me sing and talk. I was dreadfully scared, but the ministers were very kind to us, and we were sorry to leave them.

"When the conference at Alton was over, we pushed on, riding, riding, riding. Late in the fall we reached Fairfield, New York, where I was placed in school. I attended church regularly and heard a tall man by the name of Peck preach. O

my, but he was a powerful preacher. Sometimes I felt like I was in a terrible thunderstorm, or earthquake, while Mr. Peck was preaching. He afterwards was Bishop. Then I went to Wilbraham and was in the class with Gilbert Haven. By the way, he came out here not many years ago to hold conference, and I went to see him. When I told him who I was he laughed and cried at the same time. I had a good visit with him. I graduated at Geneva, New York, in medicine, and as you see practice here."

"Are you a Christian, Doctor?" I inquired.

"I am, by the blessing and compassion of God, a Christian. I have four children living and they too are the Lord's.

"Circumstances placed me some years ago where it was necessary for me to unite with the Episcopal Church, but the old Methodist Episcopal Church, that sent her men of God to our coast fifty years ago, is the church of my love. They have done more for this coast and the helpless Indians than can ever be reckoned on earth. I sometimes long to go from earth and meet Jason Lee, who led me to God and to a Christian education."

"What has the Roman Catholic Church done for the Indians out here?"

"Well," said he, "there are a great many Indians on the reservation here, and many of them are Catholics; they have a priest among them, and to answer your question, the Indians are more superstitious under the influence of the priests than they were in a savage state. In short, they give the poor red man Christianity without civilization, which is after all but a burlesque on Christianity."

—Selected.

BEECHER AND INGERSOLL.

MR. BEECHER has now gone to his rest. The way was long for him and often very rough. But he trod his path with a buoyant step and far-looking eyes. Great, natural, faulty, beloved, he has gone now, but his words remain. Perhaps Colonel Ingersoll and those who were with him will long remember the following selected incident:—

Colonel Ingersoll was thrown one day into the society of Henry Ward Beecher. There were four or five gentlemen present, all of whom were prominent in the world of brains. A variety of topics was discussed with decided brilliancy, but no allusion to religion. The distinguished infidel was, of course, too polite to introduce the subject himself, but one of the party finally, desiring to see a tilt between Bob and Beecher, made a playful remark about Colonel Ingersoll's idiosyncrasy, as he termed it. The Colonel at once defended his views in his usual apt rhetoric; in fact, he waxed eloquent. He was replied to by several gentlemen in very effective repartee. Contrary to the expectations of all, Mr. Beecher remained an abstract listener, and said not a word. The gentleman who introduced the topic with hope that Mr. Beecher would answer Colonel Ingersoll, at last remarked:—

"Mr. Beecher, have you nothing to say on this question?"

The old man slowly lifted himself from his attitude and replied:—

"Nothing; in fact, if you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentlemen were talking, my mind was bent on a most deplorable spectacle which I witnessed today."

"What was it?" at once inquired Colonel Ingersoll, who, notwithstanding his peculiar views of the hereafter, is noted for his kindness of heart.

"Why," said Mr. Beecher, "as I was walking down town to-day I saw a poor lame man with crutches slowly and carefully picking his way through a cesspool of mud in the endeavor to cross the street. He had just reached the middle of the filth, when a big burly ruffian, himself all bespattered, rushed up to him, jerked the crutches from under the unfortunate man, and left him sprawling and helpless in the pool of liquid dirt, which almost engulfed him."

"What a brute he was!" said the Colonel.

"What a brute he was!" they all echoed.

"Yes," said the old man, rising from his chair and brushing back his long white hair, while his eyes glittered with their old-time fire as he bent them on Ingersoll—"yes, Colonel Ingersoll, and

you are the man. The human soul is lame, but Christianity gives it crutches to enable it to pass the highway of life. It is your teaching that knocks these crutches from under it and leaves it a helpless and rudderless wreck in the slough of despond. If robbing the human soul of its only support on this earth—religion—be your profession, why, ply it to your heart's content. It requires an architect to erect a building: an incendiary may reduce it to ashes."

The old man sat down, and silence brooded over the scene. Colonel Ingersoll found that he had a master in his own power of illustration and said nothing. The company took their hats and parted.

—Religious Intelligencer.

WONDERFUL SPINNING MACHINE.

FROM the palace of the king down to the poorest hovel of the peasant the house spider finds a home in some quiet nook or other. Among the rafters of the roof, along the smooth surface of the ceiling, and in the corners of the window, wherever there are flies, there, sooner or later, Madame Spider is sure to be found. And there she spins her fairy-like, cunning web, every line drawn as truly as the cleverest mathematician could draw it with scale, compass, and ruler. If you examine a spider you will find at the hinder part of the abdomen four or six little projections, like tiny teats, each pierced with a tiny hole through which comes a thread of such infinite fineness that it is scarcely visible to the eye. This is her "spinneret," or weaving machine, by which she spins together the four or six strands into a fairy rope, strong enough to build her web, or to support her own weight, as she hangs down floating in the air. The silk itself is stored up inside her, in the form of a sticky gum, which, in some wondrous fashion, on being exposed to the air, instantly dries up into a thread of fine, hard silk. Taking a drop of this gum, she gently draws out of it a long thread, and having fastened one end of it to the rafter, or twig, lets herself slowly down, spinning as she goes, stopping where she will, or swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a clock. By and by she touches the edge of some other beam, or bush, or wall, or goes down to the ground, but always ready to spin a fresh thread or mount nimbly back by the one.

The situations which spiders choose for their nests are as various as their plans of building. Some prefer the open air, and hang the fatal net-work up among the shrubs or plants, where flies and small insects abound; others choose the warmer, darker corners inside the house, old stable, or barn; but whichever is chosen, there she spins the same wonderful thread of silk, so fine that it cannot be wound off alone, yet so tough and strong as to stand both rain and wind, and to bear the weight of the cunning weaver and a score of flies. One hundred and fifty yards of it—all that can be drawn from a single insect—weighs about one twentieth of a grain; and it is said that a rope of it an inch thick (if it could be made) would bear a weight of seventy tons, and so exceed in strength a bar of steel of equal thickness.

The silk is of two colors, gold and silver-gray, drawn from separate parts of the spinneret, and quite different in kind and texture; the yellow, the stronger and more elastic, being for the strong, straight, outer edges of the web, and the silver for the swaying, bending cross-beams. See, now, with what skill and wisdom the little house spider sets to work when once she has chosen the place and fixed on the size of a web in a corner of the ceiling. First having pressed her spinners against one of the walls, and thus glued fast to it one end of her thread, she then walks along the wall to the opposite side and there fastens the other end. This thread, which forms the selvedge of her net, must be very strong; and she therefore goes over the same ground three or even four times, so as to make all secure. This done, she draws other threads across and across in various directions, filling up the spaces between by running from one to the other, joining them together again and again, until the tiny sheet of gauze is finished, fastened into

its place, and set just at the best angle, upright, horizontal, or sideways, for catching her tiny prey.

Many other wonderful things might be told of the common spider; but enough has been said to show the beauty and perfection of the most wondrous spinning machine the world has ever seen, all managed and guided by one little tiny insect, who serves no apprenticeship and has no visible teacher; and yet the very moment she has to get her own living is as absolute a master of the craft as if she had been at work for a hundred years. She spins her own silk, twists it into threads, and weaves them into such fairy lacework, as the science and art of man can never match.

—B G. Johns, M. A., in The Quiver.

MY BABY BOY.

(See Frontispiece.)

Have you seen the blue in the summer sky,
When the fleecy clouds on the night winds fly,
And the solemn stars hold their vigils high,
O'er earth and sea?
Then look at the blue in my boy's dark eye
Upturned to me.

Have you seen the gold of the ripened corn,
As it graceful waves in the rising morn,
The shimmering tresses that bright adorn
The verdant lea?
Then look at the gold of this head unshorn
That rests on me.

Have you seen the red from the coral cave,
Where the mermaid dwells 'neath the gleaming wave,
While she weirdly sings to the sailor brave,
Who ploughs the sea?
Then look at the red of the lips I crave
To welcome me.

Have you breathed the sighs of the clover sweet,
As it fragrant falls at the mower's feet,
When the purple shadows of evening meet
At close of day?
That incense is here, 'mid his smiles that greet
My mimic play.

Have you seen the pink of the deep sea shell?
The rose asleep in its mossy cell?
The tint of the fuschia's tremulous bell
Swinging perfume?
Then look at the cheek of my boy and tell
Of fairer bloom.

Have you heard the robin's glad song in spring,
From his leafy bower in the woodlands ring,
While he watches his mate with brooding wing
Spread o'er her nest?

Then list to my laughing boy as he'll cling
To my fond breast.

Have you seen the robe that the apple tree,
In its virginal blossom of fruit to be
Puts on, like a bride that the sun would see
And woo her charms?
Then look at the brow of my boy, as he
Sleeps in my arms.

Oh, Thou great Creator of all things fair,
Incline Thine ear to my humble prayer,
That when my soul flies back to Thee, to share
Thy peace and joy,
Thou'lt ever guard on earth from sinful snare
My baby boy.

WM. J. DAWSON.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

BY ELDER JOHN KALER.

THE year of 1891 is gone; *yes, gone forever.* And the new year is ushered in, while the earth is dressed in a beautiful white robe, as if prepared to receive the newborn year, under whose breath the trees are bending and moaning, as if lamenting the absence of the sun's golden rays.

What a lesson! Shall I weep over the record of the past because I have not been more faithful over "the few things?" No, no; I must rather be found "redeeming the time;" for the scene before me causes memory's hand to reach back to former times, when the "beloved disciple," enwrapped in the visions of heaven, saw portrayed the consummation of the work that Latter Day Saints profess to be engaged in:—

"And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, . . . saying, ... Let us be glad and rejoice, . . . for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she [the church] should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints."—Rev. 19 : 6–9.

After the above John saw the coming of the Savior, followed by the armies of heaven clothed in fine linen, white and clean.

As the earth around me is dressed in one mantle, the beautiful white snow, so must the saints be adorned alike, with *righteousness*, to entitle them to an entrance to the marriage supper of the Lamb. When the Master comes it will be because the harvest of the earth is ripe.—Rev. 14 : 14–20. Some will have ripened unto life eternal; and many will be ripe in iniquity, ready to be cut off from the earth.

Dear reader, what shall the harvest be? The farmer, with a smile, looks out upon the snow-covered earth, and says: "This snow will be good for my wheat; it will be a covering to protect it from the bleak wind." He has confidence in the Scripture that says, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Therefore he is careful to sow good seed in good soil, duly prepared to receive it. Then, having completed his work, he turns his eyes heavenward as if to say, "Lord, unless thou dost favor me with the dews of heaven to water my fields, my labor will be in vain." He knows that his works alone, without the grace or favor of God, will not bring a goodly harvest. Neither would a favorable season profit him unless he had properly sown the seed.

Paul wrote, "By grace are ye saved." Ye? Who? All sinners? No; he was speaking to the saints, to those who were members of the "one body," the church of of Christ, a people who had accepted the gospel, believed, repented, and were baptized, and confirmed (or established)

as members of the church, by the laying on of hands.—Acts 19 : 5, 6. So only those who make themselves worthy, by obeying God's law, shall be saved by his grace. "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not to him it is sin."—James 4 : 17. "Sin is the transgression of the law."—1 John 3 : 4.

How plain these passages of Scripture seem to Latter Day Saints; and when their religious neighbors tell them that they cannot believe that baptism and laying on of hands are essential to salvation, they will say, "How inconsistent you are; did not Jesus say that we must live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God?" Yes, Paul comprehended the truth when he wrote the saints at Rome: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."—Rom. 8 : 1, 2. Now, inasmuch as the hastening time has come, it behooves us as saints to examine ourselves and see "whether we be in the faith." Have we been keeping that part of "*the law of the spirit of life*" that appertained to the temporalities? If not haven't we virtually said by our actions, if not in words, "It is not essential to salvation?" Then let us beware lest the day of the Lord come upon us when we are unprepared, and we be made to confess, to our shame, that we of the light were inconsistent as well as those of the world.

Time is a measured portion of eternity. What portion of eternity will be allotted to us in this probationary state? None can tell, save he who "hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation."—Acts 17 : 26. Our portion may be days, months, or years. "Seeing then that these things are true, what manner of persons ought we to be in *all* holy conversation and godliness." Our daily actions will determine what the harvest shall be. "For whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

Four years ago I had the pleasure of hearing and obeying the angelic message, the restored gospel of peace. Oh! how my soul did feast on the promises of an unchangeable God and Savior. Then I comprehended the language of Paul, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us [the Saints] by his Spirit." When this glorious latter day work found me, I readily understood that if I sowed the good seed sparingly I should reap sparingly, and many times my heart has been made sad to see this saying fulfilled in the lives of the Saints.

The Lord has told his people that they should *all* labor together for the accomplishment of his work. How pleasant it would be to know that all of God's people, old and young, ministry and laity, were each doing what they could to bring forth Zion, that when all things were gathered in one—both they which are in heaven and they which are on earth—God's people should inherit the same reward, "the celestial kingdom of God."

How grievous it is to see Saints wasting their precious time, worrying about the past or future, instead of wisely occupying the golden moments as they come. Or they may find fault with their brethren or sisters, instead of living prayerful and humble lives, by which to teach others, in words and works, how to overcome their besetting sins. Do not be weary in welldoing; for the promise is that in due time we shall reap if we faint not, that is, if we cease not to strive.

The Saints who will live pure, humble and prayerful lives, (no matter where they dwell,) will always be directed into the ways of truth and peace. To such the beloved disciple wrote: "But the anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you; but the same anointing teacheth you all things."

Let us occupy wisely and well while the day lasts; for the night cometh when no man can work. In the words of the poet:—

"Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way."

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"In whatever you do, aim to excel,
For what is worth doing is worth doing well."

CHAPTER IV.

LESSONS LEARNED FROM COUSIN JO.

"No school to-day," said cousin Jo, one Saturday morning as the family were about leaving the breakfast table. "I wonder if Grace would be willing to help us with the work today"

"Yes ma'am," replied Grace pleasantly; I will help, if you will show me how."

But Archie said, in a diappointed tone,

"I wanted Grace to play with me. I had it all planned how we could have such a good time; and if I have to play alone I can't have any fun."

"Well, if that is the case," said his mother, "suppose you help us, too, and save your play till Grace is ready. You might polish the silver while Grace and I are busy with the dishes. You could make it shine, I know."

"Of course I could. Where are the things? Let me go to work."

"I will get them for you presently," answered his mother. "I think perhaps we had better clear the table first, and then we will have our work all together in the kitchen. Now, Grace, the first thing to be taken care of is the food. When there is bread left on the table it is well to put that away first, to save it from getting dry. Lay the slices evenly together and place them against the end of the loaf. That helps to keep all moist. Then lay it in with the other bread and cover well.

"Never set away a small amount of food in a large dish. Change it to a saucer, or to some dish that will just hold it, and that will be less likely to be needed than the large one. Even when a dish is nearly full it is sometimes best to empty it and have it washed, so that it may be in readiness for use another time.

"If your fingers get soiled handling one dish, wash them before you touch anything else, except dirty dishes. I sometimes wash my hands half a dozen times while I am clearing a table; otherwise something that I put away would come to the table next time showing finger marks, or feeling rough, or sticky.

"That is not enough butter for another meal. Smooth it over and take the knife out. We will leave it on the same plate now and change it to another when we put more with it for dinnner; or else have a fresh piece and put this with what is left afterward. I do like a nice clean looking butter dish. No, don't scrape the butter from the knife on the edge of the plate. Do it with another knife, so as to leave the edge of the plate unsoiled. The good pieces of butter left at the places, gather together on one little butter plate, or put in with the cooking butter.

"The cream that is left you may pour in a teacup so we can wash the pitcher. Archie will want the spoons and I will take the spoon glass to the kitchen. If you will empty the sugar-bowl we will have that washed too. It is only a short time since they were washed; but it is better to do it too often than not often enough. The salt shakers will need filling and wiping off, first with a damp cloth, then with a dry one."

Grace had gathered up and laid away the napkins, and removed such dishes as chanced to be clean.

"Now," said Cousin Jo, "we have only dirty dishes left, and it is easy to see what do with them. Gather up all the knives, forks, and spoons, each kind by themselves, and lay them in that deep dish. Then we will pile the dishes each size together, then place the smaller ones above the larger, first, however, scraping all very clean. Almost as much of the success of dish-washing depends on the way they are gathered up as upon the washing itself."

When all the dishes were removed Cousin Jo said,

"See how I take the tablecloth to shake it? I pick it up lightly by a few places around the edge, just enough to hold the crumbs, and not crease it a bit more than I can help. There is no need of rolling it up in a heap; and the other way keeps it fresh so much longer. I always feel sorry to see anyone put an unnecessary crease in a tablecloth, as may be done by gathering it up in that way, or allowing it to lie, either before or after it is shaken, in any but a smooth condition. If we were to leave this cloth on the table it would be better to use the crumb brush; but, since we change it for the spread, it is as well to shake it. I will drop the crumbs on the oilcloth here. This I would not do unless I knew that the room

would be swept immediately. Myrtle has been sweeping the kitchen for us, so we will have a nice, tidy room to work in; and now she is coming to sweep in here. At home I have kitchen and dining room in one. As soon as the table is cleared, before wa-hing the dishes, I always sweep, because it keeps the carpet very much cleaner; and it is much more enjoyable than to be working over crumbs or other dirt; besides the unpleasantness of having them to look at."

When the tablecloth was laid away, neatly folded in the exact creases ironed in it, they went to the kitchen. Here Mrs. Holister prepared Archie's work for him, at one end of the table where he would not be in the way. She brought the silver polish, flannel cloths, and a shallow pan for him to work over.

"Use this piece of a stocking," she said, "to dampen and scour with; and keep the larger flannel cloth for rubbing off the polish. Always before you commence to rub a piece of silver notice if there are any dark marks or stains on it, and use greater care in polishing those parts. Work away and give them a good, hard rubbing. You have enough here to keep you busy for some time, and we will give you more when we have them washed. If you get tired of working on the table take the pan down in your lap. When you have finished, one of us will go over them with a clean towel, so that they will not need washing."

VEGETABLE OYSTERS.

THIS is the season of the year when those who have gardens are getting them prepared, and are looking up the different seeds ready for planting. Among the vegetables not commonly raised in the family garden is Salsify, or Vegetable Oyster. Those who are fond of oysters may find in this vegetable a pleasant substitute for them; and to the housekeeper who, through the winter months so often finds it so hard to secure a variety for the table, it is a very acceptable addition.

To cook, the oyster should be scraped, as one does parsnips, and cut crosswise in short bits. For soup, put on to cook in cold water, as more of the juice is extracted in this way. Boil from half an hour to an hour; and, some time before done, add butter and salt. When fully tender add enough milk for half the quantity of soup desired or even more if convenient. Let it come to a boil again and add just a little flour and water, stirred smooth. Boil a few moments longer and it will be ready for use. There are few who care to eat the pieces of the vegetable with the soup, though some like them mashed finely, (before the milk is added,) so that they are distributed all through the soup.

The soup has the exact flavor of that with good fresh oysters; and though, in eating, it seems disappointing not to find real oysters, yet one concludes that vegetable oysters are well worth cultivating.

When cooked otherwise than with soup, put to boil in hot water. When done do not drain, (as according to other directions,) and thus throw away a part of the strength and flavor, but cook down, so that these may be retained. Less water will be needed to start with; and of course care must be used not to let them burn while boiling dry.

When done they may be mashed, seasoned with butter, pepper, and salt, and served thus, or they may be made into oyster patties in the following manner:—

Add to the mashed and seasoned oysters a beaten egg. Then stir in flour until stiff enough to handle; and with the hands form in little cakes. Fry in butter and serve hot.

HOW TO WRING HOT WET FLANNELS.

Not long since I had occasion to use hot flannels for a sprained ankle; but how to wring them dry without scalding my hand was a problem. Finally I thought of putting them inside of a dry towel, and, taking hold of the ends of this towel, I wrung out the flannels without any difficulty. Keeping them in the towel was an easy way of carrying them to the patient; and with dry bandages, and over these newspapers, they kept warm for a long time.

Since trying the above, I found in "Babyhood" a description of a stick-wringer that should be found in every home. I give it in the writer's own words:—

Take two rounds of an old chair, or other similar pieces of hard wood, for handles. Out of a piece of bed-ticking make a square bag large enough to hold a good-sized piece of flannel cloth. Hem the sides of the bag and run the sticks through these hems You now have a wringer in which, by twisting the sticks, you can wring flannels practically dry out of boiling water. By having two or three cloths one can be kept in the wringer all the time, and be in readiness at any moment when it is desired to change it for the one last applied.—*The Household.*

AMUSEMENT FOR CHILDREN.

My two-year old daughter dusts the rounds and legs of the dining room and kitchen chairs, on an average of a dozen times a day. It is so amuzing to watch the wee serious face as she goes from chair to chair, doing her "vort," as she calls it. Three-year-old Roscoe feels the dignity of his position greatly, as he proceeds about his round of duties, which consist of dusting the sewing machine, the mouldings of the

doors, the "mop boards," etc., and wiping the spoons, "his especial delight." Five-year-old May has her little duties, as do the elder ones also. And it is great fun for them, and at the same time teaches them more about household duties than one could believe And how many steps do these willing feet save me in my round of duties; and how amusing it is to witness the responsibility they feel in their share of the work.

When I am baking I find that a bit of pie crust and one or two slices of apple will serve to keep the little ones amused for a long time. Making pies is a never failing source of amusement with them. On ironing days their flat-irons are heated, (just about blood warm,) and the everyday "hankshifs" and "tockings" are entrusted to them. And if I do have to improve upon their smoothness the children are none the wiser and labor on under the firm belief that they are "helping mamma."—*May E. Stafford in the American.*

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

PORT SANILAC, Mich., Feb., 1892.

Dear Readers:—Latter day Israel enjoys many blessings from the Divine hand, and, among the many, there is one through which we may, and I believe many of us do, receive much instruction and edification. The one referred to is that neat and instructive monthly—*Autumn Leaves.*

While in perusal of the February number, I gleaned very valuable ideas, some of which I will endeavor to notice, not in the way of criticism, but that they may become more fully impressed on the mind of the reader by their repetition.

Perseverance is necessary in all phases of life, both temporal and spiritual. If we would gain a desired object in this life, we must persevere in our efforts to obtain, and never grow discouraged when obstacles arise. Since this is true of temporal attainments, it is also true of spiritual ones, for, if we would obtain the object of our faith which we as lovers of Jesus Christ most assuredly hope for, we must, like Paul, "press toward the mark for the prize" which, he says, is "of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." How many times we are exhorted to endure in obedience, by the Word's giving us the promise of attainment of that prize which is embodied in our hope! "He that endureth unto the end shall be saved," said Paul to the Roman brethren. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," are the words of Jesus. To persevere we must have patience. Without patience the servant of God would, I fear, be very apt to be overcome by the many obstacles which we have to battle against. In this battle we must endeavor to put on the whole armor of God, and strive to "live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Included in this "every word" is the "Word of Wisdom." If we rely upon the inspiration of latter day revelation given through God's servants, and upon the promise that through obedience we shall be rewarded, it is impossible in us to avoid the conviction that, unless we render obedience to this "Word of Wisdom," we cannot obtain the promises accompanying it. I also bear testimony that so far as I have kept its precepts, I have been blessed; and I am certain I have escaped many of the scourges that are being, and have been, placed upon mankind. I believe if all Saints obeyed the "Word of Wisdom," there would be less sickness among us. We all desire wisdom, and we are ready to render homage to a wise man's counsel. How much more ought we to honor the words that are revealed unto us through the wisdom of God who is all-wise and knows what is best for the beings of his creation! As children should reverence the wisdom of their parents in providing for their wants, so much more should we reverence the wisdom of the Supreme Being who has given us the plan by which we may rise from condemnation to everlasting life.

May we all strive lawfully to obtain the prize promised to the faithful.

In bonds,

R. H. HUSTON.

FIVE LAKES, Mich , Jan., 1892.

Dear Readers:—Having just read the letter from our friend Dewenup in the *Autumn Leaves*, it makes me rejoice to see that others are so interested in this great work in which we are engaged. I am glad to have the privilege of giving my views on the Word of Wisdom. I have been a member of the Latter Day Saints' Church over four years, and during the most of this time I have observed the Word of Wisdom, and will now try and give you some of the reasons for doing so. Our Savior said man

should not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Dear readers, God has seen fit through his kindness to show me to my own satisfaction that the Doctrine and Covenants is true; therefore I can plainly see that this Word of Wisdom came out of the mouth of God. Christ said, "He that is of God heareth God's words." He also says, "If a man keep my sayings, he shall never see death." I want to live in that way that I may have a right to this promise. It is also written in St. John 12:48, "He that rejecteth me and receiveth not my words hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken the same shall judge him in the last day."

Again he says, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" The Apostle Paul in writing to the Roman brethren says, "I beseech you therefore by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Dear friends, I know God requires me to make a great many sacrifices, and it is my experience that the closer I live to God the more he blesses me. We, as Saints, should not do anything that we cannot ask God's blessing upon; and I cannot ask God to bless something of which he says it is pleasing if we will not use it. My testimony is this, that my health is much better since I have kept the Word of Wisdom than it was before. I believe we must keep the whole law, if we ever have part in the celestial kingdom of God. May God give us grace, that we may be able to treasure up his words, that we may not be deceived, is the prayer of your brother in Christ,

SHELDON ARMSTRONG.

HILL CITY, Tenn., Feb., 1892.

Dear Readers Correspondence Department:—If you please, I would like to be admitted into your circle.

I would like to call your attention to another branch of information that might be of mutual benefit to each of us. It is this, to collect all the reliable information we can in the different parts of this country on American antiquities, and send in to the Department of Correspondence. Now, some of us, perhaps, live in sections that abound in a rich supply of them, and I know it would certainly be interesting to most of us.

Some time ago I saw in a newspaper where a well was being bored, and after having gone to considerable depth, the men found they were going through a substance like brick, and they also brought up a coin having ancient characters on it. I think this took place in the State of Arkansas. Will some of you please send in the item if it is so you can.

I appreciate our dear *Autumn Leaves* very much.

THEO. GERBER.

QUEENS FERRY, Victoria, Jan., 1892.

Dear Readers of Department of Correspondence: — I feel rather ashamed to think I have never tried to assist in this way before, as I really enjoy reading your letters. I think the subject of "Marrying out of the Church" is very good. I always try to act up to that, and belive that God will direct us as well in this matter as any other, if we only ask him prayerfully. I think it is best to always let folks know of our faith, and if they are very anxious to marry, they will at once investigate the doctrine. Trusting that none of us will be found weak in the faith, I am, Yours in bonds,

S. MCINTOSH.

DOW CITY, Iowa, Jan., 1892.

Dear Readers of the Department:—It has been some time since I have written anything for our Department, but when I tell you that I know some, yes many, who are better qualified than myself to write, who have never contributed a word to our Department, haven't I some little excuse for being negligent?

But it is not my place to complain, because it's none of my business who writes or who does not, but I like to see an interest taken If the Department is for the benefit of the young folks, it is their place to support it.

In our fireside conversation this evening, we ran on to the subject of the signs following the believer One of our number took the ground that if the sectarian world should believe in the signs following the believer. and should strive to obtain them, whether they should believe the entire gospel or not, that they would receive those gifts. Some of her reasons for taking this position are as follows: Some cases have come under our notice where persons sick nigh unto death have been healed through prayer, even before the establishment of the kingdom in these latter days, as well as at the present time. After the scattering of the Saints on the martyrdom of the Prophet, factions which sprung up enjoyed the gifts of tongues, prophecy, healing and visions, even after they had gone into wickedness, and were teaching and practicing corrupt doctrines.

I take the ground that no person or body of persons will receive any of these signs until they have exercised faith in all the principles of the gospel, and become obedient thereto. For these reasons: If God bestows the signs, or gifts of the Spirit, upon a person who merely believes in a part of the gospel, and rejects the rest as nonessential, he is confirming this person in false beliefs. He is putting the stamp of approval upon that which is not in accordance with his established laws.

If, because I believe that tongues, prophecy, healing, etc., should be a characteristic of our religion to-day, does it follow that I am entitled to these gifts of the Spirit? It looks plain to me, that if God does so bestow his Spirit upon me, that I have good reason to believe that I am an heir of salvation, although I may not have been baptized, and merely believed that Jesus is the Christ, and that the signs should follow them that so believe. I do not believe that any sectarian body can receive any of the gifts of the Spirit merely because they believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that the signs should follow those who so believe. I also believe that if the gifts were manifest to those factions of the church which sprung up after 1844, that it was only to those who had obeyed *the gospel* and were living in accordance thereto. I do not doubt but that there were signs manifest in those factions, but it does not follow that they all had the authority to reorganize the church. It only confirmed those to whom these manifestations were given. I do not believe that any who were teaching or practicing corrupt doctrines received any signs. If they did, it is an evidence to them that they have the truth. I can as well claim salvation just because I believe in Jesus as the Christ and that I should be baptized, and reject all the rest of the commandments, as I can claim the gifts because of my belief in them, while I reject all the others

Corrupt persons may have manifestations, however, but it does not follow that these miraculous manifestations are from the right source. Satan has power to work miracles, and to speak in tongues and prophecy; and he evidently often does, and in this way may deceive even the "very elect." [If it were possible.—Ed.]

I would like to hear from others on this subject.

The subject of courtesy has been introduced. We may compare courtesy, or manners, to a polish that is put upon different materials to make them present a better appearance. A diamond is a diamond, whether it is polished or no; but when we polish it, it shines with increased lustre. Likewise, lead is lead and brass is brass whether they are polished or no; but their appearance is better by being polished, like as the diamond. A man may be a gentleman, and possess a superior character, and yet be very rough and awkward in manners; but he may improve upon the lustre of his character by cultivating his manners. He will then be able to wield an influence that he could not before command. The base character is vile, whether he has polished manners or not. If he is not in possession of this polish, he is not so apt to deceive us; while if he has polished manners, he may cause us to believe him to be a worthy character, when he is nothing but brass compared with gold.

What is true courtesy? Is it not respect to our superiors, kindness to the weak, old and young; the bestowing of comfort upon the sick and destitute?

As I was about to sign my name, I glanced across the table where I am writing, and saw a beautiful young girl distorting her features by —what do you think?—that captivating habit of gum-chewing. Why can't we have an Anti-gum-chewing League? It seems to me that would be a step in the right direction.

V. W. Gunsolley.

Whittier, Cal., Jan, 1892.

Dear Readers:—I, for one, am not willing to see the interest in this department die out. I am going to try to write occasionally. Perhaps some of you would like to know something of the pretty little town of Whittier that is situated on the south side of the Puente Hills —Puente is a Spanish word meaning bridge— about twelve miles east of the city of Los Angeles. There are about five or six hundred inhabitants in Whittier, mostly Quakers. They have a good church building, which is well filled each Sunday, both morning and evening. One is rather surprised on attending the services the first time, to find the similitude so great between them and other denominations. One would naturally expect to find the Quakers of to-day like those of the past. Of course there are some few here who hold to their old manner of speech and worship, but many of the younger members have drifted away from the old forms.

The State reform school is the most interesting feature here, and everyone within reach should avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting an institution which is an honor to our State. Let us first enter the schoolrooms

where about one hundred boys are being instructed in the common branches. Of course we scan every face to note the vicious ones, but we do not find very many, in fact, they all seem happy and contented. Hon. E. L. Stern, when he was about to take his position as trustee, said to them, "I consider myself a member of this family and I want you to look upon me as one of you," and the boys have taken him at his word. Whenever the Major appears in their midst a pleased smile and a polite salutation greet him, and in turn that gentleman makes them feel as if they were all to become useful and honorable citizens, praising them for what they accomplish and giving words of encouragement for the future.

Next we will visit the dormitories. Each boy has a neat little cot with a chair beside it and a locker in which to hang his clothing. The rooms are all light, clean, and well ventilated. There are five of these dormitories.

The basement is the most interesting part of the building. Here is a large swimming bath where the boys are practically and pleasantly impressed with the idea that "cleanliness is next to godliness." There is also a shower bath and fifteen faucets where each boy can wash his hands and face in a stream of running water, thus reducing contagion from sore eyes and skin diseases to a minimum.

The commissary department, dining room and kitchen, are all in the basement. As we go into the dining room, we see the boys come in to their dinner. On one occasion a bright little Los Angeles boy was agreeably surprised to find that his mother, a hard working woman, had come out to visit him and had been given a seat next to him The mother said she had seven children, and this one would not go to school, and was finally arrested for stealing some fireworks, and she thanked God that there was such a place as the Whittier school where her boy could be given an education and taught a trade. The managers who drill the boys say they will be able to turn out as fine a drilled company as can be found in the State. By the way Captain Davis, a graduate of West Point, has charge of them. The regulations of the school are of the best. The boys rise at six o'clock, proceed to the bath and wash rooms, and, after a good wash, get their breakfast. At nine o'clock they enter the schoolroom and remain there until noon. After luncheon, they are put to work until four o'clock, then under the leadership of Captain Davis they indulge in base ball and other athletic sports. Following comes the drill. After supper the boys repair to the reading room where they are allowed to amuse themselves with games and otherwise. Frequently we hear two long whistles which means a boy escaped, and it is understood that $10 will be paid for the recovery, and as a punishment the boy is put in a dungeon cell and fed on bread and water for fourteen days. Knowing they are almost sure to be caught they still try to escape sometimes. The girls attend school in the afternoon, the forenoon being devoted to useful employment.

Hoping I have not wearied you, I am,

Very truly,

CORDA BADHAM LIVINGSTON.

ALBION, Idaho, January, 1892.

Dear Readers:—As I sit at home on this evening of the first day of the New Year, musing over the calls for more reapers for the north, east, west, and south, I feel that the fields everywhere are ripening for the end. The future will, no doubt, reveal the true cause of the seeming lack of interest shown by very many who should be to-day marching in the front ranks of the army of the Lord. All can strive to set examples worthy of Saints, and so exert an influence for Zion's weal.

This is potent preaching. All can also drop a word in wisdom on the right hand as well as on the left. It is also possible to overlook our privileges. It certainly is a great blessing to be able to fill every capacity from the humblest private in the ranks to the highest in command. I have often compared this work to the campaigns in which I participated years ago, when men of all arms and every available means at command, were hurried to the front to force a point, or repel an assault. I noticed that, while true courage was in good demand from those in command, the same earnest zeal and courage was needed, by the privates in the ranks. The grandest courage and bravery displayed by those in command only exposed them to greater danger and loss unless sustained and supported by those under them. It was also a fact, that the light field artillery and small arms were needed more than the guns of heavier calibre; and, without reflecting against that branch of service, all were intended for their special service. Both infantry and cavalry valued their everyday field artillery very highly; I suppose more so because they were always at hand.

And now, Latter Day Saints, in this a great lesson may be learned by us. Too many of our people fail to come to the front, unless what is re-

puted a good preacher (speaker) is at hand to do the talking.

I am satisfied in my own mind that branch meetings can be made a source of great strength to every member, by a turnout of the whole rank and file. Firstly, go into thy closet, or secret place, and earnestly ask for the Spirit of the Lord to accompany you in gathering, and then all exhibit an interest in the service, and it is wonderful how well everyone will appear to talk, pray, and sing. This will be a great help to any good speaker who may chance to visit the branch. The less show of authority a branch can get along with the better. I never liked much red tape in the army, much less in the church of God. Let us come to church and bring the blessed spirit of peace and good will along with us, and try and be worthy of its presence every day; and we will have a continual feast. Showers of refreshing will come from the presence of the Lord. If there is anything on earth the heavenly hosts rejoice in, it is when the Saints meet together with hearty good will; to unitedly solicit spiritual light and strength, to walk in the ways of life One great hindrance to spiritual growth is a failure to observe our prayers in the season thereof; and this is often very difficult to do in a family. If one of the partners in a family cares but little for spiritual things, they soon tire of the matter and get wearied of its exercise, not having the spirit of it; and it becomes a rock of offense in the home circle, till finally it hardens some against religion. Besides religion gets very inconvenient, when we try to walk hand in hand with both Lord and Devil.

It is a very hard task to serve both at the same time. Good authority has said it cannot be done. We know the service is strangely at variance; but it does seem quite a task, for some of us, to decide in some of the lesser details of the service. Two cannot walk lovingly together except they agree on so important a matter as the gospel of Christ Too much indifference is shown in this all important factor in life; and a great deal of harm to ourselves and humanity at large results, to say nothing of dwarfed spirituality, and harm to the work which we should love more than life. "They two, shall be of one flesh;" what a concise condition is here expressed and enjoined on "Adam's sons, and Eve's daughters;" that the earth might be filled with the measure of well begotten sons and daughters. But a hard time we have trying to grow figs on the bramble bush, or getting sweet waters from a bitter fountain. Better make the tree good at first. Think of families, where to mention the Bible or God, in the home circle brings expressions more frigid than the icy regions about the pole. What a price is paid there for the peace which should rest in the home. It is idle to talk of peace there; for it cannot find a place wherein to rest. What a continual sense of shame must be carried about when division, instead of union and love, results from marriage. And who, but they, know its bitterness.

The *Autumn Leaves* is one continual feast, and no family of Saints should be without its counsel, and yet how little we prize the friends who strive so hard to supply pure and healthful food for the mind. It often appears that people love their friends best after their death. I would like to take all the church publications but I cannot, and besides I do not get time to read what I take, as I would like to do.

How hard it seems to be, to appear consistent to those within, and those without the fold. I very often wonder what great "contradictions" Satan stirred up in the Master's way, and how I would like to be able to give heed to naught but the voice of the Good Shepherd.

Success to the *Leaves*. May they fall in every home. CHARLES ALBERTSON.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Sister Maggie Barr, Thamesville, writes: "In the last number of *Autumn Leaves* I noticed a letter from a brother in which he appears to think that it is not well for the Saints to attend the services of other denominations. This is a subject on which I have thought considerably, being in a place where it is impossible to attend our own meetings. The brother says that he has seen it result in the Spirit of God being withdrawn. Now, I do not doubt this, for if a Saint neglects his own meetings to attend those of other churches, this is certainly what might be looked for. But when a member is in a place where there are no Saints and no chance to attend his own meetings, do you not think that it is better to attend other churches than none? I believe that all people would have a better opinion of us. I feel quite satisfied that such is the case with me. I am sure that I stand much higher in the estimation of a great many than I would if I did not attend their services. I would be glad to see a few letters on this subject, as I think it is of importance to the Saints."

Bro. G. N. Derry writes: "I can say with Sr. Izatt, in the February number, 'Dear writers, one and all, I thank you for your words of comfort and cheer,' for it is a great comfort to

read of the testimonies, blessings, and experiences of the people of God in these last days, and it encourages us all to hear from some brother or sister that has not written before, telling what God has done for them. I can truly say that God has blessed me and mine during the year that has just passed away. If we do not have as many luxuries as some, we are blessed with a goodly portion of health and strength, and I know that the Lord does answer prayer in these days, as well as in days of yore; when members of my family have been sick I have called upon him for aid and he has restored them to health almost immediately; and that is the only means we have here, for we cannot send for the elders, as there are none here to send for, and as for doctors, I want nothing to do with them. But I believe the Lord sometimes tries us, for he says, 'I will have a tried people.' I will here relate one very trying circumstance that occurred last Summer, in the latter part of August. The sky was o'ercast with dark foreboding clouds, and all the elements trembled with wrath, when all at once a deluge of rain burst forth and the water fell in vast sheets. Then I heard a terrible roar, and I turned to enter the house and said to my wife, 'There must be a tornado coming.' I had hardly closed the door when it struck the house with terrible force, so great we could see the sides of the kitchen weave in and out, and I had to exert all my strength to keep the door shut. I was praying all the time to myself. My companion gathered our four little ones around her and knelt to pray. She had hardly uttered a word when the wind ceased; but what havoc it had made with the trees! It tore some of them to splinters, others were snapped off like weeds, and some of them were as large as a man's body. Some of the limbs were carried two hundred feet away. Now, no one can make me believe that God did not answer our prayers then. It did not last as long as it takes me to write this, but it passed on, and we could hear it roar in the distance. I learned afterwards that it tore a house down in its mad race, but the inmates were unharmed. I know that everyone that puts his trust in the Lord will not trust in vain, for he loves them that trust him."

THE WONDERFUL GROWTH OF THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

CIVILIZED history furnishes nothing to parallel the general and rapid spread of the [Farmers'] Alliance; yet no movement was ever more fiercely and bitterly and unreasonably assailed, even by those who profess to be in sympathy with the very principles on which it is founded and which it seeks to establish. The organization is composed of a class of people who stay at their homes and by their firesides unless stern necessity calls them away. They did not create the necessity which calls forth the organization. The Alliance has no special desire to "directly improve the situation." That is to say, it is immaterial to the order as to whether an improvement shall come directly through it or its members, or in some other way; but its plain attitude toward the existing powers through which improvement can come is want of confidence; and, while maintaining this attitude, small pressure is needed to drive it to take such action as it can to effect a change in the general situation. It has already accomplished much, in that the largest class of our society has been led by it to study political economies and to examine into methods and machinery of government; and its influence as a political factor will be plainly evidenced in such national legislation as may be enacted while it exists as an organization. There will be less extravagance, less jobbery, and less practical corruption. If only this shall be accomplished, enough will have been done to remove any foundation on which rests doubt as to the power of the Alliance in influencing a change for the better; for with a purer administration of public affairs must come a decrease of such legislation as tends to operate for the emolument of one class of industry at the expense of another; and this is the evil against which the efforts of the Alliance are chiefly directed.

—L. L. Polk in North American Review for July.

DON'T SEND MY BOY WHERE YOUR GIRL CAN'T GO.

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go,
And say, "There's no danger for boys, you know,
Because they all have their wild oats to sow."
There is no more excuse for my boy to be low
Than your girl. Then please do not tell him so;
This world's old lie is a boy's worst foe.

Don't allow him to go into places of sin,
And then to your hearts and homes take him in;
Saying: "Oh, for a boy there is nothing to fear,
And it don't matter much if he does drink beer.
He will stop by and by,—it was always so,—
All men and boys have wild oats to sow."

You tell them this and they think it is so,
Not foreseeing that sown those seeds will grow;
To them the harvest is hidden from view,
Until, too late, the sowing they rue;
For, at last, their horror-struck souls will see
What the outcome of sowing wild oats must be.

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go,—
For a boy or a girl sin is sin, you know;
And my baby-boy's hands are as clean and white,
And his heart is as pure as your girl's to-night.—*Sel.*

EDITOR'S CORNER.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

It is the fruit of waking hours
When others are asleep,
When moaning round the low thatch'd roof
The winds of Winter creep.

It is the fruit of Summer days
Passed in a gloomy room,
When others are abroad to taste
The pleasant morning bloom.

'Tis given from a scanty store
And missed while it is given:
'Tis given: for the claims of earth
Are less than those of heaven.

Few save the poor feel for the poor;
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful food
And needful rest debarred.

Their paths are paths of plenteousness;
They sleep on silk and down,
And never think how heavily
The weary head lies down.

They know not of the scanty meal
With small, pale faces round;
No fire upon the cold, damp hearth,
When snow is on the ground.

They never by their windows sit,
And see the gay pass by;
Yet take their weary work again,
Though with a mournful eye.

The rich, they give—they miss it not—
A blessing cannot be
Like that which rests, thou widow'd one,
Upon thy gift and thee!

L. E. L.

In this issue of the Leaves—without intention upon our part—the reader will find presented to him two representative types of motherhood. One from the higher, the other from the lowlier walks of life. We refer to the mother of George Washington, and the less well known, but not less worthy mother of Joseph Luff. The contrast is strong, and as we consider it we marvel at the results

Affluence and leisure was the inheritance of one, poverty and toil of the other. While the one had but to plan and carry into execution wise plans for the education of her boy, the other could only trust in God and lift her soul to him in prayer, while the weary hours of night wore on—hours in which others slept, but which must be consumed by her in a hand to hand struggle to keep the gaunt wolf from the door.

Let every mother who reads these sketches, pause and consider. At a glance it might perhaps seem that all the advantages were upon one side, but a thoughtful consideration of that which certainly, to a greater or less extent, comes under the observation of each one, must lead to a different conclusion.

But, let this question be decided as it may, the fact to which we wish to direct attention, remains the same. It is possible for a mother to *so let her light shine*, that whether the snares and pitfalls of affluence surround her children,

or they be confronted by the no less dangerous, though possibly less attractive, ones of poverty, that its rays shall finally prevail and her prayers shall be heard and answered by that God who has never forsaken those who put their trust in him.

Weary, sorely tried and fainting mothers, whose pillows are damp with bitter tears, take heart and be not discouraged! You have made mistakes? You have sown unthinkingly the seeds of the harvest you are now reaping in bitterness of soul. Is there then no hope? If there be none of what value is the gospel message? It was the joy, the pride of those who preached in ages past, that it was the power—think of it—*the power* of God unto salvation It is the same to-day, for if it be not power, then it is valueless.

Remember that the great Physician came to heal the sick. The Savior came to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Yield not then your faith and trust in God to any attack, any temptation of the adversary, but keep your eyes steadily fixed upon the great, the all abounding love of God and walk humbly and uprightly before him, and it shall not be in vain.

Man cannot judge. God has never—will never—entrust that office to mortals, and we love, we fully believe in the sweet charity of the poet who wrote:—

"In men whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line,
When God does not."

We trust our friends who have children to send away from home, for educational purposes, will not overlook the advertisement of Highland Park Normal College in this and a previous issue of our magazine. To our personal knowledge the school is all it is represented to be, and there is in Des Moines a small but live branch of the church where pupils who so desire can attend meeting

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

A flint and a genius that will not strike fire are no better than wet punkwood.—*R W. Emerson.*

SOFA PILLOWS.

Every woman, and nearly every man, has a love for soft cushions and downy pillows, and in these days of divans and couches, of window seats and cozy corners, they never come amiss. Their color need be subject to no law, their form need adhere to no rigid rule, but they may be anything and everything that is good in itself. Covered with silk and filled with down, the pillow is fit for the daintiest boudoir. Covered with leather and filled with feathers, it suits the severest "den" and in some shape and in some form is adapted to every use.

A present that will please.—A handsome and decorative pillow, which will be sure to win its way to a young girl's heart, is made of "baby" blue linen. On it is outlined with a couching of heavy Japanese gold thread any simple design which has broad free lines, and the entire background is darned with blue twisted silk. The effect is as good as it is striking, yet the work is far from tedious and exacting. The completed pillow has the look of gold brocade on a silk ground, yet it is better by far for the purpose than the rarer and more costly material.

A second pillow, which can be trusted to suit the most fastidious matron or to win a smile from the most artistic of men, is of fawn-colored silk with an applique decoration in suede leather of the same tone. It is simplicity and elegance itself, and is so quiet yet so sweet in color as to harmonize with almost every room. The manner of making is as simple as the result is good and this lovely bit of workmanship will be responsible for no over-tired nerves.

How to make the design —The design or pattern is first cut from the leather, then basted with extreme care to the silk foundation, after which all its edges are finished with a creweling of soft cord which matches in color both the leather and the silk but which is sewn fast with a tiny gold thread.

The scheme of color is perfect and the contrast between the materials makes an excellent effect. The gold, which binds the whole together, adds its own peculiar brilliancy and suggests bits of brightness and light peeping out through the quiet, lovely fawn of the pillow itself

A third handsome cushion is simpler than either of the foregoing, and therefore especially to be recommended to those busy folks whose hearts are wont to impose upon their hands. It is made of India silk of any of the beautiful designs and colors with which the shops abound and requires no decoration but that supplied by a tasteful ribbon. The cover is made somewhat larger than the pillow, both as to length and width, and is tied and held in place by

ribbons of appropriate tint—that is, after the cover has been slipped over the pillow and the opening has been closed, rich wide ribbons are passed round both its length and width and are finished with a bow. The extra fullness is so distributed as to give a loose, puffy effect to the cover and the pillow is one to win universal admiration.

Besides the three suggested there are numberless other pillows which can be made quite as beautiful as those selected for illustration, but they have the merit of filling each a separate place The linen cover may be varied in a thousand ways and still retain its purity and sweetness. The design, in place of being couched, may be outlined with heavy white silk or the flowers may be embroidered in long and short stitch and still the background be darned.

Selection of colors.— The silk and leather pillow may be varied as many times as there are colors to be obtained, and the suggestion as to treatment may be applied to far less costly materials. For example, figures cut from broadcloth couched upon sateen give a striking effect, as do countless other combinations of a dull surface with a silky one The secret of success in the pillow, as in many another object of decoration, lies in the selection of colors far more than in the material itself, and many an inexpensive cover gives greater satisfaction than its more costly rival because of this very fact. —*Inter Ocean.*

One of the prettiest and most useful gifts anyone can receive is a book cover. This can be made simple or elaborate as the taste may dictate. In shape it follows the outer binding of a book A pretty one is of old brocade in dull green, bordered with gold ribbon and lined with Indian red China silk. It is of a size to cover a magazine. A piece of crinoline laid between the outside of the cover and the lining helps it keep its shape. The outside may be plain or embroidered or painted, and of any material its maker prefers.—*Inter Ocean.*

For a hanging pin card I took two circles of pasteboard, five or six inches in diameter, covered one piece with yellow satin, and the other with yellow satin and blue plush, drawing a silk cord across the center where the two pieces join. On the plain piece I painted a graceful branch, upon which were three fluffy little bluebirds; on the other a few yellow and white daisies. I then slip-stitched the sides neatly together, finishing by adding yellow satin ribbon with bows by which it is to hang, then placing large pins around in points. Experience has taught me that in making fancy-work, the very best satins and plushes should be bought, and nothing of an inferior quality. The foundation of the pumpkin pincushion consists of two circular pieces of stout muslin joined together at the edges, and stuffed with wool. Two pieces of orange silk the same size, are smoothly arranged over the cushion and joined with as small stitches as possible at the edges. The cushion is then caught through the center, the needle being passed in and out through the seam (which should pass along the top and bottom and two sides). Rope silk or twist should be used, and it will have to be drawn very tightly up and down through the center to divide the cushions into sections. Two pieces curved to look like a stem are filled with cotton and caught with invisible stitches to make it "crinkly;" it is then sewed very neatly to the cushion. This cushion may be made any size you desire.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LAUNDRY BAG.

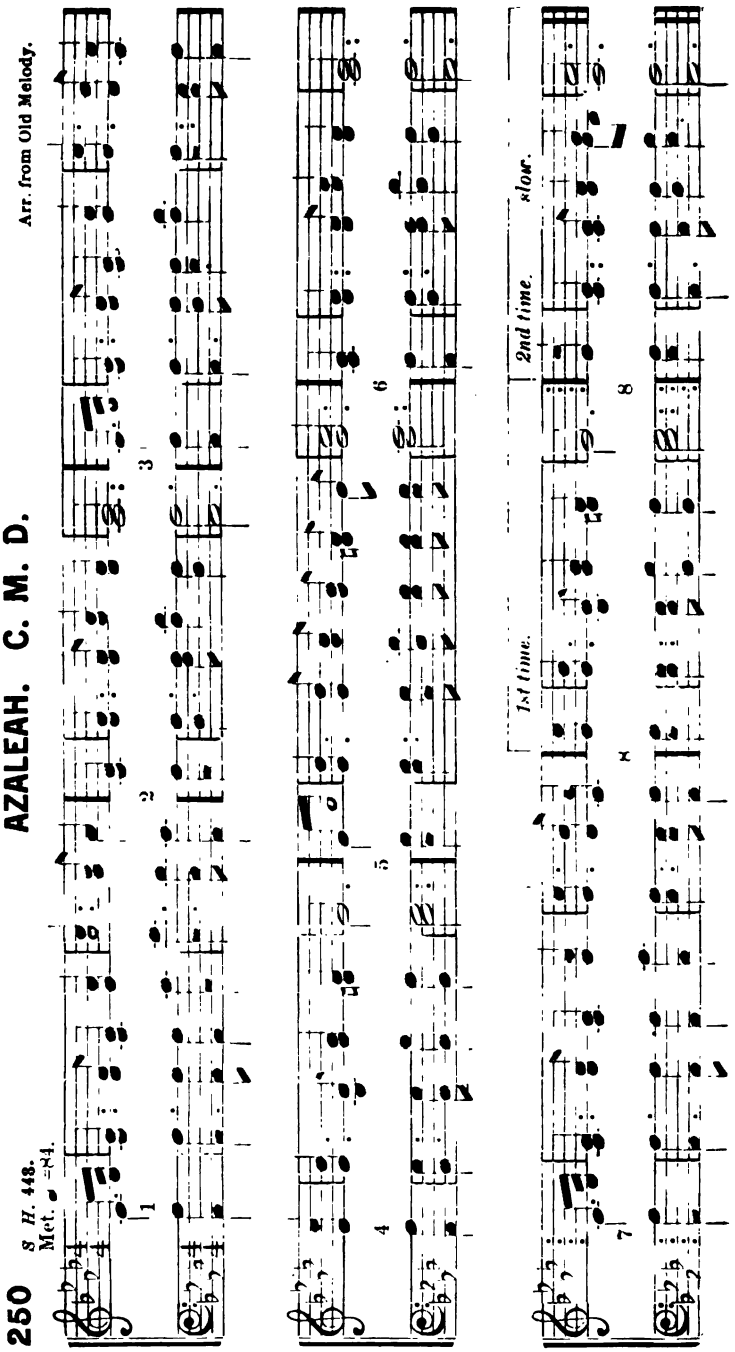
A gift for a housekeeper is an unbleached linen laundry bag. Make the bag 18x20 inches, and bind around with red worsted braid. On the flap is worked "Laundry Bag" in red cotton, and on the lower part a "heathen Chinee" with a basket on his head or any other appropriate design. Sew four red worsted tassels on the bottom and casing at the top, in which run a reed, and sew on four rings for hanging. Quite a pretty one was made of Nile green sateen, lined with pink and trimmed with silk tassels.—*Detroit Free Press.*

This is a good time to prepare fancy articles to be brought out after housecleaning, and to fix up pieces of old furniture that are out of repair. I am going to tell you how two pretty chairs were made from a couple of battered-up, carpet-covered camp chairs. The frames were first cleaned, and then one painted gilt and the other bronzed. I used diamond paints, about two packages of each to a chair. A stout strip of cloth cut to fit the back and seat of each (one cretonne) and on this was basted bits of velvet and silk, "crazy" style. Large, handsome stitches were used, and the effect was fine. In the center of the back of one chair was a large square of blue plush put on cornerwise. This was embroidered in ribbon with roses and daisies. A bow of fancy ribbon is tied to one of the little posts that extend above the back on one chair, while on the other are suspended pretty little sachets.—*Detroit Free Press.*

TOMATO PINCUSHION.

Cut two circles out of red flannel, cloth, silk, or satin, about four inches across; cut two more about three inches; cut one half of the red and one half of olive green to make a third half-ripe one, this to measure two inches, and a tiny one of olive green not more than one inch and a half across.

Sew together, stuff with wool (not cotton) upon which is sprinkled some sachet powder and finish by catching a tuft of olive green zephyr in the centers and cutting smooth and close. Thread the needle with olive green embroidery silk and draw the threads from the center of one side to the other at some distance from each other to represent the different sections, or lobes, of the tomato. Attach to olive green baby ribbon and hang near the sewing machine, or upon the dresser by the mirror. Used for both pins and needles.—*Detroit Free Press.*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AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. V. LAMONI, IOWA, MAY, 1892. No. 5.

OBJECT LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. II.

BY ELEANOR.

CHAPTER I.

ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON.

THE wonderful story of the labors and sufferings, during a period of thirty-one years, of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, missionary to Burmah, is read to this day, by all Christians, with thrilling interest. His name is honored and loved in every land, by Christians of every name. Questions of creed are lost sight of in admiration of the grand example exhibited of noble self-sacrifice on the altar of love and devotion to God and man. It is meet that all honor should be given to whom it is due.

Years ago, in my youthful days, while reading that history of his life, the judgment of my young mind was that, grand and great as was his life, labors, and sufferings, his life would be shorn of three fourths of its interest without the three noble women who, successively, as wife and fellow laborer, suffered with him. And, reading it now, the judgment of mature years is the same.

Nothing more thrilling has ever appeared in literature than the pathetic story of the life, love, and labors, of these three Christian women, of their devotion to the religion of Jesus Christ, for whom they counted not their lives dear, and cheerfully sacrificed them to carry such knowledge of him as they possessed to those who were sitting in total darkness.

Is there no lesson for us in this? Are we, who have been permitted to receive greater light and knowledge, showing more of love and zeal for the spread of light and truth, than did these intrepid women? If not, it will do us good to compare their lives and work with ours, and to try to judge both as God will judge. For he will surely reward both them and us according to our works.

Ann Hasseltine, the first wife of Dr. Judson, was born in the year 1789, the precise date of day and month I have not at hand. Neither have I any data concerning her childhood and youth. These, no doubt, would be both interesting and instructive, reared as she was in the pure atmosphere of a New England home of one hundred years ago, with its Bible precepts, and devotion to God and duty. Her parents were members of the Congregational Church, and Ann was brought up in the faith of her parents. All these things, no doubt, were potent factors in moulding and fitting this life and character that has become such a sweet legacy to Christian womanhood. It is these two bonds, Christianity and womanhood, that, like a twofold cord, draw our hearts to her in love and sympathy, as one to whom we may point as a shining example of what the Christian religion has done for woman, and what woman has done for Christianity. It is fitting, then, that we introduce her to our young readers in the first bloom of that sweet womanhood, when she is about to assume those important positions, filled by her so nobly—a Christian wife, and a missionary.

Miss Hasseltine first met her future husband at the general association of the Congregational Church, of Massachusetts, which met at Bradford, in the Summer of 1810. She was twenty-one years of age, he was twenty-two. I remember in my childhood to have seen a fine steel engraving representing her at about this age, and the impression which it made on my

youthful mind has never left it. It was not the beautiful face or slender graceful form which did it. Those were strikingly lovely; but it was the exquisitely winning sweetness of expression. This was a trait of character for which she was distinguished to the end of her life. Dark curls framed the face, whose pictured loveliness has outlived the memory of many other things. No wonder that the living reality should have attracted and impressed the young clergyman, who now for the first time met his fate. And she, listening to his ardent utterances in behalf of foreign missions, and offering himself to the church as a missionary *for life*, felt her heart go out in sympathy to meet his.

In those days there were no foreign missions supported by American churches; and the subject was regarded, even by many good people, as something romantic and self-sacrificing, of which few could see the need. But there is no doubt that the two young lovers, for such they soon became, were deeply in earnest in their purpose. That they did not underestimate the sacrifice they were about to make will be seen in the the following letter from Mr. Judson to Miss Hasseltine as taken from the memoir of the former:—

January 1, 1811.

It is with the utmost sincerity, and with my whole heart, that I wish you my love, a happy New Year. May it be a year in which your walk will be close with God; your frame calm and serene; and the road that leads you to the Lamb marked with purer light May it be a year in which you will have more largely the Spirit of Christ, be raised above sublunary things, and be willing to be disposed of in this world just as God shall please. As every moment of the year will bring you nearer the end of your pilgrimage, may it bring you nearer to God, and find you more prepared to hail the messenger of death as a deliverer and a friend. And now, as I have began to wish, I will go on. May this be the year in which you will change your name; in which you will take a final leave of your relatives and native land; in which you will cross the ocean, and dwell on the other side of the world, among a heathen people

What a great change will this year probably effect in our lives! How very different will be our situation and employment! If our lives are preserved, and our attempt prospered, we shall next New Year's Day be in India, and perhaps wish each other a happy New Year in the uncouth dialect of Hindostan or Burmah. We shall no more see our kind friends around us, or enjoy the conveniences of civilized life, or go to the house of God with those on holy day; but swarthy countenances will everywhere meet our eye, the jargon of an unknown tongue will assail our ears, and we shall witness the assembling of the heathen to celebrate the worship of idol gods. We shall be weary of the world, and wish for wings like a dove, that we may fly away and be at rest. We shall probably experience seasons when we shall be "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." We shall see many dreary, disconsolate hours, and feel a sinking of spirit, anguish of mind, of which now we can form little conception. O, we shall wish to lie down and die. And that time may soon come. One of us may be unable to sustain the heat of climate and change of habits; and the other may say with literal truth, over the grave:—

"By foreign hands the dying eyes were closed;
By foreign hands the decent limbs composed;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned;"

But whether we shall be honored by strangers, God only knows At least, either of us will be certain of *one* mourner. In view of such scenes shall we not pray with earnestness, "O, for an overcoming faith," etc.

JUDSON.

But, Miss Hasseltine did not change her name until February 1812. Yet the picture contemplated of their life in the foreign land was but a faint foreshadowing of the literal truth; and hers was indeed to be "the humble grave by foreign hands adorned." Yet, when all the horrors of the reality came she did not once falter, nor forget that she had given herself *for life* to the work of evangelizing Burmah. Concerning this work to which her life was devoted I do not purpose to express an opinion in this sketch. But surely the lesson which that devotion may teach should come home to us in this latter day work; for reward will not be accorded us simply because we have believed and obeyed the doctrine of the gospel. That is a privilege that should awaken every instinct of gratitude that they have been made known to us.

On February 19th, 1812, Mr. and Mrs. Judson and Mr. and Mrs. Newell embarked at Salem, in the brig Caravan, bound for Calcutta. The passage was pleasant, and on June 17th they arrived at their destination.

It was during the leisure afforded by this journey that Mr. Judson undertook a more thorough investigation of infant baptism and of immersion, than he had done at college, his object being to fortify himself on subjects which he was expected to teach and defend. The result was a complete change of opinion concerning them. In a letter to a friend Mrs. Jud-

son tells how she opposed him because, as she said, "I was afraid he would become a Baptist; and I frequently urged the unhappy consequences if he should. But he said his duty compelled him to satisfy his own mind, and to embrace those sentiments which appeared most concordant with Scripture." Also in a lengthy letter to her parents, dated Isle of France, Port Louis, February 14th, 1813, she writes:—

"Mr. Judson resolved to examine the subject candidly and prayerfully, let the results be what they would. . . . That his duty compelled him to examine it and he hoped he should have a disposition to embrace the truth, though he paid dearly for it. I always took the Pedobaptists' side in reasoning with him, although I was as doubtful of the truth of their system as he. After we came to Calcutta he devoted his whole time to reading on this subject, having obtained the best authors on both sides. After having examined and reexamined the subject in every way possible, and comparing the sentiments of both Baptist and Pedobaptist with the Scriptures, he was compelled, from a conviction of the truth, to embrace those of the former. I confined my attention almost entirely to the Scriptures, comparing the Old with the New Testament, and tried to find something to favor infant batism; but I was convinced that it had no foundation there. . . . Thus, my dear parents and sisters, we are both confirmed Baptist; not because we wished to be, but because truth compelled us to be."—*Memoir of Adoniram Judson.*

As we read we wonder what the consequences might have been had their investig tion led them to a full comprehension of the gospel, and if the scales of sectarianism had fallen completely from their eyes. But the angel had not yet returned to earth with the glorious message, and men had not again been commanded to preach it. Much that we find in the subsequent teaching of these missionaries leads me to think that they did obtain a clearer light than they found in the creeds, and that they saw a grander scheme of salvation than the contracted ideas taught in the modern schools of theology.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson related their change of views to the English Baptist missionaries at Serampore; and they requested baptism, which was administered. They were, however, not permitted to stay in Calcultta, the East India Company refusing to permit them to remain in any part of their jurisdiction, and ordering them to return to America. This the missionaries could not consent to do, and they begged permission to go to the Isle of France which was granted; but, failing to get passage there, the Company ordered them to England. Finally they succeeded in escaping to the Isle of France, embarking on November 30th, 1812 (Knowle's Memoir of Ann H. Judson.) It was while there that she wrote to her parents the letter from which I have quoted.

The Baptists of America had no missionary organizations at that time, and the Congregational Board of Missions could not be expected to support the Judsons under their changed faith. But they determined to trust their support to God, and to go on with the work they had come to do, whenever they could find a place in which they would be permitted to remain. On May 7th, 1813, they embarked for Madras, and there arrived on June 4th. They were again under the jurisdiction of the East India Company, and they were at once reported to the govenor general; therefore, fearing that they would be compelled to go to England, they took passage June 22d for Rangoon. The vessel was old and unseaworthy. Mrs. Judson's condition required a nurse, and by the exertion of the English missionaries at Madras, one was obtained for her. A few hours after the vessel sailed this woman dropped dead upon the deck, and Mrs. Judson was obliged to proceed without nurse or medical advisers. The passage was tempestuous, and Mrs. Judson was dangerously ill. Mr. Judson writes:—

"I came to experience the awful sensation which necessarily resulted from the expectation of an immediate separation from my beloved wife. . . . About the same time the captain being unable to make the Nicobar Island, where it was intended to take in a cargo of cocoanuts, we were driven into a dangerous strait, between the Little and Great Andamans, two savage coasts, where the captain had never been before, and where, if we had been cast ashore, we should, according to all accounts, have been killed and eaten by the

natives. But, as one evil is sometimes an antidote to another, so it happened with us. Our being driven into this dangerous but quiet channel brought immediate relief to the agitated and exhausted frame of Mrs. Judson and conduced essentially to her recovery."—*Memoir of Judson.*

On arrival at Rangoon Mrs. Judson was carried into the town, and the wanderers found a home at the mission house. Their first view of the scenes of their future labor was most gloomy and distressing, so dark, cheerless, and unpromising did all things appear to them. It was the first time that they had seen a heathen land unsoftened by European influence; and the scene to them was dreary indeed.

At the time of the Judsons' arrival at Rangoon, its principal seaport, the Burman Empire occupied the extensive region of Eastern India. The British possession bounded it on the west, Siam and China on the east, Tibet on the north, and Bay of Bengal on the south. Its seacoast then stretched from the southern limits of the provience of Chittagong to to Junk Ceylon, at the southern extremity of the Tenasserim provinces. (History of American Baptist Missions in Burmah.) Since then the British have made themselves masters of this immense country at different times; and the haughty Burman Empire is now no more.

The encroachments of the British, or the east India Company, upon their domain was the cause of the hostility felt by the Burmans against foreigners, particularly of the English speaking portion. The religion which the missionaries were to labor to subject to Christianity, was Buddhism. It is foreign to the object of this sketch to enter into a detailed account, or discussion of this religious system. Contrasted with the religion of Christ as exhibited in the life and labors of Mrs. Ann H. Judson the superiority of the one over the other will be sufficiently manifest. In a letter to the Rev. Samuel Newell, dated, Rangoon, April 23, 1814, Mrs. Judson writes:—

"I will endeavor to give you some idea of our situation here, and of our plans and prospects. We have found the country, as we expected, in a most deplorable state, full of darkness, idolatry, and cruelty—full of commotion and uncertainty. We daily feel that the existance and perpetuity of this mission, still in an infant state, depend in a peculiar manner on the interposing hand of Providence; and from this impression alone we are encouraged still to remain. As it respects our temporal privations, use has made them familiar, and easy to be borne; they are of short duration, and when brought in competition with the worth of immortal souls, they sink into nothing. We have no society, no dear Christian friends; and with the exception of two or three sea captains, who sometimes call upon us, we never see an European face. But then we are still happy in each other. . . .

"When we feel a disposition to sigh for the enjoyments of our native country, we turn our eyes on the miserable objects around. We behold some of them laboring hard for a scanty subsistence, oppressed by an avaricious government, which is ever ready to seize what industry had hardly earned. We behold others sick and diseased, daily begging the few grains of rice which, when obtained, are scarcely sufficient to protract their wretched existence; and with no other habitation to screen them from the burning sun, or chilly rains, than what a small piece of cloth raised on bamboos under a tree can afford. While we behold these scenes, we feel that we have all the comforts, and, in comparison, even the luxuries of life. We feel that our temporal cup of blessings is full, and runneth over.

"But is our temporal lot so much superior to theirs? O, how infinitely superior our spiritual blessings! While they vainly imagine to purchase promotion in another state of existence by strictly worshiping their idols and building pagodas, our hopes of future happiness are fixed on the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. When we have a realizing sense of these things, my dear brother, we forget our native country and former enjoyments, feel contented and happy with our lot, with but one wish remaining—that of being instrumental in leading these Burmans to partake of the same source of happiness with ourselves."—*Memoir of Judson.*

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES.

BY BRO. W. W. M'LEOD.

WELL, well, here is the *Autumn Leaves!* But how is this? The December number, and to-day is only the twenty-ninth of November! I am in such a hurry, too; but I must look and see what elder's picture we get this time! Well, well, Elder Joseph Dewsnup! what a queer name. I remember him well enough, however; he lives in England, and is the one who composes such fine poems. I must look at the picture again, and also on the cover and see if those nice stories are continued.

Yes, here they are, and what a good time I will have when I get time to read them. I must look over this list once more. "Prairie Fires," page 547; I *must* read that if not too long. Quite a good story for the young, and perhaps for some of the old. And this sets me to wondering if a leaf from my own experience would interest any of the readers of *Autumn Leaves*. Perhaps it would; and I think I will send one; and if worth publishing it will, in due time appear.

It is hardly probable that any of the old settlers of Minnesota can ever forget the Indian troubles of 1862. At that time the northern part of the State was very thinly peopled, and the settlements were situated along the main roads that led to the United States' forts and to the British settlement at Fort Garry (now the city of Winnepeg). At that time we were living six miles northwest of Sauk Centre, on the stage road to Fort Abercrombie. We were all in bed fast asleep on the night of August 1st, 1862, when the alarm was given all along the line,

"Hello, hello!"

"Who is there," we responded.

"The Indians have broken out, and are coming towards Sauk Centre, burning everything as they come. Hasten and go down to the Centre, where a stand will be made."

And away they go. We hear them stop in the distance, and again press on. It is not long before we hear the sound of wagons, the cry of children, the lowing of cattle, and the bleating of sheep. Soon they halt at our door, and in they come bringing their guns. They urge me to take mine and hasten on with them. I am slow to believe, and so we tarried until morning before we went. But once there I did not return until the winter of 1866, my family remaining in stockade at Sauk Centre nearly all that time. Excepting one year's service in the United States Army, the most of that time was occupied by me in freighting goods to government posts and to Fort Garry, Canada. We went in gangs, sometimes one hundred wagons, and even more. Until 1867 and 1868 it was considered not safe to be very far apart.

The fall of 1867 found the freighters compelled to break up in small parties, as freight was then quite scarce. I owned three yoke of oxen and three wagons. These oxen were not difficult to drive, they were trained as one team to follow the others. Having waited quite a long time at Fort Cloud for a load and for company, I became weary. At last I was offered three loads of sutler's goods for Fort Ransome, seventy miles northwest of Fort Abercrombie (now in North Dakota). I knew the road, and also knew that no one was living permanently at any point on the way, except an old Sioux half-breed who lived in a hut four miles from Abercrombie, on Wild Rice River. I sat down to count the cost. A trip of two hundred and forty miles; and seventy miles of that over a treeless prairie, through a country whose people were hostile, and who, (should I chance to meet any of them,) would be only too glad to relieve me of the charge of these loads of goods, such as blankets, flannel, trinkets, and ammunition in abundance; just such things as Indians most want. In short, it would be easy to get away with one man alone. Necessarily I would have to be out alone three nights, and it looked rather squally, as we used to term it.

But now for the other side. I had a noble companion and five children to be cared for. Winter was coming on, the month of October at hand, and they without shoes or dresses to keep them warm through a long, cold winter. I soon made up my mind and started. I remained one night with my family on the

way, and uttered a silent "God bless you" on the morning of my departure. At that time I did not know the true way as taught by the restored gospel. Strange as it may appear to some, I was looking about and had wondered why, among so many churches, there was none after the pattern. I could never be reconciled to any of them; and when the truth was finally presented to me, it took a full summer to convince me of it.

I arrived safely at Fort Abercrombie, and there learned that Indians had been seen the week before on the Fort Ransome road. But it was no time to back out now. I made a little more preparation by way of a keg of water and a good armful of wood, and, with my three faithful teams, went on. Passing over the bridge on Wild Rice River I saw the hut of the old Sioux half-breed. Four or five miles further and it was time to camp. Driving to the west side of the road I unyoked the oxen and fed them some meal. They also ate the grass which was knee high. As the sun was setting, I kindled a little fire. All was quiet and perfect silence reigned. The familiar lines came forcibly to my mind,

"O, solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face."

Supper was partaken of alone. Then the oxen came and laid down, each drawing a big breath as he touched the ground. I put the dishes away and then gave myself up to thoughts of my dear ones, and also found some comfort in a quiet smoke. A bed for the night must be prepared. I took two sacks of feed and placed them endways, and two more on top of them made a wall; four more laid up in the same way two feet from the other, and two more at the end, and two at the foot, made quite a nice box. With buffalo robe, blankets, pillow, and a wagon cover pulled over all, made a good, warm place. Before retiring I took a look around. Not a sound was to be heard except the oxen chewing their cuds. I saw a small light away off over the level prairie, eastward on the Red River about fifteen miles away, as nearly as I could judge. Not a breath of air was stirring.

"That fire can scarcely reach me," I said. "The road also lies between us, in case it should come."

So thinking the matter over again and not wishing to draw the attention of the Indians, if any should be around, I concluded to retire.

I remembered nothing more until I was awakened by the blowing of the wind which caused the wagon cover to snap. Throwing off the cover I found it was light as day, and took in the situation at a glance. Something must be done at once. A towering blaze was leaping towards me with the roar of thunder, and the distance seemed scarcely a stone's throw. My hand trembled as I felt for my matches, but, fortunately, the first one blazed. I started the fire in the rear of my wagons, and off it went like a running horse. The next work was to beat out a space wide enough, and I had one team already hitched to the wagon when the fire came with a roar, and over the road it went after my fire. But six or eight rods below me, the wind blowing quarterly, a big side blaze was now making its way; and that would be the one which would strike me. I lost no time you may be sure. My bed and the three wagons were just barely on the burnt ground when the side fire came. I had reason to be thankful. I just had a glimpse of two of my steers going in the direction of the Fort. The other two (the largest ones) I did not see at all. Now that I had a little time to think, I saw that I had saved the goods and one yoke of oxen; but where were the other two yoke? I did not know how to find them in the darkness; and to hunt them when daylight came, and leaving the wagons loaded with goods unprotected would be out of the question. One thing I discovered, that it was bad to be alone; but, tying up the yoke of cattle, I started for the Fort. There were lights in every direction, and on the ground a heavy frost. The wind had gone down. I ran along the road to the Fort, thinking perhaps the steers had gone there. But when I arrived it was yet too dark to see anything among the wood piles and haystacks. So digging a hole in a haystack I entered and waited for the morning, but went to sleep. Awaking again I found that I was very cold and dug a little farther in, but could not sleep. I got up and made for the gate of the Fort.

"Halt! who comes there?"

Of course I told the sentinel my story. The sergeant of the guard being called I had to tell him the same. Cold and

shivering though I was, an officer of the day must be called and my story again repeated. I was then conducted to the guardhouse, where some soldiers were sleeping, and these upon waking must have it repeated to them. In come the relief guard, they wonder at me a stranger there at that hour of the night, and of course I must tell the story, and I kept telling the story until the bugle sounded the reville, and again even at breakfast, of which I was kindly invited to partake, my unfortunate narrative was called for.

As soon as it was sufficiently light I went around looking for my steers, but they were not to be found. Between a run and a walk I was soon at the bridge on Wild Rice River. I then knew my cattle had not gone over the bridge, as there were no cattle tracks in the frost, but my own tracks were plain enough. I then made my first visit to the hut of the half-breed, for his assistance was needed. He could speak a broken English sufficient for my purpose. I saw that he sympathized with me as I told my story; but he could not leave the hut, and I could do no better than go back to the wagons, and guard them as well as I could. I hastened away again, and soon saw my wagons, and the oxen lying down. When they saw me they got up and commenced lowing, manifesting pleasure in my return. And, to my astonishment, there was a small haystack not twenty rods away. I was much puzzled; but upon going to it I found it built on willows, with water three or four inches deep around it. I helped myself, as everything was burned as far as I could see. I afterwards learned that the hay belonged to the old man in the hut. My oxen seemed to be thankful for the same. But the outlook was far from pleasant. One yoke of oxen and three wagons, and four or five miles from the man in the hut. I could not leave the wagons while it was day, and neither could I hunt oxen in the dark. But something must be done, and I concluded to get an early dinner. The pot was soon boiling, tea put in, eggs frying, bread toasting. My dining room and table that day was perched upon the dry goods boxes, gazing, eating, drinking, and thinking.

What is that I see away over on that distant rise of land? It looks like something quite large. Pretty soon another object comes in sight three miles away. I resolved to go and see; and to my great relief I found two of my cattle, and very soon had the yoke on them. Drawing two wagons half a mile or more I then went back with one yoke and brought up the other. Thus, by moving two at a time and returning for the third until dark, I lodged that night at the hut. Next morning the old man promised that he would stay at home all day, and look well after the goods and oxen, and I followed the river (which, winding in every direction, was crooked as a ram's horn) till long after noon. But no oxen were found. I had not gone very far, but was wearied and returned. Next morning I again went to the Fort. There I hired a Chippeway half-breed, told him the story, and located the place, gave a diagram of the road and direction of the wind, and marking the direction of Wild Rice River, he started with his pony. I then learned for the first time that cattle in times of fire will always go with the wind. My steers were found that day in time for me to get back to the river, and the old man seemed as well pleased as I was. Starting the following morning nothing happened on the way worthy of note, except it was a very lonesome time, and I was glad to get home to the loved ones. I have told this incident many times, but this is the first time it has been written.

[For the very late appearance of the foregoing article we owe an apology to the writer. By some unfortunate mischance, it was lost to sight, and though faithfully searched for, came to hand only recently. It is too interesting, however, to be omitted. It seems to have been called forth by the reading of Bro. T. S. Brown's article on "Prairie Fires," one of the finest bits of description which it was ever our good fortune to read.—Ed.]

CHARACTER INDICATED IN MODES OF THANKING.

AN expression of thanks, in the ordinary intercourse of life, is one of the commonest exhibits of natural courtesy. It is the instinctive manifestion of personal civilty. It is both given and received as a matter of course, between those who are on the same plane, and again between those who are recognized as on very different social levels. It comes to the lips of the giver and it strikes the ear of the receiver, a hundred times a day, without a thought, on the part of either, of its special meaning, or of its special prompting; so utterly conventional has its use become in every rank and walk of life. Yet the very word "thank" is in its root-form the same as "think." It indicates a thought, or thinking; the having in mind, and the bearing in mind gratefully, that which has called it forth. It is, in its primitive conception, an assurance and a pledge of gratitude. And because this is the root idea of thanks, the various conventional and unconventional modes of thanking are indications and expressions of the personal character of the one who gives the thanks.

As in the matter of salutations, so in the matter of expressing gratitude, conventional forms come to take the place of hearty and spontaneous exhibits of thought and feeling. Men say "Good-by," without any idea of praying "God be with you." And they even say, "How do you do?" or "How-dy-do," or yet more bluntly, in some sections, "Howdy," with no intelligent purpose of an inquiry into another's health; and often without even an interrogative form or tone in the expression itself. Similarly, men say "Thank you," or, as the bluntest and most unmeaning of all tolerated forms of a civil recognition of a favor received, "Thanks," without any thought of gratitude felt or expressed. And hereby, in the very absence of "thinking" in "thanking," men disclose their character—or, so far, their lack of character.

Any man who really *thinks* of giving *thanks* would never say "Thanks," as an expression of his thought of thanks. He would want to say more than *that*. He would be sure to make the matter personal so far, at least, as to say "I thank you," or "I am grateful to you." And just in proportion as a thought of thankfulness prevails with a man will that thought find its expression in the words and manner of his thanking. It is true that thought and feeling are not always called for in any large measure in the ordinary intercourse of the world, either in salutations or in the recognition of the common civilties of life.

Hence it is that the conventional forms, in both cases, are accepted as current counters to take the place of real coin. Thus it is, for example, that the abbreviated form "Thanks" has come to be employed so widely as a sufficient recognition of the ordinary minor ministries of a servant. There is no intention of showing an exceptional degree of thought or feeling in such a matter. Thus it is, also, in the more common courtesies between strangers, as when a gentleman gives another the precedence as the two come together at the doorway of a public building, or as they meet on a crowded pavement; or as when a gentleman picks up a handkerchief or a fan which a lady near him has dropped, and hands it to her, touching his hat as he does so. The simple word "Thanks," in either instance, is designed quite as much to show the good breeding of the one who utters it, as it is to show any gratitude to the one to whom it is uttered.

Even in a matter like this the exceptional character of a man or woman will be sure to show itself, by a departure from the purely conventional forms which "society" has prescribed, in an expression of thanks which clearly shows thinking; but exceptional character is not to be looked for on every side. If, however, a gentleman rises from his seat in a crowded street-car in order to allow a lady to take it, it would indicate a lack of true womanly thoughtfulness and consideration on her part for her to say simply "Thanks," as she might say to a hotel waiter who handed her a glass of water at the table. A special act of self-denial, like that of the gentleman in a case like this, calls for a thoughtful recognition of the service by the lady; and her character is indicated by her manner and words in the premises.

But it is at those times when there

would seem to be a clear cause of personal gratitude, that character is most plainly indicated in the manner of thanking. Real thankfulness, as a result of real thoughtfulness, will never be satisfied with mere conventional forms of expression. It must show itself as itself; not as other people expect it to be exhibited. And it is when an exceptional token of loving interest in another is received and acknowledged as if it were an ordinary courtesy, or as if it were on the same plane with the customary gifts on a wedding occasion, on a birthday, or at the Christmas season, that the heartiest words of *formal* thankfulness must be recognized by the receiver, and be felt by the giver, as out of place and utterly insufficient.

When the service rendered is a service which he who does it would never be expected to render in the ordinary round of social courtesies, or when the gift bestowed is one which must have cost the giver toilsome effort, or manifest self-denial, it would be almost heartless to acknowledge it in set phrases of conventional thanks. And here it is that character shows itself in the discerning of the true measure of the service or the gift, and in the expression of the corresponding measure of thanks for it.

It requires character to see when the thanks are due to the spirit which prompted the service or the gift, rather than for the service or the gift itself. If the service or the gift be the chief thing proffered and accepted, then, indeed, a due proportion of hearty words of thanks will meet the case. But if the service or the gift of the hour be a simple indication of a spirit which would find no limit but opportunity and ability, in the same direction, then the thinking of the receiver must find its expression in thankings which are unconventional, and which transcend the bounds of ordinary forms of speech. Many a full heart has been hurt by the very freeness of thanks for a service or a gift which has evidently been looked at only in the light of its intrinsic value; when that same heart would have been made to enjoy by seeing that the receiver so fully appreciated the motive of the giver or doer as to be unable to return any other thanks than a speechless, tearful look.

To lay special emphasis upon the minor element in a subject of thanks, and to ignore or to undervalue the more important factor in that subject, is to indicate a lack of character, and to disappoint accordingly the one to whom the thanks are rendered. If, for example, it were found necessary to secure new life's blood by transfusion, as a means of rescuing one from death, and a friend should instantly bare his arm to the lancet, and sit by the bedside of the patient while the transfer of his heart's blood was made for the other's benefit, what would be thought of a patient who should look up at the close of the operation and say to his self-surrendering friend, "I thank you for your kindness in helping me at this time. You are very good to have delayed attention to your business for this half-hour for the sake of assisting me;" or, "I'm very much obliged to you for this gift of a pint of blood, and I shall remember it gratefully"? Yet there is a great deal of that kind of thanking in the world, where the mere time taken for the service rendered, or the mere worth of the material gift bestowed, is made prominent in the expression of thanks, while the stintless devotion of the loving one seems unrecognized in its pre-eminence. This sort of thanking it is that would prompt one to say, in bitterness of diappointment, with Wordsworth:—

> "I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
> With coldness still returning.
> Alas! the gratitude of man
> Hath oftener left me mourning."

Yet there is thanking which shows thinking, and feeling which is deeper than thinking, and which also shows the exceptional character of the thinking and feeling thanker. And nothing in human experience is more grateful to the heart of one who gives to or who does for another gladly, than thanks which are thus discriminately and heartily appreciative. A son has planned a surprise gift to his mother at a cost of some self-denial. When she sees the gift, she also, with a mother's insight, sees its prompting and its history; and, turning instantly from the gift, she throws her arms lovingly about her son, and says: "My dear, dear boy, how good this is of you!" How cold alongside of such thanking as this would be the warmest words of conventional thanks for the gift as a gift!

Wherever there is any such measure of character as that, there will be measurably such thanking as that.

Whenever there is thinking in a man's thanking of his fellow-men or of God, the character of the thinking thanker will show itself in the unconventional expression of thanks, and in the direction of those thanks toward the giver as a giver, rather than toward his gifts as gifts. So it is that our character shows itself in our prayers to God, and in our acknowledgments of the loving service of any to whom we ought to be grateful.

—Sunday School Times.

JOSHUA, THE WARRIOR.

BY BRO. LEVI GAMET.

ALL that I can tell you about this illustrious man is to be found in that sacred volume, the Bible.

No mention is made of Joshua as a warrior until he succeeds Moses in the leadership of Israel, although, in reading the account of his service in spying out the land of Canaan, we learn to look upon him as a faithful and brave man. And we may readily conjecture that it was on account of his excellent qualities as a faithful, upright, God-fearing man, that he was raised to the high position which he afterward held as prophet and leader of Israel.

If Joshua graduated at a military school there is no mention made of the fact. On the contrary the presumption is that no such institution contributed to his skill as a warrior and statesmen. And this seems to be in keeping with the plan of God in choosing his servants, as see the choosing of David from following after the cattle, and the fishermen of Galilee acting as chief witnesses for Christ and bearers of the gospel message into all the world. The fundamental reason for this rule seems to be the calling and choosing of such men as can be taught of the Lord. Such men, taken from the humble walks of life, pure in their desire and free from erroneous traditions, are more ready to follow the teaching of God's Spirit than are those who are lifted up in their estimation of their own wisdom. Moses and Saul of Tarsus are possible exceptions to this rule.

A careful examination of what is written of Joshua shows that the wisdom and prowess which he manifested were not due to human agency alone, but, on the contrary, were the result of direct revelation to him concerning the then existing state of affairs among the Hebrews. Israel had proven the Lord in times past, in their deliverance from bondage, in their passage of the Red Sea, and through all their forty years experience in the wilderness, and hence were in a condition to receive direction from the Lord; and it seems to me to be a fact worthy of note, that, although they had received the law of Moses, setting forth in particular the forms of their worship, yet the Lord continued to manifest his will from time to time, according to the times and events surrounding them; and only on account of sin and disobedience did he refuse to reveal his will to them.

The first notable event occurring after Joshua succeeded to the leadership of Israel was the crossing of the river Jordan. This was a remarkable event, in view of the fact that Jordan is a deep and rapid stream; and while at some seasons of the year it might be forded at this particular time it "overflowed all his banks." The manner of crossing the stream was all shown to Joshua beforehand, of the Lord; and, as leader of Israel, he commanded priests to carry the ark and go down and stand in Jordan until the people were all passed over. This was a simple means, indeed, but it was sufficient for the occasion; for the waters from above them stood up in a heap, and the waters below flowed on to the sea, and so the bare ground appeared. Thus the Lord made a path for them through the flood. And when the people had all passed over, chosen men took up twelve stones from the stream where the priests' feet had stood firmly. These were carried forward to memorize this notable event, that the fear of the Lord might be taught to their children, and that the knowledge

of these great events might be perpetuated to later generations.

Therefore from this and from like events it became a proverb in Israel, "The Lord liveth that brought up the children of Israel from the land of Egypt." But the prophet Jeremiah speaking of the return of Israel says,

"Therefore, behold the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be said, The Lord liveth that brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; but the Lord liveth that brought up the children of Israel from the land of the north, and from all the lands whither he hath driven them. And I will bring them again into the land that I gave unto their fathers."

The literal gathering of Israel to Palestine is one of the impotant events which the signs of the times now portend.

But to return to Joshua. Soon after crossing Jordan he was directed to capture the city of Jericho, and the means to be used were pointed out. Thus the army of Israel was to compass the city, accompanied by the ark of the Lord, with seven priests going before it bearing trumpets of ram's horns. Six days were they to do this in succession, and on the seventh day they were to compass it seven times, and the trumpeters were to blow a loud blast, and all the people were to shout.

Now, no doubt here was room for unbelievers to say, "How foolish!" And it would be foolish indeed for anyone to try to level the walls of a city simply by the blowing of ram's horns and the raising of a shout. But it must be remembered that the Lord of hosts had set about the performance of a certain work, and had chosen that particular means. And the strength of Joshua and Israel was in their faithful adherence to that which had been commanded, and their faith in God was such that they believed he would do all he had promised. And, however foolish it may have seemed to the dwellers in the city, Joshua bravely led his followers in their stately march around the walls while the priests sounded their trumpets. Nor did his faith fail him when the walls did not fall down the first time that they compassed the city, nor the second, nor the sixth. He well understood that not until the given conditions had been fully complied with had he a right to expect the fulfillment of that which had been promised. And so he marched on until the last act in the drama had been performed, and then God gave them the victory.

And if we should follow Joshua through his entire history we would find him receiving divine wisdom and direction in regard to the work immediately at hand; and that Israel was prospered or was hindered, according as they followed the instruction given them or set at nought the council of the Lord.

These principles we find true under the Christian dispensation. Said Jesus, "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." And, again, "He that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them I will liken him unto a wise man who built his house upon a rock, and the rains descended, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house and it fell not, for it was built upon a rock." And, conversely, "He that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them *not* is like unto a foolish man who built his house upon the sand, and the rains descended, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house and it fell, and great was the fall thereof."

From the foregoing we gather this thought, that it is no benefit to a people to recive the oracles of God unless they are careful to observe the things commanded. So we read, "He that knew not his master's will and did it not was beaten with few stripes; but he that knew his master's will and did it not was beaten with many stripes." Thus the great Teacher said to the Jews in his lifetime, "How oft would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings but ye would not. Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

It seems to me that the lesson for us to learn is to study the sacred Word, examine our surroundings, and seek unto God in prayer to know his will concerning ourselves; and, when we have learned it, go to work with our might to perform it. For it is in vain to worship him saying, "Lord, Lord," if we do not the things which he commands.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

CHAPTER VI.

There is nothing more to be esteemed than a manly firmness and decision of character. I like a person who knows his own mind and sticks to it; who sees at once what is to be done in given circumstances and does it.

—Wm. Hazlitt.

I WAS now sixteen years of age and on the eve of certain (the reader will think necessary) changes. Even in my hilarity I was thinking; and while those who were in any way interested in me were doubtless ready to give me up as incorrigible, I was feeling quite keenly the necessity for quitting some of my acquired habits. I saw in others the effects of liquor drinking, and had heard some persons say they could not break off from the indulgence.

There was one man, one not thirty years old with whom I became quite intimately acquainted, but who though he seemed to really try hard and pray for freedom from the slavery of drink, was apparently unable to pass a saloon without entering. His friends talked to him, prayed for him, and I heard him tell of his struggles, and finally saw him go to jail for stealing some clothing while he was drunk. I was only a boy, but boys ofttimes think and reflect upon what they see when they are getting no credit for anything but nonsense. I thought of that young man as he must have been once—a boy—and that he had liked the taste of liquor, and somebody had offered it to him; and the appetite had grown with his years, until what he might easily have done at the age of sixteen he could not now do at all—he could not let it alone. He was a miserable abject slave, and—to such a master.

It was customary then to set the tumblers of hot toddy down whenever visitors came to the house, and on one winter evening this custom was being observed at our home. While the glasses were being filled I was busy thinking; and my thoughts ran on till all but myself had emptied their glasses. Then one of the company urged me to drink while the liquor was warm. I hesitated, and made some kind of indifferent reply, which led another of the company to jokingly remark that "Joe" was "going to turn teetotaler." This started a laugh and turned the attention of all present to me; and, of course, I was expected to "get even" with them in my reply. They knew what I was at repartee and, therefore, were the more surprised when I deliberately pushed the glass from me and quietly said,

"You may enjoy your laugh; I never intend to drink any more liquor."

This rather sobered some of them, and one asked,

"Why, don't you like it?"

To this was replied,

"Yes, I do like it; and that's why I think it is time to quit."

Many times has that answer been thought of by me since then; and, though now thirty-nine years old, I do not think a better one could be framed by me impromptu than the one given before I was seventeen. My mother spoke out and said,

"Stick to it, my son; your mother will never laugh at you nor ask you to drink."

From that night, except as a medicine, strong drink has never crossed my lips. My thoughts had been maturing, and it only required the trifling circumstance of that time to provoke an expression to which I have felt myself honorably committed ever since. The last I heard of one of the young ladies who laughed at my boy-talk that night, was a few years ago, when she bore the undeniable traces of being a slave to whiskey and beer.

About this time I went one Sunday to visit a family of acquaintances who lived about two and a half miles northwest of the city. Their name was Robinson. David the father and Betsy, the mother, had been kind friends to my mother when they formerly lived in the city. He had been a class leader for many years and was a man of sterling character, a little eccentric in his methods; but the soul of honor. His wife was of a different mental cast, was nervous, excitable, always on the stir, but a generous soul, withal. At the time of the visit referred to, their daughter, Annie, was up into young womanhood. James, the son, was somewhere about my own age, and Asenath, the youngest child, was a girl of about thirteen or fourteen.

My business was with James, or "Jim," as I familiarly called him then. Together we went over to Sunday school in a little room back of the small church-building in which they worshiped; and what a contrast! I had never before been to a Sunday school where less than three to four hundred assembled. But here I was in a place that could not be made to hold over fifty; and such a difference in the general appearance in the scholars and in their manners. I stared around the room until lesson time, and then took my seat beside Jim in one of the classes, with a dozen boys around us, all looking about as far removed from wealth as myself. Before a quarter of an hour more had passed I found myself interested, which had not been the case in eleven years of previous Sunday school life. I was interested and *at home.*

From that day Jim and Joe almost grew together. For over six years I walked that distance and kept my place in that Sunday school; and that, too, from choice. There was the turning point in my life; and let others think as they may, I shall ever bless God for directing my steps thither.

Some slight disaffection had occurred among them before the time of my visit, and pretty soon the usurpation and overbearance of certain parties led about fifteen or more of the oppressed ones to sever their connection with the Wesleyan body, and to send for a Primitive Methodist minister to come and form them into a society, and to receive them into fellowship with the body of that name. This was done. My chum and I were among the number who felt "oppressed,"—I suppose because his parents were,—and we attended the new school that was formed. A small cottage was rented, the partitions taken out, and there, in that room, I spent the first happy hours, under religious experience, of my life. How we did sing in school; and the number of verses Jim and I would learn! Each had a good memory; and reciting a hundred or more verses on Sunday did not seem such a big matter.

We had no task assigned us, but we loved to do it. We all had something to do, and began to feel a measure of responsibility, which, by the way, is a secret worth knowing. Give a boy some token by which you make him feel that you estimate and value his services, and that results depend upon his part, and, if he has any nerve and soul in him, you will call it out. But let him feel that he has no place but what could be filled as well with a storekeeper's dummy, and you will soon "freeze him out."

Only a few weeks more passed before I was "converted" at a revival service in that cottage, and soon my name was enrolled as a member of the church. The bitterest night of those Canadian winters was never cold enough, nor did the snow ever fall deep enough, nor the sleet pelt wickedly enough, to prevent me from footing it after the day's work was done, to and from these meetings. Saturday evenings I would go out to Mr. Robinson's, and there remain over night, to be on hand next morning early for Sunday school and class meeting; and many of the blessings of those days stay with me and are helps to this hour.

Poor Jim, he couldn't become converted as quickly as I. He kept going to the mourner's bench every time a protracted meeting was held, and he would pray fervently, and listen to the advisers who gathered around him; but yet didn't unite. The fact is the boy had too much sense—hard sense—to take a "stone for bread," and he was too honest to profess what he did not possess. During one of those "times of refreshing" I was sent to talk him into an understanding of the conversion idea. But what a job it was. The conversation ran about thus:—

Joe.—"Can't you let go everything and rest on Christ?"

Jim.—"What do you mean by letting go—let go *what?*"

Joe.—"Let go of all hope of saving yourself, and simply believe on Jesus."

Jim.—"That's what they've been telling me for nine years. Now I don't expect to be able to save myself; but what am I to believe?"

Joe.—"Belive he died to save you."

Jim.—"I've believed that all my life; what else is necessary."

Joe.—"Believe that he saves you now."

Jim.—"What, without feeling any different than I have done?"

Joe.—"Never mind the feeling; just believe that God, for Christ's sake, *has saved you;* and you are saved right then."

Jim.—"Now, Joe, honestly,—Is—is that all you did?"

Joe.—"That's all, Jim."

Jim.—"And the happiness came just as soon as you believed that way?"

Joe.—"Exactly."

Jim.—"My, how long I've been finding out that simple idea; I'll try it, Joe."

A young minister named E. H. Sawyers was present, and I appealed to him to go and supplement my dialogue with Jim. He did so; and I am strongly persuaded that Jim plied him about as he did me. For, after leaving him, the minister asked the people to rise from their knees and listen to him; whereupon he said,

"It does seem ridiculous to ask a person to believe he is saved before he feels any evidence of it, but such is our duty, and if there is anything else needed by the repentant soul I know nothing of it."

He was in the same fix as myself; and I never forgot his remark. After that time he filled acceptably several churches for the Methodists, but later on, for education's sake, he joined the Presbyterians, and occupied their pulpit at Pingree Grove, Illinois; Middleton, Iowa, the First Scotch Church of Chicago, and is now pastor of a Church not far from London, Ontario. I wonder if that admission satisfies people everywhere. He was honest in stating it, and it was as "ridiculous" as he admitted it seemed. Contrast such counsel with that given by Jesus, and Paul, and Peter, and how supremely "ridiculous" it sounds.

But Jim "got through" at that meeting, and I was relieved and happy. He is there yet; though the cottage was afterwards abandoned, and we built a church; then the Methodist Churches united in Canada, and a large church now stands on the old corner where the writer once happily and humbly worshiped as a Primitive Methodist.

Becoming converted, as above related, I took my stand firmly against the old forces that had been swaying me, and it was soon noticed in the printing office that a change had come over me. They could not make me swear, and I left whenever they started to tell vulgar stories. Finally, whenever they pressed me with old time methods, I told them squarely that I had turned over a new leaf, joined the church, and was going to try to live a Christian life. One or two of them commended my course and told me to stick to it; but the others would delight in singing hymns, offering mock prayers, mixing up most foul and blasphemous stories with Scriptural quotations. To this they would add all they could think of from my former doings and sayings; and unholier medlies were never improvised than those which greeted my ears whenever I was at work near them.

Reader, it was a terrible fight. To hear funny things and not laugh, lest you yield the adversary a point. To be twitted and while able to give back with usury yet to refrain from utterance, lest you betray your cause to gratify self. To have all kinds of nasty, mean things said and done to you to make you angry, and yet keep your lightning temper under subjection for fear of exposing your Master to shame. To begin right where you had mixed up with the wild, the profane and the godless, and hold out against the tide, forces you had helped to augment, is noble work, and heroic in autobiographies. But it has a side to it that is by no means poetic. It is prosaic, to the broader line of crucifixion.

To erect a royal or lofty character—standard is within the scope of nearly all mortals who are fairly up in "ideality;" but there must be other sources than imagery from whence to draw when the conflict, precipitated by your effort to climb there and "hold the fort," is at its heat; otherwise you only build and enter to vacate and surrender in disgrace. I had registered for the fight, long or short; and, though only a boy, God helped me. I do not mean by this that I maintained my standard and kept the banner high always; but I so far succeeded that those around me finally gave up the idea of getting me back under their control; and I believe they admired my course.

I became more attentive to my work; and, being of an accommodative disposition, the foreman found me willing to take hold of any job, whether it was directly in the line of my regular duties or not. Therefore part of the time I was in the job room, next in the news room, then at the presses; afterwards in the mailing room, or down in the engine room, and thus I picked up a knowledge of various branches, such as less willing apprentices remained ignorant of. Besides this my wages were increased faster than was the rule of the office, and thus

ample reward came to me for enduring for right's sake.

I remained in this office about three years and seven months, or until four years had been spent at the business. Just then the great printers' strike for a nine hour day occurred, and foolishly, as it now seems, I allowed myself to be influenced against the advice of my old friend, the foreman, and left with the strikers. On the last Saturday of our work before the strike he came and handed me my wages. The tears were in his eyes when he put out his hand and shook mine, and he said,

"I thought *you* would have stayed with me, my lad; but good-by." He left me, and I wished at that moment to stay; but my word was pledged; and I really believed that the cause of the strikers was just. I regretted it afterwards; but it was too late to mend the mistake. The old man afterwards gave me work when I applied to him, and he favored me all he could in that direction.

When passing through Toronto on my way to the Eastern mission last September I called on my old friend and spent a few hours with him. He is now over seventy years of age; but he still holds a place in the same office, though the position of foreman is now held by another. My visit delighted him; and I was made glad to think that he still had a warm place in his heart for the lad who had caused him tears some twenty years before. The thought that I remembered him enough to visit him gave him peculiar delight, and we parted, each having the other's blessing on his head. May life be his while it is desirable, and may his end be peace.

Soon after my union with the church my brother John followed me to the little chapel, and he, too, was captured and enrolled as a member. This was added comfort for me. He became as deeply interested as myself, and the time went happily on. Let others tell of their doubts and dissatisfaction regarding the doctrines of the churches they were in; and of how they looked and hoped for something better and more consistent. Let them tell of how they were prepared thus for the "fullness of the gospel" when it saluted their ears; but I must tell the truth about myself, though it may make me appear intellectually deficient. I was contented, was indeed happy. I never once stopped to think that there might be something lacking, or something superfluous about my religion. To me it was presented as a divine system, and it was so accepted, without question.

And, permit me to state here, that, as I now look back upon it and its influence upon my character at that critical formative period, I tearfully raise my eyes toward heaven and bless the day, and the circumstances, and the people, that conveyed it and its influences to my heart and life. Defects it has many; inconsistencies are inwrought with each fiber of its doctrinal fabric; anomaly is stamped upon its organic and governmental policy; and, compared with the order, symmetry, and general excellence of all appointments of the divine government under which, as a Latter Day Saint, I now worship, it pales into seeming insignificance; but notwithstanding all this, it was a medium through which forces were introduced to my character such as changed, cleansed, and fixed it at least on the side of goodness, and, under God, it proved an effective stepping-stone to the higher spirituality, the diviner philosophy, and the greener pasturage found within the realm of the Church of Jesus Christ.

(To be continued.)

OUTER AND INNER SUNSHINE.

The day with light its genial self engirds;
The trees are glad, with fluty voices dear.
"*Thou art my God!*" When I say o'er those words,
I see a light beyond the day, and hear
Voices far richer than the songs of birds.

Mine eyes with happy tears then overswim;
The thoughts I have are sweetest that can be;
My mind's a cup, with love above the brim;
Fine incense circles around all I see;
In every sound I hear a holy hymn.

"Thou art my God! thou, Father, thou my Friend!
My Savior thou, the eternal Lord of all!"
O thought which doth all deepest thoughts transcend,
Beneath whose painful stress I well may fall
In love and wonder which shall know no end.

—H. S. Sutton.

THE PATH OF DUTY THE PATH OF SAFETY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER V.

Love's arms were wreathed about the neck of Hope,
And Hope kissed Love, and Love drew in her breath
In that close kiss, and drank her whispered tales;
They said that Love would die when Hope was gone,
And Love mourned long and sorrowed after Hope;
At last she sought out Memory, and they trod
The same old paths where Love had walked with Hope,
And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears.
—*Tennyson.*

God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn.
Would you ask why?
It is because all noblest things are born
In agony.
Only upon some cross of pain and woe
God's Son may lie;
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
Its Calvary. —*Frances Cobbe.*

ENTERING upon my newly married life, I felt that Earnest was more dear to me than anyone else, though I knew that I did not feel for him the wild heart-thrilling love which had swayed my heart in girlhood. But his careful, tender love, together with my new life and its very different surroundings from the old, dispelled all thoughts of any other. At times Edward would come to me in my dreams, and then it would require a few days to subdue thoughts of the past and come back to my real life; and my conscience would at such times reprove me that even my dreams could not all be shared with my husband.

Our life was a very happy one, and I have since thought that I ought then to have told Earnest the history of my early love; but I could not bear to tell him that which might give him pain; though I could truthfully have assured him that no thought of Edward ever entered my heart which could in any way disturb our peace. I seldom thought of him at all and when the thoughts came it was only as a part of the associations of my youth, and I was then certain that I had not only mastered my heart entirely, but that the love given to my husband was undivided. The time of trial was to come. Why it should come God in his wisdom knows, but it was long before the lesson was fully learned by me. I was very proud of Earnest, as well I might be, and may say without self-flattery that we were almost universal favorites in the society we mingled with. He was open-hearted, free-handed, and generous to a fault. Fond of all intellectual amusements and entertainments, and always proud to take me with him and introduce me to his friends. Looking back upon those days, I marvel that so quickly was forgotten the resolution I had made when the Savior drew near to me and strengthened me to make the sacrifice demanded of me by my parents. But he did not forget me. He knew my heart, knew that upon the altar of his love I had laid it; and, though I was for a time forgetful of him, he did not forsake me,

"For neither life, nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Can ever sever us that we should go
From his great love."

We were not, by any means, leading an idle or dissipated life, but simply enjoying the sunshine of the present, basking in the prosperity which came to us, forgetting that, "Life is real, life is earnest," and that God requires of us an active service, one that calls for the sacrifice of *self*.

One afternoon when Earnest was in the city I was sitting in the back parlor of our nicely furnished home. Just a few moments before I had laid aside my sewing and taken my pretty babe,—a sweet dimpled darling, of about six months old, upon my lap; while my bright-eyed, darling girl of three summers was playing about the room. Her long curls of golden sunlight hair fell over her plump little shoulders, white as wax. The children were both dressed with all the care and neatness a fond mother could bestow, and my own toilet was made with scrupulous care to please the eyes of husband and father.

I had now been several years from home, and was longing to see them all again. Judge then of my surprise when, upon answering a tap at the door, the servant ushered in Edward Warren. I was in the habit of receiving my friends in the family room with my children about me; and, but for the unexpected character of the visitor, I should not have felt the least embarrassment whatever. Yet, never dreaming of such a meeting, I came

very near showing the slight embarrassment I felt, but fortunately mastered myself in time to extend to him a welcome, so free and cordial as at once to place him at his ease. This was our first meeting since my marriage; and, as he still lived in the neighborhood of my old home, we were soon busy in discussing the many items of news which he brought. His manner was frank, and free from all embarrassment, and some hours slipped very quickly away; but not by tone, word, or look, was any allusion made to the past as ever having been in any peculiar sense sacred to *us*. When he took his leave, I invited him to come again when my husband would be at home; and, as his business would detain him some weeks in the neighborhood, he promised to do so.

He came again when Earnest was at home, and as they soon became friends he often dropped in to spend the evening with us, and being fond of children my two little girls became great pets of his. I have told you that I was very happy with my husband; yet during the time that Edward was with us I became conscious that life was brighter, and each enjoyment seemed to have an added zest; and yet, as I indulged in no daydreams, it never entered my mind that any smouldering embers of the old love could be waking into life. I was proud of my husband and children; was glad to be able to show Edward that I had drawn such a prize in the lottery of life; and felt su e that he admired Earnest, and that he acknowledged in his heart that he was one of nature's noblemen.

Not until his visit came to an end, and I caught myself watching for a step which came not, did I become aware that a portion of light and brightness had gone out of my life; and a dreary foreboding took the place of the joyous happiness which had so lately been mine. Earnest was just as kind as ever; and my self-reproaches were bitter when I found that any portion of my thoughts which should have been his, were given to another. There was even now really no reason why I should not have told Earnest the relation in which we had once stood to each other; for, despite this feeling of returning interest in the lover of my youth, I knew that my love for my husband was a strong and tender love; that in every fiber of my being I was loyal to him; but a nameless dread held me to silence. The lesson was yet to be learned that no deviation, however slight, from the open path of duty can be made without entangling the feet in meshes of trial and pain; and from the midst of the fiery furnace of trial and afflictions I was only to come forth by following that straight and narrow path.

Shortly after this I was laid upon a bed of sickness, from which I arose only after months of pain. Trials and misfortune followed this, and adversity laid a heavy hand upon us. From comparative wealth we were reduced to poverty; and in hope of bettering our fortunes we removed to an isolated place. Here I was left much of my time alone, while Earnest went to his poorly paid employment some miles away. At first I did my part bravely, and strove to encourage Earnest; but, as year succeeded year without bringing any change for the better, I at last became discouraged and lost much of my hopeful spirit. Earnest, too, was discouraged, and often melancholy. He did not seem like the same man, though his love for me never wavered, and I knew that he grieved over our changed fortunes more on my account than on his own.

During those days of trial, when nothing in the present seemed to hold a ray of hope or comfort, and the future appeared a blank, my thoughts went back to the days of my youth. Being almost entirely shut off from society my mind turned inward upon itself, and the past came before me in colors that were all the brighter because of the present gloom; and many times I caught at and indulged in these fancies. For they helped me, in a measure, to forget my present surroundings, and rendered life more bearable.

But how could I go back to my youth, especially to my school days, without living over again the fond dreams which never could be separated from them. I could not; and, feeling the sinfulness of this, I struggled to free myself from them; but often they came in spite of all my efforts. Then came remorse of conscience, that I was not giving my husband the same undivided love which he gave me.

This consciousness of wrong upon my part caused a great change in my manner. At times I was sad, reserved, and

absent-minded. Again I would cling to Earnest and weep passionately, without any apparent cause to justify such strong feeling. I longed to open my heart to him, but was still withheld by a nameless fear. At times I accused myself harshly, as being false to him, and guilty of a great wrong. Then, again, I would ask myself if it really was a wrong? I had loved Edward ever since my childhood, and long years before I ever knew Earnest he had reigned undisputed master of my life. When Earnest came I had not sought him, but after much pleading had granted his request. Ah, my friend, I had forgotten that I gave myself to Christ; that I had consented to marry Earnest, that there might be no idols to separate me from Him; and, I added most truly, that I had given *my life to him.* Had I not done all in my power for him? And, if not having power to conquer this other love, was I to blame?

Alas what a plea! I was fighting this battle in my own strength, I who had once before been wounded and bruised upon this very field, and only saved from defeat and death by the arm of a loving Savior. To him I then vowed eternal fealty, but now had turned back and sought to conquer with my puny arm of flesh. But, have patience with me, my friend, even as my Savior had, who was calling to me in the midst of tempest and storm. Ninety and nine were safe in the fold; and he was seeking the unsheltered one upon the bleak mountain side.

With this morbid, unnatural state of mind, it is not to be wondered at that my waking thoughts should have colored my dreams. In my dreams he came to me with pleadings and entreaty. Once I dreamed that the summons came which called me to his deathbed. His form was emaciated and his eyes, as he looked at me, were filled with such a longing, hungry look! Stretching out his arms toward me he said,

"Stella, have you come? I could not die without seeing you once more."

He sought to draw me down towards him, as though he would kiss me; but I drew back, though my heart was filled with a great pity for him.

"O, Stella!" he said, "Will you not kiss me just this once? 'Tis my last request on earth."

"I cannot," I said; "I am the wife of another man."

"Stella, you belonged to me long before you ever saw him; he has had you all these years that I have been hungering for you; and I am not allowed even one kiss."

During my dream it seemed to be my own sister who was nursnig him, and she said to me sharply,

"Stella, how can you be so hard-hearted? It is his dying request. See, he is almost gone now!"

How I wished that I could, in honor, grant his request a thousand times. With what anguish the thought pierced me, that in striving to make Earnest happy I had made Edward miserable. If the small request he was making could be any compensation, it must be granted at all hazards, and I bent over the dying man and kissed his face. This dream was so real that I found it dfficult to persuade myself that it was a dream; that it had not really taken place. Heavily it pressed upon my mind, and caused me to feel sadder and more preoccupied than before; and the tender, patient gentleness of Earnest, only added to my suffering.

While in this extremity, as in other hours of darkness and trial, when all earthly help seemed insufficient, I went to the Savior and plead with him for strength to do right, for power to put away those thoughts which made me so unhappy; and that, as it was not in my power to undo the past, he would help me that I might not err in the future. But even then the thought did not come home to my heart that I was still wedded to my idols; that I had turned away from the fountain of living water, which alone would ever be able to quench my thirst, and had hewn to myself cisterns, only to find them broken,—they could hold no water. Then I not only prayed, but fasted and prayed, that God would give me the victory. Alas! how blind we are. Looking back upon it now, I marvel at my own blindness, and at the trouble which I created for myself.

And now my mind took another turn, which rendered me more unhappy than ever. My heart went out to Earnest, and I regarded him in the light of a kind, loving, but deeply wronged husband. Vain was it to reason with myself that I could not help it; that my heart was only

the soil in which this other love had been planted and nourished, from the first years of my life; that I had struggled to uproot it, and cherish and nourish this later one, and all in vain. No peace was found in thoughts like these; nay, when my heart plead for me, "You are not wronging him," there was yet something which made me most wretched and unhappy. It was this:—

"If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed,
Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come. Keep on! go on, true soul!
Thou'lt win the prize; thou'lt reach the goal."

I had planned the deed, had placed upon the altar of sacrifice the most costly gift any human being could give; but, alas, I was *flagging*, the work was yet undone, and the natural result was a sense of loss, a sense of failure. Dimly it began to dawn upon me that it was not Edward, neither Earnest that I was wronging; but as yet I could not see it plainly. I formed the resolution at last to tell Earnest all, let the consequences be what they might. Even if he should turn from me, should reproach and blame me, I could not be more unhappy than I then was. Even with the making of this resolution there came to me a sense of relief and peace which had long been a stranger to me; and when I had told Earnest all, told it amid sobs and tears, asking him not to blame me too severely, though I spared myself in nothing, the tenderness with which he gathered me to his heart, assuring me that he needed my forgiveness, instead of my asking his, swept away at once and forever the morbid dreams which had been haunting me, and I saw how utterly worthless were all things of an earthly nature, when compared with the rich treasure of my husband's love; and from henceforth I knew that no shadow would ever come between its pure sunlight and my heart.

With this there came to me a clearer perception of the great mistake I had made in not having sooner confided in him. The clouds lifted; and I felt that this indeed was the supreme moment for which my soul had hungered and waited so long. It was not merely the unity of life with life, of heart with heart, but the unity of life, of heart, of soul. "*They twain shall be one flesh.*" I then knew that if the whole world was mine to choose from my choice would be Earnest; and that, deprived of his love, the earth would be but a wilderness. Then for us life, our wedded life, really began. Not just as I had planned it when my sacrifice was laid upon the altar,—for then I had thought to serve God unsupported by human love,—but

"If God in cursing gives us better gifts
Than man in benediction,"

what shall he give us in benediction? For a love which had proven to be fickle and uncertain, but to which my heart in its blindness had clung, he had given me a love that was strong, deathless, and true. For one who had trailed his manhood in the dust of strong drink, and who could but transmit to his posterity the accursed appetite, he had given me one who was erect in his manhood, unscathed and untarnished by any of the vices of the world, a royal man, and worthy to transmit his name and virtues to posterity.

With the entering in upon this new life came the unflagging pursuit of that other "deed which I had planned," namely, the putting away of every love which came between me and Christ. But, to my astonishment, I found that the greater my love was for my husband, the stronger became the drawings of my soul to the Savior. No need of sacrificing any earthly love that I might love Him; for the great lesson had come to me and been borne in upon my soul that, "Whoso dwelleth in love dwelleth in God."

Brighter days dawned upon us, and in due time He who sends forth hunters and fishers to gather in the scattered ones, sent them also to our hiding place, and they brought to us the sound of the restored gospel. With others we grieved in the "dark and cloudy days;" yet we have, we trust, been useful in our own day and generation. But, whatever of usefulness in his service has fallen to my lot in life, I can trace to the fulfillment of the promise made to children who are obedient to their parents "in the Lord."

Only by the manifestation of a nameless tenderness, did Earnest ever refer to the confession I had made to him. Have you ever read Jean Ingelow's beautiful poem, "Laurence?" Ah, Earnest has been to me all that Laurence ever was to Muriel. You will remember how Muriel gave him

choice of wedding her and seeing her die in his arms, or leaving her to die away from him; for she had no heart, no love, to give him in return for the deathless love he gave to her; but if he would have it so, if it would comfort him any, she would marry him and die as his wife. Gladly Laurence accepted her decision. They are married, and he bears her away to his ancestral home where lived his father and his grand parents, who raised him, their daughter, his mother, having died when he was yet a child. Gladly the aged couple welcomed the sweet, drooping flower that their Laurence had chosen to crown with his love; and there, in the midst of loving hearts, death was baffled and Muriel came back to life and health, almost like one snatched from the grave. In time there came to them a little, tender babe, a tiny girl, and Muriel is startled to hear the grandmother affirm:—

* * * "I never saw a babe
So like its father. And the thought was new
To Muriel; she looked up, and when she looked,
Her husband smiled. And she, the lovely bloom
Flushing her face, would fain he had not known
Nor noticed her surprise. But he did know;
Yet there was pleasure in his smile, and love,
Tender and strong. He kissed her, kissed his babe,
With, 'Goody, you are left in charge, take care.'
'As if I needed telling,' quoth the dame;
And they were gone.

"Then Muriel, lost in thought,
Gazed; and the grandmother, with open pride,
Tended the lovely pair, till Muriel said,
'Is she so like? Dear Granny get me now
The picture that his father has;' and soon
The old woman put it in her hand.

"The wife,
Considering it with strange delight,
Forgot for once her babe and looked and learned:
A mouth for mastery and manful work,
A certain brooding sweetness in the eyes,
A brow, the harbor of grave thought, and hair
Saxon of hue. She conned; then blushed again,
Remembering now, when she had looked on him,
The sudden radiance of her husband's smile.

"But Muriel did not send the picture back;
She kept it while her beauty and her babe
Flourished together; and in health and peace
She lived.

"Her husband never said to her,
'Love, are you happy?' Never said to her,
'Sweet, do you love me?' And at first, whene'er
They rode together in the lanes, and paused,
Stopping their horses, when the day was hot,
In the shadow of a tree, to watch the clouds,
Ruffled in drifting on the jagged rocks
That topped the mountains; where she sat by him,
Withdrawn at even, while the summer stars
Came starting out of nothing, as new made,
She felt a little trouble, and a wish
That he would yet keep silence; and he did.

"Muriel grew more brave in time
And talked at ease, and felt disquietude
Fade; and another child was given to her.
'Now we shall do,' the old great-grandsire cried,
'For this is the right sort, a boy.' 'Fie, fie,'
Quoth the good dame; 'but never heed you, love,
He thinks them both as right as right can be.'

"But Laurence went from home, ere yet the boy
Was three weeks old. It fretted him to go,
But yet he said, 'I must:' and she was left
Much with the kindly dame, whose gentle care
Was like a mother's: and the two could talk
Sweetly, for all the difference in their years.

"But unaware, the wife betrayed a wish
That she had known why Laurence left her thus.
'Ay, love,' the dame made answer; 'for he said,
"Goody," before he left, "if Muriel asks
No question, tell her naught; but if she let
Any disquietude appear to you,
Say what you know."' 'What?' Muriel said, and laughed,
'I ask then.'

"'Child, it is that your old love,
Some two months past, was here. Nay, never start:
He's gone. He came, our Laurence met him near;
He said that he was going over seas.
"And might I see your wife this only once,
And get her pardon?"'

"'Mercy!' Muriel cried,
'But Laurence does not wish it?'

"'Nay, now, nay,'
Quoth the good dame.

"'I cannot,' Muriel cried;
'He does not, surely, think I should.'

"'Not he,'
The kind old woman said, right soothingly.
'Does not he ever know, love, ever do
What you like best?'

"And Muriel, trembling yet,
Agreed. 'I heard him say,' the dame went on,
'For I was with him when they met that day,
"It would not be agreeable to my wife."'

"Then Muriel, pondering,— 'and he said no more?

You think he did not add, "nor to myself?"'
And with her soft, calm, inward voice, the dame
Unruffled answered, 'No, sweet heart, not he:
What need he care?' 'And why not?' Muriel cried
Longing to hear the answer. 'O, he knows,
He knows, love, very well:'—with that she smiled.
'Bless your fair face, you have not really thought
He did not know you loved him?'

"Muriel said,
'He never told me, goody, that he knew.'
'Well,' quoth the dame, 'but it may chance, my dear,
That he thinks best to let old troubles sleep:
Why need to rouse them? You are happy, sure?
But if one asks, "Art happy?" why, it sets
The thoughts aworking. No, say I, let love,
Let peace and happy folk alone.'

"'He said,
"It would not be agreeable to my wife."
And he went on to add, in course of time
That he would ask you, when it suited you,
To write a few kind words.'

"'Yes,' Muriel said,
'I can do that.'

"'So Laurence went, you see,'
The soft voice added, 'to take down that child.
Laurence had written oft about the child,
And now, at last, the father made it known
He could not take him. He has lost, they say,
His money, with much gambling; now he wants
To lead a good, true, working life. He wrote,
And let this so be seen, that Laurence went
And took the child, and took the money down
To pay.'

"And Muriel found her talking sweet,
And asked once more, the rather that she longed
To speak again of Laurence, 'And you think
He knows I love him?'.

"'Ay, good sooth, he knows
No fear; but he is like his father, love.
His father never asked my pretty child
One prying question; took her as she was;
Trusted her; she has told me so: he knew
A woman's nature. Laurence is the same.
He knows you love him; but he will not speak;
No, never. Some men are such gentlemen!'"

Ah yes, my friend! "such gentlemen;" and among them all (may I say it?) Earnest, my husband, is the chief.

THE END.

REASONS FOR BELIEVING THERE IS A GOD.—No. 1.

BY EDWIN STAFFORD.

BY God's blessing I expect to give my reasons for believing in him, in as plain and straightforward a manner as I am capable of doing, so that the weakest intellect that has arrived at the age of understanding may comprehend my meaning.

I agree with Elder J. W. Briggs, who, when lecturing one evening in Peoria, Illinois, before the friends of Mr. Ingersoll, used for his text the following words: "These are the wounds with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." He applied it to professing Christians, who, though claiming to be its friends, are wounding the Bible by their applications of its contents, and by their multiplied contradictions in making those applications.

Without further preliminary I will commence by making an assertion—as a basis for future remarks—that I, with millions of individuals like myself, have a being, an existence on the earth. This needs no proving; although I have heard of men (never saw any) pinching themselves to see if their existence was not an illusion, to ascertain whether seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, and smelling were a reality. I am here, that is a fact. I ask myself the question, How did I come here? My earliest recollection on this sublunary sphere, reaches down to the time when my years numbered three or four, when I used to sing, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star; how I wonder what you are," etc. I cannot remember how I first entered this world, therefore I cannot make any statement thereto. They told me that I was born into it, had a father and a mother. From observation and experience in my mature years I have concluded that they told me the truth. My children had to have both, so I conclude that others of the same species as myself had, and therefore conclude that I cannot be an exception.

But my parents were not the authors of my being; they, nor the combined wisdom of the human race, in whatever age, or clime, have ever been able to tell how a fetus was formed in the womb.

How then could they have been the authors of my being? Then, I conclude that an intelligence superior to man created me, and only used my parents as instruments through which he formed me, and gave me my being; he, therefore, is the author thereof. My friend the skeptic tells me that I came into being in obedience to a law of nature. As my physical system is natural, I grant that I did come in that way. But where we differ is, he tries to make nature the author of the law and to dispense with God; while I cannot see how inanimate nature could make laws (and the moment we speak of law, an intelligent lawmaker is suggested, laws do not enact, or execute themselves); neither, in all my research, do I find that man—the highest intelligence, (our nature,) could have anything to do in making laws to govern or control my formation in the womb, my coming forth in this world, nor affect the length of time I stay here, nor hinder me from going out of this world, when the power that formed me decrees I shall go. If the highest intelligence in nature cannot do this, then it must fall upon a higher intelligence, or power, than nature can afford, to give me life, and prolong that life until he shall say, Enough; and then leave it. And that intelligence I call God.

Again, I find that my parents died; their parents died; and theirs before them, etc. Indeed it is very rare that a man and his wife live to see their posterity after the fourth generation. From this we are safe in saying that we who dwell on this earth are finite beings, and being finite, our lives are limited,—we have a beginning, and an end. I wish the reader to distinctly understand that it is the body I am speaking about; I have different views of the spirit, which is formed within the body. Now as the whole cannot be greater than the sum of all its parts, and as each integral portion of mankind is finite, the sum, or whole—no matter though it enters into trillions, or quadrillions, must be finite also. All, then, must have had a beginning, have had, and must have an end, for the stream cannot rise higher than its source. In our observations of this human stream we perceive that it widens out, or becomes greater from parents to children; from two spring half a dozen, sometimes a dozen, sometimes more, and sometimes less. If we trace the stream upwards, from children to parents, we finally come to its source, and find but two persons, male and female. As their posterity were finite, so they must be, and had a beginning.

How was that beginning brought about? Says our Darwinian friend, They were the offspring of the monkey. Well, we trace the monkey back to its source, and then what was the origin of the monkey? We might, for brevity's sake, go down to the *Mollusca*, or oyster, which some say was the protoplasm from which man was evolved. But, providing this development theory was proven to be a fact, we are still at our starting point, and have need to ask the question, From what source had the oyster its being? It is finite and must have had a beginning, and as it could not create itself; it must have had a creator.

"But the whole theory of development is utterly false in its first principles. From the beginning of the world to the present day no man has ever observed an instance of spontaneous generation. There is no law of nature whether electric, magnetic, odylic, or any other, which can produce a living plant, or animal, save from the germ, or seed, of some previous plant or animal of the same species. Nor has a single instance of the transmutation of species ever been proved. Every beast, bird, insect, and plant, bring forth after its kind; and they have done so since their creation. No law of natural philosophy is more firmly established than this, *That there is no spontaneous generation, nor transmutation of species.* From Cuvier down, all practical naturalists maintain this law. It is true there is a regular gradation of the various orders of the animal and vegetable life, rising like the steps of a staircase, one above the other; but gradation is no more caused by transmutation than a staircase is made by an ambitious lower step changing itself into all the upper ones."—*Patterson's Fables of Infidelity, page 30.*

There being no spontaneous generation, or transmutation of species, and as all species of animals and plants, in their different grades, are finite, therefore, instead of evolution from the small *Mollusca*, they each separately required an infinite Creator; and to him must be

ascribed their beginning. All being designs of a finite nature, required a designer that was infinite.

Mr. Ingersoll asserts that the argument of design will not work; for, if so, God would be only a design, and would require a designer. This assertion brings to mind the time when Elder Briggs, as before mentioned, was lecturing in Peoria, and many of the Infidel friends of Mr. Ingersoll were present, in the courthouse, listening to his discourse. He had in his hand a book of Mr. Ingersoll's, from which he was culling some of the wise (?) sayings of that noted individual, and presenting them before the congregation, in order that they might see the full force of what they contained. Among the rest was an account of Mr. Ingersoll traveling on the cars, and a minister occupying the seat with him. They discussed their differences of views, and, coming to the history of creation, as contained in Genesis, Mr. Ingersoll said,

"Sir, I could have done better than your God has done in creating, in one instance in particular, if I had had power that you claim for him."

"In what instance?" was the question.

"Your God has made disease catching; I would have made good health catching instead."

Said Elder Briggs, "Only think of what this prodigy of a wise (?) man would do. He would so order it that mankind instead of, as the general rule is, having good health, should go with emaciated frames, loaded with disease, and drooping, and with weary steps dragging along their shadowy substances and woful countenances, as the general rule; and once in a while *he would have the epidemic of good health come along;* good health would be the exception and disease the rule."

The wisdom of the remark that an infinite being would be a design and would need a designer is in keeping with making good health catching instead of disease. An infinite being could not be a design, therefore the assertion is an absurdity.

From the foregoing, we conclude that the only history of the creation of man, and of every animal, bird, fish, or anything wherein is life, is true, and is contained in the Bible,—the most ancient history extant,—and that from which all other histories take their start. It declares that after God—the infinite being—had created the heavens and the earth, he created the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, and everything that creepeth upon the earth, and every tree and plant; and last of all it is said that he created man, male and female. And placed within that which he had created the seed by which it could propagate its own species; but he reserved to himself the knowledge of how the seed was formed, and the operation of that seed in the process of development, from first to last. Thus, by his matchless power and wisdom, is brought a new creation of man, and beast, bird, and fish, insect, tree, or plant, every time an offspring is born. Shall puny man, whose breath is in his nostrils only, or whose life is only secured a moment at a time, lift his voice against his Creator and say, He made me not! Can any sane man, in considering the structure of his own physical system, reject the evidences contained therein, of an infinite Creator who had the consummate ability to conceive, wisdom to design, plan, or contrive, knowledge, skill, and power to execute that design, that little world within itself, man?

Look at the osseous, or bony part, forming the framework of man, every part so wisely adjusted to the others, and adapted to operate with precision in their various functions. He that constructed the frame knew the various purposes that each section of it was required to perform, and constructed each of them accordingly. He did not, like the sculptor, man, calculate that his image that he made should stand still, forever immovable; he purposed that man should,—according to the will power that he would place within him,—move at will, and be able to do so either in a walk or with quicker steps, and framed the powers of locomotion accordingly.

The feet, which form the pedestal to support the structure, whether standing or moving, are wisely adapted to the office work they have to perform. If the feet had been formed minus the toes only, how materially the graceful, elastic spring to the step, as well as celerity of motion, would have been lessened thereby. But, suppose man had been formed with no feet, he could not have stood erect without leaning against something; and

to walk, if it could be called walking, he would have to depend upon helps, or crutches for his locomotion. What pitiable looking objects mankind would have been, all going on crutches! We conclude that he who created man took pity upon him and gave him feet. We will not weary the reader in endeavoring to enumerate all the disadvantages that would have accrued to the world had these necessary members been withheld from our physical system. Should we try, we have not the ability, but the reader may let his imagination run, if he pleases, in contemplating the action of the farmer following the plow, the carpenter at the bench, the blacksmith at the anvil, etc., etc., standing, or walking on stumps, supported by crutches, performing their daily avocations, and then ask yourself the question, "How near to the present state of progression in the mechanic arts, in the great inventions of the age, would the world have been if deprived of those 'uncomely members.'" O, how the powers of locomotion would have been retarded! Thank God for feet.

Then suppose that having feet, there had been no kneejoints, but from the feet to the hip joint had been one straight limb. Can you imagine in your mind, reader, all mankind going about walking like a boy on stilts? Those who have only one stiff kneejoint know the awkwardness and inconvenience attending the effort to walk. How much more if both joints were stiff. What graceful (!) movements men would make in their attempts at locomotion.

But suppose there were no hip joints either, then we would be like the statues that men make, as far as walking was concerned, and, though we had hands and arms, of what good would they be if we could not move our lower limbs, and no one else move to help us. Then the Creator would have had to furnish food, and put it our mouths, like the parent bird its young, if he designed the prolongation of our lives. But what object, or purpose, could such beings be created for? If there was no other evidence of an intelligent designer in the creation of man, then the locomotive powers given to him furnish sufficient to prove the fact; for if left to secure our own food as we now are, although the Creator has provided the seeds of such food, we could not procure it without those powers of locomotion; therefore the life of man could not be perpetuated.

But, being in possession of those locomotive powers, suppose we had been created without arms. Can you imagine, reader, how those magnificent, stately structures, such as the cathedrals at Rome and Milan, with the less pretentious, though splendid specimens of architectural designs in the cities of the Old World, as well as many of like character upon the Western Hemisphere, or even from the most superb structure down through all the different grades to the Indian hut, could have been constructed without those members? We apprehend that your answer would be with emphasis, "They could not." Neither could the agriculturist sow, or plant his grain and vegetables without those necessary members. There could be no machinery to help him, improved, or otherwise, no harness made for horses, etc. How helpless a creature man would be without arms; no food could be raised; no life could be preserved.

Did not he who created man know all these things? We think the evidence is tolerably strong that he did. But why multiply words. The framework of man held together with ligaments and tendons, covered with flesh, sinews, and skin; the internal machinery, so wonderfully and skillfully constructed, all working harmoniously together to manufacture and furnish life to every particle of the system; the head, the seat of government of this little world, man, where its thinking, contriving, and will power resides; having eyes through which this power can look and perceive objects external to itself, some of whom are constructed, in every particular, like unto itself; and it discovers that it can through a peculiar member articulate its thoughts to its fellows, and receive from them by the same process, through the channel of another member called the ear, peculiar to all species; all these bespeak a superior intelligent mind that had the ability to design and to execute that design.

And this great designer of man we call God. The design, man, is perfect in all its parts, and capable of performing that for which it was designed. But suppose man had been made without eyes, would the design have been perfect? Could it have accomplished that for which

it was created? We answer, No; for the life of man could not have been perpetuated, and the purpose of the designer would have been frustrated, unless indeed he had calculated to have raised, and cooked their food for them, made all their clothing, dug, and cut all their fuel, built all their houses, etc. But the great Designer had calculated that, after furnishing man with the raw material, they should build their own houses; cut and dig their own fuel, raise, from seed provided, their own food, etc.; and he knew that in order for them to do this, they would need all the different members and departments of their physical system.

But man, being created perfect, would not be of long duration on earth, if the same Being who created him had not provided means whereby he should be fed, and by which he should receive water to drink. Suppose that all the different seeds of grain, fruit, vegetable, or plant, or of all that composes food for man and beast, should be destroyed from off the face of the earth at one fell swoop; man, having no power to create a seed of any kind, must soon perish from off the earth with everything that had life. The fact that there are seeds of everything necessary to sustain the life of man and beast, and man incapable of producing them, proclaimes a higher power than man, to whom he is indebted for such sustenance.

However, in order for that seed to germinate, develop, and grow to a full ripe grain, or plant, several agencies are brought into action; and they are positively needed for the required results. In addition to the soil in which it is placed is required, light, heat, air, and moisture; and without these, neither man, nor beast, nor vegetation of any kind could live. Does it not look as though he who created man was greatly concerned in his preservation, and that his love for man is manifested in his great designs to accomplish that preservation on the earth.

In the first place God created the earth as a dwelling place for man (Isaiah 45 : 18), also the great and mighty deep, as a reservoir of water for the use of man, and all living creatures on the face of the earth that they might drink and live and not die. This great body of water, placed chiefly, under the direct rays of a tropical sun is kept pure, by the forethought of the great Creator, by the saline matter held in solution throughout its entire body, also by its ceaseless motion. From its surface water is raised, by the action of the sun and air, in the form of vapor, the winds carrying it far away over the earth; and, by coming in contact with a cooler atmosphere, it becomes condensed and falls in the form of dew, rain, or snow, to "water and fertilize the soil, and to scatter all over the land innumerable springs, streams, and lakes of delicious water."

So that, without those two indispensible agents, the sun, and air, water would be lacking in lake, stream, or springs, and life could not be preserved upon the face of the earth. O, what great concern, what great condescension from our God in the behalf of the workmanship of his hands. The sun is also the dispenser of light as well as heat, two indispensible agents in sustaining life; but with light, heat, water, and food, nothing could live without air to breathe; therefore the great power and forethought of God has placed around the earth a vast atmosphere, supposed to extend upwards to a distance of about fifty miles, the densest part near the earth's surface.

In view of the foregoing, can any sane man say that all this is the result of blind chance? Is there not manifested consummate forethought, knowledge, skill, and power in the creation of the earth, of man and of beast, to dwell upon it, and in the great designs to perpetuate life thereon?

But it is with man, the masterpiece of the workmanship of the Creator, more wonderful in his creation than the earth on which he dwells, that we have more particularly to deal. From what has been said it is evident there was a purpose in his creation. The man that we have been discussing is only the tenement for another being to dwell in. We have established the fact, we think, that the Scriptural history of the creation of man, whom we behold with the natural eye, is true. In those same Scriptures this man we are speaking of is called the outward man. They also speak of an inner man.

"For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."—2 Cor. 4 : 16. "That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be

strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man."—Eph. 3 : 16.

This inner and outward man is distinguished in Scripture by other names, such as the spirit, and the flesh, the spirit and the body, etc. In Job 32 : 8, we read: "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." In 1 Cor. 2 : 11, Paul says: "For what man knoweth the things of man, save by the spirit of man which is *in him*." From these scriptures we learn not only the duality of man, but that the spirit entity is the living, thinking, and understanding one. That the spirit in man is the life of the body, is sustained by the declaration of James the apostle, that "the body without the spirit is dead." And this is further sustained by the historian Luke, in the eighth chapter of the book of that name, where he gives an account of the Savior raising the dead maid: "He said, Maid arise; and her spirit came again, and she arose straightway." The spirit was gone, and the body dead; the spirit came again and the maid, or body, lived.

How often do we read in the Scriptures when any died, "They gave up the ghost." Ghost is another name for spirit, therefore the ghost, or spirit, left the body, and the body died. To show that in the phenomena of death it is not only the breath that leaves the body—as some believe—that causes death, I refer the reader to Job 34 : 14, 15, where the writer mentions the act of God in bringing about death, and says, "If he [God] set his heart upon man; if he gather unto himself his spirit, and his breath, all flesh shall perish together, and man shall turn again unto dust." Here we perceive that at death, the spirit of man, and the breath is also taken from man, the earthly part, and he goes back to dust. And with this agrees the testimony of the wise man in Ecclesiastes 12 : 7, which says, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it." The one says the spirit shall return to God who gave it, and the other says the Lord will gather to himself man's spirit. Both say that the body goes to dust, or to the earth as it was.

(Concluded in next number.)

THE BAZAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

Such were the glorious deeds of ancient times,
The noble zeal displayed in Eastern climes
By Israel's sons, whose hearts Jehovah moved
To rear a temple to the God they loved!
No niggard gifts were theirs, no mean delay;
But prompt the heavenly mandate to obey,
They laid their honored treasures on His shrine;
Gold, silver, gorgeous gems, and jewels rare,
Wood aromatic, carved with curious care;
And holy garments for the priests inwrought;
And precious gems, and fragrant spice, they brought.
The dark-eyed daughters, too, of that blest race,
Prepared their beauteous work with modest grace;
Not less determined in their lofty aim,
To deck a building sacred to God's name.
They wove the linen fine of dazzling hue,
The hangings rich, of scarlet, red, and blue,
And many a bracelet rare, and jewel'd ring,
They freely gave, a willing offering.
Thus pilgrims wandering to a land afar,
Held in the wilderness their first bazar.
O, who can read, nor feel his soul elate
With generous hope, such deeds to emulate;
Nor joy to find these latter days afford
The same blest means of working for the Lord;
Not looking now to some dim future age
For the Messiah of prophetic page;
But happy in the sure belief that He
Has long fulfilled that glorious prophecy;
And will allow his children still to make
Their goods and gold an offering for his sake.
E'en now a call for help is echoing round;
And lo Jehovah's sons again are found
In glad obedience to the high command,
Bringing once more, with willing heart and hand,
The noblest gifts their treasures can afford,
To enlarge the tabernacle of the Lord.
"Wise-hearted women," who ne'er do plead
Selfish excuses in the hour of need,
Are found now, as in the days of yore,
To aid God's people with their valued store.
For well they know the costliest jewels given,
Are all unworthy of the King of heaven.
Yet He accepts the feeblest offering made
By all the lowly saints his cause to aid.

Their feelings, talents, skill, and influence wide,
Are still exerted on our Savior's side.
Their work is yet as delicately fine,
As splendid wool of every hue they twine;
They make the golden bracelet, chain, and ring,
And give them all a willing offering.
Thus pilgrims, wandering to a land afar,
Hold in this wilderness no mean bazar,
Where woman, with her faith and courage high,
Makes doubtings cease and fears and failure fly.

ARE THEY CHRISTIANS?—No. 8.

ON the way from church Mrs. Blake is silent and thoughtful; she has but little time before her train leaves, an early dinner and then "good-by" to the invalid. How much better she is looking, and how hope gleams in her eyes, while tears dim the eyes of Mrs. Blake as she exacts a promise of the Allens to let her hear from them every week. Then she kisses the invalid on either cheek, and silently prays for her complete recovery. Mrs. Harper weeps childishly at parting, but Mrs. Crain follws her to the gate and at the last moment says:—

"Good-by; shall I ever see you again? If not here I hope to in the world to come."

The tone, the expression, the steady, level eyes, and the strong, friendly handclasp touch and draw Mrs. Blake like a magnet, and she says:—

"I hope so; I trust so;" and is gone. In less than two hours she is safe in Pasadena. How shall she get out to John's place? She does not even know its direction, and after several inquiries that prove fruitless she is getting a little discouraged when in passing the post office she is met by a man who stares, starts on, and stops and stares again, and then says:—

"Why Mother, Mother Blake, can this be you?"

She had not known the man, but she knows the voice; and—well, is she not an old woman, and a stranger in a strange land? She put her arms around his neck and kissed him as though he were her son indeed; and then (how past comprehension is human nature!), when she saw tears glisten in his eyes, *she remembered* and stepped back resentfully, and he, being quick to notice, the next few minutes, while they were asking and answering questions, were quite embarrassing to both. But while they were driving home he seemed so friendly and really glad to see her that, in spite of herself, Mrs. Blake felt her anger melting away; and when he was not aware she took a good look at him. How he had changed! The careless, boyish air was gone, and the man she saw was grave to soberness, and his hair was very gray. She had come to visit children, to chide and admonish them, and it had never occurred to her as forcibly as now that they were no longer children but a man and woman. How strange it is that parents are the last to notice this.

And has Addie changed so greatly? is Mrs. Blake's mental query. She is soon to know; for their journey is ended, and mother and daughter are clasped in each other's arms, while John discreetly busies himself caring for his team; and he takes so much time that Mrs. Blake has chance to make a few mental notes. Addie was surprised; there could be no doubt of that; but she did not show the least consternation or fear of consequences, but greeted her with unfeigned joy.

And then how well and matronly she looked; yes and happy too. Certainly if there was a skeleton in that family closet it had not worried the roses out of Mrs. Gray's cheeks. And when John came in and the five little Grays came clustering around, Mrs. Blake almost forgot her mission, they all made her so welcome and at home. And when bedtime came she discovered that a family altar could exist even among the Saints; and when thanks were rendered to God for his care and mercy in bringing her safely to them she wondered if the words were so heartfelt as they seemed. So, with conflicting emotions, she retired.

It had been Mrs. Blake's intention to subject her daughter to a rigid cross-questioning as soon as she could see her alone; and, as Mr. Gray was busy with his farm work, the opportunity was presented the first day after her arrival. But, for some reason, she could not readily

"break the ice;" for since she had left home she had seen and heard things she had not before thought possible. So she thought she would put off the questioning till the morrow; and when that day came she found some new excuse for putting it off longer. Afterward she told herself she had best wait a little and keep her eyes open. And now I imagine that some of our readers will say that she was doing a mean thing to come among them as a spy in the guise of a friend. But let us not judge too quickly or harshly; for Mrs. Blake is Mrs. Gray's mother; and it is not curiosity but a vital interest in her welfare that prompts her to do as she has done. She does not love her daughter less because she has married and left her home. O no, mother-love is not extinguished so easily. Put yourself in her place then, and you will acknowledge that in the attempt to correct the errors of her child she was doing right; but the trouble was to find that an error had been committed; and the longer she worked at the problem the knottier it became.

She found that Mrs. Gray was kept quite busy with her household duties; so she was left to entertain herself a good share of the time. Her attention was soon drawn to the little collection of books and papers which could hardly be dignified by the name of library. She found Bibles and Testaments of various kinds, a Doctrine and Covenants, also a book of tracts, *Heralds*, church papers and books; among them the Book of Mormon. At first she would not touch this book, till her mission actually drove her to examine it. She did not attempt to read it through; she simply wanted to verify the statements she had heard made that it was a silly affair. To her surprise she found it contained a great deal of solemn and beautiful language, many passages fully equaling anything in the Bible. And, more surprising still, she found that its teaching, instead of being a new creed, unchristian, incendiary, seditious, and licentious, (all of which terms she had heard applied to it,) was "the beautiful story of Christ" retold, and essentially the same as in her own Bible.

Then she thought of Rev. Spalding's manuscript, which she verily believed Joseph Smith had stolen and copied. Had she not read a statement to this effect in one of the "Exposures of Mormonism"? Then she thought if Rev. Spalding was a Congregational minister he had been a Christian; and would he dare to write a burlesque on the gospel of Jesus Christ as she had been told the Book of Mormon was? And if he was a Congregationalist, why should his work teach baptism by immersion? That was not a tenet of Congregational faith. Then baptism was held to be for the remission of sins; and *that* was a great way from Congregationalism. The thought was puzzling and startling.

Again among some of the marked passages she found the plain statement that man should have but one wife. How was this? She had heard ministers say from the pulpit that the Book of Mormon taught polygamy, and that Joseph Smith was a polygamist; and that he held the Book of Mormon to be a Bible. How could this be; for the book itself in plain terms forbade such a pratice? And so she continued to read, and to be duly surprised at the sublimity and purity of the language of that book.

One day she found a little pamphlet, too small to sooner attract her attention; and she read upon its title page, "Manuscript Found." You may imagine the interest she took in that little book, sworn to by reliable men in high positions as a true copy of Rev. Spalding's manuscript from which the Book of Mormon was said to be written, or copied. After the affidavits she commenced to read the book. It was so crude, so vulgar, so utterly foreign to the spirit and language of the Book of Mormon, that she must turn back and carefully read over the publishers' statement,—the sworn statements of the men in whose custody it had remained; read also their opinion that, as a basis from which the Book of Mormon had been written, that theory would have to be abandoned, as it was probably his *only* manuscript; and that the original manuscript was in the custody of the College at Oberlin, Ohio, an eminently respectable institution.

Then for the first time the mountain of prejudice began to tremble. She compared the books in every way, one a pamphlet of about forty-four thousand words, the other a large volume, containing about sixty-six thousand *more words* than the New Testament, or enough more than the New Testament to make a book

once and a half larger than the "Manuscript Found" of Rev. Spalding. And then the language in the little book shows its author to have been very low-minded and vulgar, while in the Book of Mormon its author, judged by its language, even were it a fiction, must have possessed some of the highest attributes of a devout Christian.

So two weeks passed away with her delving and doubting. No one questioned her, or in any way referred to their past differences; and the cross-examination she intended for her daughter seemed more remote than ever. On two Sundays John had invited her to attend church in the city; and, as there was no branch of the Church of Latter Day Saints in Pasadena, she accepted the invitation, and they attended the Methodist Episcopal Church. On the third Sunday John wanted to attend the Christian Church, to hear a special sermon, and he proposed to leave her at the Methodist Church and call for her after services were over. But she preferred to accompany him, and she heard a doctrinal sermon according to the views of the "Disciples." She very much wanted to ask John if he endorsed some of these statements; but he said not a word on the subject, and she thought it best not to "set him going." Soon after this they attended the Holiness Church, and even the Salvation Army; and, though much that was said and done, she could not endorse, John made not the least comment. She knew that this could not be from lack of knowledge or of interest.

At last it dawned upon her that whatever they might see and hear, his lips would remain forever sealed to her upon theological subjects. Even this piqued her; and she came to wish that he might say or do something to open up the discussion of doctrine.

One thing that peculiarly impressed her as she came to hear these divers kinds of doctrine; and this was the great unrest among the people; there seemed to be such a reaching out and grasping for light and truth. And, before she was aware of it, she was comparing this strained condition of affairs among the sects with the calm assurance, certain conviction, and positive testimony which she had, under all circumstances, heard from the Latter Day Saints. What others seemed to be forever grasping for and never able to reach, they clamed to be in possession of, and that the "signs following" were to them as to those in olden times, (Mark 16: 20,) a comfort and confirmation that they had obeyed the true gospel of Christ. *Did* the signs really follow? Letters from Mrs. Allen, stating that she was well, almost forced her to believe they did.

During her visit the members of the Christian Church secured the services of an evangelist named Coombs; and, as the services drew large crowds, the Grays and Mrs. Blake commenced to attend. Mrs. B— was especially attracted by the eloquence of the man, and mentally set him down as a grand, efficient laborer in the Master's cause, especially as by his eloquence he secured several converts; and she came to esteem him perfect in his way. During an evening service he made reference to the faith of others, among them that of Joseph Smith, and he spoke of him as a very smart, shrewd man, a born leader, etc., but as unprincipled, unchristian, etc. Mrs. Blake glanced at John to observe how he took this criticism; but he showed not the least sign of annoyance, and never afterward referred to the meeting. A few nights later Mr. Coombs spoke upon the subject of "religious delusions." Mrs. Blake knew about what to expect, and she thought John would not desire to go, knowing as he did that his religion was liable to be shown up in an unpleasant light. On the contrary John would go, and earnestly urged them all to accompany him. Accordingly they went. The house was full to overflowing, and the speaker was in his most eloquent mood. He first dwelt upon the old-time religions and ologies, then came to more modern times, and Paganism, Mohammedism, Catholicism, Spiritualism, received their respective broadsides, and several Catholics rose and left the room. Then the speaker turned his guns upon American delusions, and at the proper time made the following singular statement:—

(To be continued.)

THE PARENT'S PLEA.

"Don't go to the theater, concert, or ball,
But stay in you room to-night;
Deny yourselves to the friends that call
And a good long letter write.

"Write to the sad old folks at home
Who sit when day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

"Don't selfishly scribble 'Excuse my haste;
I've scarcely time to write,'
Let their drooping thoughts go wandering back
To many a bygone night,

When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer,
That God would leave that delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

"Don't let them feel that you've no need,
Of their love and their counsel wise,
For the heart grows strongly sensitive,
When age has dimmed the eyes.

"It might be well to let them believe
You never forgot them quite;
That you deem it a pleasure when far away
Long letters home to write.

"Don't think that the young and giddy friends,
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thoughts for you,
That the old folks have to-day.

"The duty of writing do not put off;
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they have looked and longed,
Be a day or an hour too late.

"For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear from the absent one;
Write them a letter to-night."

WHY IS IT?

WHILE reading a paper published for children, I became somewhat stirred within by reading a piece under the heading of "Obedience." I was led to offer these few thoughts for the benefit of some, and for the criticism of those more competent to handle the subject.

From childhood until now I have often heard the repeated injunction, "Children obey your parents in all things." But Paul writes it, "Children obey your parents *in the Lord;* for this is right." "Honor thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long on the earth." Many, like Paul, give good instruction as to family duties; but unlike him, they confine their advice to the children; and seem to think that if a child is a little stubborn, or self-willed, they are very bad indeed; whereas the cause of their willfulness is something for which the child is not responsible.

Let us consider for a moment whether or not parents are responsible for the conduct of their children. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Looking out of the window, I can see fruit trees, vines, and shrubbery. The trees are all straight, well trimmed, and in rows; the vines are on racks; the grass and weeds are all mowed, and kept down, and the orchard shows that it has been cared for; and the fruit obtained each year is a great compensation for time and labor expended. But what a contrast is the orchard that takes care of itself and never hears the sound of the sickle, neither knows anything about the keen edge of a pruning-knife or the labor of the husbandman; and when the harvest time comes there is but little or no fruit.

Again Paul says, "And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." This quotation, with others, throws all the responsibility upon parents, or gurdians. Glance back to the law received on Horeb, "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou sittest down, and when thou risest up."

Look in another direction and there will be seen, "And ye will not suffer your children to go hungry or naked; neither will ye suffer that they transgress the laws of God, and fight and quarrel one with another, and serve the Devil, who is the master of sin. . . . But ye will teach them to walk in the ways of truth and soberness; ye will teach them to love one another and to serve one another." "Pray in your families unto the Father, always in my name, that your wives and your children may be blessed." The writer believes that if these instructions were fulfilled there would be no need to say, "Children obey your parents;" because they would know nothing but obedience, because of having this excellent "trait of character" born within them.

To observe still further, let us see the results of parents not performing this duty to their children:—

"And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, of faith in Christ, the Son of the living God, and of baptism, and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents," for this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized; and their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of hands. And they shall also teach their children to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord."

"All children have claim upon their parents for their maintenance until they are of age."

"I have commanded you to bring up your children in light and truth; but verily I say unto you . . . that you have continued under this condemnation; for you have not taught your children light and truth, according to the commandments, and that wickedness hath power over you. . . . If you will be delivered you shall set in order your own house."

"He has not kept the commandments concerning his children; therefore firstly set in order thy house."

In the light of such commandments how can we neglect our duty? And if we see or have an unruly child then we should look about to learn the cause; and when it is found, remove it; and the effect will banish itself.

A child is not responsible for its existence, and cannot be responsible for its bad temper or disposition. In breaking or training a colt; if he becomes balky it is my way to say, "He always was a stubborn brute;" yet I never saw a balky horse but what became so by having a balky driver. And never have I seen an unruly child who did not become so by harsh treatment, or by too much petting, or by the wrong kind, or by neglect.

From ancient history we learn that schools were established by the people of God for the purpose of educating children in the "law of the Lord." These schools were situated in Alexandria, Athens, and in other places where the gospel gained adherents. From these schools came Polycarp, Origen, and many more illustrious martyrs. They were trained while young, and they never departed from it. We find that a like course of training brings the same results to-day; hence the necessity of a church college.

Prof. O. S. Fowler says:—

"Parents should be whatever they would have their children become; they should set only such examples as they would have them follow, and may expect them to 'follow copy' in every particular." And some one has said, "As the cock crows the young will learn." So it would be well to have a care as to how we croak. Children are the greatest imitators in the world; in fact their every action is in imitation of others.

Again Fowler says: "Never promise without fulfilling to the letter." "Never punish when they 'own up;' let a frank confession be an ample atonement." "All children are Old Testament disciples in loving those who love them." Let a general get the affections of his subordinates, and they will obey to the peril of life, as did those of Bonapart, Grant, Lee, Fremont, and Jackson."

We find in our experience that where love rules a family, there you find obedience, peace, joy, and happiness. The boys and girls play together without trouble; are at home when wanted; and when away, are gentle boys and gentle girls; and the influence that makes them so, will follow—no, not follow—but lead them through life. A child that has been taught as is required in the gospel

law will as surely obey that law as a vine will climb a pole, and with proper care will reach the top, or go as high as mental powers will permit.

Now if there is trouble in the governing of children, let such a one dig about, and if possible unearth the cause; and let us all "set in order our house," so that we may obtain the promised blessings.

Yours in hope of learning how to properly discharge duty,

JULIUS.

[We cannot too highly commend the above to the earnest consideration of parents.—ED.]

THE AZORES.

THESE islands are, as it were, the stepping stones in the ocean to Great Britain beyond the seas. The bulk of their trade is with England. Most of the shipping which call at their ports sail under the British flag; and to several of the islands—notably Madeira—thousands of British tourists annually resort for purposes of pleasure and health. Again, the flora and fauna partake largely of the British character, and remind the English traveler of his native land.

It is a curious fact that while in distant quarters of the world we have supplanted the early European conquerors in the possession of numerous countries, these groups of islands which may be said to lie almost at our doors, still remain under the Government of the country through the genius of whose early navigators they were originally discovered. The vicissitudes of time which have reduced Portugal from her once proud position of mistress of the Indian and China seas to an effete and waning Power, maintaining a few miserable and decrepit settlements, from which trade has long since departed, have left her in undisputed occupation of many fair and fertile islands in close proximity to Europe. It is not that the islands are valueless. They occupy, in many instances, points of great strategic importance, and lie so near the great ocean routes that their possession cannot but have excited the cupidity of the great Powers of Europe.

If we wish to discover the real cause of this singular state of affairs we must look to other circumstances for an explanation. And may we not find a reasonable solution of the problem in the very decadence and effeteness which have robbed Portugal of her ancient glory? While we have struggled and fought in the past with France, Spain, and Holland, and almost invariably emerged from the contest with additions to our widespreading Empire at the expense of our enemies, Portugal, owing to her contemptible position as a naval Power, has never been unfortunate enough to come into collision with us. We have rather been her defender, and have prevented other Powers from aggrandizing at her expense.

So it happens that to-day she remains in undisturbed possession of her island dependencies in the Atlantic, while India and China, in consequence of the transfer of trade to other hands and into other channels more than to conquest, she retains the mere shadow of her former greatness.

The Portuguese power is exhibited in varying degrees of weakness in these groups of islands. At Porto Praya, in the Cape Verde Islands, all the elements of decay are visible. The town has a fair harbor, but there is little or no shipping; and the principal vessels in port when I was there were the French frigate Iphegenie, used as a training ship for cadets, a few small native craft, and a small Portuguese despatch vessel, used by the Governor of the islands, who has his residence here, for visiting the different islands of the group. Near the landing place, partially embedded in the sand, was a small Portuguese gunboat, with its boilers and machinery almost intact, which, owing to band management, had been driven on shore by one of the gales which frequently occur in these latitudes.

The town itself, seen from the harbor, presents a good appearance and gives an impression of prosperity which, however, is not confirmed on closer acquaintance. Numerous public buildings which at a distance look really handsome prove to be mere shells, in odd corners of which business is transacted by sleepy officials who

do not appear to be burdened with a plethora of work. The streets are wide and regular, but they are green with grass and weeds, and run between lines of tumble down houses and squalid shops, whose occupants gaze stolidly and sleeply at passers-by with an air which would appear to indicate that they are thoroughly bored with the world and its concerns.

Churches are numerous; but evidence is not wanting that even in this priest-ridden land venerable Mother Church cannot overcome the inertia which paralyzes the community. In the great square, which in this, as in other Portuguese towns, occupies the center of the place, are the foundations of an imposing ecclesiastical edifice which some day is to afford accommodation to the faithful. Funds, however, are not available for continuing the work, and a luxurious growth of vegetation is rapidly concealing the lines upon which the building is to be erected. When church work has to be stopped in Portuguese territory for lack of money we may be sure that the condition of the inhabitants is bad indeed.

That Porto Praya has seen its best days is evident to the most casual observer. Many causes have tended to produce this result. The inhabitants, who are a mixed race, in which the negro element preponderates, are lazy and sunk in superstition, and lack the energy necessary to insure prosperity. The government partakes of the character of the governed. The public revenue is frittered away on useless public works, and no attempt is made to increase trade by judicious measures. Added to these potent evils is the influence of a terrible famine which ravaged these islands a few years ago, and carried off many of their inhabitants. From this visitation the people have never recovered, and without a better system of government they probably never will recover.

The most flourishing island of the group is St. Vincent, which is a coaling station of some importance for British vessels. The British Government is believed to entertain a desire to possess this island, and is said to have offered the Portuguese Government a few years since a large sum of money for its territorial rights. Portugal, however, clings with the utmost tenacity to its possessions, and could not be induced to part with St. Vincent.

In striking contrast with the commercial condition of the Cape Verde Islands is the flourishing aspect of the Azores. These islands, which lie much further north enjoy a much more favorable climate and support a much larger population. The inhabitants, further, are of a purer race, and seem to be more energetic than their compatriots at the Cape Verde Islands. Agriculture, more especially the cultivation of the orange, the vine, and the olive, is vigorous and extensively prosecuted throughout the group, and the Azore oranges, under the general designation of "St. Michaels," have become famous in the English fruit market. The islands are all densely populated—in fact over populated—and contain many large and thriving towns, which enjoy an extensive trade.

My first acquaintance with the Azores was made at Fayal, one of the outermost islands of the group. A tremendous northeast gale was blowing when we arrived off the island, which prevented us from entering the anchorage for some time. The harbor is a good deal exposed to the northeast winds, and during their continuance does not afford much shelter to shipping. In this very gale which attended our arrival an English barque dragged her anchors considerably and was in a position of great danger for some time. Fortunately the wind abated and gave the captain an opportunity, which he promptly availed himself of, of getting under way and continuing his voyage. Instead of entering the harbor we ran over to Pico, an island a few miles to the north of Fayal, whose mountainous peak, nearly 8000 feet above the level of the sea, furnished us with ample protection against the violence of the gale.

Under the lee of this mighty rampart we remained all night, and early the next morning, the wind having in the meantime moderated, we dropped our anchor off the town. The clouds and mists, which had almost entirely concealed the landscape from our view on the previous day, had cleared off, and a scene of great beauty was offered to our view. Behind us towered the giant form of Pico, with its snow-tipped peak glistening in the sun, and its lower slopes covered with fruit trees of varying shades of green; while

in front was the picturesque island of Fayal, with its pleasant capital.

Every inch of the island appeared to be cultivated, and even steep hillsides, where the tilling of the land must be attended with considerable difficulty, are made to bear their share of produce. The area of the island, and also, so far as I could judge, of all the islands of the group, is minutely divided, and each little patch of ground is surrounded by a tall, thin hedge, somewhat similar to those which are planted on the confines of hop gardens in Kent to protect the hop vines from the wind. As there are few trees, and the ground rises gradually from the seashore to the center of the island, the size and shape of each field are exposed to view, and a very curious effect is produced by the numerous small divisions, some of which are of one color and some of another. The whole place looks as if it might have been planned out as a giant draught board, or as if nature had placed a vast patchwork quilt over the ground to conceal its real aspect. A road, which I subsequently found was excellently made, runs quite round the island, and its course is clearly traced from the harbor by houses which are built on each side of it almost uninterruptedly throughout its entire length. The town itself has many elements of interest. It extends over a large area, and possesses several really palatial buildings, which gives an air of grandeur to the place.

On landing these pleasant first impressions were not dispelled, as was the case at Porto Praya. The narrow picturesque streets teem with a busy population, who are evidently full of energy and resource. Curious carts of unwieldy size and shape, and drawn by a pair of oxen, lumber through the streets on their way from the market, whither they have been with country produce. Occasionally a smart, well-appointed vehicle, drawn by horses driven by some Portuguese hidalgo, dashes by, and now and again one meets on the pavement fashionably dressed ladies out shopping. These ladies may be and probably are, Americans, as the Azores are a favorite resort of our Western cousins, who come here in large numbers from Boston and other places in the Northern States during the season. At all events, the Azorean damsel of the old school wears a hidious black or dark blue cape, which completely hides the figure, and a large projecting hood of the same material, which equally effectually conceals the face.

Churches and convents are met with at frequent intervals, and at almost every street corner is a niche giving shelter to the effigy of some saint. Shops at which devotional objects are offered for sale are also numerous, and a clean shaven cadaverous-visaged priest is a familiar figure among the pedestrians. The lower male orders wear a blouse costume with a broad brimmed hat of soft material. They appear to be a hard working and sober race; and the polite, yet not servile, manner in which they raise their hats and salute the stranger whom they meet in the street, shows that they are not wanting in the grace of life.

—Yorkshire Post.

SHALL THE GLORY OF ZION EMBRACE ART?

BY WILL H. MILLS.

WHAT constitutes the glory of a nation—a people? Ah! yes; what constitutes their glory? Does it consist in the extent of their county, the magnitude of their numbers, the vastness of the nation's avalible resources? Ah! no; it is not of any one of these; nor all. In what then did the glory of the Greek people consist? What did the glory of the Roman nation embrace? What was the glory of the Jewish race under Solomon? Was it not this: The glory of these nations, these peoples; did it not consist in the degree of their advancement, their perfection in their arts, sciences, and religions? Is it not so?

Who will deny that the glory of Greece was her perfections of art, especially that branch of art in which man imitates God in the creations of form, sculpture? Who will deny that the glory of the Roman Empire consisted in the perfection of its

science of organization? Organization was the hinge upon which the Roman Empire swung; as long as that was intact Rome was supreme; as soon as it was defective, the Empire collapsed.

Who will deny that the glory of the Jews under Solomon consisted in the perfection of their religion? Who will, I say? If this be the case then, that the glory of a nation, a people, consists in the degree of their perfection in the arts, sciences, and religions; then that nation, that people, which becomes the nearest to perfection in all these, is then most glorious of all. If this is true of a nation, a people, or of a part of that nation or people, it is true of an individual. The glory of an individual is equal to his advancement towards perfection in the arts, in science, and in religion, which is all things.

As no nation, or people have ever yet attained to perfection in all things, if in any one, so, no individual arrives at perfection in this life, even if they will in any other life that is to come. Whether they will, as individuals, reach that perfection in all things, as we understand it, we do not know. Yet we firmly believe that each will, in the future existence, arrive at perfection in at least that one thing in which they are in this life best adapted to excel, if in no other. And in this sense we may, as a people, a whole, become perfect in all things, all things being perfected within our unity.

This being so, and together with it the fact that, as we lay down ourselves in this life so shall we arise in the succeeding, then it behooves us, as individuals, to cast about and see if we are making any advancement in any direction towards perfection. If we are, it is well; if we are not, then indeed we are falling back; for while we stand still the world goes on; and when we awake from our stupor we will find ourselves standing aside from the irresistible, ever onward moving current of advancement.

Then let none be idle; but let each one take a firm hold of that position on the ship of life which he seems best adapted to fill; and work there. We cannot all be the man at the helm, but some of us, it may be, can reef a sail or cast a hawser better than the man at the helm. And, with each filling his own position, the ship moves on to the safty of ourselves and of the others with us. As each individual is faithful to his duty the organization as a whole moves onward with regularity and ease.

Then, if, as a people, we wish to attain to the most possible degree of perfection, we must, as individuals, each take a post, and not all the same post. Some must excel in the knowledge of one thing and some in another; and all must put their shoulders to their post and push or pull for the advancement of themselves and the whole. Some must excel in the knowledge of man's duties and obligations to God and his fellow man, and work at that post. Some must excel in the knowledge of God's creations, the manner and philosophy of their workings, and in the uses and adaptabilities of them, to the benefit and temporal welfare of mankind. Still others should educate themselves so that they can appreciate and understand the beautiful of God's creations, and perfect themselves in their knowledge and adaptabilities to these things; so they too can become like God, in that they too can imitate him; and also help to make the beautiful for the good and pleasure of mankind; in that, as painters, sculptors, and musicians, they may take the crude materials which God has supplied for the purpose, and with the exercise of their mental and physical powers they may be able to produce those things which shall not only be pleasures to the eye and the ear, but shall also be pleasures to the mind, the soul, and shall impel the mental and moral senses to more elevated thoughts and conditions, to more noble and sublime sentiments.

And now we have come very gradually, but directly, to the central thought that we wish to express, which is: That, unless, as a people, we pay regard to art, and especially music, that purest, noblest, most refining and elevating branch of art, by means of which we can most effectually raise our minds, our souls, unto the most elevated, even the most ennobled and sublime conditions; I say that, unless, as a people, we pay regard to art, and especially this art, we are leaving unfinished one corner of the great building of which God has given us the plans and specifications, and which he has designed for us to build. And yet, while we may make the rest of the building according to his minutæ of requirements,

we have not, as a people, built up to that standard of perfection which he has required of us, until this corner of the building is perfected to an equality with the remainder.

And I, for one, do say that I believe that this part of the building is not being built on an equality with some others. I do not think that it is because of any lack of materials with which to do the building. I believe it is because the stones that the Lord has provided for this purpose are not being cut, polished, and placed in their proper positions; or that they are being used upon some other part of the building for which they are not so well and perfectly adapted.

What are the stones? We are the stones; and some of us are designed of the Lord for one part of the building and some for another part. Each has his own position. Yet it seems that some think that this stone may be put here, or it may be put there, only so it gets in the building somewhere. But it is not so, no more than a window will do where a door should be. Others who have a contract with the Lord to build a certain corner say, or seem to say: "Here, I want all these stones; I am going to put a mighty tower on this corner; and it will take all these stones to do it." Yet the Lord did not give all those stones for that corner; there are enough supplied for this corner and enough for that; and it is our business to cut and polish them and to put them in the place they fit the best, even if some do not get to be keystones or corner stones.

Now if we are the stones and the Lord has provided enough for all the different parts and corners, and, I am right when I say that Art's corner is not being built on an equality with the remainder of the building; then what is the reason? Where is the fault and who is to blame?

I do not know that I can answer these questions, either to a certainty in regard to the facts, or to the satisfaction of those to whom they may pass for criticism; yet it seems to me that the main reason why Art's corner is not being built with as much care and equality as it should be, is: that there is a sad lack of taste for, and appreciation of the highest and best in art.

The ludicrous and novel seem to be more appreciated and desired than the beautiful and sublime. This being the case, art is debased and is not held in the high esteem it should be, or would be if the beautiful and the sublime were appreciated in preference. Also, if such is the case, then whatever of refined art that chances among us is not supported, nor even encouraged; hence it makes no advancement, or more likely retrogrades to the level of the tastes that cannot or will not appreciate it, and it becomes such as will be encouraged and supported.

All artistic minds are sensative, some abnormally so; generally the more artistic, the more sensative and self-conscious. Hence lack of appreciation is disagreeable to a degree that those who have no sympathizing, or similar taste, can even understand. So, when there is a lack of appreciation, they feel that their endeavors are entirely lost, their work wasted; and so it is. For the beautiful and the sublime is of no value only as it is understood and appreciated. The higher, the more refined the motive of a work of art, and the nearer perfection the artist comes to delineating that motive, the more worthy of appreciation is his execution.

In painting and sculpture the artist who creates a new motive also executes a delineation of that motive. In music he may or he may not. When an artist executes his own compositions he of course does; but when he executes those of another he is not the author of the motive, but he is the executor of the author's delineations of his own (the author's) motive. Hence no audience is capable of criticising an execution unless it be acquainted with the motive which the author endeavors to make manifest. And so many times in art, and especially in music, it may be that the reason we do not appreciate, is because we are ignorant.

Therefore it behooves us to educate ourselves, and to refine our tastes, by making ourselves acquainted with the highest phases of the arts. When we have done this, we will not only have become capable of judging, but we will have acquired an appreciation of and a taste for the highest and the best of art. For the beautiful is like the good, in the fact that the more we have to do with it, and the more we know of it, the stronger is our desire for more; and the more do we love it. Moreover, if we be educated we will also be able to distinguish the

best from that which is not so good, even without a knowledge of the motive. In other words, we will, in a degree, be able to interpret the motive. And we can never acquire this by staying away from art, or by keeping our eyes and ears shut. But, if we shall seek, we shall find; if we shall knock, the door shall be opened.

Moreover, when we seek and knock we should remember that, a little of the highest, the best, will do more good than a great deal of the mediocre. Then, if taste and appreciation of refined art be lacking, let it be educated; then the better and the more enduring will be preferred to the light and the frivilous. Then if we find ourselves lacking where is the blame? Who must take the condemnation?

The blame must needs be widespread. Each individual who finds himself lacking in appreciation and taste for the brightest in art is partially to blame for allowing himself to be in such a condition. For all should be lovers of the beautiful and the sublime, as well as all should be lovers of the good and the noble. We do not mean to intimate that all, or any considerable number, should be artists. One does not have to become an artist to be able to appreciate the artistic. But we do mean to say that all should be able to appreciate, to some degree at least, and the more the better; and to understand the beautiful that may be presented to them.

But, after all, each individual is not necessarily wholly responsible for the condition he may find himself to be in; because circumstances and surroundings have much to do with making us what we are. Frequently a lack of encouragement, or even a discouragement by those above us and who are in authority has a powerful influence toward preventing an advancement in such things. And, I believe that this latter has been a great impediment, in times past, even if it is not still one of the strongest influences against progress.

The blame, together with the condemnation, rests with those who are at fault. If that is ourselves, myself, yourself, then we must remember that, if we are not building according to the plans and specifications, we are the ones under condemnation. I believe that art has a place in this building that the Lord has designed us to build; and that it is one of the things that he has commanded us, as a people, to strive after perfection in. And the degree which we attain in this, as individuals and as a whole, will constitute, or help to constitute, our glory; not only in this life but also in the life to come.

As an apology for the freedom with which I have expressed my views and stated my beliefs, I will say, in the words of one of our earnest thinkers, and brilliant writers, namely: "We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them. They master us and force us into the arena, where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."

WHEN TO REST.

When the sun sinks low in the western sky
Then lay the tools or the needle by;
Labor is for the light.
Go wash the hands and say with a smile;
"I have won my rest for a little while;
Good night, my work—good night!

Many a trouble a man must bear;
But the day is time for thought and care—
The day for watch or fight.
When the key is turned in the store then say:
"To-morrow will be another day;
Worry, good night! good night!"

Anger may meet us the whole day long,
For the good must still resist the wrong,
The true fight for their right;
But oh, when the shadows of evening fall,
The spirit of gentle peace recall,
And say to the wrong: "Good night!"

For an hour or two let all thought cease,
Be glad in the household joy and peace
Rejoice in its love and light;
Then sleep, but first with a kind heart say:
"For the help you have given me all the day,
Tired hands and feet, good night!"

"Good night, my soul, for I cannot know,
While my body sleeps, where thou wilt go,
All space and reason scorning
But thee may all good angels keep,
And fill with holy dreams my sleep,
Until we say 'good morning!'"—*Sel.*

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

TUNCURRY, Australia, Feb., 1892.

Dear Readers of the Department:—I am glad to know that in many ways the restored gospel is prospering.

In Hebrews 6:1, it reads as follows: "Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on to perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God," etc. When Paul wrote the above he was writing to saints, or Jews by adoption. The world to-day says that baptism and laying on of hands are no longer needed, and they take the above passage of Scripture to prove it. If they exclude one or two, why not exclude all? If they would read it sensibly and carefully, and if they would search the Scripture, they would find that Paul was writing to those inside of the kingdom, and that what he said was correct. If one who has obeyed all the principles of the doctrine of Christ desires to be a true child of God, he should study to show himself approved unto God, and should try to walk as Christ told his children to walk. Then, I say, they would be leaving the first principles and going on to perfection. They have had the milk of the word, and are able to endure stronger food.

When a child first goes to school, it is ignorant of what it is to learn. First it masters the alphabet, after which it has no more need to study that, simply because it is perfectly familiar. It leaves the alphabet for something higher, that by so doing it may go on to perfection.

Again, for example, a man has a certain place to go. He travels a short distance when he comes to a gate. The place he is longing to reach is yet in the distance far away. He cannot climb over or go around the gate and reach the desired place. He complies with the first principle, faith, and thus passes through the first gate. He goes a little farther on and finds a second gate, and a third, and a fourth. He must go in at the gates to gain the end he has in view. "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." So he has to obey the first four principles of the gospel. After passing through the four gates, or obeying the first principles of the gospel, he is free to continue his journey. If he is faithful, he can now both see and enter into the city, or heaven, whither he is going. It would be foolish for him to stop and go no farther after he had passed the four gates, just when he was able to see the city he was longing to enter, where all would be peace and joy and happiness.

To him that overcometh a crown of life shall be given. If a person is striving for perfection, in a gospel sense, he must be overcoming sin and Satan. If so, he is not standing at the first principles, but is striving for higher things. This, I think is what Paul means.

Yours in Christ,

ROBERT TAYLOR.

ARGENT'S HILL, N. S. W., Feb, 1892.

Dear Readers:—There is one subject the writer would like to see fully discussed by Department contributors.

To-day we have every imaginable device to get rid of labor; and were one half spent in doing, that is wasted in scheming, the work would be accomplished, and the labor thus required would well repay the outlay in giving development to mind or muscle, as the case might be.

If we had nothing to do, would it be right to do nothing?

What are your answers, brethren and sisters of the Department? How many are trying to develop without labor? How many believe it can be done?

Do you believe that mental laziness weakens the mind, or that physical inaction will lessen the stature?

Are we standing on the danger-ground of uncertainty, and groping in the mists of indecision at the passing shadows?

Orthodox theology proclaims a spiritual salvation, attainable, without labor on the part of the recipient, a necessity; and is manifesting such teaching in the dogmatic formula of: "You believe in Christ; you believe he died for sinners; you are a sinner; therefore he died for you; *and hence you are saved.*"

If anything spiritual can be obtained without labor, cannot the temporal as well? "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

There is a little plant called the "Dodder,"

which, striking true roots into the soil, starts out with a seeming intention of being independent for life. After a brief period, however, it fastens onto the stems and branches of a neighboring plant, by a sort of sucking disk, and henceforth draws its sustenance therefrom. Nature now takes from it its organs of nutrition, and thereafter the botanist beholds the degrading spectacle "of a plant without a root, without a twig, without a leaf, and having a stem so useless as to be inadequate to bear its own weight!"—Drummond.

Again; the hermit-crab, too lazy to build its own house, occupies the cast-off shell of the mollusk, but as a result loses in its anatomical structure by just as much as it has been willing to *borrow* from an external source!

Prof. Drummond says: "Several vital organs are partially or wholly atrophied,"—wasted in flesh. And had this little animal exercised its functions, he says it might have been a crustacean.

With these living examples, do you think that we, by finding how much time we have for doing nothing, would enter the presence of our Maker with the penalty of our slothfulness written in our beings? Or would it be better to *occupy* the ever present now, with diligence as our watchword?

Would it be out of place, Bro. Editor, to suggest the organization of a circulating library among our young people, in such centers as Lamoni and Independence?

Such works as Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," Cox's "Salvator Mundr," Jukes' "Restitution of all Things," etc. etc. would develop the mind.

In bonds,

J. W. WIGHT.

MACON, Mo., Feb., 1892.

Dear Readers: — This "Department" began seemingly so bright, and with such early promise of success, as to never create in one's mind the shadow of a thought that, possibly, such a good beginning was only a spurt of enthusiasm, a pleasure at the novelty of the thing which would soon wear away into apathy and indifference, and the sustenance of the Department become a drag, as is hinted in the Editor's talk in our New Year's number.

This Department is devôted more exclusively to the young people, at least it depends more upon them for its maintenance, than any of the periodicals or parts of them, which we have. In fact, it is one of the first opportunities that has been given us to show of what metal we are made, and to prove our capability to take up this work and carry it on to victory, when the pioneers who have fought for its establishment so long and bravely shall have retired to their rest.

It is said and believed, that the future hope of the church is in its young people, and we are being watched anxiously by these faithful servants, to see if we are going to fulfill their expectations of us, that they may depart to the other world willingly and joyfully, with no worry or misgivings for the welfare of their trust, when it shall be consigned to our keeping.

Knowing, then, the responsibility that will soon devolve upon us, it behooves us to be diligently working, putting ourselves in a state of preparation for the receiving of this inheritance.

Judging from our actions towards this Department, have we given evidence of making much headway, when, after so long we should have been well started and increasing in our efforts, and the Editor should have been able to greet us at the beginning of this New Year with words of pleasure and approval, instead of being compelled to make the suggestion that he does for the carrying on of this little, little Department. Or have we given sufficient evidence of being able to step into their shoes, even, much less, as these honored veterans hope, to take lessons from their experiences, profiting thereby, that we may do a little better in the future, and taking the flag from their hands, carry it on to triumph.

Now that time and opportunities are given us, would we neglect them, and enter into that grave and sacred office, unfitted and unprepared?

Will we, unheeding the lessons which the history of the past offers, have to pass through the fire of similar experiences, during which the work will have to stand still, and the dawn of the morning of eternity still longer put off, before we shake off the shackles of lethargy, and awaken to a sense of our duty, and a realization of our responsibility?

This going at religion in an inenergetic, unconcerned, milk-water way, making the pursuits of the world of paramount importance, and giving spiritual duties a place of secondary concern—rather making them a matter of recreation after the other has received the best of our energies and attentions, will not do.

The gospel of Christ is the plan of life: it is the purpose, end, and aim of our creation. Of its vastness and possibilities we have only a

vague, dim idea, until we throw ourselves, as it were, right into it, mind, heart and soul. Its beauty and grandeur is not unfolded to the lazy seeker after it, and only begins to broaden and reveal itself as we endure in its faithful and diligent study. Like our government in that respect, this gospel belongs to us all. We each have our share in the work, our individual efforts to contribute towards its success, and are not to cast reproach of unperformed duties upon the few leaders, because of any imperfections in the whole, so long as we have failed to take our share of interest

Our church literature furnishes much of the stimulus, cheer and sympathy we need to uphold us in the trials of everyday life, and it is the duty of each to have a voice in the affairs in which he should be interested, and to contribute his mite to the mutual benefit of all; and the nutriment we thus derive, in turn becomes one of the motive forces by which the establishment of Zion is to be effected.

A little example well illustrates the point here. Yonder is a heap of material, around which stands a circle of people. The overseer tells them that there is to be a house built of that material. Each one is to lay one block or more in the rearing of this structure, if he so wishes, and when it is completed, the workmen are to be rewarded with a part ownership, in proportion as the share of the work performed by each. There are some that feel too timid to make any effort of a literary nature, because of a lack of education. Had the progress of the gospel depended upon scholarship instead of intrinsic worth of its followers, it would not have gone very far.

Not that learning is not a great auxiliary when combined with real merit, nor that its value is to be depreciated. On the contrary the very principles that have been set forth, are of that nature and character that in themselves they encompass all that is enlightening, refining and elevating. But, education is not to be overestimated, and too much homage paid it, for, however useful it may be, it but develops and embellishes what already existed, and teaches us to use the more effectually what we must have possessed before.

A true Christian, one that has received the light and spirit of the gospel, is a person refined enough, and one engaged in a lofty enough theme to make him sufficiently interesting to be heard by any in the land.

Some, in their letters to our church papers declaring themselves unlearned, need not to have done so, in so far as any apology to the reader is concerned, for, after following to the end, it would not have been noticed, so moved was the reader by the sentiments of the self-acknowledged "ignorant" one, and, ten to one, the deficiency was forgotten anyhow.

There are others who excuse themselves as being exempt from laying their "blocks," because they have nothing to say. It is well that they are modest enough to not wish to intrude that which is of concern only to themselves, and sensible enough to know that the worth of a saying, is not just to be a saying. But it is more probable that such persons are puzzled about what to choose to write, than that they have nothing of which to write.

The influence of a humble, noble life is bound to be reflected in words or writing, and a few honest expressions in word or writing, from a full heart and thoughtful mind, revealing some of the hopes and aspirations there, are surer to find the heads and hearts of readers, and find in them a sympathetic chord, than are all the lengthy, learned effusions in Christendom.

So dear young brothers and sisters and readers of this Department, when we earnestly, heartily, with all zeal and diligence, put our shoulders to the wheel—all of us—we may expect to see this "Department," which will then seem small, and every other work that needs our assistance and coöperation, go with a bound, a rush, in which there will be no lagging.

Yours ever in hopes of a higher, brighter life,

LOUISE PALFREY.

ST. LOUIS, February, 1892.

Dear Readers:—The rumor is prevalent that Bro. Gunsolley has not enough letters to fill this Department; I'm astonished! the idea of such a state of affairs, and so many young folks enlisted in this glorious cause. Sons and daughters of Zion, awake! awake! now is not the time for reposing, but awake! and do *your* part. Surely we are justified in exhibiting pride in a Department all our own, and it would be to our shame to let that part of the *Leaves* be neglected. Gird on your armor, and come forward bravely; say what you've got to say, and don't hang back because it might not be interesting. It must, and will, be of interest to some one.

I wonder if all of you think it necessary to write about "Sunsets, Trials, Marriage," etc., in order to make your letters of value. Why, bless me, write as you are, not what you hope to be. All of us have trials; everyone knows that only too well. Beautiful sunsets abound;

beauty is everywhere, if we will but appreciate it; and if you enjoy pen painting sunsets, let us hear from you; we will enjoy it with you. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and what I would like to state is, that I fear many of you think our subjects are restricted, that nothing outside of those would be received If any of you entertain this opinion, throw it away. I do not understand it that way; and any and all efforts will be appreciated, I know, by Brother Gunsolley.

I wish I could have all of the youths, young men and maidens in a large vessel and could stir them up well with the spoon of Effort. If you never try, you'll never succeed, and it is with writing as with everything else, the more you try the better you'll get along. Awake! our dear Brother is somewhat discouraged, I fear, and let us show him how bravely we can come to the front. We don't want our older brethren and sisters to see that we cannot hold our own, nor do we want it any more said that there are not enough letters to fill the Department. I would like to stir you up so vigorously that you would have enough glorious, fresh young life coursing through your veins to write dozens of letters. What a change it would be, if Brother Gunsolley had to hold up his hands and cry "Peace"—peace from the unceasing flow of letters. There are enough of us to do it, that is, to fill his desk and room too, if we wanted to; and won't some of you try? Each effort we make in our own behalf helps others; think of that, and let us make good use of the talents the Master has entrusted to us. Would that I could arouse to life and action our sleeping young folks. I have been told that there are many grand Saints, young folks, in our church, and I wish some of you would come forward and make yourselves at home. Wake up there!!!

ETTA M. IZATT

ANGOLA, Kan., March, 1892.

Dear Readers of Department of Correspondence:—The question is asked by Bro. H. B Root, "Why does an eddy cast a shadow?" Bro A. B. Pierce answers in October, 1891, "that an eddy is a counter current raised above the level of the water. Anything raised above its own level casts a shadow." Then he asks another question, "Does dew rise or fall?"

His answer to the question, "Why does an eddy cast a shadow?" I hardly think is a satisfactory one, as it does not give the scientific reason why an eddy casts a shadow. If simply being raised above the other water is the cause of its casting a shadow, then deeper water, (making a greater distance from surface to bottom), would cast a solid shadow. Truly, anything raised above its own level will cast a shadow," if all conditions are favorable; but an eddy is not raised in such a sense as to disconnect it with the ground, which it would have to be, in order to cast a shadow, if it had the power to cast a shadow at all; but water—clear water—has not the power to cast shadow, unless it be a very dim one, such as a clear window pane will cast; neither will an eddy, for the water in an eddy is no different in quality than the standing or calm water. Then, if that is the case, we must find some other cause for the dark streaks on the bottom that keep pace parallel to the wavelets of the eddy. I also make the assertion plainly that an eddy does not cast a shadow. The sun's rays travel in straight lines in substances of like density; but in passing from a rarer to a denser substance, as from air into water, they become refracted, or bent, at the point of entrance, towards a line perpendicular to the point of entrance; thus, if the sun be directly over a wavelet, the sides, which are oblique to the rays of the sun, refract inward, the light that falls upon them; the rays being refracted most at the lowest point of the convex surface of the wave, and less toward the crest, where there is no refraction; thus the rays of the sun come to a focus at the bottom, caused by the refractive power of the water, and instead of a shadow, we have a bright streak; the adjacent waves refracting in the same way, separate the rays and leave a streak on which no rays fall; hence it is dark. The rays of light are gathered or bent, into streaks by refraction of the wavelet; similar to a burning glass, only in a streak instead of a spot, and that directly under the eddy or wavelet; the dark streak being between the waves. It takes an opaque substance that will resist the rays of the sun to cast a shadow. An eddy cannot cast a shadow.

In answer to the question, "Does dew rise or fall," I will say it neither rises nor falls. After sunset, the earth begins to radiate into the air the heart absorbed during the day, and soon bceomes cooler than the air; when it gets about seven to twenty-five degrees cooler, dew begins to depose on things that are close to it; the warm air coming in contact with colder things, is condensed, or rather the moisture in the air is condensed. The same result is obtained by filling a pitcher with cold water and then setting it in a warm room, or anywhere on a warm day; dew will begin to depose on the sides,

and sometimes we say it "sweats"; the moisture in the air being condensed by coming in contact with the cold pitcher. So it cannot be said, strictly, that dew either rises or falls.

I will ask a question, Light travels in a straight line from the point of lumination. Why does it get light in the morning before sunrise?

Your brother in love of the truth,

J. W. GILBERT.

LAMONI, Iowa, Feb., 1892.

Dear Readers—It has been some time since I have written to the Department. When last I wrote, I was living in Buena Vista county, Iowa, as some of you remember, perhaps. Some four weeks ago I removed to Lamoni.

One who has, by force of circumstances, been compelled to spend his life apart from the Saints, removed from church privileges, and with little time for study and thought, will necessarily receive many new impressions, and be filled with new emotions when he first comes into a body, or branch, of the Saints He will find much to disappoint him, especially if he seeks it. At the same time he will find much that is noble and good, that his higher sensibilities, with the promptings of the Spirit, will lead him to accept without question. The world, not understanding, may scoff at it; the learned, with ponderous reasonings, or the higher criticism of the nineteenth century, may seek its overthrow; but truth it is, and truth it will remain, and the spirit of the true Saint will be ever ready to receive it, together with ALL the good that God has given his people.

It is the pet remark of some that a scattered Saint can live just as spiritual a life as one who has the advantages of church privileges. Perhaps one can, if it is the right one, but my experience has not led me to think so. In fact, so many advantages for self-improvement have been presented to me since coming to Lamoni, that I think just to the contrary. Never before have I had such a realization of the glorious possibilities of life, and of the goodness of God to his people, or such a desire to live in righteousness.

I desire to see the work pushed on, and believe that it will. Sooner or later it will devolve upon the many readers and writers of the Department. Are you, or rather, are WE preparing for such an emergency?

If the history of the church should repeat itself, how many Brigham Youngs or J. J. Strangs, think you, would be found in our midst, ready to sacrifice the people at the altar of their self-interest? And how many would be found ready and willing to lead the people of God in the ways of God?

We have all met men in the church, the sum and substance of whose desire seemed to be to get into the priesthood, who neglected the lesser duties while they nudged the Spirit to give them a call. The priesthood is not for such. I do not find fault with the desire, for it is a great thing to be considered of God worthy for such a calling, but I object to the means used. The call to a higher position comes to those who have outgrown the one they now occupy.

A young brother of my acquaintance, living in Deloit, Iowa, was recently called to the ministry. The call did not find him hanging to the skirts of a vacant eldership, but working diligently in the discharge of the duties that had been entrusted to him. And in good time the call came with most glorious manifestations, and a prophecy that he should stand in Jerusalem and preach the restored gospel to a restored people.

Let us learn a lesson from this, and from the many other things that we see around us. We will find no better teacher than careful observation.

Yours,

ELBERT A. SMITH.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Sr. Maggie Campbell, of Hopeville, Ontario, says: "When we sit down to write to a friend on the gospel theme, the question arises, as the many inspiring thoughts come into the mind, 'Can a stream rise above its fountain head?' And I answer, No! 'How then can you counsel another to climb heights which you yourself have not attained unto?' For a moment we seem to stagger at the thought, then comes the answer, 'I can see the heights that they are good; and I will try to climb them myself, and will counsel my friend to come up higher also.' Thus, as we seek to encourage another, our own soul is nourished by the same morsel."

Sr. Ethel, of Henderson, Iowa, writes: "There are many good subjects on which we might write. Some have said, 'Politeness is a good one.' I think it is another index to character. Permit me to tell of a little incident which has made a lasting impression upon my mind. A friend of mine, in speaking of a young man in her neighborhood, said she thought him the nicest gentleman she had ever seen. On being questioned in what way he

was so good, she replied, 'I'm not acquainted with him, but he seems so polite, and is just as polite to his mother and sister as to anyone else.' Of course politeness is not always an index to character, but often it is a screen behind which some hide their darkest sins. But because it is sometimes used in this way, is no reason why we should neglect this, which is so essential to prosperity in the social world.

"'If we only strive to be pure and true,
To each of us will come an hour,
When the tree of life shall burst with flower,
And rain at our feet the golden dower,
Of something grander than ever we knew.'"

Editor's Corner.

OUR BELOVED DEAD.

They say if our beloved dead
Should seek the old familiar place,
Some stranger would be there instead,
And they would find no welcome face.

I cannot tell how it might be
In other homes—but this I know:
Could my lost darling come to me,
That she should never find it so.

Oftimes the flowers have come and gone,
Oftimes the winter winds have blown,
The while her peaceful rest went on,
And I have learned to live alone.

Have slowly learned from day to day
In all life's tasks to bear my part;
But whether grave or whether gay,
I hide her memory in my heart.

Fond, faithful love has blessed my way
And friends are round me, true and tried;
They have their place—but her's to-day
Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with bated breath,
And joy too deep for word to sign
To take my darling home from death,
And once again to call her mine.

I dare not dream—the blissful dream,
It fills my heart with wild unrest;
Where yonder cold white marble gleams,
She still must slumber—God knows best.

But this I know, that those who say
Our best beloved would find no place,
Have never hungered every day—
Through years and year—for one sweet face.

—*Troy Times.*

COMPENSATION.

"No! Failure's a part of the infinite plan:
Who finds that he can't, must give way to who can;
And as one and another drop out of the race,
Each stumbles at last to his suitable place."

We were hurried, almost driven along by the wind as on Friday, April 1st, we boarded the train, bound for that spot of earth dear to the heart of every true Saint of latter days, namely, Independence, Missouri.

One of the waste places of Zion? Yes, but waste no longer, as we were soon to see. As our train pulled out from Lamoni we passed for hours through the edge of the fierce windstorm which elsewhere wrought such havoc; but trusting in the watchcare of the Lord we went safely on our way. St. Joseph is passed, the Missouri rolls along beside us, and soon the lights of Kansas City gleam like stars in the distance, and at midnight Independence is reached, when weary with our journey we seek the refreshment of sleep.

Early the next morning we find ourselves walking the streets of this really beautiful city, and mingling with the crowd who are hurrying on to their places of business. A part of that crowd we find ourselves respected and as much deference shown to our rights, our privileges, as to those of other individuals composing it.

At a first glance this may seem rather an uncalled-for remark; but if our readers will go back with us half a century and view the scenes enacted at this place, they will see a wretched company of men, women, and children hurrying over the very ground upon which we are now walking, unprotected from the cruel blasts of coming winter, drenched by the rains and beaten upon by the storms, homeless wanderers upon the face of the earth *because* they had embraced the same faith for which we are contending to-day.

Compensation! The eternal ages of God belong to Truth, and let no one who loves her fear to espouse and advocate her cause, for the hour of final triumph is sure to come, and amid the shouts of victory her universal reign must be ushered in.

It is well known to those at all familiar with the latter day work, that the early persecutions of the Saints were largely instigated and abet-

ted by the ministry of the sectarian world. They controlled and urged on the ignorant masses and fanned into flames of anger every smouldering ember of envy, bitterness, and hate. Where do they stand to-day? The very foundations of their systems are trembling and tottering to their final overthrow. In the souls of those dauntless men, women, and children, who, helpless and unprotected fled before them, leaving their homes and all their earthly possessions behind, lived and wrought the mighty, unchanging, undying Spirit of Truth. They have passed away, but God and Truth remain. Hear it, ye who are battling for his cause, and let your souls be strong! If he be for you, who can be against you!

To-day the very air at Independence is vibrating with gospel truth. Hundreds of its sturdy champions are congregated there for the purpose of proclaiming it, and they come from broad and distant fields, where in her name they have been striking blows which shall tell while eternity endures.

Yes; but a few years ago they went out, driven before their enemies, a mere handful of homeless wanderers upon the face of the earth! Saddest of all, they went forth to battle with the powers of an unseen foe lurking in their very tents; for worse than the Babylonish garment or the wedge of gold was buried in the hearts of traitors even then within the camp.

What matter! The night has been long and the conflict fierce; but the morning has come and God's sunlight has risen, dispelling the clouds of darkness and error, and Truth flings to the breeze the folds of her beautiful banner, and those who love righteousness rejoice beneath its protecting shadow.

With the April number the *Review of Reviews* enters upon its second year. It has had an exceptional, if not altogether unique, history. One year ago it was known only to a few discriminating readers, and its subscription list and news-stand sales required only a few thousand copies. Its edition the present month is 70,000 copies, and it is eagerly read in every State and Territory in the Union and in every part of Canada. No extraordinary efforts have been made to push the magazine. There has been very little canvassing done for it; no chromos have been given to its subscribers; no special inducements, such as an encyclopedia or a parlor organ thrown in as a gratuity or offered at half price, have been offered by the publishers. The magazine has grown to an enormous circulation and to commanding influence simply upon its merits. Its readers have liked it and therefore recommended it to their friends. It owes not a little to the newspapers of the country, which have appreciated the journalistic enterprise and vigor and the enormous amount of hard, honest labor put into every number, and which have most heartily recommended it to their readers. While working in the closest coöperation with the English *Review of Reviews*, edited by Mr. W. T. Stead in London, the American Review is a distinct magazine, wholly and entirely edited, printed and published in New York, and in the fullest sense of the word as much an American periodical as Mr. Stead's London edition is an English periodical. The general aims and purposes, plans and methods, of the two magazines are identical, and each has the fullest access in advance to all the materials and illustrations prepared for the other. The American Review, being somewhat larger and higher priced, is more profusely illustrated. It has 20 or 30 more pages each month than the London edition. Its bound volumes, covering the past year, are a wonderful history of current action and thought, and a marvelous portrait gallery containing the faces of seven or eight hundred people of contemporary note, representing all parts of the world.

AN IMPORTANT NEW BOOK.

The Arena Publishing Company have just issued a new work by Rev. Minot J Savage, entitled "The Irrepressible Conflict between Two World Theories," suggested by Dr. Lyman Abbott's recent lectures on "Evolution." This work contains the notable lectures, carefully revised, delivered by Mr. Savage in Unity pulpit. It also contains a preface by the author, embodying a cordial letter from Dr. Lyman Abbott.

We commend to the special attention of our young readers the article found in this issue by our young brother, Will H. Mills, of Independence, Missouri, and suggest that it may be well for older ones to inquire if they are doing what they can for the encouragement of the department of church work of which this article treats.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"Do not forget the infinite in the infinitesimal."

LESSONS LEARNED FROM COUSIN JO.

CHAPTER IV.

"How nice it looks to see the dishes all in even piles," remarked Grace. "Myra used to bring them out just as she happened to pick them up. Then she would pile part of them in the dishpan, edgeways or anyway; and the rest of them would be scattered all over the table. I used to wipe them for her sometimes, and there was never any place to put things. Your way is so much nicer."

"It is not only nicer, but better, and more convenient," replied Cousin Jo. "Dishes cannot be rightly washed without getting them well into the water, and with the pan filled in that way one can sometimes hardly find a place to dip the dishcloth. Then, if added to this they are not properly scraped, and the water becomes filled with crumbs and other food, so that that it is almost like thickened soup, the dishes stand a poor chance of coming out smooth and shining. I like to have them so that if I pass my hand over a smooth surface I can feel no roughness, as one so often can when they are not properly washed."

"May I wash?" requested Grace.

"Yes if you like. Wash your hands and then get the dishwater. Not too much at first, because you will want to keep adding hot water. You may not be able to bear it very warm, because your hands are not used to it; but we will have good hot water to rinse them with. Now use soap enough to make a light suds; then do the glassware first. Put in a few at a time so that they will be heating through; but leave plenty of room to work You might take a little water in each berry dish and rinse out the juice before you put them in to wash. Empty them in this pan, and keep it here for anything else that may need the same treatment to save the dishwater as clear as possible. Lay the glasses on their sides in the dripping pan. Boiling water may be turned over glassware without it breaking, if laid down, when standing upright it would surely break. I will have a fresh towel, and won't we make them shine! Take the silver next. Many people allow silver knives and forks and spoons to lie in the dishwater while they are washing other dishes. They soon become tarnished in that way. When they are once brightened they may be kept so much longer by washing (in soapsuds) without lying, rinsing and rubbing briskly until dry. Glassware and silver, more than any other dishes, show the good effect of being done while both water and towel are fresh, so this is sufficient reason for doing them first.

"Wash the cups and saucers next; then the plates and deep dishes, pouring hot water over each pile as you take it, or as what you have becomes cool. Whenever you have a dish that will be hard to wash, put it to soak before you are ready for it. Much of the time and hard work in washing dishes may be saved in this way. It is, of course, more necessary with cooking utensils, but is quite often an advantage with tableware.

"There are a number of things which need to be attended to before the time for washing dishes. One is, to know that there is plenty of good, hot water, and another, to see that each article used about the cooking, which will be at all hard to wash, is put to soak. The one who does the cooking should attend to this, putting water in each as soon as she is through with it This takes but a few moments at the time, when if allowed to stand dry they would take many times as long to wash, or perhaps become so hard to do as to seem almost impossible, and so be set away to soak until another time of dishwashing, when a much shorter time in the first place would have been sufficient.

"That crock which held the sponge for my bread, you will find much easier to wash than it might have been. Instead of leaving it coated with dough after I turned out the sponge, I poured in the water to be added to the bread, part of it at a time, and with that washed off the dough and then rinsed the crock; so that now it will be very little trouble for you, and besides waste none of the flour. In this and many other such small things, a little thought may save our time and strength and patience.

"If you have come to the tinware wring out the cloth you have been using and take this other one. I like always to use two; then if the second one gets stained with marks that will not wash out there will still be a nice white one for the other dishes. It is a good plan to

rub a little soap on your cloth for each piece, when washing tinware. Be sure to rub well in all the creases. so that there will be no black streaks come off on my dishtowel."

"Will you wipe the tin things on the towel?" inquired Grace, who had seen Myra wring out her dishcloth and use that for wiping all but the table dishes.

"Yes indeed" replied Cousin Jo. "This one that I have been using was taken clean this morning and is too damp anyway, but I have a dry one here that has been used before that will be just the thing. I wipe everything with a dishtowel, unless it might be the bottom of an iron kettle. Anything else that gets blackened by the fire I scour with ashes, keeping a little cloth and pan of ashes purposely, and then wash clean enough so that it will not hurt the towel to wipe it. Sometimes I wring the dishcloth from the rinsing water, wipe first with that, and then rub dry with the towel. They should never be put away damp and I prefer to wipe off the dishwater rather than to dry it on by the fire."

"Let me have the steel knives and I will scour them."

"Isn't there any bath brick?" inquired Grace, noticing that Mrs. Holister had brought a can of ashes with the scouring board.

"Oh yes," was the reply; "but I like hard coal ashes better, so I sifted some the other day to have them ready. They take off stains more easily and give a better polish with less work."

"They do shine finely," said Grace when they were washed and dry.

"Now take soap on your cloth wash the dishpan and turn out that water. Then take the rinsing water (if too cool add some hot) and with that wash the dripping pan, the table and sink, the teakettle and the top of the reservoir, using your cloth first with soap, then without, and finally wringing it very dry to finish with.

"When that is done, get another water and wash out both dishcloths, rubbing the pan well before you wring out the last one. Empty the pan and wipe with that cloth, and then with the towel on which the tins were wiped. Be sure that the dishcloths are well wrung before hanging away. Treated in this way they will never smell sour or strong, and will look well enough to pay for the little care and trouble"

"Shall I wash the towels too?" asked Grace.

"Oh no," answered Cousin Jo. I think it spoils them to be washed in that way. When they are too soiled to use I like to put them away. to be done with the weekly washing. In that way they keep a clearer color and are nicer for the dishes.

"Archie is through with his part of the silver polishing, and I will go over them with a clean cloth, while you are finishing. I think you have both done so well that I will not keep you any longer now, so you may go and have your play."

(To be continued.)

EGGS AS HYGIENIC FOOD.

Eggs are a meal in themselves. Every element necessary to the support of a man is contained within the limits of an egg-shell, in the best proportions and in the most palatable form. Plain boiled, they are wholesome. The masters of French cookery, however, affirm that it is easy to dress them in more than five hundred different ways, each method not only economical but salutary in the highest degree. No honest appetite ever yet rejected an egg in some guise. It is nutriment in the most portable form and in the most concentrated shape. Whole nations of mankind rarely touch any other animal food. Kings eat them plain as readily as do the humble peasant. Far more than fish—for it is watery diet—eggs are the scholar's fare. They contain phosphorus, which is brain food, and sulphur, which perform a variety of functions in the economy. And they are the best of nutriment for children, for, in a compact form, they contain everything that is necessary for the growth of the youthful frame. Eggs are, however, not only food—they are medicine also. The white is the most efficacious of remedies for burns, and the oil extractable from the yolk is regarded by the Russians as an almost miraculous salve for cuts, bruises, and scratches. A raw egg, if swallowed in time will effectually detach a fish bone fastened in the throat, and the whites of two eggs will render the deadly corrosive sublimate as harmless as a dose of calomel. They strengthen the consumptive, invigorate the feeble, and render the most susceptible all but proof against jaundice in its more malignant phase.—*The Home.*

KITCHEN HOLDERS.

"A good cook is not likely to use her apron for a holder, but it is often a temptation to do so, unless she has a good supply of holders. Not only should there be enough for present use but some in the pantry drawers to fall back upon. They are made in all ways. Some fold half a dozen thicknesses of cloth into a rectangle and bind the edges. Others make the

inside of any clean material, stocking legs being often put to this use, and have the outside of thick material, such as cloaking, and every piece coming to the edge, sew over and over around it, taking coarse quilting through it and finishing with a loop. We half suspect one reason why the apron is so often put to the indignity of serving for a holder is because it is longer and can be placed on the dish in two places. Why not make longer holders then? When one cup towel is worn past convenient using put it aside until two or three more are in like condition; then, fastening these together, you will find the holes in one covered by good places in another, and that you have a holder worth many times its cost in time and patience saved. Try and keep your holders clean. It takes but a few moments to wash them out, and a sticky holder makes one nervous. and doubles the possibility of dropping the hot dish."

Round Table.

EDITED BY SALOME.

A LOUNGE FOR A DOLLAR.

To make a lounge, the material for which may be had for one dollar, take two strips of wood, eighteen feet long, four inches wide and one inch thick. From one of these cut two pieces, each six feet long, for the sides, and two pieces two and a half feet long for the ends. Put them together strongly, using screws, and making a gimlet hole to start each screw, in order not to split the wood. Two more pieces two and a half feet long. form the second strip, for the head. These are screwed on the inside of the frame, at one end, giving them a comfortable slant. Another piece, two feet four inches long. is fastened to the ends of the "head-pieces." On the under side of the body frame fasten two more strips, two and one half feet by four inches, each about six inches from the end of the frame, and in these drill a hole about two inches from each end, into which put casters. On the inside of the sides, on the lower edge, fasten strips of wood about an inch square, and on these lay thin boards, over which tack a piece of bagging, treating the head in the same way. Stuff this frame with hay, piling it up about a foot above the sides, and over this stretch some muslin, drawing it as tight as possible, and tacking it firmly on the under side of the lounge. Over this tack the final covering of pretty cretonne which costs twelve cents a yard, using about three yards. If you choose to make the lounge more expensive and, of course, more comfortable, stuff it with hay on the bottom, and excelsior on the top, and make a pillow of the same material, though it is not necessary. This lounge, which is more of a "divan" than a lounge, may look too low, or too hard, but it will be one of the most comfortable articles of furniture in the house. If half a dozen springs are used, they will improve it greatly.—*Sel.*

A HIGH LAMP

May be contrived if you are near any pottery, by obtaining from the potter a circular pot made of the same material as a common flower-pot, a foot high, and of a diameter to suit the glass base of some lamp you have or are sure you can buy easily. Any potter who can make a butter-jar can make this lamp-stand. Rub molasses—not syrup, but New Orleans molasses—all over the pot. Let it stand for a day or two, and then paint with oil tube-paints, such as artists use. Have some brown Japan dryer to mix with the paint so as to give a glossy, or glaze-like, appearance If you wish to lighten your colors with white, use zinc white only. Avoid black. Use no chromos. A pleasant arrangement of color, without any attempt at forms, is very successful provided you keep the darker tints near the base. If you do not like your first painting, you can paint over until the coloring suits your taste and surroundings —*Demorest Magazine.*

A TEMPORARY FRIEZE

For a summer room may be made of Japanese books of birds and flowers, which can be bought at any well-stocked Japanese store. The pages are not cut like ours, as the Japanese print only on one side of the paper; so a book will fold out sufficiently to ornament one side of a room of average size. The gilt picture-moulding will afford sufficient support for this thin paper. The two book covers may be tacked fast, and an occasional pin will hold the other leaves; or if there is no picture-moulding, a few small tacks will suffice. When the frieze is taken down the tack holes should be filled up with plaster-of-Paris and water applied with a paint brush. This must be done quickly, as plaster-of-paris "sets," or becomes hard quickly. Powder color may be mixed with the plaster-of-Paris so as to match the tint of the wall. —*Demorest Magazine.*

THE STAMP BASKET

Is a novel decorative contrivance for a writing table. To make it, you need three small baskets with handles, one small bottle, with a broad base to fit one basket, two yards of very narrow ribbon, and a tablespoonful of sand. One basket is to hold one cent stamps, another two cent samps, and the third basket is to accommodate the bottle, which is to be filled with water, to moisten the backs of postage stamps. The mouth of the bottle must be small enough to be covered by your second finger, because after you have placed tissue-paper on the bottom of the basket and poured

in the required amount of sand for ballast, the bottle is fitted in, and the narrow ribbon tied on the handle and around the bottle. One single motion of the hand tips the bottle-basket sufficiently to moisten the end of your finger, by which you can dampen the postage stamp to be applied to your letter. The ribbon is tied to one side only of the handles of the baskets holding the stamps, a long piece of ribbon being left between them, so that the stamp-holders are not disturbed by the tipping of the basket holding the bottle.

It will save you time, thought, and motion, to have the baskets red, blue, and yellow, and place the one cent stamps in the red basket, and the two cent stamps in the blue basket. You can gild the yellow basket with bronze powder mixed with gum-arabic and water. If you choose, you can add a fourth basket, and in it keep a small piece of white cheese-cloth button-holed around with colored flax thread, with which to dry your fingers. This whole contrivance is light, and can be easily moved from table to desk.

The essence of decoration is in making a pleasure of production. A picture, a piece of sculpture, purely a thing of beauty, which exists for itself alone without any relation to anything else, is fine art. Decorative art is the application, to daily life, of the principles which underlie the beautiful, in the fashioning of the objects of use, so that neither the form nor colors shall offend the eye, mystify the mind, or insult the common sense. The higher the development of the individual, the more harmony of color and beauty in form is demanded; so in choosing your baskets take two cent and one cent stamps along, that the baskets and stamps may either contrast or harmonize in color. Cut the ends of the ribbon diagonally. Be sure there are only two ends, for fluttering ribbons distract the attention and tire the eye, and this is the reverse of the object to be attained by decoration, which is to rest, to soothe, and to charm the eye, "the window of the soul." Drop sealing-wax on the ribbon ends: this will serve two purposes; first, it will weight the ribbon so it will not move with every wave of wind; and secondly, it will obviate the risk of soiled ends, for the sealing-wax can be wiped off if soiled.—*Demorest Magazine.*

A PAYING INDUSTRY.

Any person having an eye to making money, or who may desire to engage in a real business, cannot do better than to consider the subject of glove cleaning. It is an easy business requiring very little capital, and more patience than any hard work.

The implements necessary to properly begin the work consists of a round white pine stick about twelve inches long, two inches in diameter at one end, and small enough at the other end to be easily slipped into the fingers of the gloves (any wood turner will make such a stick for ten cents), a table or bench to work on, a good bristle brush that is not too stiff, two tin pans and a supply of gasoline. In taking gloves to clean for others a blank book will be required in which to enter and number the name of each customer, and a corresponding number should be marked on the inside of each glove with pen and ink. Too much care cannot be taken in order to assure a certainty of ownership.

When a large lot of gloves are to be cleaned, they should be sorted out, and the white ones cleaned first, then the next lightest in color, and so on, cleaning each lot all the way through before another lot is commenced, as the color is apt to run out of some of the darker gloves. This method prevents the possibility of the white ones becoming stained thereby.

To clean, pour a plentiful and equal supply of gasoline into each of the pans, put the gloves all together in one pan, wash each separately between the hands; then slip on the stick and scour each finger well with the brush, at the same time scouring the hand part all over thoroughly. When this is done, rinse the glove well in the gasoline from which it was taken and lay it in the other pan, in the clean gasoline, until all the gloves of that lot are cleaned and ready to hang up Then squeeze each glove two or three times in the clear gasoline, squeeze out as near dry as possible, smooth between the hands, then blow them up with the breath to remove wrinkles, and button over a clean cord to dry. To keep off the flies and other insects while the gloves are drying, spread over them a clean newspaper or a cotton cloth. Charges for cleaning are usually made according to the size or length of the gloves, and range from fifteen to twenty-five cents per pair.

Any woman who will be courageous enough to tack up a little sign, and go into the glove cleaning business in a practical way, and with a determination to derive a substantial benefit therefrom, will surely be surprised at the increase of her income It is not difficult to earn and deserve the name of cleaning kid gloves "better than anybody else in town," and the only secret of such a success can be found in the answer "a pleased customer is the best advertisement." A determination on the part of the cleaner to turn out first-class work is a sort of "satisfaction guaranteed" to one's own conscience, and besides, is a rule that will bring a profitable return for the outlay of extra time and trouble.—*Inter Ocean.*

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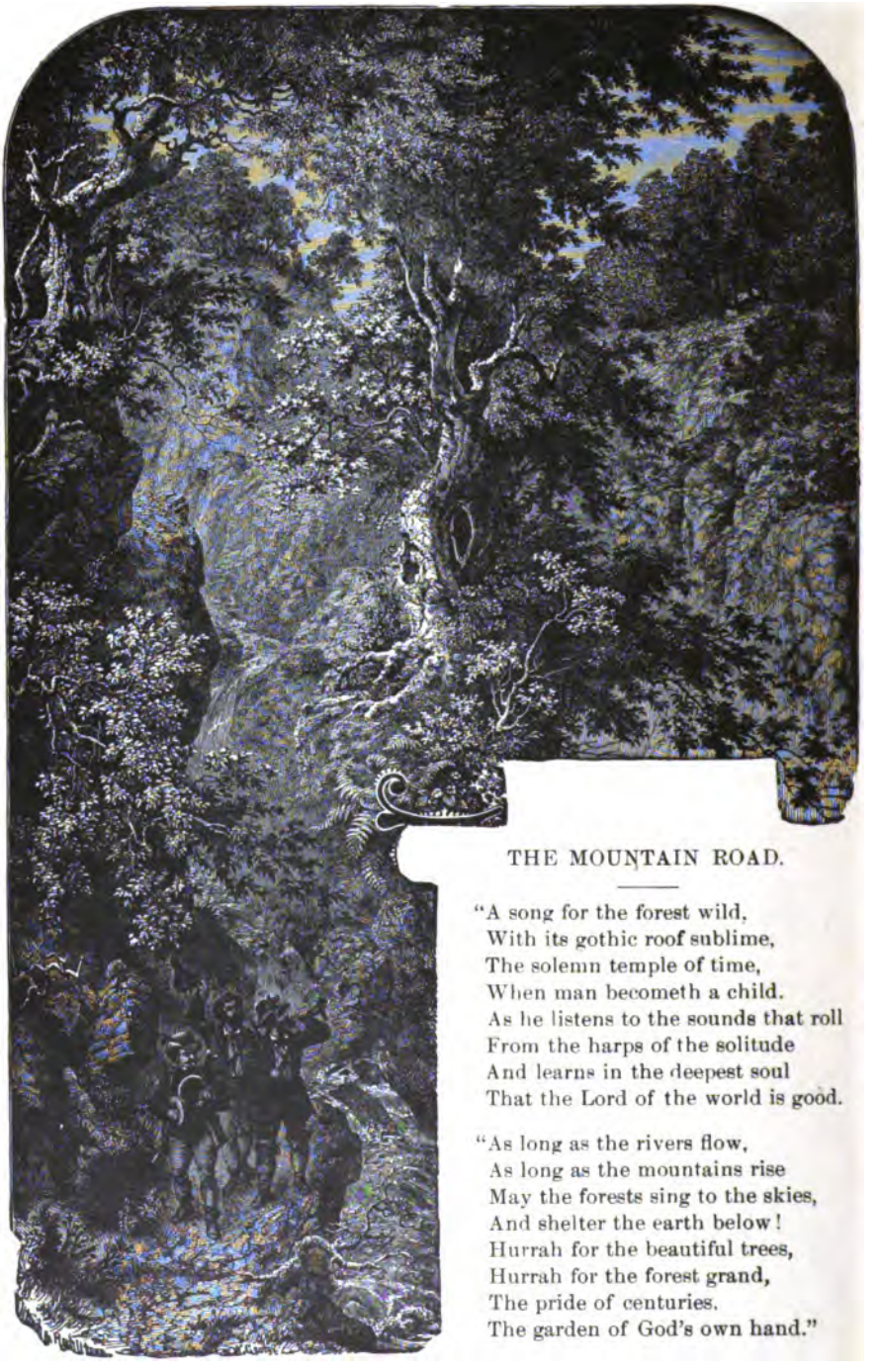

THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.

"A song for the forest wild,
With its gothic roof sublime,
The solemn temple of time,
When man becometh a child.
As he listens to the sounds that roll
From the harps of the solitude
And learns in the deepest soul
That the Lord of the world is good.

"As long as the rivers flow,
As long as the mountains rise
May the forests sing to the skies,
And shelter the earth below!
Hurrah for the beautiful trees,
Hurrah for the forest grand,
The pride of centuries,
The garden of God's own hand."

AUTUMN LEAVES

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MODERN INVENTIONS.

BY WILLIS W. KEARNEY.

Read before the Latter Day Saints' Literary Exchange, Lamoni, Iowa.

SOME wise person has said that "necessity is the mother of invention." Perhaps so, to a limited extent, but at the same time there may have been some other factor than actual necessity which has led men on to the present high state of perfection in the field of invention. The present period of the world's history is generally supposed to have been more prolific in inventions than has any other period of which we have an account. But, varied and numerous as has been the number of inventions brought forth during the last one hundred years, can it truthfully be said that necessity has been the prime factor in each case?

Take, for instance, the case of Mr. Howe, who patented the first sewing machine. It was not necessity that impelled him in his work until the sewing machine was presented to the world. For hand sewing was at that time a fine art; and, even to this day, notwithstanding the present state of perfection at which the sewing machine has arrived, it is impossible to do work upon it that equals in delicateness and beauty the work that our grandmothers used to do by hand, when they were young, while they were sitting around the log fires which burned in the great open fireplaces of those days.

It was not necessity that led to the invention of the lace-making machine; for the most delicate and costly lace to be had at the present time is still made by people in the old countries, whose ancestors for centuries before them followed the occupation of lace-making.

It was not necessity that led to the invention of the reaping machine; for man, from the time when he first began to till the ground down to the present, has gathered in his grain with scarcely any other machinery than that with which nature has provided him. In this connection I remember having read somewhere an account of the method employed by a Mexican Indian in cutting the grass on the grounds around the government buildings in the city of Mexico. And, astonishing as it may seem at this period of labor-saving inventions, he accomplished the work with only the aid of a piece of sharp glass, and he is said to have performed it as neatly as could be done with a modern lawn mower.

Thus we might go on and name scores of other instances where necessity was not "the mother of invention." When we study the subject it is difficult to think of a modern invention that is an actual necessity. Although many of them have come to be regarded as indispensable, is it not because the minds of the people have been educated up to the idea by those whose worldly interests lay in their successful introduction into everyday use? Regarding the situation from this point of view it is easily to be seen that other factors as well as necessity have been instrumental in bringing about the present state of affairs.

Referring again to the case of the sewing machine, we find that at the time of its introduction the people were satisfied with their mode of sewing and laughed at the idea of a machine performing the work they had always been used to doing by hand, and they opposed it on the ground that it would deprive people of their employment. Hence it was not

necessity but a desire for worldly gain that led to its introduction.

This idea applies equally as well to other inventions as to the sewing machine; and while I do not by any means intend to decry them as not useful and desirable, and, in the present state of things, indispensable, yet it can easily be seen that the idea that they were all brought about by necessity is a mistake.

And, as we continue in this line of study, the question of what are modern inventions presents itself, and it may be interesting to present in this connection some thoughts on the subject taken from the introduction to a recent volume entitled, "The Story of Man," by J. W. Buel. He says:—

"Who were the inventors, the promoters, the masters of the early sciences? Archimedes who conceived the application of the lever? Why, the lever was in common use thousands of years before his age. So was the screw. So was the science of mathematics. All these principles and sciences, as also that of specific gravity, were thoroughly understood and applied in the building of the Egyptian pyramids. And there is the best of evidence to prove the statement that steam was also employed in the same great work. Did Guttenberg invent the art of printing? Why, there is a paper in China that has been issued regularly for more than two thousand years! Did Galileo invent the telescope? Why, the Central Americans, before Galileo lived, knew all about the telescope, were familiar with the zodiac, were thorough astronomers; and one of their most ancient sculptors represents a man on an observatory looking through a telescope and making an astronomical observation! Is steel a discovery of the nineteenth century? Why, steel instruments were in use during the reign of the shepherd kings in Egypt, six thousand years ago! Is the opera glass, or spy glass, an instrument evolved from Galileo's discovery? Why, Nero used a gem through which to view gladiatorial combats in the arena some hundreds of yards distant from the royal box! Mauritius is said to have owned a glass through which he could distinctly view the coast of Africa from a promontory of Sicily! . . .

"The discovery of the science of producing steel constitutes an epoch; and we claim the credit; but, as before stated, the discovery was only a reclamation of a very old but lost art. Damascus blades were produced of such a fine quality of steel that the point might be doubled upon the hilt and the blade would fly back to its original position. Saladin, who fought the Crusaders, had a sword made of such finely tempered steel that he could cut in twain the down of a bird as it floated in the air. Swords of equal workmanship were found in India two thousand years ago. They cannot be manufactured now; it is a lost art! We are now in the era of art glass, which is used in the decoration of the windows of fine buildings, as it is also made to imitate precious stones. We claim that glass itself is a modern discovery of the Moors, but in the resurrection of Pompeii, which was destroyed nearly two thousand years ago, the workmen came upon the ruins of a glass factory in which there was an immense quantity of glass, including hundreds of specimens of such perfect gem imitations as would deceive a dealer in precious stones. Why, eight centuries ago, the Arabians possessed the secret of producing malleable glass, and so perfect was this art that they could not only pour the glass, but could also anneal and draw it out into threads of a hair's thickness, and still possessing such strength that it was serviceable for weaving! So early as the time of Christ, glass cups were manufactured which might be crushed but could not be broken, being as malleable as lead!

"The art of painting is so ancient that it is impossible to trace back its discovery; and yet many suppose it to be less than a thousand years old. And more wonderful yet to relate is the fact that the colors used, perhaps three of four thousand years ago, were of a brilliancy and durability which no mixer of paints in this age can possibly rival! It is a lost art. So the weaving of rich cloths is said to be an invention some three thousand years old. But, while we may not trace it back to that period, it is a fact that the Tyrians produced purples and such gossamer linens as modern manufacturers are unable to imitate. So, too, were the colors in the Tyrian fabrics absolutely fadeless, even under the corroding effects of exposure.

"In the science of engineering we are

but pigmy imitators of long silent races. We cannot rear such stupendous monuments as were common among the Egyptians. We cannot transport over land such masses of stones as the giant obelisks which the Egyptians moved hundreds of miles. The erection of Pompey's Pillar is a feat which no modern engineer would attempt to repeat. The construction of the Suez Canal brought great fame to De Lesseps; but that grand work pales into insignificance when brought into comparison with the canals dug in Egypt during the reign of the Pharaohs, which united the Mediterranean and Red Sea at right angles in order to prevent them from filling up. The great roadways and tunnels in Peru, the aqueducts, causeways, temples and artificial lakes of Bolivia, Venezuela and Central America, are examples of a marvelous skill and mathematical science which the most ambitious of modern inventors and builders would not attempt to rival."

It will be noticed, although it has no bearing upon our subject, that in the foregoing quotations is found a striking confirmation of the Book of Mormon, in giving prominence to the fact that this continent was formerly inhabited by a race of people that had reached a high degree of civilization.

And now, in drawing to a close, I know of no more fitting words, as expressing the conclusions to be arrived at from the foregoing thoughts, and emphasizing the declaration of Solomon that there is "nothing new under the sun," than the following words of Mr. Buel found in the same article before quoted from:—

"Our national conceit, the estimate we place upon our achievements in the framing of equitable laws, in invention, in science, learning, and contributory comforts, may as it should, be relieved by a consideration of facts that so thoroughly establish the truth that at our best we are but imitators of those who lived ages ago, while in many particulars we are not so near the apex of perfect civilization as others who trod the upward path centuries before our era."

THE WATERED LILIES.

"The Master stood in his garden,
Among the lilies fair,
Which his own right hand had planted
And trained with tenderest care.

"He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked, with observant eye,
That his flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,
The heavenly Master said;
Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And revive each drooping head?

"Close to his feet on the pathway,
Empty, and frail, and small,
An earthen vessel way lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

"But the Master saw and raised it
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled, as he gently whispered,
'This shall do my work to-day.'

" 'It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to me;
It is small, but it is empty—
That is all it needs to be.'

"So to the fountain he took it,
And filled it to the brim;
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to him!

"He poured forth the living water,
Over his lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty,
And again he filled it there.

"And so the lilies were watered,
Until they revived again;
And the Master saw, with pleasure,
His labor had not been vain.

"His own hand had drawn the water
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers;
But he used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

"And unto itself it whispered,
As he laid it down once more,
'Still will I be in his pathway,
Just where I lay before.

" 'Close would I keep to the Master,
Still empty would I remain;
And perhaps some day he may use me,
To water his flowers again.' "

IN AUSTRALIA.

ON to Wingham, where a discussion on the question of baptism ensued. Of its merits and demerits it is felt best to say nothing, as there is danger in giving event to reflective statements, from the fact of having been a participant. Beside it is said that "silence is golden;" and especially in such cases as this it is preferred to accept the verity of the axiom rather than experiment in the direction of trying to evince that it is a rule having an exception. It is also well to remember that to exercise charity in its broadest sense, and to manifest that degree of toleration necessary in this age of diverse opinion, it is requisite to feel that the opponent is just as honest in his conviction as self, and instead of hastily condemning try to put self in the same position, with like early training and present teaching, and all the extenuating conditions and circumstances to act as factors in molding opinion, conviction, and character.

And, after a full exercise of judgment in this direction, then ask if it be not possible that, even with all those being coequal, there are not other matters—such for instance as the development of the "bumps." And were these of like development at maturity of physical growth, might not culture bring change of such nature that in after time diversity of opinion would ensue, so that honest difference would exist?

Looked at from this standpoint it would not be difficult to publicly engage in an interchange of thought. And, while we may deplore the fact that intolerance and bigotry find so many devotees in every condition of society, is there any need that we should give up in despair? Individually our environments may be infinitesimal; but would that be sufficient reason why effort should not be put forth to assist in an adjustment of the difficulty, that one step farther might be made in the hope of such final solution as would bring complete toleration, and stamp out forever the vipers of bigotry and self-righteousness?

At the risk of being deemed prolix on this point, the thought is ventured that until spiritual development is so far complete as to qualify one to exercise the spirit of charity perfectly, it will be impossible to *reign with* Christ. There have been occasions when in listening to a discussion of differences existing, in which one of our elders has been a leading participant, the writer has been pained to see so little forbearance manifested, and *too* much of the spirit of obtaining the mastery evinced, seeming to forget that we are to "strive lawfully," and that one of the leading qualities prominently set forth by the Apostle Paul in this lawful striving is the right exercise of charity—one of the graces which "abideth."

Those unto whom much has been given of them will much be required. Then ought we as a people to so far forget the fact that charity *abideth* as to cultivate a spirit of tyrannizing an opponent for the reason of having a greater knowledge? If so, then there will come a reckoning time when justice will sit enthroned, and punishment, merited because of trangressing the law, be meted out. And much sorer punishment than had been justifiable under less favorable conditions.

As a fitting finis to the foregoing, the statement made by Brother J. R. Lambert in reporting a religious discussion, and recorded in *Patriot* of October 1st, 1891, is here given:—

"The object of all such discussions should be, not a comparison of ability to see which is the better man, not mastery, but the discovery of truth, and an honest effort on the part of the disputants to help the people to see the truth. All that does not tend in this direction should be excluded. And if some who wear the clerical cloth will persist in such folly and wrong, then it becomes the duty of the hearer to throw away all these foreign substances that his analysis may be proper and his computation correct."

One or two more items of a personal character must suffice and this narrative enter entirely into a recital of matters relating to Australasia. The experiences of Bro. Butterworth and myself in the direction of special manifestations, in the way of miracles, have been purposely left unrecorded, for the reason that this portion of the gospel has been made sufficiently prominent in articles already

appearing in the *Leaves;* and for the further reason that many so-called miracles are but the result of an overwrought imagination, consequent to the excitement of an abnormal condition; often brought about by too much prominence being given to this subject.

Then, again, there are those who have been brought to investigate, through the recital or having read of these wonderful manifestations, who come expecting far too much; and the fact is it requires a miracle every day to keep them in. Do not let it be understood that the idea of the existence and need of miracle in the church is the least deprecated; for none can be a stauncher advocate. But it seems but right to make prominent the fact that since God is the author of law he is also the observer of system; and that before we can reasonably expect to be recipients of any blessings promised under the gospel we must not only be obedient thereto but fulfill all the conditions and requirements belonging, before it will be reasonable to expect the fulfillment of the promises on our behalf. Hence it is that before the lame can be made to leap they must receive the operation of the principle of faith, to obtain which it will be necessary for them to yield to the conditions stipulated.

Since we are to "study to show ourselves approved of God" is it not our duty to exercise wisdom in all things? As investigation is rife and having learned that in numerous instances among the Saints there exists an improper understanding relative to this all-important subject, it is deemed not out of place to thus treat it, and at the same time give reason for not having recorded personal miracles in this recital. There is a still greater reason, however, why we should use wisdom and discretion in teaching the necessity of the perpetuity of miraculous demonstration. "Many false spirits are gone abroad in the world," and we are therefore commanded to "try the spirits." And this, of course, indicates that those who are members of the body are to be very careful in the exercise of the gift. What then of the one whose mentality is overwrought by undue emotional excitement? Is there not great danger, under such conditions, of giving way and being overcome by the influences of an evil spirit?

That there have been many mistakes made in the past, and to the end that apostasy has ensued, cannot be disputed; hence the necessity of using past experience as a rudder by which to steer clear of the shoals and breakers that may surround.

Leaving Wingham we stayed a few days at Forster, when we left for New Castle by vessel. The experiences of this trip being the most thrilling of any yet had, they are deemed worthy of record. Starting in a small vessel laden with timber we had gone but a little way when Lizzie yielded allegiance to Neptune. On the following day, through my constant effort on her behalf, and the increased sea, owing to the wind blowing a half gale, I also paid tribute in this direction. About four p.m. the master put into a harbor for safety, as we were now running under close reef and the night would apparently be very "dirty." For forty-eight hours we lay here, and as there was no appearance of the weather fairing, we concluded to go on in a little steamer, the dimensions of which were about seventy feet in length and some eighteen feet beam. As we passed out over the bar in the very "teeth" of the gale her seaworthiness was fully tested. Like the maddened horse rearing high for a plunge she would stand on her beam end, or anon, as though grown weary of the fierce struggle, she would make a downward movement with the apparent intent of yielding to the mighty breaker now abreast her bows and which, more fierce than his fellows, would sweep her from stem to stern. One of these, foamcrested and white with fury, came roaring on and with one mighty bound leaped high over the bridge, rushed over the deck, scattered everything movable leaving it on the poop, a pile of confusion. We only escaped a thorough drenching by being under the awning of the bridge, but one who stood by got the full benefit in its downward pour.

Having ceased to *bend* to Neptune's will, we were in fine trim to stay on deck, and this we availed, not understanding the real danger, for during this storm six vessels were wrecked and many of the large steamers did not venture from port.

Changing our course it now became essential that we should alter our position, that we might get to the lee side. To effect this it was necessary for us to crawl.

The boat rolled so now that it was only possible to retain our seat by holding to the posts at our sides while we braced our feet firmly on the opposite side of the passage. Truly an awful grandeur is manifest in a storm at sea, far beyond the power of pen to portray. And, time after time, as the little boat sank so low down in the "trough of the sea" that the mountains on the coast were lost to view, or the mighty billows impinged her beam with such force that she seemed bent on turning bottom upward, the mind instinctively turned to the benefit derivable from a complete trust in one who has charge of the sparrows. Let infidels boast of their freedom and tell of our superstition, but the "anchor to the soul," in such times as this, is alone worthy the price paid, even should their theories—to which, however, they are as much enslaved as we to ours—prove true. The so-called religion that binds the soul with the fetters of superstition, bigotry, and intolerance, cannot be eradicated any too soon, however. Let free thinkers but assist in this and they will do a good work; providing the weapons used be reason and not force.

NEARER HEAVEN.

"A hand tapped at my door low down, low down;
I opened it and saw two eyes of brown,
Two lips of cherry red,
A little curly head,
A sunny, fairy sprite, dressed in white,
Who said, with lifted face, 'Papa, good-night!'

"She climbed upon my knee, and kneeling there,
Lisped softly, solemnly her little prayer;
Her meeting finger tips,
Her pure, sweet, baby lips,
Carried my soul with hers, half unaware,
Into some clearer and diviner air,

"I tried to lift again, but all in vain,
Of scientific thought the subtile chain:
So small, so small,
My learning all;
Though I could call each star and tell its place,
My child's 'Our Father' bridged the gulf of space.

"I sat with folded hands at rest, at rest,
Turning this solemn thought within my breast;
How faith would fade
If God had made
No children in this world—no baby age—
Only the prudent man or thoughtful sage.

"Only the woman wise, no little arms
To clasp around our neck; no baby charms,
No loving care,
No sinless prayer,
No thrill of lisping song, no pattering feet,
No infant heart against our heart to beat.

"Then if a tiny hand, low down,
Tap at thy heart or door, ah! do not frown;
Bend low to meet
The little feet,
To clasp the clinging hand; the child will be
Nearer heaven than thee—nearer than thee."

—Selected.

BOOKS AND ASSOCIATES.

BY SISTER EFFIE.

ONCE I was spending an afternoon with a lady friend, and, in a quiet way, received a lesson which I shall always remember.

This lady had a daughter about my own age, whom I had never had the pleasure of meeting, as she was away at school most of the time, and after graduating spent several months with an uncle who lived in an eastern city.

This afternoon Mrs. B—— was speaking to me of her daughter, and she expressed a wish that Jennie and I might meet and be friends. Presently she said:—

"I have some work that I must do and I'm going to take you to Jennie's room and

let you entertain yourself for half an hour. I think you will know my daughter better after you have visited her room."

So saying she opened the door of an adjoining room and I caught a glimpse of an inviting place. It was "just as Jennie left it," her mother explained before leaving me.

There was nothing elegant about the room, but everything suggested to the mind a person of refinement, a sweet, womanly taste and thoughtfulness. The carpet was of a pretty shade of blue, and the figure in it reminded one of autumn leaves which had been blown there by a passing breeze. The paper on the wall and the curtains had a touch of the same shade of blue. The drapery, pictures, and bric-a-brac were not of an expensive kind but were arranged about the room so tastily that even an artist's eye could have found something pleasing to the sight. In the center of the room was a little table on which was some good reading material, among the same a copy of the Bible which showed that it had been used. A workbasket was there too, and it contained needles, thread, thimble, scissors, and a unique pin ball.

In one corner of the room I noticed something that attracted my attention; and taking a little rocking-chair with me I went to examine the same. Pulling aside the china silk curtain I found to my pleasure a small but well selected library. These books had not been chosen for their covers as I once heard a shallow-minded woman remark that she didn't care "what kind of books she had, so the bindings harmonized and helped to make her large bookcase look elegant and stylish." There were hardly three books in the same binding in Jennie's case; some were small, others large volumes, some partly worn, and a few were real new books. I noticed a copy of Ben Hur, the poems of Scott, Longfellow, Pope, Shakespeare, and others, a history of Greece and Rome, the life of Washington, Travels in America, Dicken's Child's History of England; Holland's Kathrina and Bitter Sweet, some of Lord Lytton's works. In all there was not *one* copy that any thoughtful, refined person would not like to read and would be benefited thereby.

As I looked them over carefully I felt more and more interested in their possessor; for they, in their quiet way, were giving me an introduction to the character of the absent young lady. The saying, "A person is known by the company he keeps," is not always true; for often uncongenial company is forced upon us. A person is known by the *books* he keeps is more truthful; for we can easily dispose of trashy literature. There is no reason why we should keep a book that will not benefit us, but in this world, where we all have our influence, we should not consider ourselves *too select* to associate with many with whom we come in contact in our everyday life.

"No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

If we have the love of God in our hearts his Spirit will direct us where to walk, with whom to associate, and will help us to detect this or that good quality in those we meet. And often a pleasant word, a smile, a kind act, or some little attention is the very thing needed to determine the course this man, woman, or child decides to take.

There are people, of course, with whom we should not associate, but it is the duty of every Latter Day Saint to make his or her acquaintances better. We can and should help our associates to become better, but who ever heard of a dime novel growing better by keeping it. Such and much of the reading matter that is published to-day should not be given house-room. It furnishes excellent kindling for a fire, and should be put to that use without delay. Life is too short, and there are too many good books of which we can only read a very few, even when we make use of every opportunity for self-improvement, to be willing to spend our time and money on unprofitable literture.

The same may be said of musical compositions. The young lady who is willing to allow a copy of Annie Roony, McGuinty, or pieces of that character to rest on her piano takes chances of being severely criticized. It is evident she has never had a real glimpse into the musical world; her musical taste is not cultivated, and she does not realize that true "music hath charms to sooth the savage breast;" that the compositions of the real artist are refining and have their influence.

I became so interested in Jennie's books

and sheet music, the latter was carefully put away on the lower shelf of her case, that I did not realize the half hour had passsed until Mrs. B—— stood by my side with a pleased look on her face. I said to her:—

"Jennie's room and its contents have introduced to me a pure-minded young lady, refined and intelligent, and I wish very much to meet your daughter."

Some months later I had the pleasure of meeting the young lady, and I found her to be all that I had anticipated.

If these few lines will suggest a good thought to any reader of *Autumn Leaves* my desire has been accomplished.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

CHAPTER VII.

O fortunate, O happy day,
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth,
Like a new star just sprung to birth,
And rolled on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space!

—*Longfellow.*

"If a man is thoroughly Christian, the nerve that runs from his brain to his wallet will be just as much Christianized as the one that runs from his brain to his tongue."

I REMEMBER going along the main road leading to the little chapel on the evening of my eighteenth birthday, thinking of my own weakness and unworthiness, and wondering if I would ever reach the standard of piety that was my ideal. Taking off my hat I consecrated myself anew to God for life, and asked faith and courage to abide in righteousness.

About that time the presiding minister notified me that by action of the quarterly board my name had been placed on the preachers' plan, and I would be expected to fill the appointments indicated by the figure attached to my name thereon. When the plans were printed and a copy reached me, I found several appointments thus arranged for; and, accepting the honor, I prepared myself to fill them, believing it to be a duty divinely imposed. This was my "call" to the ministry. From that time till my twenty-third year I continued as a local preacher, with varying success. I was also made a Sabbath school teacher, afterwards assistant superintendent; then a class-leader and society steward, and continued to hold these offices until my resignation was tendered the church in 1876.

After being out on a strike with the printers for about two weeks, I was approached by my stepfather who was then publishing a weekly paper and conducting a job printing office. He offered me all that was demanded by me as a striker, and a fair salary, to take charge of his business. I accepted, and continued with him for about two years or more, except at intervals when we disagreed and I refused to work for him. He was a man with enterprise sufficient to push a very large business, but had not moral ballast enough to steady or maintain a very small one.

His knowledge of printing was limited to the duties of a newspaper compositor; job printing and machinery were out of his practical range, but by no means beyond the realm of his conceit. Nothing was too formidable for him to undertake, but anything was too heavy for him to carry if it involved moral responsibility. As a stepson I was expected to take a deeper interest in his business than a stranger would; and at the same time be willing to go without my wages oftener, and to do it without complaint. His irregularity, and his unreasonable exactions, frequently exhausted my reserve-store of piety; and with temper at white heat I would manifest my indignation; and, if it did not effect anything, I would leave his emoloyment and go elsewhere. This occurred several times; but in each instance the trouble was followed by a reconciliation, and by his promise of larger wages, prompt payments, and better treatment, till the culmination hereafter referred to was reached, and our business relations terminated for a long time.

Meanwhile my work on Sundays and week evenings, as local preacher, etc., was continued, and a little matter of a more private or personal character was also being developed.

John Parker and his wife Elizabeth, the former a Scotchman and the latter a

Lower Canadian, lived close by our cottage-chapel, with their six children. By some appointment of heaven, or fortunate happening of earth, (or, as I now believe, both,) my attention was specially drawn to their second daughter, Janet; and the attraction proved to be mutual. We were but children when we met; she was but fourteen and the writer not seventeen. As such, however, our inclination for each other's society was sufficiently strong to bring us often together, till friendship, with passing years, ripened into that kind of affection which made us believe that we were destined for each other; and led us to conclude that in time our lives would run together. Her parents were members of the little Methodist Church; and, through the writer's influence, she was finally led to an acceptance of the religion we all then believed to be right. Our companionship was favored by her parents, and we were happy as little turtle doves.

Some time after, or about the year 1871, John Parker and wife moved to London, Ontario, taking with them the four younger children, and leaving the two older daughters behind to board with their grandparents. This latter arrangement was made to allow them to continue at their employment in a shop that was quite close to our chapel. Of course this was quite satisfactory to the writer, and not at all objectionable to at least one of the girls. Grandfather and grandmother lived next door to the chapel, and everything was as convenient as if some good spirit had ordained it specially for our benefit. The old lady, with knitting in her hands and spectacles low down on her nose, would generally seat herself directly opposite our familiar corner in the cottage, and over the bows of her glasses would cast frequent glances at the "innocents at home," doubtless enjoying our reproduction of the scenes in which she had participated in "ye olden tyme." Her cheery remarks and pleasant smiles indicated as much, and we rather prided ourselves in our success at double service, considering our own joy first, but feeling delighted over the measure also furnished to her. But, as my writing is not designed for a modern love story, I must brush aside, for the reader's sake, this soft-colored picture, and proceed with the main recital.

My career as a Methodist preacher was not without occasional evidences of strange and, to me, divine supervision. In company with a fellow preacher, William Matthews, I went in a buggy once to fill some appointments, twenty miles west of the city. After performing the required service, to our mutual happiness, we were returning at night, chatting pleasantly together. It was very dark, and the rattle of the buggy drowned all other sounds. A high bank ran along the left side of the road, and by it all objects were hidden from us, even though they might be sufficiently luminous to overcome the darkness. Suddenly, and without any reason that I have ever been able to assign, an impulse seized me to draw on the rein and stop the horse, which was going at quite a rapid gait. Hardly had the animal been checked before there dashed from behind the bank at our left a locomotive and freight train, and not more than ten feet ahead of us it crossed our path directly; nor did the whistle sound till the train had run its full length beyond our road.

The sudden flash of the headlight in the face of the horse caused her to plunge and rear for a moment until we succeeded in turning and letting her go in the opposite direction for a few hundred yards. After recovering from the shock thus produced, we turned and hastened along as before. After a few moments Bro. Matthews asked me why I had so suddenly stopped the horse. I was unable to answer him; for I had heard no sound and seen no reflection. After a moment's thought he said:—

"Evidently, Bro. Luff, we have a work yet to do; for which God has remarkably preserved us. I hope we may find it out, and be faithful in doing it."

To this I responded with an amen that would have attested my Methodism anywhere. Whether there was anything special about it or not, I am unable to affirm; but that there was cause for gratitude I know, and I freely offer it to Him who at least permitted it to so occur.

The degree of success attending my labors as a local preacher, and the calls for a more frequent appearance of my name on the forthcoming plans (which were issued quarterly) led the minister in charge to urgently press me to give my life entirely to ministerial work. He

spoke flatteringly of my ability, and seriously of my call, as evidenced by my success; and, after many months of persuasion, he almost led me to believe that perhaps I ought to drop everything else and become an itinerant minister.

The law of the church required that young men who entered the regular ministry should remain four years on probation, during which time they were required to go through a course of graded studies; and they only received a very small allowance or salary. This salary was not more than sufficient to barely provide necessary books and clothing. Of course this made it impracticable for a man to marry; and it formed a barrier against the reception of married men. If, at the end of his probation, he passed the examination prescribed he was ordained and his salary increased. There was, I believe, a fixed minimum limit to this; but the maximum was to be reached and determined by the market value of the man's attractiveness as a preacher, and the ability and willingness of his church, or circuit, to pay him. In other words, he received above the stipulated allowance, whatever he could command by virtue of his talents.

While I was willing to take all chances, and to make the necessary sacrifices in this matter, one thing troubled me,—Did God want me to do it; was I called to that ministry? This question puzzled me. The minister and other earnest advisers reasoned with me that my success proved my call. I replied that if such was the case then the *measure* of a man's success must prove the genuineness of his call, and the acceptability of his doctrine. I knew that a certain Baptist minister near there had made more converts than any of our ministers; that a certain evangelist had secured still more; and, beyond all, a noted infidel in that city had outstripped every minister, and had taken followers from all our societies. If success was the criterion, then the Baptist had a surer call than our minister; and, if so, the doctrine of his church was more acceptable to God. The evangelist was still ahead of him, and the infidel was leading all; so, with only the "success" idea to measure by, I had to seriously consider whether or not our "holy religion" was not at a discount in the estimation of God.

Just at this time a circumstance occurred one evening which made further worry on the above score needless. My stepfather, in one of his fits of ungovernable passion, rushed at my youngest sister (then a mere child), and was about to punish her severely and unreasonably for some trifling offense. Hearing him advance towards her, after some boisterous threatening, I rushed down stairs and instantly stood in his way, with a threatening gesture. This unexpected interference heightened his wrath, and he turned his attention to me, uttering a most unworthy threat. I posed for war, my temper at boiling point, and determined to finally settle all claims against him for what I considered his many acts of tyranny and abuse, both to me and to my younger sisters, as well as concerning his unfair treatment in business. My religion was forgotten; I was arrayed for revenge, and he saw it. He knew me too well to risk very much, and I would not have trusted him within the limit of his power. Just as we struck at each other, my mother,—poor mother,—rushed between us and fainted. Perhaps it was providential; for it suddenly checked our movements, and I turned my attention to bringing her back to consciousness. By the time this was accomplished my temper had subsided and I felt ashamed, though I tried to justify myself. Poor mother, she was in a dilemma. He was her husband,—I was her son. She knew that a stage had been reached in our relations where she could no longer feel safe as to our conduct towards each other, either in her presence or absence; and her heart was broken. I saw it, and hated him the worse for it. Perhaps he felt so toward me also.

Leaving the house I walked out to the little chapel neighborhood a couple or more miles away, thinking and wondering, and disgusted with myself. I had fallen below the standard of manhood I had erected; I had violated my covenant as a Christian; I had been a party to a transaction that had added a pang to the heart of the mother I most tenderly loved. I stood before the bar of my conscience condemned and disgraced. Reason as I might that my stepfather was wrong and cruelly wrong; and pile up as I could, a long list of unjust acts upon his part; and knowing as I did that my

mother was totally ignorant of much concerning him that was only too well known to me; still I was wrong—wrong—wrong, and could not escape the conviction. I had dishonored my religion; and for a time I seemed to literally abhor myself. My heart was bitterness itself. The mixed feelings of revenge, self-justification, remorse, and disgrace, were indescribable. However, before reaching the end of my journey, I had determined to either leave at once for California, to join my uncle Ben there, or to settle down in a home of my own. I could not consent to longer remain at home while my stepfather was there; and the only question was what change to make for the best.

Upon meeting the one who might be affected by whatever change occurred, I related to her the entire story concerning the collision, the bitterness I felt, and the resolution I had made, leaving her to decide the matter within the coming week as to whether I should leave for the West or we should marry and make a home of our own. Only one question was seriously to be considered: We were young; she had not long entered her eighteenth year and I was but twenty; I had a trade, however, and she understood housekeeping, having been employed in that line for some time prior to beginning the more profitable work she was now engaged in.

Having thus submitted the matter to her I returned home and spent the night in anything but a restful or pleasant state of mind. There was a severe struggle going on, but by the morning I had conquered my resentfulness; and, going down to the office, I determined to make amends, as far as possible, for my part of the wrong, whether my cause was just or not. I knew my *methods* were wrong. I now think that it was the biggest victory I had at that time ever achieved over self. I waited till the arrival of my stepfather, entered his private office, and there confessed to him frankly that I was ashamed of myself, my acts had been unchristian; and I was sorry indeed. My purpose was to redeem my religion and manhood from the disgrace to which I had subjected them. But if I had aimed the effort directly towards crushing and humiliating him, I could not have succeeded more completely. Astonished beyond measure, he looked and listened; then stretched forth his hand and shook mine warmly. He took all the blame on himself, but explained and apologized, and uttered many regrets, and promised better treatment in the future. He expressed his admiration of me and my action in coming to him, and he paid a tribute to the religion that could so work in a man of my disposition.

All this was in excess of my anticipation; and though my knowledge of the man allowed me to repose but little confidence in the permanency of his good feeling and conduct, yet somehow I felt that my duty was done. I wanted, however, to leave home while the good feeling lasted. Upon telling mother what I had done her tender heart melted at the recital. Undoubtedly she knew something of the nature of the struggle I must have had before humbling myself under such conditions. The expression of gladness that lit up her dear face, and the tears of joy that fell from her eyes, voiced to me in distinct articulation the relief she found in the new hope thus begotten. I was thus more than rewarded; but I was afraid to trust myself very far in the old direction.

These incidents may be of but trifling interest to the reader, and are only mentioned here, because, painful as they appear, and discreditable to the writer as some of them undoubtedly were, they seem, as I now look back upon them, to have been operative causes tending to certain results, which, if not appointed, were certainly overruled by Providence as a means to a desirable end.

After a week had passed, and the use of some little persuasion on my part, Miss Parker concluded that I had better not go to California; so we agreed upon a date, three months ahead, when we should become one. Accordingly, after obtaining the parental consent, we made preparations. The time passed gloriously on until May 23rd, 1873, when together we went to London, Ontario, and on the following day, at the residence of her parents, and in the presence of all the family, celebrated the birthday of Queen Victoria by getting married, Rev. W. S. Hughon, of the Methodist Church officiating. Having furnished and left a home ready for occupancy, we returned in a few days to Toronto, and began life under our own rooftree.

This occasion of so much joy to us was

one of regret to the presiding minister; for it spoiled all his calculations concerning my entering the regular ministry. No married men need apply; so I continued as a local preacher. Trivial as this occurrence may appear to some, as they read, it appears before my mind as an important link in the chain of providential circumstances which held me for a day then future, and for a service then unknown to me. Had I entered the regular itinerancy at that time, it is impossible to tell whither the influences of that kind of life would have led me; what prejudices its associations would have strengthened within me, and how far my will would have been steeled against the golden truth of after revealment. It is not for me to divine whether I should ever have become obedient to the gospel of the Son of God when it finally came to me, or not. All I really know is that it closed the door referred to against me, for which I now thank God. It will be seen later on that certain spiritual good came in consequence of it; by which my career as a Latter Day Saint was the more easily commenced.

Our new home life was started by a consecration of ourselves and interests to Christ. We believed the hand of our heavenly Father had brought us together; and, though such a law as tithing was not heard of in the church, we gathered knowledge concerning it from the Bible, and had placed in a secluded part of our home a box which we called the Lord's box, and so labeled it. Into this we regularly put one tenth of my weekly earnings, to be used for church purposes alone; and when its contents were found insufficient, we added thereto; but the tenth was held sacred for that purpose. I have since wondered why this was done; for there was not another member of the church who believed in, or practiced it, that we were aware of. Was this also a work of preparation?

(To be continued.)

TWO PILGRIMS.

Two pilgrims came to the castle gate,
A gate locked fast and barred;
They paused a-weary, for it was late,
And the journey had been hard.

Two pilgrims, I say, yet all unlike,
For one with haughty mien
And kingly step paced up and down
The little strip of green—

The green that bordered the castle gate,
The other, meek and sweet,
Leaned by a pillar, resting thus
His tired and wounded feet.

His bright eyes wandered o'er the plains
He strove so hard to win:
"And am I worthy," he murmured low,
"Worthy to enter in?"

The Warder came to the castle gate,
The gate locked fast and barred;
His glance searching keenly the pilgrims thro',
And his voice was cold and hard:

"None but the rich can enter here."
A struggling, hopeless sigh,
And he that lay by the castle gate,
Sank down as if to die.

"Here, Warder, is gold," and the gold poured out
And rolled on the strip of grass:
"Nothing is lacking; unbar the gate,
Unlock it, and let me pass."

The Warder stood on the other side,
With measured speech and cold:
"I spake of riches, yet said I
Nothing to thee of gold."

Then he who lay on the strip of grass
As one lies who is dead,
Felt the pulse of his heart revive,
And he raised his languid head.

Lo, the Warder was hard no more,
His eye had the look of a dove.
"Thou must be rich, but the coin," he said,
"In my master's realm is Love."

Then he that paced with a kingly step
On the little strip of green,
Gathered his gold, and went away,
And never more was seen.

And the gates flew open so wide and far,
That a troop might freely pass,
To him that lay with his wealth of love
Fainting upon the grass.

—Christian Union.

MEMORIES OF OTHER DAYS.

BY LAMONI.

THIS title crowds so many incidents, both haps and mishaps, upon my mind that I hardly know where to begin. They are like a drift of many years accumulation that comes down the Mississippi River in time of an overflow. However, I will try to untangle this mess of incidents, or a portion of them, to the mind of the reader.

My home for the last ten months has been at San Antonio, Texas; and at different times when brethren have come from a distance, or my children have visited me, we have, out of curiosity, been induced to traverse the city from north to south, and from east to west, admiring the architecture of the buildings, both ancient and modern. This city now covers an area of about thirty-six square miles, and it claims a population of about forty-five thousand. It was founded in the year 1692.

Some four miles from the center of the city our attention is called to the ruins of an ancient Spanish mission house, named Conception. This was founded a few years later, for the purpose of converting the wild tribes of Indians to the Roman Catholic faith. With wonder and astonishment we gaze upon the beautiful carvings of those ancient walls, and are lost in admiration of their beauty. We are told that this Mission was over fifty years in building, and that one Spaniard spent nearly his entire life in designing the work. Here, under those crumbling walls, are a number of modern graves. As, with some fear and mistrust, we pass under the heavy arches, we discover that over a portion of the falling walls are already growing trees of some eight inches in diameter. These have grown since the walls fell; and looking up to the cupola we discover cactus of considerable size growing on its top.

Some two miles up the river, in the direction of the city, we reach the San Jose Mission, which is not much less attractive than the one we have just left.

Going from these Missions we come near the center of the great city and stop in front of the Alamo. Passing in we meet a very pleasant old gentleman, who, with great politeness and care, shows us through the various departments. With a great deal of assurance he tells us what they were all planned and used for in ancient times.

This spot is celebrated for its repeated baptisms in blood, and this building has stood the storms of one hundred and fifty years, and it was taken and retaken fifty-six times. Here we are shown the very spot where Colonel Crockett, Austin, and Travis died, and where expired many other men, whose names are sacred in the memory of the early settlers of Texas. The room in which Mrs. Decerson lay with her child during the massacre of 1836 is also shown, and the window through which the only survivor of the massacre made his escape.

When our minds turn back beyond the time we first saw the light of this world, yes, back over two hundred years to the day when the Spaniards first settled this country, imagination pictures them filled with all the bright prospects of a long and happy life. Buffalo, deer, antelopes, bears, turkeys, and other wild game, were in abundance. Also there were many other advantages in the new country, and it all belonged to them, without anyone to dispute their right. But, later, when they made a failure in converting the wild tribes, and these began to harrass them by day and night, they gave way under hardships, and all their hopes and aspirations were blasted. Then the prairies were strewen with graves, while many more were left for the coyote and the vulture to feed upon. If any made their escape to other countries they suffered more than death. Truly the preacher was right when he exclaimed, "All is vanity." Thus, when we trace the history of any people, whenever and wherever they are found, whose entire aim has been only for the happines of this life, we find that they have withered like the grass, and have died, perhaps without a hope.

On our way home (in the southern part of the town) we come to the front of a large water mill, propelled by the current of the San Antonio River. Here we are reminded of the title of this article; for we distinctly remember a party of Latter-

Day Saints, who, sometime in 1847 or 1848, erected a mill on this very spot. But perhaps not a wheel or a plank that is now in this mill was there forty-four years ago. Be this as it may, while we stand upon this spot we have a happy remembrance of several who put their hands to the work of erecting the first mill here. We will only say that they were of a party of some fifty families who left Nauvoo, Illionois, in the memorable year 1844. They spent the first winter in Wisconsin, and in the spring of 1845 started for Texas, with ox teams as the only means of transportation. The men traveled on foot the entire distance to Austin, and all arrived there in safety. So full of the spirit of this latter day work were they, and so confident that the gospel had been restored in its fullness, that they were willing to undergo any fatigue, or any privation of the necessaries of life, in order to fulfil or obey the mandates of the Spirit.

We have neither time nor space to give all the history of this people in their meanderings; but they are remembered in several counties in Western Texas; and wherever an old settler is found who was acquainted with them, their industry and integrity is spoken of in the highest terms. They are yet remembered in Travis, Gillespie, Burnett, Llano, Bandera, and in several other counties.

One of their peculiarities was that they were very zealous in their religious views. So desirous were they of living by every word that they endorsed the principle of all things common, as found in Acts 2:44, 45; also in Book of Mormon, Nephi 12: 2, page 471. They believed that the coming forth of the Book of Mormon was the literal fulfillment of the twenty-ninth chapter of Isiah, and that the angel had brought the everlasting gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth. They believed that the little stone had been cut out of the mountain and had started to roll, and that it never would entirely stop until it filled the whole earth. And they looked with wonder and regret upon the condition of the church at large, that so soon grievous wolves had entered in and not spared the flock. Yet they so firmly believed in and relied upon the word of God that they looked forward, with full confidence and firm belief, that the time would come when the work would revive and not go entirely down. But this little band was not without its own trials. It was only a matter of time, and there were plenty of tares. But this did not discourage them; for the Savior had shown, by his parable of the harvest, that the wheat and the tares should grow together until the harvest time.

We will leave this people for a while, and also leave the great city of San Antonio, and in company with Bro. A. B. Moore, proceed in search of the loved ones of the fold of Christ, and the honest in heart in Bandera county. Starting late in the afternoon of January 5th, 1892, we traveled by wagon. As I was both conductor and engineer I had entire control of the train, and we could stop and start when and where we chose. The weather was quite cool and we had our bed and board with us. About sundown we were thirteen miles from the city, and there being a good supply of wood by the roadside we stopped for the night. The next morning after a reasonable night's rest and refreshment, Bro. Moore walked on while I was hitching up. After he had gone a large wolf came very close and disputed my right to the camp. However it happened that we had a large shotgun in the wagon and I went to pull it out; but the wolf took the hint and trotted away. We traveled about twenty-five miles that day, and that night enjoyed the hospitality of Brother and Sister J. A. Currie. The next day as we traveled on towards Brother Robert Chipman's, our conversation was concerning this little band of Latter Day Saints of whom we have been writing.

Some ten miles south of Brother Chipman's, on the bank of the Medina River, are the remains of a once prosperous and happy town, reared by this industrious people. After enjoying the hospitality of this warm-hearted family, we started in search of the above place. After two and a half hours drive we came to what is now known as "Mormon Valley," but in early times by the name of "Mountain Valley." Driving to the southeast corner of the deserted town, we fed our team on the spot where the workshop had stood. Then we went along the line where buildings had once fronted on the river. Here we found the remains of nine chimneys and about fifteen yards

back a parallel line of an equal number. Still farther in the background we found an old well, one chimney, and the upright shaft and long pole by which the horses had propelled the mill and chair factory; and further on we found two graves, Sr. Montager's and one smaller one. Here the memory of other days came thick and fast, as we gazed and thought. The old field has become a forest of trees also the once beautifully laid out and cultivated gardens are covered with small timber, of from four to six inches in diameter. We rested and prepared our dinner in the old fireplace by which my father and mother had sat and warmed themselves thirty-five years ago.

Here, on this, to me, sacred spot, over thirty years ago I promised to love, cherish, and protect during life, the one who stepped between me and my father, mother, and all other earthly friends. Here our firstborn first saw the light of this world. Here our hopes and aspirations rose higher and higher after the good things of this world. Nothing but peace and joy seemed to be our lot; but this did not continue always. In a few years we left this place, and for the last thirty years it has not been inhabited, but cattle and wild animals have made their haunts here.

Soon after the breaking up of this settlement Lyman Wight, the center post of this community, departed this life. His death occurred amid the lamentations of this people, who in tears and grief surrounded his deathbed; and those who yet survive cherish his memory. But he, like all other men who have striven to live righteous lives, did not attain to perfection. Let us cherish with fond memory his virtues; and with the broad mantle of Christian Charity cover his foibles, whatever they may have been. Many of the people he associated with and ministered to afterwards cast their lot with the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ. Some yet live, and some have gone to try the realities of another world.

Many incidents connected with this people and with the writer have, of necessity, been left out; and as for the fragments here given of the memories of other days, we will only say the trials and struggles which come to most of those who set out to seek after the good things of this life came to us also; and such were not a few. We were repeatedly reminded of the words of the preacher, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." At last, we chose the better part; and we know that if we are faithful it will not be taken away from us. Yes, the dear companion, who has shared the struggles of life with me, and our three daughters, are by my side in the great work which God has said will never be thrown down. May he also bless my boys and bring them, with their families, into the kingdom. Neither do my desires end here; my heart goes out after all the honest, who are scattered throughout the world.

Finally, let us remember the promise that, "The meek shall inherit the earth," and ask ourselves if there is anything in this evil world that we should desire to inherit that earth? And when we look around us we do not see much in this promise, yet it is one of the grandest and the most to be sought after of all the promises of our beloved Savior. And when we examine the Word of God and there find that this earth is to be cleansed from all its filth and wickedness, and that Jesus is to reign upon a purified earth and over a purified people, we can then see something in this promise. We can plainly see the beauty and sublimity of Christ's prayer when he said, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." This, and what he taught his disciples to pray for, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," with many other sayings, clearly shows that the thoughts of the Savior were upon that sublime scene that is to take place when he shall return. (See 1 Thess. 4 : 13–18.) While on the Isle of Patmos John saw that he who should overcome, should inherit all things. Thus we can see the beauties and the grandeur of this one of the Savior's promises. This promise leads us on and on until we behold the things which pertain to eternal life; and we are filled with admiration of the happiness that is in store for those who shall fight the good fight of faith and shall receive the welcome plaudit, "Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." All the pleasure that can be obtained in seeking after the bread that perisheth is lost in the shades of oblivion.

Then, dear reader, do you wonder that

I have turned my back upon everything else, and that I am striving to follow in the footsteps of the meek and lowly Jesus, and that I am striving to keep constantly in view the light that he left burning; for it is a sure guide to eternal life. Yours in hope of the joys that await the meek.

THE ALHAMBRA.

THE Alhambra has often been written of, and its beauties described; but it remained for Washington Irving to throw around it the witchery of romance, and to invest it with a fascination that no other traveler has ever done. He enjoyed a peculiar privilege in being permitted by the Governor of the Alhambra to occupy his vacant apartments, where he remained several months, "transported," as he said, "into other times and another realm."

The Alhambra is an ancient fortified palace of the Moorish kings of Granada. It is situated on the crest of a hill, and overlooks the city of Granada. It was founded by Mahamad Aben Alahmar, who was born in Argona in 1195. In 1238 he was proclaimed king, and proved a great benefactor to his people. About the middle of the thirteenth century he commenced to build the palace of the Alhambra, directing the workmen himself, and showing the deepest interest in their labors. He laid out a charming garden, and stocked it with rare plants and flowers. He died in his seventieth year, was embalmed, and buried in a silver coffin in the midst of the beauties he had called into being, a splendid marble tomb marking the spot where the founder of the Alhambra lay interred.

Jusef Abul Hagias succeeded him, and completed the work that Aben Alahmar commenced. He put up the Gate of Justice, built the Alcazar, or citadel of Malaga, and adorned many of the courts. He was killed in the mosque of the Alhambra by a maniac, and was buried in a superb marble sepulcher.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of the Alhambra in the early days of its magnificence. There were courts paved with white marble, pools filled with goldfish, and bordered by a hedge of roses, fountains sparkling in the sun, the cool water issuing from marble basins, and walls and ceilings shining in the beauty of colored mosaics. White marble pillars supported arcades of filigree work, and the escutcheons of the Moorish kings were emblazoned in gold and colors all over the walls.

Time, the spoiler, has not spared the Alhambra, yet much of its former glory remains. The painter Regnault took up his residence in Granada to study the beauties of this wonderful palace, and day by day he wandered through its brilliant courts and spacious halls, yielding to the fascinations which had once enthralled Washington Irving.

The Hall of the Two Sisters, so called from two large marble slabs in the center of the floor, is supposed to have formed a portion of the private apartments of the kings. It is composed of a charming suite of rooms, elegantly adorned. The lower part of the walls is covered with Moorish tiles and the escutcheons of the kings; while the upper part is ornamented with arabesques, relievos, and gilded panels, inlaid with lapis lazuli. It has been said that these walls are like pages of illuminated missals. The tiles resemble, in color and luster, the Raphael ware.

The Hall of the Ambassadors has a high vaulted ceiling of cedar wood; the walls are richly decorated with stucco work and gilded arabesque. In the Court of Lions there is a fountain springing from an alabaster basin, a flower garden is laid out there, and the dome is supported by delicate white marble pillars. There are three saloons called the Hall of Justice, the ceilings of which are adorned with frescoes painted on vellum.

It would be impossible for words to convey an adequate idea of the interior decorations of the Alhambra. Mr. Owen Jones' splendid work, which is in the New York Society Library of this city, contains over one hundred engravings, sixty of which are in gold colors, showing the decorations of the Alhambra. From this an admirable idea is gained of

the beautiful Moorish tiles, the graceful and symmetrical white marble pillars, the delicately carved arcades, and all the flashing and dazzling beauty of this renowned Moorish palace.

The view from its terraced roof is charming. Lovely gardens, as beautiful as those of "good Haroun Alraschid," "daze the vision" with their sparkling fountains, orange groves and bright roses; vineyards, round towers, cathedrals and palaces, mountains and smiling valleys greet the eyes, while in the distance glisten the snowy heights of the Sierra Nevada.

—Demorest Magazine.

WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN PROVIDED FOR.

"Good wife, what are you singing for? you
know we've lost the hay;
And what we'll do with horse and kye, is more
than I can say;
While, like as not, with storm and rain, we'll
lose both corn and wheat"
She looked up with a pleasant face, and answered low and sweet:
"There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but
cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall
always be."

He turned around with sudden gloom. She
said: "Love be at rest;
You cut the grass, worked soon and late, you
did your very best,
That was your work; you've naught at all to
do with wind and rain,
And do not doubt but you will reap rich fields
of golden grain;
For there's a Heart and there's a Hand, we
feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall
always be."

"That's like a woman's reasoning; we must
because we must."
She softly said: "I reason not; I only work and
trust.
The harvest may redeem the hay, keep heart,
whate'er betide;
When one door shuts, I've always seen another open wide.
There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but
cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall
always be."

He kissed the calm and trustful face: gone
was his restless pain.
She heard him with a cheerful step go whistling down the lane.
And went about her household tasks full of a
glad content,
Singing to time her busy hands, as to and fro
she went:
"There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel,
but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall
always be."

Days come and go, 'twas Christmas-tide, and
the great fire burned clear,
The farmer said: "Dear wife, it's been a good
and happy year:
The fruit was gain, the surplus corn has bought
the hay, you know."
She lifted then a smiling face, and said: "I told
you so,
For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand, we
feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall
always be."

—Exchange.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.

DICKENS never wrote a more touching and beautiful tribute to a dead child than the following from the pen of Gray Davidson, in the Carthage (Illinois) *Republican*, referring to the recent death of little Otie Berry, of that city:—

A few taps of the bell that had so often called her to the Sunday school, the subdued voices of friends, the pitiful look of sadness on the faces of the children who loved her. Otie Berry was dead. The dark angel had come this way like a shadow that sometimes, on a summer's day of sunshine, falls athwart the fields of flowers and ripened grain alike. From the beautiful garden of childhood the reaper has gleaned one of the choicest, brightest flowers. A few days of suffering, 'midst which the aching hearts of loved ones hung trembling on that thread of life; hours of fever and delirium through which possibly floated dreams of love for parents and friends, for her home, and for the music, books, and flowers that she loved so well. Then the thread snapped. The gentle child spirit flew to the bosom of the Savior who so loved to shelter these little ones

in his arms. Thus ended a summer's journey on earth. A little sojourn in childhood's summerland where sin and the shadow of sorrow durst hardly enter. Little feet grew weary, the little head is tired, and so from the music and books and toys of earth this dear child has entered that Great Conservatory, where children, and angels, and redeemed, clothed in the raiment of everlasting life, join the grand oratorio of eternal joy. . . . The little children came with flowers until the darkened home was a bower of exotics. The sleeping child, clothed in her birthday dress of white, clasped the favorite roses in her hands. There were tears over that little casket; there were whispers of a name so dear. But the child was asleep.

Asleep! We do not call our loved one dead.
Her eyes are closed. The weary head
Is resting now.
From that fair brow
The light of Heaven is shed
She is not dead. She is not dead.
Why do ye weep?
She is asleep.

REASONS FOR BELIEVING THERE IS A GOD.—No. 2.

BY EDWIN STAFFORD.

IF God gave to man (the dust of the earth) his spirit, he must have done it at the time he created man out of that dust, when it was said, "He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." For we have seen that the body without the spirit is dead; consequently if he became a living soul his spirit must have been within him. We read in Zechariah twelfth chapter that at that time the Lord "formed the spirit of man within him." From the foregoing we conclude that man must be of a dual nature. If, at the death of the body, the spirit returns to God who gave it, it must have existed with God before it came to the earth and took possession of the body; for it could not return to a place where it had never been.

It is recorded in Holy Writ that Christ is "the bright and morning star." This being the case he must have been the chief one among those "morning stars," those that the Lord, in conversing with Job, spoke of, that sang together, when all the sons of God shouted for joy, at the time when the foundations of the earth were laid. (Job 38:7.) If one morning star could come to earth and take upon him a body, another could; indeed all of them could. The fact that they could sing together, and all the sons of God shout for joy, shows that they had a conscious existence; and that these sons of the Lord were the children of God needs no proving. Paul, whose mind must have been dwelling on this matter, says:—

"Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he [Christ] also himself, took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them, who through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage."—Heb. 2:14, 15.

It is plainly stated that Jeremiah existed before he came in the flesh, "Before I [God] formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and ordained thee a prophet unto the nations."—Jer. 1:5. Remarks on this scripture are unnecessary. Moses calls God "the God of the spirits of all flesh," and Paul calls him "the Father of spirits." From these scriptures we deduce the following: That God was the Father of all flesh; that when he laid the foundation of the earth, the corner stone thereof, the children sang, and shouted for joy at the prospect before them of a probation that should fit them for a greater glory, when the probation should be over, even to dwell upon the earth when it is celestialized, when the tabernacle of God will be with men. The children were willing to take upon them flesh and blood; but, from the curse of death brought on through the fall,—being alienated from relationship with God,—they were all their lifetime subject to fear. But Christ, ordained as a lamb slain from the foundation of the world, took upon him a part of the same flesh and blood, that he might deliver them from this bondage,

by assuring them of a resurrection from the dead, through the atonement he should make for them. It is written of him that he abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. Death being abolished—the sentence of everlasting death through the fall—by that Savior, by him also came the gospel, the plan of salvation, by which the fallen children of men might sustain a relationship with God again, and become the adopted sons and daughters of God; and that by faithful obedience to their Father's commands, they might receive that fullness of glory which was ordained from the foundation of the world for those who should be true and faithful to the end, having chosen to work righteousness, and having hated iniquity.

From the foregoing we have learned that there is a God, that he created the heavens and the earth, and everything that dwells thereon, and in the sea, man included; that we are indebted to him for life, and its prolongations; and being made after the image of God, were made to dwell with him in the highest degree of glory, if we comply with the conditions that God has established, which must be subscribed to on our part in order for us to obtain that glory. Those conditions are contained in the gospel; and obedience to them will secure the favor of heaven, in the reception of his richest blessings here, and after this probation a fullness of glory. But if man choose to do evil he brings the reward of his doings here and hereafter; having evil restored to him hereafter because he has chosen it here.

Man cannot justly condemn God because he receives evil here, or hereafter; for man having his choice to resist, or choose evil, if he chooses evil he must, and ought to bear it without complaint. God has given commandments against doing evil, and has told man the consequences of doing evil: hence if man chooses the consequences who is to blame? And if he refuses that glory or reward, which he might have obtained through obedience to the principles of the gospel, who is to blame but himself? God is not to blame. The evil one inaugurated evil, or rebellion in heaven, and he sought to perpetuate sin there, but was frustrated in his effort, and was cast out with all his followers, and he may be compromised in the blame of leading men to do evil. After having been cast out of heaven he came to earth and sought to perpetuate or immortalize sin in the garden of Eden. He knew that the tree of life was there, as well as the tree of knowledge of good and evil; and, knowing that God had commanded that Adam and his wife should not partake of the fruit of the one, and that, if he could persuade them to partake, it would bring about a rebellion against God on the part of Adam and Eve, he sought to make them sin, knowing that if they would partake of the "tree of life," while in that condition, sin would be perpetuated.

But the Lord thwarted the purpose of the Devil, by driving out our first parents before they could partake of the "tree of life," and he guarded the way thereof with the flaming sword, so that fallen, sinful man could not partake of its fruits and live forever in that sinful state. Having yielded themselves servants to obey the arch-enemy, they had no recourse than to receive their wages from him whom they served. His wages is death, for the Word says that the wages of sin is death, even as the Lord had told them would be the case if they disobeyed him. As God had said even so in the selfsame day that they sinned, they were driven out from God's presence. They were not allowed to live that life, but became dead to it. They could no longer hold converse with their God, or with the heavenly inhabitants, but with gloomy forebodings went forth under condemnation. And, being in a sinful state, all their offspring would be born in that condition, and hence they could not look for any other wages of sin—death. And this not only meant a separation from God, but a decease of the mortal body, a separation of spirit and body, the body to forever remain in the tomb, and the spirit to become an angel to the Devil.

No doubt this afforded Lucifer and his confederates food for rejoicing, in that they thought they had thwarted the purpose of God in the creation of man. But, if they did rejoice in this thought, they made a great mistake, "they counted without their host;" for the Lord had provided for fallen man a way of escape from this everlasting death. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only

begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish but have everlasting life." From the foundation of the world the Son had volunteered to give his life a ransom for all; to taste death for every man; to redeem them from the power of the Devil; and the Father must have accepted his offering, at that time, knowing that he would fulfill his agreement; and, though the Father may not have given the Son all power until after the agreement was fully accomplished, yet the Father so loved the world (not a part of it only) that he gave his Son that whosoever would believe on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Adam, with all his posterity, near and remote, were in a lost condition, and the gospel is the plan of salvation, the preaching of which must date back to the fall. Peter says, "There is no other name given under heaven, or among men, whereby we must be saved," and he makes the assertion that Christ was a lamb slain from before the foundation of the world. This being the case, Adam, the common progenitor of men, must be a man, and consequently could be saved only in the name of Jesus Christ, as well as all of his posterity. Man is a generic term in this instance, and applies to all the race, female as well as male. The gospel was preached, from time to time, prior to the Savior's advent in the flesh, as the Scriptures testify. It was preached in the name, or by the authority, or by the priesthood after the holy order of the Son of God; consequently Christ must have been its author, under the Father.

What does the apostle mean by saying that Christ became the "author of eternal salvation," after his suffering, or crucifixion? In the writer's opinion, it must be that the apostle simply meant that Christ having fulfilled his agreement with the Father,—or as he himself said, when about to give up the ghost, "It is finished,"—to die for the sins of the world, God had given all power into the Son's hands. And this conclusion, he might have arrived at by the Savior's own saying, when after his ascension to the Father he came to his disciples and said, "All power is given unto me in heaven, and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

All power being given into his hand, he being the author of eternal salvation, proposes to accomplish that salvation to man through the gospel. Then by obedience to that gospel, in all its conditions, all men will be drawn unto him; and he, having been lifted up upon the cross, is now engaged in drawing all men unto him, as he declared he would; and when that is done he will have accomplished the taking away the sin of the world, which is disobedience. "Sin entered the world and death by sin, so that death passed upon all men for that all had sinned." Though the Son had obtained all power, yet he did not change any of the commandments that he had given to the world while in the flesh; for he commanded his ministers to teach them to observe all things whatsoever he had commanded them, and this was made the condition of his being with them alway. Indeed he was still trying to do the Father's will; for he said, "As the Father hath sent me, so send I you;" and again, "He that receiveth you receiveth me; and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me." He said while in the flesh, "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me;" and, "The Father gave me a commandment what I should say, and what I should speak; and I know that his commandment is life everlasting." From the foregoing we learn: First, that Christ came to do his Father's will; second, that that will was relating to the conditions of life everlasting to the human family; third, whatsoever Christ should say, or speak, (in obedience to the Father's command,) were the conditions of life and salvation. How necessary it is then, if we desire life everlasting, that we should take notice of what Jesus has said we should do to obtain it.

The Father was very strict in commanding the Savior what "he should say, and what he should speak" as the conditions of life everlasting, and the Savior was very strict in commanding the disciples that they should teach *all things* whatsoever he had commanded them. Hence all who desire everlasting life will

have to be strict in keeping the commandments of God—all of them. There is no room here for any of the human family to excuse themselves from observing, or keeping, any of the commandments of God, saying that this commandment is nonessential, or that commandment is not binding now. For he who cast out our first parents for their disobedience, will not receive any of their posterity back into his presence except through obedience. And shall it be said that the infinite One trifled with his creatures, by giving them commandments that were left to their option about obeying? Man may carry on things at such loose ends; but let him not lay it to the charge of the infinite God.

It is by the cords of his love that Jesus will draw all men unto him. It was because "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It was because of the love the Son had for the Father, and for man whom he had created, that he volunteered to do the will of the Father in giving his life a ransom to redeem mankind from that awful monster, death and hell,—when we were powerless to free ourselves from that woful condition, that will move the children of men to obey the Savior. His love begets love in us, and we are thus drawn towards him. The Savior declares that, upon loving God with all our heart, might, mind, and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves, hangs all the law and the prophets; and the apostle says, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Jesus says, "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." So that, when men are drawn to love God and Christ, they manifest that love by keeping their commandments; and by obeying the gospel men are drawn to Christ.

But, says the objector, "We observe that men and women die, not having obeyed the gospel in life; how then can they be drawn to Christ, as you assert, through obedience to the gospel?" This question springs naturally from those who have been educated in the belief that there is no opportunity granted to man of hearing and obeying the gospel, than that which is afforded in this life. A careful persual of the Scriptures proves, that this education is not in accordance with heavenly teachings. Peter shows that God prepared a prison for those who had rejected the gospel as preached by Noah, and who died in their sins. (1 Peter 3 : 19, 20.) In his thirty-second chapter Ezekiel asserts that all the uncircumcised or wicked nations, who had been a terror while living in the flesh, went down to the pit, or prison, or hell, when they died. Isaiah declares that God had ordained Christ to be his servant "To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners out of prison houses, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."—Isa. 42 : 7 ; 61 : 1.

The Savior said, "The truth shall make you free." He also prayed to his Father, "Sanctify them by thy truth; thy word is truth." He also said, "The word that thou gavest me I have given them." Peter says, "But the word of the Lord endureth forever; and this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you."—1 Peter 1 : 25. The captives were to be made free, the prison doors opened to them that were bound, and Jesus was the one to set them free. Peter declares that he went and preached to the spirits in prison, which sometime were disobedient in the days of Noah, while the ark was preparing. The same writer says, "For, for this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit."—1 Peter 4 : 6.

It is plainly seen, by the foregoing, that that which produces freedom from "The law of sin and death" to men, or spirits, in the flesh, or body, would produce the same to spirits in prison; hence the gospel was preached unto them by him who was appointed of the Father to bring the prisoners out of the prison house. But the Savior had declared that those who were cast into prison could not come out until they had paid the uttermost farthing; or suffered the extent of punisment for disobedience while in the flesh. And we perceive, by the reading of the Scriptures that, though the prisoners should receive the gospel by the preaching of Christ, they had to abide the Lord's time for their release, but in the meantime were to live according to (the commandments of) God in the spirit,

and were to be judged according to (or like) men in the flesh. Paul says that men are to be judged, in the great day, according to the deeds done in the body (or flesh), whether they be good, or bad. To the writer this looks like a probation granted in the spirit world.

That Christ will finally accomplish the salvation of all men, and draw them unto him, is well established in the Scriptures. They declare that he came to seek and to save that which was lost. Will he accomplish it?

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive; but every man in his own order; Christ the first fruits, afterwards they that are Christ's at his coming. Afterwards cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father, when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and power. For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."—1 Cor. 15 :22–26.

All that were lost, and died, in, or through Adam, will be saved and made alive, in, or through Christ; but they will come forth in the resurrection in their own order. The apostle says that Christ was the first fruits; his body did not see corruption; he rose from the dead the third day; and, after he had instructed his disciples in the things of the kingdom, he ascended to the right hand of the majesty on high. Peter writes that the heavens must retain him until the times of the restitution of all things of which God has spoken by the mouths of all the holy prophets. At that time "He will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we be ever with the Lord."

Then is the time spoken of by the two men in shining raiment,—at the time that Christ ascended to heaven,—who said to the disciples, as they gazed up into the heavens after their Lord, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner literally] as ye have seen him go into heaven."—Acts 1 : 11. Then is the time spoken of by John the revelator, "Behold he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him; and all the kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him." This is the time spoken of by Jude concerning the sayings of Enoch, the seventh from Adam, "Behold he cometh with ten thousand of his saints," and he cometh to the Ancient of days (Adam), who has been sent of God to prepare his children for the reception of their rightful king; and there is given at that time to the Son of Man, "Dominion and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve him; his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away; and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed."—Dan. 7 : 14. Then the Lord shall be king over all the earth. (Zech. 14 : 9.) Then his dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth. (Psalms 72 : 8.) Then shall the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord, and his Christ. (Rev. 11 : 15.) Then shall he reign in mount Zion, and in Jerusalem, and before his ancients gloriously. (Isaiah 14 : 23.) Then shall the law go forth out of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem; and he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more; but they shall sit every man under his own vine and fig tree and none shall make them afraid; for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it. (Micah. 4 : 3, 4.)

In the ninth chapter of his book Amos says of that day:—

"The plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine [not adulterated], and all the hills shall melt. And I will bring again the captivity of my people of Israel, and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them. And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall be no more pulled up out of their

land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God."

There will be no shortage of crops through drouth; no grasshopper, or caterpillar, or mildew, or rust, or weevil, or insects of any kind, to devour the crops; no noxious weed, or thorn, or thistle, to take away the strength of the land, and perplex the husbandman; no untimely frosts to kill the fruit blossom; for the curse will be removed from the earth. And it will yield in abundance all the year round, for the plowman will overtake the reaper and the treader, or presser of grapes, him that soweth the seed, etc. The fact of there being plowmen and reapers suggests that straw will be raised, upon which the lion—having become docile—shall be fed in that day, like unto the ox, as stated by Isaiah in the eleventh chapter. In the same chapter it is stated;—

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea."—Isa. 11 : 5–9.

O, what a glorious time, what a desirable time to the agitated, worried, wearied sons of men; weary of the tyranny and oppression, of the grinding of the faces of the poor, and the unjust legislation in favor of presidents, kings, queens, emperors, millionaires, or bondholders, and the like. There will be no coveting the property of the rich, for none will be in a situation to do so; no jails, for there will be no criminals; no almshouses for there will be no poor to inhabit them. Every man in every place will meet a brother and a friend, "The meek shall inherit the earth," having a "title deed" from him who created the earth, and against which no man can enter a plea that the title is defective, nor displace the tenant. There will be no landlords to evict tenants there; and there will be nothing that is bad. It is to be a righteous reign; and a reign of peace; a time of joy and happiness to all who are accounted worthy to participate in it. And the great, the good, the pure, the noble, and heavenly king Jesus, will reign until he has perfected his people, to dwell in the presence of the Father; and he will present them to him, pure, without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. And they will dwell forever on the glorified, celestialized earth, when the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and they shall enjoy the fullness of glory in the presence of God and the Lamb.

(Concluded.)

A CRADLE SONG.

O, little child, lie still and sleep!
  Jesus is near, thou needst not fear;
No one need fear whom God doth keep
    By day or night—
Then lay thee down in slumber deep
    Till morning light.

O, little child, be still and rest;
  He sweetly sleeps whom Jesus keeps;
And in the morning wakes so blest
    His child to be,
Love everyone, but love him best—
    He first loved thee.

O, little child, when thou must die,
  Fear nothing then; but say "Amen"
To God's demand, and quiet lie
    In his kind hand,
Until he says: "Dear child, come fly
    To heaven's bright land."

Then when thy work on earth is done
  Thou shalt ascend to meet thy Friend;
Jesus, the little child will own
    Safe at his side;
And thou shalt dwell before the throne,
    For he hath died.

—Home Songs of Sweden.

OBJECT LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. 3.

BY ELEANOR.

THE journal kept by Mrs. Judson is of intense interest, and better than other pen can tell it shows her pure mind and large heart; and her unselfish devotion. Under date of April 16th, 1815, she writes:—

"Mr. Carey has lately returned from Calcutta, and much refreshed our minds with letters and intelligence from our friends there. We are so much debarred from all social intercourse with the rest of the Christian world, that the least intelligence we receive from our friends is a great luxury. We feel more and more convinced that the gospel must be introduced into this country through many trials and difficulties, through much self-denial and earnest prayer. The strong prejudices of the Burmans, their foolish conceit of superiority over other nations, the wickedness of their lives, together with the plausibility of their own religious tenets, make a formidable appearance in the way of their receiving the strict requirements of the gospel of Jesus. But all things are possible with God, and he is our only hope and confidence. He can make mountains become valleys, and dry places streams of water."—*Memoir of Judson.*

Again, she gives us this sweet glimpse of herself and her domestic life: —

"September 3d. As it respects ourselves, we are busily employed all day long; and I can assure you that we find much pleasure in our employment. Could you look into a large open room, which we call a veranda, you would see Mr. Judson bent over his table covered with Burman books, with his teacher at his side, a venerable looking man, in his sixtieth year, with a cloth wrapped round his middle, and a handkerchief around his head. They talk and chatter all day long with hardly any cessation. My mornings are busily employed in giving directions to the servants, providing food for the family, etc. At ten my teacher comes, when, were you present, you might see me in an inner room, at one side of my study table, and my teacher the other, reading Burman, writing, talking, etc. I have many more interruptions than Mr. Judson has, as I have the entire management of the family. This I took on myself for the sake of Mr. Judson's attending more closely to the study of the language; yet I have found by a year's experience that it was the most direct way I could have taken to acquire the language, as I am frequently obliged to talk Burman all day. I can talk and understand others better than Mr. Judson can, though he knows really much more about the nature and construction of the language than I do. . . . We need much, very much grace that we may be faithful, and bear a faithful testimony to the religion of the Lord Jesus."

There is a break in the journal about this time; for, on the eleventh of September, 1815, a son was born to brighten their loneliness for eight short months, and then to deepen it by the shadow of the grave,—a grave in a heathen land, but consecrated by the Christian's hope,—the hope of the resurrection. The sorely tried heart of the loving mother turned yet more zealously to her work. Her sympathies were enlisted still more for those other mothers who had no such blessed hope, and she gathered about her a school of thirty or more native women to instruct them of Jesus who is our life.

Some time after this the family at the mission house was increased by the arrival of two more missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Hough.

On the 25th of December, 1817, Mr. Judson sailed for Chittagong on business for the mission. He expected to return with the ship on its home trip, but a strange chapter of accidents detained him from Rangoon for eight months; and until within three or four weeks of his return, his devoted and heroic wife knew nothing of his fate. The ship was reported not to have arrived at Chittagong, and it was thought probable that she had foundered, and all on board had perished.

During the absence of Mr. Judson the government officials began a series of molestations of the missionaries, repeatedly summoning Mr. Hough before them for examination. He was not well acquainted with the language and could not make his own defence. They con-

tinued to harrass him until Mrs. Judson determined to bring the matter to a crisis by appealing to the Viceroy. Her teacher drew up a petetion setting forth their grievances. Mrs. Judson, accompanied by Mr. Hough, went to the government house and presented the petition. Her magic presence had its usual influence. She was most kindly received and the officers were commanded not to molest the foreign teachers further. But the evil effects of these things had been to diminish Mrs. Judson's school to ten or twelve members. The treatment of the missionaries was probably due to reports of an impending war between Burmah and Great Britan; the natives became afraid to hold intercourse with the missionaries.

Cholera also began its ravages among the native population, and the beating of the death gong was heard all the day long. But a kind Providence protected the missionaries, and not an individual on their premises suffered from the dread disease, although exposed to it. Vessels from British India no longer arrived, and those in port were hurrying away before war should be declared. In the event of war, the missionaries would be shut out from all communications with the outside world, subject to the whims of a despotic government.

Under these conditions Mr. Hough thought it advisable that they should leave Rangoon while it was in their power to get away. He accordingly took passage for himself and wife in the last ship to sail for Calcutta, and by their importunities Mrs. Judson consented to accompany them. But the vessel was detained in the river for some days, which gave her time for reflection, and she determined to leave the ship and return to Rangoon, to remain until she could hear from her husband. She immediately carried out this resolution, and of it she writes:—

"I immediately resolved on giving up the voyage and returning to town. The captain sent up a boat with me, and engaged to forward my baggage the next day. I reached town in the evening, spent the night at the house of the only Englishman remaining in the place, and to-day have come out to the mission house, to the great joy of all the Burmans left on our premises. Mr. Hough and family will proceed, and they kindly and affectionately urged my return. I know I am surrounded by danger on every hand, and expect to feel much anxiety and distress; but, at present, I am tranquil, intend to make an effort to pursue my studies as formerly, and leave the event with God."

One month later Mr. Judson reached Rangoon and put an end to her anxieties concerning him. She thus writes to her parents:—

"How will you rejoice with me, my dear parents, when I tell you that I have this moment heard that Mr. Judson has arrived at the mouth of the river! This joyful intelligence more than compensates for the months of dejection and distress which his long absence has occasioned. Now I feel ashamed of my repinings, my want of confidence in God and resignation to his will. I have foolishly thought, because my trials were protracted, they would never end, or rather, that they would terminate in some dreadful event, which would destroy all hope of the final success of the mission. But now I trust our way will again brighten and cause us to forget this night of affliction, or to remember it as having been the means of preparing us for the reception of that greatest of blessings—the conversion of some of the Burmans."—*Mrs. Judson's Mission to Burmah.*

One hardly knows which to admire most, her calm heroism, or her Christian humility and modest self-forgetfulness. Not for self-preservation were those months of dejection and distress, but only the final success of the mission seemed to occupy her mind; and all suffering would be forgotten if it but worked for the conversion of those for whom she had come to labor. Her hope was ere long to be realized, and then with what unfeigned joy she hastened to communicate the glad tidings of the first convert to Christianity, as the first fruit of their patient labor. We feel our own hearts stirred by sympathetic joy in her joy over the happy occurrence, while we read the following extract from a letter:—

"RANGOON MISSION HOUSE, June 2d, 1819.

"In my last, I mentioned Mr. Judson's commencing public preaching in a building which we had erected for that purpose, and which you will in the future know by the name of Zayat. Little did I

think, when I last wrote, that I should so soon have the joyful intelligence to communicate that one Burman has embraced the Christian religion and given good evidence of being a true disciple of the Redeemer. This event, this single trophy of victorious grace, has filled our hearts with sensations hardly to be conceived by Christians in Christian countries. This event has convinced us that God does operate upon the minds of the most dark and ignorant; and that he makes his own truths, his own word, the instrument of operation. It serves also to encourage us to hope that the Lord has other chosen ones in this place. . . . It is peculiarly interesting to see with what eagerness this man drinks in the truths from the Scriptures. A few days ago, I was reading with him Christ's Sermon on the Mount. He was deeply impressed and unusually solemn. 'These words,' said he, 'take hold on my very liver; they make me tremble. Here God commands us to do everything that is good in secret, not to be seen of men. How unlike our religion is this! When Burmans make offerings to the pagodas, they make a great noise with drum and musical instruments, that others may see how good they are. But this religion makes the mind fear God; it makes it, of its own accord, fear sin.' When I read this passage, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures,' etc., he said, 'What words are these! It does not mean that we shall take the silver and gold from this world, and carry them to heaven; but that, by becoming the disciples of Jesus, we shall live in such a manner as to enjoy heaven when we die.'"—*Mrs. Judson's Mission to Burmah.*

That this convert from Buddism to the religion of Jesus Christ, was able to discern the vital superiority of the latter, is sufficient answer to those who, having a still broader discernment of the grandeur of Christianity through the latter day light, ask of the Judsons, Did they do any good?

But now, after nine years of toil and devoted self-sacrifice, Mrs. Judson was permitted to gather in the first sheaf of her own reaping. The first female convert to Christianity in Rangoon was baptized July 18th, 1820. She had been a member of Mrs. Judson's school for several years, and had manifested a Christian character for some time before she could overcome her timidity or the fear of persecution. But thirty years after she was found in Rangoon, still maintaining the Christian faith in the midst of heathenism; and still remembering with gratitude the loving woman who had left her own favored land to come and teach them about Jesus, long after that true heart rested in its foreign grave. This disciple, of her own accord, started a school in her own house to teach the little boys and girls. Thus, like the circling waves, grace wrought grace, and faith answered to faith.

Mrs. Judson's health had become so alarming that in July, 1820, accompanied by Mr. Judson, she sailed for Calcutta for medical treatment. She was much benifited by the sea voyage, and after a stay of a few months she was considered well enough to return to Rangoon and resume her labors; but in a few months after her return her health again failing Mr. Judson decided to send her to America. She sailed to Calcutta August 13th, 1821. From thence to London, and arrived there in greatly improved health.

In England, Christians of every name and persuasion, vied with each other to show her affectionate and respectful attention. She remained for some time in the family of Mr. Butterworth, member of Parliament, who, referring to the fact, at a public meeting, remarked, "that her visit reminded him of the apostolic admonition: 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unaware.'"

From England she took passage for this country where she arrived September 25th, 1822. Returning to her home and native land after an absence of over eleven years, with a heart still glowing as ardently with the love of Jesus, and of pity for those who knew him not, as when she had left it. The late Rev. Francis Wayland, President of Brown University, said of her:—

"It was my good fortune to become intimately acquainted with Mrs. Judson during this visit to the United States. I do not remember ever to have met a more remarkable woman. To great clearness of intellect, large powers of comprehension, and intuitive female sagacity, ripened by the constant necessity of independent action, she added that heroic

disinterestedness which naturally loses all consciousness of self in the prosecution of a great object. These elements, however, were all held in reserve, and were hidden from public view by a veil of unusual feminine delicacy. To an ordinary observer, she would have appeared simply a self-possessed, well-bred, and very intelligent gentlewoman. A more intimate acquaintance would soon discover her to be a person of profound religious feeling, which was ever manifesting itself in efforts to impress upon others the importance of personal piety. The resources of her nature were never unfolded until some occasion occurred which demanded delicate tact, unflinching courage, and power of resolute endurance even unto death. When I saw her, her complexion bore that sallow hue which commonly follows residence in the East Indies. Her countenance at first seemed, when in repose, deficient in expression. As she found herself among friends who were interested in the Burman Mission, her reserve melted away, her eye kindled, every feature was lighted up with enthusiasm, and she was everywhere acknowledged to be one of the most fascinating of women."—*Wayland's Memoir of Judson.*

On June 22d, 1823, Mrs. Judson once more bade farewell to her friends and native land and sailed for Calcutta in the ship Edward Newton, accompanied by the Rev. Jonathan Wade and his wife, who had recently been appointed missionaries to Burmah. They arrived at Calcutta on the 19th of October, and reached Rangoon on the 5th of December, 1823.

During her absence in America one of the female converts of the little church at Rangoon, died. She had been a member of Mrs. Judson's school for women, and in dying she professed her joy, peace, and faith in the Lord Jesus. The prospects of the mission were favorable. A church of eighteen members had been gathered from the heathen, of whom it is said:—

"All of them gave credible evidence of personal piety; and everyone, each in his appropriate sphere, was endeavoring to make known to others that religion of which he himself had felt the transforming effects."—*Judson.*

(To be continued.)

"UNKNOWN."

We wandered through the sacred paths,
On Decoration day,
To where in groups were laid "the blue,"
And, here and there, "the gray;"

And in a far off lonely nook
We found one grave, alone;
A rude cross standing at its head
Bore but the word "Unknown."

All round the tangled briars crept,
But on the lonely sod
A tiny flower nestled down,
Sown by the hand of God.

We placed our blossoms by its side,
The while our eyes grew dim,
"Unknown" to us, if friend or foe,
"Unknown" to all but Him.

But somewhere in the long ago,
Amid defeat or fame,
Lived those who listened for the sound
Of steps that never came.

And one, we thought, whose eyes grew dim
To ease her breaking heart,
For want of him who slumbered there
From all the rest apart;

Some one who'd gladly give her all,
For this small gift denied,
To kneel as we were kneeling now,
And weep there by his side.

Oh! saddest lot of all to watch,
To wait, to toil alone;
The loved one gone, we know not where,
The grave of love unknown!

While he, perchance, his dearest hopes
Denied, his cause to save,
And this his sole reward on earth,
A lone, neglected grave.

But when all clouds have passed away,
And Honor calls the roll,
The foremost of the chosen band
May be that Warrior Soul.

—Good Housekeeping.

OUR COUNTRY.

BY PAUL PARKER.

THE Legislative Department is composed of two houses, the Senate and House of Representatives, and jointly are the Congress. The Senate is formed by two members coming from each state in the Union, and they are called senators and are elected for a term of six years, by the legislatures of the several states. It is divided into three classes, and the terms of one of those classes, or of one-third of the members, expires every two years. At the present time it has eighty-eight members.

A senator must be thirty years of age, and if of foreign birth a citizen for nine years, and a citizen of the state (a voter in it) at the time of his appointment. He can be re-elected for as many terms as the legislature desires to. In some instances men have been returned to the Senate from two to six consecutive terms.

"It has equal legislative power with the House of Representatives except that it cannot originate laws for raising money, but it must approve and adopt all laws made by the House to render them valid." "It has powers that do not belong to the House. It confirms or rejects the nominations of the President, to office, and the treaties he makes with foreign powers, and is the only high court of impeachment."

It requires a vote of two thirds of the members present to approve a treaty that the President has made with a foreign country, and also in cases of impeachment. In confirming persons who have been nominated by the President for office it only requires a majority vote. These sessions are held in secret, and because of this it has at various times caused much indignation among the people. The founders of the government thought that they had sufficient reason for such a course, and every attempt to abolish it has failed.

The Vice President of the United States is the presiding officer of the Senate and he has the right to vote when there is a tie. It also has a president *pro tempore*, who presides in the temporary absence of the Vice President or when he becomes President of the United States.

The House of Representatives is composed of persons elected by the several states and its number varies according to the population. Its members must be twenty-five years of age, and seven years as citizens of the United States, and a citizen of the state he represents. They are elected for two years. It is sometimes called the "Lower House," and also the "Popular Branch," while the Senate is called the "Upper House" because of the select men composing it, and also because there is much more dignity among its members in doing business than in the Lower House. At the present time the number is three hundred and fifty-six, being one for about every 185,000 people, and a delegate from each territory, who has a voice in matters pertaining to the territory he represents, but has no vote. A new apportionment is made every ten years, after the census has been taken. Each state is divided into districts, so that each one will contain, as nearly as possible, the number of persons required for a representative. These are called congressional districts. The first Congress that assembled, which was in April, 1789, had one member for each thirty thousand people. But from that the ratio has steadily increased, which is very necessary, or the membership would be so great that it would be very difficult to do business.

The House of Representatives has the sole power of presenting articles of impeachment, and it alone can originate laws for raising revenue. When a bill is presented in either branch of Congress, it is referred to a committee, by whom it is considered. And also the privilege is given to the citizens who may have an interest in it, or be able to give valuable information concerning its effect for the country at large, to appear before it and impart such information as will serve to guide both the committee and Congress in their deliberations. In this way, often, several months are spent in considering it before it becomes a law. It frequently occurs that after the committee reports to the House several weeks are spent in debate before a vote is taken.

The speeches are all published by the government, in pamphlet form, and they

are sent free to any part of the country, to persons who may have sufficient interest to write to their member of Congress and ask for them. Also at the close of each session all the proceedings of Congress are issued in book form and can be had in the same way as the speeches. In connection with the above the daily and weekly papers are constantly reporting all the affairs of our government, so that none need be ignorant of what is being done by these servants of the people.

The presiding officer of the House of Representatives is called the "speaker." He is chosen by the House at the beginning of each Congress, and he serves for two years. A sergeant-at-arms for enforceing the orders of the presiding officer; also clerks and pages are all chosen by the House. The Senate also has the same kind of officers, except a speaker; the same duties being done by the Vice President; with this difference that the speaker appoints the committees for the House, and in the Senate the body does it.

The members of both Houses or of Congress receive a compensation for their services of $5,000 per annum, and an allowance of twenty cents per mile, by the usual route of travel from their homes to Washington.

By giving a reasonable amount of thought to the question of the working of our government, it will readily appear that whether the affairs of the nation are administered wisely or not depends upon the people who elect their servants to attend to the business. All the various officers, local, state, or national, will generally be found to be like the people of the various communities from which they are selected. In those regions wherein is found a great amount of intelligence and refinement, men of that kind will be elected to the various offices. This should insure good government; but it is to be regretted that such is not always brought about; and most of the evils that exist in our government are traceable to the people themselves. They are the source of power, and if they are corrupt their officers will generally be like them. In the election of national or state officers candidates usually declare their adherence to certain principles exposed in what is called a platform. To make it plainer, if possible, the people in the several communities in favor of the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of liquor, meet in a convention and nominate persons who are favorable to such a principle, for the various offices; also those in favor of the manufacture and sale do likewise, and thus they appear before the people as candidates. Then the people themselves are responsible for whom they elect, having known in advance to what principles they adhered. This difference of ideas that exists in the minds of the people is the cause of the existence of different political parties with the different principles that they adhere to. Then politics will be pure or impure as the people themselves are pure or impure.

The third branch of the government is the Judicial Department. It acts the part for the government that the pendulum does for a clock, it regulates all the other departments. "Its sphere is to interpret the Constitution, to decide controversies, to try offenders, and to pronounce sentence on them; to enforce rights, and to keep the whole organism of the government in proper place and proportion." The officers of this department are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate and retain the office during their lives, or during good behavior. Men are usually selected who are known for their great legal ability and for their integrity of character.

During the first twenty-five years of the existence of the government it did not have the respect and confidence of the people which it was entitled to. Possibly the cause for this was the prejudice of the people, rather than because of any wrong on the part of the men who held the offices. It was an experiment in the great experimental government, and possibly the people were too impatient, and expected too much from those men, who, without precedent, were making the first trial in this department. But things have greatly changed since those times, and the government now enjoys the confidence of the people who quietly submit and adhere to its decisions, and no doubt they are as just and true as it is possible for men to make them.

The Supreme Court is the highest tribunal in the United States. There is no appeal from its decisions. It interprets the power and meaning of the Constitution, and of the laws enacted under it.

It is the great pillar, as another has said, the "keystone of the arch." It stands ready to strike down the tyrannical use of power, whether in national or in state legislatures, or in the Executive Department. It consists of one chief justice and eight associate justices. It holds but one term a year, commencing on the first Monday in December and remaining in session until its business is completed. The place of meeting is Washington, the nation's capital.

Our ambassadors, ministers, and consuls to foreign lands, and also when a state is a party to the suit, are tried in this court, and they cannot be in any other. The greater part of its businesss consists of cases that are appealed from United States circuit and district courts, and also from state supreme courts. The officers of this tribunal are the judges, attorney general, a clerk, a crier, and a reporter. The Marshal of the District of Columbia attends also to serve process issuing from it.

The Circuit Court ranks next to the Supreme Court in dignity, authority, and jurisdiction, and is composed of the members of the Supreme Court; in fact it is a branch of it. The whole Union is divided into nine circuits, each circuit comprising several states. The cases brought before it are those involving constitutional law. It holds sessions in every state in the Union, thus bringing to the very homes of the people the next to the highest tribunal in our country. It would be too tedious in an article of this kind to enumerate the cases that can be brought before it, the following will suffice: Appeals from the district courts, where an alien is a party, or where it is a suit between citizens of different states. It is the only court to hear cases of crime against the United States, except where the law confers it specially on other courts. Violations of the revenue laws of all kinds are also tried in these courts. The officers of circuit courts are the judges, the district attorneys, and the marshals of the several districts, and also a clerk.

The district courts in the order of authority rank next to the circuit courts. They are fifty eight in number and the Union is divided into that number. Some of the larger and more populous states are divided into several districts, and among the smaller and less populous ones an entire state forms a district. In some of the districts sessions of court are held four times each year, while in others only two or three sessions a year are required. These courts have exclusive jurisdiction in all admiralty and maritime causes such as are brought against the United States upon matters concerning the sea and the lakes and rivers; and all maritime contracts respecting vessels and navigation; seamen's wages, and many other minor causes connected with navigation on water. When vessels are captured in time of war by the United States or by privately armed vessels, the facts are brought before these courts, or the Circuit Court, and the vessels are either condemned as a prize or restored to their owners. Under such circumstances it is called a Prize Court.

The Court of Claims consists of five judges. It holds a session each year at Washington, commencing on the first Monday in October. All persons having claims against the United States present them here. The law reads as follows: "And the said court shall hear and determine all claims founded upon any law of Congress, or upon any regulation of an executive department, or upon any contract, expressed or implied, with the government of the United States, . . . and also all claims referred to said court by either house of Congress." Proceedings are commenced in this court by the person having the claim, presenting a petition, wherein is set forth the facts in support of it. When the case is considered and the claim is found to be a good one the court reports its findings to Congress, and a bill is passed appropriating money for its payment.

The Court of Land and Indian Claims is of recent date, the law for its formation having been passed in 1891. Its purpose is to hear and determine disputes in regard to lands obtained from the government, and also for the loss of property destroyed by the Indians. The proceedings before it are conducted the same as in the Court of Claims.

During the past year another court was organized to relieve the Supreme Court of its heavy burden, so that many cases of a minor nature that heretofore were heard before it will be heard in this new court.

There is much more that could be written upon this subject of the government of our country, but the articles contributed must suffice for the present. Should the future be propitious in granting me sufficient time other questions pertaining to it will be written.

(Concluded.)

NOTE.—In this article the number of representatives is given at three hundred and fifty-six. It was three hundred and twenty-five by the apportionment made in pursuance of the census of 1880, which gave one representative for each one hundred and fifty-three thousand inhabitants; and with the admission of six territories the number was increased to three hundred and thirty-two. But the number fixed by Congress, as a result of the census of 1890, is three hundred and fifty-six, and that number will be elected in the coming November election.

ARE THEY CHRISTIANS?—No. 9.

"NEW York State alone has beeen prolific of these delusions; it was there that a half idiot man, named Smith, wrote a little book, intending it for a novel, and seeing it took well with the public, and expecting to make a fortune out of it, he had it published as a revelation from God, and thus he became the author of a delusion."

The surprise of Mrs. Blake was boundless; she had expected an attack on "Mormonism;" but this was so crude, so vulgar, she could scarcely believe the words were spoken by the same man who had stood before this people, and with apparent emotion, even to the shedding of tears, plead with them to forsake sin, and obey the gospel.

She glanced askance at the Grays. Addie's eyes were fixed intently upon the speaker, but John, who Mrs. Blake had more than half expected to see rise and reply to the statements was smiling as though he endorsed every statement made! John's behavior had puzzled Mrs. Blake before, it was simply amazing now, and this set her to analyzing Mr. Coomb's tribute. Then the truth came to her like a flood, that the gentleman had far overreached himself. Joseph Smith, who he had himself spoken of as a man of exceptional smartness and ability, he now called a half idiot! "He wrote a little book."

This was evidently intended to convey the idea that the Book of Mormon was a small and trifling affair. "A silly production," as her books had informed her, she could now testify of her own knowledge that it was larger by over sixty thousand words than the New Testament.

"Intended it for a novel."

The subject matter of the book stamped this statement as utterly false. "It took with the people."

If even common report could be relied upon, Mr. Smith was not even allowed to publish his book in peace, and since its publication it had certainly been quite unpopular—"a silly production," etc. "He thought to make a fortune out of it." If Joseph Smith's statement could be believed, he had been specifically warned *not* to make this book a means of gain, and could not get possession of the plates from which it was written till all thoughts of gain had been banished from his mind.

And so, as Mrs Blake analyzed the statements made in this less than five minutes speech, she discovered that every one of them could easily be proven false, she realized at once that John had seen that the falsehoods were so palpable that she could not overlook them, hence his smile was one of triumph, his own lips being sealed, the enemy of his faith had preached a whole sermon in few words in its favor, and, perverse human nature. Mrs. Blake felt more resentment toward John, who had said never a word, than toward the false accuser in the pulpit. But her eyes were opened, nevertheless. Most of the congregation had undoubtedly accepted the statements made, just as she would have done not long before. Not that her prejudice was gone, far from it, for prejudice can live upon less food than any other human sentiment; but if this man whom she had believed a chosen man of God could so misrepresent, whom could one believe? Were the books more reliable? Evidently not; for this

man had not spoken for gain, whereas the books which pretended to be "Exposures of Mormonism" were notoriously lurid productions, written for no other purpose, and it was altogether likely that in none of them would any picture be underdrawn. And then came a sudden and stranger thought; might it not be possible that Joseph Smith, whose words and doctrine she had been freely reading, had been a man of purer heart, and faith, than his maligners and false accusers; even before this meeting, she had secretly acknowledged to herself that this people must have suffered much for things of which they had never been guilty. But such liberal thoughts must be laid aside, for if she allowed herself to begin vindicating them, where would it all end? She even caught herself wondering if she was not becoming tinctured with the undefined undercurrent of belief that these despised people held the truth, and gifts, which were evidence of the truth.

After this meeting, Mrs. Blake fully made up her mind to have her talk with Addie, and if she secured no evidence *against the church*, to at once start for home, as she had heard, read, and seen altogether too much in its favor. One thing she was fully decided upon, that was to read no more of the church publications; there was something about them unsettling to orthodox Christianity—someting forever contradictory to modern teaching, and yet agreeing so strangely with Bible text, that she no longer dared allow the Bible to decide disputed points. On the day after the meeting, Mrs. Blake found opportunity for the long deferred conference with her daughter, and instead of Mrs. Gray seeming to dread the ordeal, she seemed glad to tell all her experience, and as Mrs. Blake commenced her lawyer-like catechism after the manner she had planned, Mrs. Gray answered her unhesitatingly until the faith of the Saints was fully canvassed. Mrs. Blake's manner was at first rather severe, but it softened gradually, till the doctrine of laying on of hands was explained, and the explanation merged into a testimony of Mrs. Gray's own knowledge and experience, ending in her describing instances of healing among her own precious family, so unmistakable and miraculous, that there was no possible room for doubt. Mrs. Blake could not doubt her daughter's testimony, and she was more moved by it than by anything before seen or heard, and as she bowed her head thoughtfully for a moment, she felt the same softening influence she had experienced during the administration in San Bernardino; but one by one the doubts crept back, and at last she said:—

"I do not doubt your word at all, but I think you are deceived in some way, just how I cannot tell; but even if it is all true, I could never stand the name of Mormon."

"Well, I can stand even that. In the first place, it is not the name of the church, as you very well know, and I cannot afford to lay down my faith simply because the world persists in calling us names, and it quite often happens that people get to where they are almost afaid they will be forced, by sheer logic and sound reasoning, to accept the doctrine, and then they use the name 'Mormon' to cudgel themselves back into the dead forms of so-called orthodoxy."

* * * * * *

Mrs. Blake is back again in her Michigan home; she is still a popular member of the M. E. Church, yet in her heart she is not satisfied with the spiritual bread from that table; the sermons she once thought so grand sound differently now, and often she surprises herself weighing the countless and meaningless sentimentalisms, and she sometimes wonders if her pastor *dare not* preach the gospel as she has heard others preach it.

The family have heard a portion only of her western experience. They have learned that Addie is free from all restraint, and not in any danger of bringing disgrace upon them, other than is conveyed in bearing that hated name, the people to which they are attached in fellowship are not quite as black as they have been painted, and that is as strongly as Mrs. Blake can indorse them.

But there are times when she is alone with her conscience that fearful doubts creep in, and singularly enough they are not in regard to the spiritual safety of the Grays; but can she say that she has obeyed the true gospel of Christ, and if not will he at his coming pass upon her the promised condemnation, or can she atone for noncompliance by restless, untiring activity in good works; and sometimes she longs to break the bounds and

test the truth, sometimes she feels that she dare not longer wear the robes of hypocrisy; and, O, how those Bible texts rise up, very like the handwriting on the wall, almost forcing her to yield.

"Many shall strive to enter, and shall not be able."—Luke 13:24. In the name of the Master, why? It was, it *must be* because they could never bring their hearts to true repentance and obedience; and the Savior says as much in his words, "*In vain* do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."—Matt. 15:9.

"Baptized for the remission of sins." "Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Spirit."

Many a time in class meeting Mrs. Blake had claimed she knew her sins had been forgiven, and that she had received the Spirit of Christ—and now, God help her! she could not truthfully testify to either. Had she not been climbing up another way? and yet one cometh who will take vengence on those who know not God and obey not the doctrine of Jesus Christ. (2 Thess. 1:8.)

And then comes the memory of one of John's letters, in which he describes a scene he had witnessed at the mouth of the harbor in M——, the time a beautiful summer evening at twilight, already the light gleams from the lighthouse on the hill, and from the lake borne in with the dying wind comes a noble vessel, every sail is set, and she moves a thing of majestic beauty. She comes proudly on, stemming with a lessened motion the swift current of the river, till she is fairly between the piers, and the sailors seeing before them the lights of the city, feel certain they will soon be greeting friends on the shore. The tugboat, as usual, runs down and offers to cast them a line and tow the noble craft to her moorings; but her captain, certain of his ability to land her safely at the docks, declines the proffered help, and the tugboat steams away up the river.

But what is this? The sails are flapping idly, a gentle puff fills them, but they fall again, and the headway is dying. Another flaw of wind, and she moves sluggishly a few feet, and stops! and then very slowly at first she begins to move down the current, turning idly as she drifts. The captain would not decline the sure help of that strong hawser now, but it is far away, and the boat drifts on and out, till past the piers, and then the fickle wind, as if to mock them, blows afresh, and all the sails fill, but she heads away from shore now, and northward and outward, she runs with full sails a few times her length, then a shudder seems to run through her, her motion is lost, she has stopped! She is on the reef! Ah! now is hurrying to and fro—the sails come down with a run, they are useless now, and messengers are hastily dispatched for the tugboat. Why do they hasten? Calmer, more peaceful night never fell on the waters, but the haste of the sailors is prophetic of what follows. The tug tries in vain to release her, and after midnight a storm arises; at daylight a tempest is blowing, and at noon the beautiful vessel is a dismasted, dismantled wreck.

NOTE.—This incident is strictly true. The schooner Sunrise was wrecked off the Harbor of St. Joseph, Michigan

Can it be that the life of Mrs. Blake is imaged in the voyage of this boat, as John says, is it true she is trying to stem the current of life and to enter the haven of life everlasting, and rejecting the very elements necessary to her safety? Is it true she is losing ground, going backward instead of forward? Are the lights of the foursquare city growing dimmer? Alas! the comparison is too apt; *there can be* but one safe way, and when the towboat of the restored gospel, with its faithful Christ-pilot, comes to our rescue and proffers us the sure towline of the Holy Spirit to safely land us, we must not, we dare not refuse, lest we drift out and away till we are shipwrecked upon the sandbars of infidelity.

Mrs. Blake may never obey the gospel; but if she would but lay aside her prejudice, and look into her own heart, she would find affirmatively answered, as many more have done in regard to the Latter Day Saints, the question which gives a title to our story

"ARE THEY CHRISTIANS?"

DEAR SISTER WALKER:—

Some friends congratulate me, saying my biography is running in *Autumn Leaves*. They are mistaken. When I have lived a life of usefulness to God and the church, my history *may* then be written. I hoped when my name was left off my little story to escape even kindly

criticism; and if a single person is led by the perusal of "Are They Christians," to investigate the claims of the Saints my highest ambitions will have been reached. If a single one should be led thereby to lay aside prejudice and obey the gospel I would "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" I write to touch men's hearts and save their souls and not for my own glory or honor. Peace be with you. Amen.

By the author of "Are They Christians."

THE GRACE OF CONSIDERATION.

DO you know what it is that oils the machine called Life and makes its wheels run smoothly and with perfect quietness? It is consideration for others' feelings, actual obedience every day to the golden rule of doing what you would wish others to do unto you. It is certainly pleasant to have a devoted friend who, on occasion, will espouse your cause, and who is willing to do great and generous deeds for you; but to find the same loved one considerate of your small weaknesses, of your nerves, of your comfort in little things, is a joy much greater, because more rare. The hero of the battlefield is crowned with a wreath of myrtle; the hero of everyday conflict finds only that he is appreciated and loved.

Good breeding is another name for this grace; for often like an outer garment it is laid off at the door of the house, or the counting room, and all the petty vices it forbids are given full play. What are the vices?

First of all, fault-finding. Sombody has said that a person who is continually finding fault is usually of a very nervous temperament and could, least of all, endure that which he inflicts upon another. When the fault-finding begins summon to your aid the grace of silence; or even though your eyes be burning with unshed tears and every nerve in your body be tingling with vexation, try to speak a pleasant word, and thus stem the tide of a quarrel at its rising. A peevish, fault-finding person is generally in poor health; indeed, a digression on proper food and exercise, would be decidedly apropos in this connection. But if womankind will remember that it makes them only ugly in the face and less loving in the heart, it seems as if they should remember to say the gracious rather than the unpleasant word, and be rewarded with a smile rather than with an angry or hurt look.

Who among us would not deny with indignation the charge of talebearing, of talking scandal? And yet, my dears, it is you who are clever and bright, and who cannot resist saying the witty words who are guilty of both. Because you knew of something that had happened and your friends were curious, you told it, when you had no more right to do so than if you had promised secresy. You forget all about the golden gates of silence. One day your friend hears of your thoughtlessness and then you have one friend less in the world. Have you ever among strangers repeated the story of shame and sorrow that has attached itself to a family? To decide as to the right and wrong of a social question is not always easy; but one may at least refrain from retailing unpleasant incidents and forgotten scandals.

In a large family, or among any set of people living together, the idle gossip, the story about Mrs. Dash and her peculiarities, the fault-finding, and the general disregard of the grace of consideration, is most common and deplorable. It drives the sensitive woman into a shell of reserve, it makes the nervous person think all the talk she does not hear is about her; and it causes the one who is not so easily hurt to say words that she thinks are witty, and to have a passing hit not only at the follies but also at the virtues of her acquaintances.

We form societies to supply the heathen with catechisms and clothing, but why does not somebody form a society for the speaking of pleasant words? There is no reason why you may not form one quite alone; be president, for you give decisions; secretary, because you will send out the good words by post; and treasurer, because you will hoard the golden results. For the deeper you dig this mine of pleasant words the larger returns will it yield in lumps of gold, called friendship and love. After a little time it will become quite as easy to say pleasant as disagreeable words; and for the

latter your only return will be in kind—a sorry reward.

Somebody wonders if she may never tell a friend a disagreeable truth. Truth is the greatest of virtues; but it must sometimes be dealt out very grudgingly. Tell you friend nothing that is disagreeable, unless it is important for her to know it. There are people who are possessed by the demon of wrong-speaking, who never tell a falsehood, but who work endless mischief by speaking the truth "in season and out of season," and who, by their outspoken veracity, turn your smiles to tears, your joy to bitterness. Whether they mean well may be doubted, but that it is wise to avoid them cannot be questioned. Margery, happy and smiling, is asked about her brother, that brother, who, because of his misdemeanor, is the sorrow of the entire family. Lucy, glad to be in the sunshine, forgetting all pain, is reminded by some one that all her family are fated to die of an incurable disease, the one great trouble of her life, which she tries so hard to forget. Do you think this exaggerated? No; the truth and only the truth is told; and people are made unhappy by it every day. The ring of Borgia hurt no more than do these truths which are better untold.

Selfishness in small things is a comparatively modern vice. Our grandmothers were taught that it was rude to occupy the most comfortable chair in the room, to choose the dantiest bit of food, or to think first of themselves. Science has discovered new modes of selfishness. The woman whose hobby is fresh air and who ventilates her rooms with a small cyclone, may not only make you uncomfortable but may inflict an attack of pneumonia upon you. The other woman with some notions about health food may send you away from her table hungry; she was too selfish to make her own wishes subservient to the tastes of her guest. A loving mother does not make selfish children, but a foolish one does. One teaches that, for dear love's sake, the best must be given to the weakest or the youngest, or to the little girls; the other teaches that one child has a right to demand whatever it most desires. The result is that in the first house the gift is taken as it is given, appreciated and remembered, while in the other it is claimed as a right.

The boys and girls, too, are to be taught the doctrine of consideration, for they have their lives to work out. They have before them a path which is quite apt to be rough; but much in it will be less heavy to bear, and the fact that the sun is shining behind the clouds will be remembered, if only they are taught to be considerate of their companions on the long journey. You and I are not too old to learn; and we have made mistakes which they may be spared by timely warning. Consider more the happiness of others; forbear to speak lightly; and remember that if one thinks only of one's self in time one will be loved only by one's self. Close your eyes to that which your friend would not wish you to see, and you will not only make but keep friends. Do you know who the first of these friends should be? The mother who reared you, the husband who loves you, and the little child that calls you "mother." To be able in one's own home to combine friendship and love is the secret of a happy life. Have other friends, but let these be first; and every night as you kneel and give thanks for a happy day past, every morning as you pray for help to be good and true during the new day, ask God to teach you the grace of consideration.

—Butterick's Delineator.

BE THOU MY HELPER.

O for the light which cometh from above;
O for the zeal which springeth out of love;
O for the faith which teacheth how to live;
O for the peace which Christ alone can give.

O for the lips to sing the Savior's praise;
O for the feet to walk in Wisdom's way;
O for the eyes to see where Jesus trod;
O for the hands to work the work of God.

O for the trust which sweetens every care:
O for the joy which brightens everywhere;
O for the life which lives in Christ alone;
O for the death made stingless by His own.

Father, bestow these blessings of Thy grace
For His dear sake who suffered in our place;
Ruined by sin before His cross we fall,
Nothing ourselves, and Jesus all in all.—*Sel.*

SCENES ON THE NILE.

THE Nile is not older than other rivers, yet it has about it a smack of antiquity, says the London *Tablet*. It rolls along near Cairo with an air of decayed dignity that suggests better days. It shuffles along as if on slippers, and barely greets the nodding palms that obsequiously offer their reflection to its waters, or scarcely notices the pretense of cities that now respectfully crouch on its banks.

It is a beneficent old river, scattering its waters with lordly indolence to feed the hungry sands, heedless alike whether they appreciate the overflow of its munificence or greedily long for more. It is indifferent, it is slovenly, it is blasé; it languidly dwells on its splendors, pities Luxor and Thebes, and wistfully eyes the Pyramids to see if they too are wasting away.

These Pyramids are empty, and have given up their treasures. The Pharaohs had an eye to permanence after death; they heaped up a pile of stones such that no usurper could demolish nor conquer or steal, and which defy time; their bodies were so preserved or pickled as to defy decay; and, wrapped in cloths and ligaments, they lay 3500 years with the mass of stone above them—a type of rest and permanence. They did not foresee that scientific resurrectionists would snatch their corpses, tear off their wraps, and expose them naked to the vulgar gaze in the village at Boulak.

A mile and a half from Cairo the village lies at the base of the iron bridge, square and modern, under which the Nile haughtily deigns to flow. Its narrow streets and open shops reek with typical eastern odors; its houses are huddled together, a contrast to the huge white barracks and parade-ground on the outskirts. Loungers hang about the doorways and corners of the streets—stalwart Arabs with dirty blankets over shoulder and back; loosely made Egyptians and black Soudanese with white eyes and white teeth gleaming from black wool and black visage, and white tunics connecting black necks with black arms and black legs.

Some motion is provided by the gaudy robes of a solemn Moslem gravely bobbing on the hindquarters of a Cairo donkey, with a ragamuffin running behind to promote locomotion. Amid the beddraggled houses and frowsy population of a modern eastern village by the old Nile now rest the bones and skins of the masters of ancient Egypt, the lords of the palaces of Memphis and Thebes.

—Montreal Herald.

Editor's Corner.

AWAKENING.

THE earth is to-day clothing herself in garments of emerald, varying from the faintest tint to the deepest, richest shade. So fresh and soft is this carpet of Nature's weaving that the shadows almost hide themselves in it and the little spring blossoms bend closely and lovingly down to its caressing touch. The mists lie softly above it and drops of dew sparkle from its depths like gems from their setting. Of all the seasons it is the fairest. It brings not the gorgeous richness of summer, nor holds in its hand the wealth of autumn's fruitage. but it is the harbinger of both, the sure promise of their coming.

The sleep which Christ giveth his beloved, after the toil and cares of life, is sweet and blessed, but as the time when the awakening of all nature, from the cold and frost-bound sleep of winter, is cheering to the heart of everyone, so does the thought of that other awakening cause our hearts to thrill with joy and our pulses to throb with new life. Pure, fresh, and sweet are the garments Earth puts on; but if so beautiful while yet under the curse, what will it be when God shall renew it by his power and righteousness shall take up its abode upon it? If the awakening of nature, of plant, and shrub, and flower has power to so move and quicken the heart of man, what songs of joy will rend the skies when "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise?"

Every bud and blossom which unfolds to the air of spring, is a promise of that time. Every seed planted in the earth, there to die that it may be quickened and spring up to meet the

air and sunshine, is a pledge that this shall be.

Blessed gospel of the Son of God! There is in it hope and joy enough not only for this life, but to gild the tomb, even causing us to rejoice when called upon to lay down this mortal body, that it may be raised an immortal one, fashioned like to the glorious body of the Son of God.

IN KINGS' GARDENS.

"I have little of this world's goods, but in my small Library I find a Paradise, in my Books a Garden of the King."

I am a poor wayfaring man,
  A child of penury and pain;
I carry out the common plan
  To toil and moil for little gain.
The world is full of fear and fret,
  With desert spaces dark and drear;
Where are our Eden Gardens set,
  That bloom in bliss the livelong year?

I take high shame for all complaint,
  For sadness, lack of courage true,
Since I'm a poet, hero, saint,
  When garden grounds of Books I view:
There I retire from noise and din,
  A monk in cloistered shade abide,
Forgetting outside show and sin,
  From rosy morn to eventide!

I put away my garments old,
  Don purple robes to walk in state,
Am clothed in royal lace and gold,
  While princes at my bidding wait:
I counsel have with sages wise,
  Brave poets sing their songs to me,
Philosophers, with starry eyes,
  Discourse on life and verity!

Historians praise great deeds and blest;
  World prophets speak with tongues of fire
Sweet, saintly souls reveal love's rest;
  Great soldiers show the heart's desire:
These talk, and tell how good must grow,
  Disclosing heaven in glorious light;
The flowers of feeling fragrant blow,—
  All roses red, all lilies white!

In these fair gardens, ages old,
  Gray kings invite our steps to stray;
They crown with gifts the pure and bold,
  Long years are like a summer day:
The tree of knowledge there remains,
  Bright birds of paradise flit by;
The tree of life adorns its plains;
  God's river mirrors its blue sky.

My fellow men, though winter wild
  May smite the earth with biting breath,
Here we may wander like a child,
  In paradise that knows not death:
Here time and tide are all forgot,
  All petty ills, preplexing men;
The soul has gained its heavenly lot,—
  The angels its companions then!

—William Brunton, in the Unitarian.

A WONDERFUL BOOK.

VIEWED merely as a human or literary production, the Bible is a marvellous book and without a rival. It embraces works of about forty authors, representing the extremes of society, from the throne of the king to the boat of the fisherman; it was written during a long period of sixteen centuries—on the banks of the Nile, in the desert of Arabia, in the land of promise, in Asia Minor, in classical Greece, and in imperial Rome; it commences with the creation, and ends with the final glorification, after describing all the intervening stages in the revelation of God and the spiritual development of man; it uses all forms of literary composition; it rises to the highest heights and descends to the lowest depths of humanity, it measures all states and conditions of life; it is acquainted with every grief and every woe; it touches every cord of sympathy; it contains the spiritual biography of every human heart; it is suited to every class of society, and can be read with the same interest and profit by the king and the beggar, by the philosopher and the child.

—Leaves of Light.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY.

AT Independence during the late conference, there was a meeting called for the purpose of considering the question of effecting an organization of the young people of the church. Said organization was to be of a general character, having for its object the mutual improvement of the young socially, morally, intellectually, and religiously.

The meeting appointed a committee to draft, during the year, a constitution and by-laws for organization, said committee to examine the methods and workings of similar societies of other churches, and to secure all the information possible from other sources. The metting adjourned subject to the call of the committee.

Now the Editor of the Department of Correspondence, as chairman of this committee to effect a scheme for organization, hereby issues a special call to the presidents and secretaries of all societies now organized in the church, a general appeal to all who have an interest in the movement, and it is to be hoped that all have such interest to render assistance in this investigation. The committee would like copies of the constitution and by-laws of such societies as may have them printed. Send us a half dozen copies, that each member of the committee may be supplied. And we invite and solicit correspondence from any and all who may feel an active interest in the work, believing that, "in a multitude of counsel there is wisdom."

It was also thought that it would be well to have a discussion of this question through this Department of *Autumn Leaves*. So then, let one and all come up to the help of the committee, so that when a meeting is called next April, we may be prepared to act, and to act intelligently, in effecting an organization such as is desired.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, *Chairman of Com.*

EARLING, Iowa, March, 1892.

Dear Readers:—As the "Word of Wisdom" is a theme that has been discussed to some extent, and as it is a subject that ought always to be held sacred by Latter Day Saints, I thought I would write somewhat in regard to it.

In the first place, we must bear in mind that the Master has said, "It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Now, it is evident to every true Latter Day Saint that this Word of Wisdom has proceeded from the mouth of God, although not given by commandment or by constraint, but by revelation, showing forth the order and will of God.

This shows conclusively that it has proceeded from the mouth of God and therefore is made imperative. And it also shows forth the great condescension of God by warning and forewarning his Saints in these last days because of evils that exist in the hearts of conspiring men, showing that he has a loving regard for his people in these days.

Now, if we do not keep these revealments, in connection with all other commands given by him, we will come under condemnation, and will suffer in consequence thereof.

I am met here with the objection from those that use tea and coffee that they are not mentioned, therefore they are not under obligation to leave off the use of them.

That same argument was used in the garden of Eden to our first parents, and if persisted in will bring forth the same results in consequence of not adhering to that which had proceeded from the mouth of God. If it does not mean tea and coffee when it speaks of hot drinks, will some good old brother or sister please tell us what it does mean? What were the Saints drinking at that time that was hot? And what could be more easily adulterated than coffee and tea? I am in hopes the time is coming when the church will more fully comply with this requirement and reap the rewards attaching thereto.

Next cometh the tobacco user, and we pause while he or she tries to conjure up an excuse for their persistent use of the vile stuff. And while they are thinking we will refer them to Revelation 22:11, where it says, "He that is filthy let him be filthy still." But we have had additional revealment in regard to tobacco in a late revelation which commands us to abstain from the use of the weed, that our "counsel to be temperate may be effectual."

Think of a man holding the priesthood trying to teach the pure principles of the gospel with tobacco in his mouth, or the stain on his lips, when the Lord has said that "it is not good for the body nor the belly."

Some will say the writer is a crank, and if he

knew how hard it is to quit he would be a little lenient; but, dear reader, stop right there. I know whereof I speak, having been under the curse for sixteen years (to my shame be it said), and in all those years I never tried to justify myself in its use.

There are other things that are of just as much importance which, if we observe to do, we will, by keeping all other commands, receive the blessings.

That we may all strive to keep all his words, whether commands or otherwise, and all labor together with God for the advancement of his church militant, and advise and take advice on different subjects in a kindly spirit with a desire for advancement, is my prayer.

R. WIGHT.

BRUSH GROVE, N. S. W., March, 1892.

Dear Readers:—"And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel, and marrow in their bones, and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures. —D. & C. p. 245. It is also promised that the destroying angel shall pass us by. "If ye love me keep my commandments."—Jesus. This Word of Wisdom was for *all*. Do we believe it unto obedience? If we fail to comply can we reasonably ask God to give us health and strength, or in the event of the loss of either ask him for a return?

How many of us are trying to please God by eating meat "sparingly" or only in "winter or times of cold or of famine?" Do we use "judgment and skill" in what we eat, drink and wear, and in the care of our bodies?

Daniel and his friends, to please God, ate pulse or sodded vegetables rather than the king's meat, and became ruddy, stout, and pleasing to look upon far above their fellows. During the times of universal peace the lion is to "eat straw like the ox." Why but that his animal nature is changed in the loss of carnivorous or flesh-eating habits? Some years ago a Canadian trapper was accidentally shot in the abdomen, the gunshot wound healing in such a way as to leave an opening into the stomach covered only by a thin skin almost as clear as a pane of glass. Through this the doctors studied the process of digestion, and saw that when meat was eaten it required a much longer time to digest, and that when he was not in perfect health it would even lie in the stomach till it became rancid!

The use of tobacco in any way, the taking of strong or "hot" drinks, has the effect of checking the flow of the digestive juices, which results in impairing the vital organs, and this brings disease and finally premature death!

Food taken into the stomach after being properly masticated, or chewed, is wrought upon by the gastric juices, and such portions as are fitted to take the places of waste and decay, and thus build up, are carried to their destination by the blood which acts as a means of transport. While the blood fulfills this duty, it also becomes an agent in gathering the worn-out particles of our bodies, to deposit them in the lungs, where is enacted one of the most wonderful processes of all.

The lungs become what may be termed the dumping-ground for the effete, or waste particles of the body, and if not relieved, would soon close their labor. That is, should this waste matter not be removed it would cause death.

There are thousands of cells called "air cells" in the lungs, and these become at once either the instruments of death or the agents of life, as all depends upon the *kind* of air that enters them. And it is a matter of grave importance to see the number who are slowly committing suicide through ignorance; and the whole matter for us each to determine is as to whether the ignorance is excusable or not. To enter a closed room fetid with foul air, and make no effort to remove it, is to at once commence the operation of self-destruction. And yet how many when night comes enter a sleeping apartment having no other means of ventilation than the door, and, mostly, but one window, and before retiring make both secure by bolts and fasteners, that the burglar stalking forth in the midnight gloom may find no entrance there, yet bar *within* a deadly foe far more insidious than he whom they have thus sought to keep without! And while with every expiratory movement of the organs of breath they are casting forth this deadly foe, all unconscious of his presence, yet before the night has deepened far the returning inspiration will bring him again to the very place whence so short a time before he had been expelled.

Pure air consists of about twenty-one parts oxygen, and when this enters the air cells in the lungs it at once begins the process of consuming the waste particles which we have seen carried there by the blood. The smoke or gas arising from this burning is called "carbonic acid," and this, being a narcotic poison, has been the foe you kept in your bedroom. What wonder, then, that you awoke in the morning

with a "splitting headache?" And each time you repeat the experiment you are but a step nearer to a premature grave!

When breathed out, this gas vitiates, or, worse yet, poisons the air it enters, providing there be no means of escape. Coming from the heated lungs and thus expanded, it is much lighter than the air of the room, hence rises; therefore the window should be "down at the top," or, still better, a ventilator had in the ceiling. Allowed to remain in the room for want of means to escape, it soon becomes heavier than purer air by the process of cooling, when it settles, and we are forced to rebreathe it. From these facts it is obvious that one bedroom should *never be directly above another*, especially when there is a means of transit between the two. As carbonic acid gas does not possess the power to burn when taken into the lungs, it cannot remove the effete particles deposited there.

When the food enters the mouth it should be thoroughly chewed, that all the animal fibers may be completely broken up, as well as to assist the saliva to do its work, for by it the food is moistened and portions of it are converted into sugar which fits it for absorption. The food now passing into the stomach, is acted on by the gastric juices, and turned into chyme. In this state it passes into the intestinal canal, and while *enroute*, the pancreatic and bile juices are poured into it, the latter "arresting decomposition in animal substances." In the canal it is converted into chyle, and the nutrient parts are taken up by the lacteals and carried to the thoracic duct which in turn discharges into the left jugular vein.

These various juices, saliva, gastric, pancreatic, bile, and intestinal, thus used in digestion, are said to amount to nearly three gallons in twenty-four hours, and about ninety-six per cent of them consist of water. Before the chyle is discharged into the blood-current it is acted upon by the lymph as it passes through the lymphatic glands. One step further and the food shall have been traced from the time it enters the mouth till its nutrients are ready to take the place of waste material. This step is the action of the liver, spleen, and other glands, after which it is ready to be borne, not only to every tissue, but to the tiniest part of each.

Thus it is seen that there is a constant waste and repair, and also how necessary it is that the blood should be wholly pure, so that the particles of repairing material in being thus transmitted will not become poisoned and unfitted for the work of building up the body. When these nutrient particles have reached their destination this portion of digestion has completed one of the ceaseless rounds of life. But in time these self-same nutrients enter into a state of decay, and are taken up by the blood and carried to the lungs, where they are burned by the inspiring oxygen. And thus have ended their whole career, from the time they entered the mouth as food till they have in turn passed through the purifying fire kept constantly burning in healthy lungs.

Our lungs are kept healthy by the inspiration of pure air. This denied, and the room in which we may reside will soon fill with the carbonic acid escaping from our lungs at every breath, and this narcotic poison must necessarily be rebreathed into our lungs, and instead of dispelling the waste and poisoned matter gathered there, will only aid in swelling it, till in time consumption or some other dread disease ensues and death result.

All dwellings should be surrounded with a bountiful supply of trees and flowers, as these take in carbonic acid and give out oxygen.

Young ladies should unionize and have in their platform a plank that each one who kept company with a young man who smoked or chewed or drank intoxicants, should be heavily fined, and suspended finally, on conditions of continued rebellion.

Young men should form a union and stipulate likewise in relation to any members who should continue to keep company with any young lady found indulging in tight lacing, or in any way deforming herself to comply with the demands of Madam Fashion, thus implying that the Creator did not *understand* how they should be fashioned!

He who smokes or chews takes into his system a poison known as nicotine, one drop of which would cause the death of a cat by being placed on its tongue, as has been proved! The use of intoxicants largely stops the flow of the digestive juices, thus imparing digestion; the blood fails to be purified; disease results; decay sets in, thus totally unfitting the user to impart health to his progeny. Beware, sisters!

She who laces tightly moves the ribs out of their intended position, compresses the lungs, straightens the air cells, displaces the liver—one of the most vital organs of the body; pains ensue, disease results, and misery and woe follow till death comes as a sweet relief. Beware, brothers!

And all this the fearful price to pay for becoming a votary of Madam Fashion, or to comply with the conventionalities of our day! while to keep "the commandments" of God secures

health, joy, happiness, and all the blessings accruing and ensuing. What wonder our Master said *his* yoke was easy and his burden light. "He that loveth me keepeth my commandments." All who are willing to learn and keep the laws of God and the laws of their being, will receive what he hath promised in the Word of Wisdom, while those who yield to appetite, taste or custom, rather than the above, must suffer the consequences. And we who take "hot drinks" to the detriment of the juices of digestion, as well as eat meats unsparingly, should not grumble if we partake of the evils so incident to our day and generation.

Another necessary promotion and continuation of health, is labor; and all who become idlers will needs suffer the penalty sure to follow.

J. W. WIGHT.

LANARK, March, 1892.

Dear Readers of the Department of Correspondence:—The "Word of Wisdom" has been suggested as a subject worthy of our consideration; and the writer will make an attempt to write a few thoughts.

It is not my purpose to consider the whole subject in this letter, because it would be too lengthy, and so I will content myself with a few thoughts on the tobacco habit

The older people of the church who learned the habit when perhaps they knew not its evil, and that it was forbidden by our heavenly Father, deserve our pity and sympathy, and no harsh words should be said of them and to them concerning it, for "charity is kind." But what shall we say of the young who have been reared in the church and know that it is displeasing to Him who gave the law; shall we look with shame, scorn, and disgust, with only such pity as is caused by a feeling of sorrow for them who have not more love for their loving, kind, and patient heavenly Parent? The writer will not answer for others, but let the reader form such conclusions as would be in harmony with the righteousness of God.

It is dirty, filthy, and repulsive in all of its forms of use; it has not a proper place in civilization; it had its origin among the savages and its use is scarcely tolerated, except in saloons. In railway and street cars it is forbidden; in the homes of refined people it has no place except in the kitchen, and it is only tolerated there, and not welcome. We often see the sign, "No Smoking," and "Please do not spit on the floor." There is not a woman of refinement that desires its use in the house, it is repulsive to her nature. Think of it, "ye lords of creation." Where is your manhood, when you will lower yourself so much that you will leave a *dirty, filthy* spittoon for your loving and patient wife to clean, to gratify your wish of being a little savage at home, while you think yourself too much a gentleman to be one on the street car.

It is expensive, and people in the common walks of life, as are most of the Saints, rob themselves of the real necessities of life or home—and many homes could be made much more pleasant if the money thus wasted were spent for home comforts. There would be less complaint of hard times. Many are not aware of the amount they spend to gratify the cravings of the habit. It ranges from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars per year. Two cigars per day at five cents each would be thirty-six dollars; four per day would be seventy-three dollars; while for ten cents each it would be double the amount. This is no fancy picture; it is the plain, simple truth, and very few use less, while many use more than this amount. This amount properly invested in ten years would make a home that any one of us would be glad to have.

If some of the wives, and perhaps mothers, who read this letter that oftimes feel themselves lacking many little comforts in the home, would open an account with "Tobacco" in their ledger, if they would keep a record of their business, (if they do not it would be well to commence,) you would be astonished, and perhaps your husband would be ashamed to see that the tobacco bill equals nearly all the ordinary expense of the home. The writer knows it to be a fact that at some homes where the husband is addicted to this habit the wife wears "cast off" garments, and the children are without proper clothing to keep them warm. If the accounts referred to above were kept, an item about like the following could be presented, with the amount used by a moderate smoker: Tobacco expenditures sixty dollars. What could supply its place? Tithing six dollars, books and papers fifteen dollars; underclothing, shoes and rubber boots eleven dollars; hat and dress ten dollars; clothing, shoes and notions for the children fifteen dollars; Sunday school three dollars; making a total of sixty dollars.

There is not a home that would not be happier and would have greater contentment if the money were used as above. Those not married or without children could use the same amount equally as well for useful purposes.

It would be well for the young women of the church to commence a crusade against the evil,

the married ones against their husbands and the unmarried with their beaux, and let them arise in their might and call on God for assistance and make a determined effort to win. You have the best chance to fight successfully this child of savagery. It is wrong from a monetary standpoint, because it wastes money that ought to be put to better use. Physically it is an enemy, because it injures the whole system, thereby imparing the power of all the organs of the body. It is dirty and filthy, and the Scriptures say we should be clean; and, as has been said by a brother, it is "essential to godliness." Also the last but not least, God says, "It is not good for man, but for sick cattle."

PAUL PARKER.

OAKDALE, Neb., April, 1892.

Dear Readers of these Valuable Leaves:—I introduce myself among the contributors by speaking my hearty approval of the thoughts expressed in an article in the May number under the heading of, "Shall the Glory of Zion Embrace Art?" I feel to exclaim, Truly my Redeemer liveth, or there would not be sufficient powers of intellect to produce such an article I have so often thought when I have seen some holding the priesthood of God who seemed to have such zeal to teach law, and great taste for enforcing it, (but lacking greatly in discretionary powers,) if they would only seek to be Christlike, and manifest those gifts and graces that build up the Christian character, how much more efficacious their teaching would be. I often think, too, and am made to see, if the powers that war against righteousness cannot prevent our taking a step in the right direction, it will try to push us off from some high precipice and dash us into pieces in this way. But how much to be appreciated is the intellect that seeks to know God's ways for itself and makes our Father in heaven the man of counsel, studies his revealed word, looks upon all of the great works of nature, and tries to have a knowledge for self. I am glad that by nature I was endowed with this character to some extent—"self-justice."

While I was perfectly willing to admit that there were people in the world far more intelligent by nature, and who had a more extended education, I was not quite ready to let anyone make me think that the "moon was made of green cheese, and that I might obtain a slice by taking a knife in hand and starting in line with its rays." How well do I remember this artistic taste being laughed to scorn once by a great strong (physically strong) brother, in telling me a bit of soft fine lace around an apron was all nonsense, and bordering onto "worldly pride," which we are to understand from the "standard books" is sin, (and I desire to add while offering this reproof, that he lay in an ungentlemanly attitude on the floor, chewing tobacco, and occasionally spitting upon the floor,) my answer was, I do not think so, or else the Creator was in poor business when he made such a variety of flowers, many of which to our knowledge are only useful to satisfy the sight and smell.

And again, in talking with another brother upon the subject of fashion he seemed to think it would be contrary to the teaching of the church books for ladies to dress (or make their dresses) like the ladies of the world, of the present time I answered, Which would be the most sinful pride, "to have a passion to dress like our great grandmothers, and wear the heavy home-made quilted hood, the long-faced shakers, and the extreme full gathered dresses, and be made the butt of ridicule by those of good taste and fine feelings; or to dress like people do in our day. To illustrate my idea I said, "You are rather a short man; now if I were going to suggest the style of hat most becoming to you, I would recommend those high stiff hats such as ministers sometimes wear."

"Well," said he, "as that style of hat is one I very much dislike, and I never expect to become a preacher, I don't think I shall ever wear one."

Well, the reader may inquire, what does all this argue? Simply this: There are a diversity of tastes and opinions, and everybody is more or less ready to argue in favor of their own. Now if there is to be a decision made, who shall make it? And by what authority? Do you not think the Great Artist, the "Maker and builder of all things," has given any rule by which we may know? Consider the nature of God as portrayed in the Bible, Book of Mormon, and the greatest of all volumes, Nature, and then answer.

Again I desire to ask if it be wrong to encourage fine taste, fine manners, etc., the right thing thoroughly prepared to fill the right place? Why do we so commonly hear the expression, "order is heaven's first law." And if God recognized this saying, (if he isn't the author of it,) why didn't he put our eyes in the lower part of the face instead of the upper? and the mouth up in the forehead instead of where it is; and one ear up at the top of the head on one side and on the other down at the base, etc. I think the admonition of this scripture will

direct our minds to the right rule whereby to solve the problem: "To the law and the testimony, if they speak not according to this, it is because there is no light in them." Why is it that these great advocates of the practical things of life cannot (or do not) see any beauty in the "artistic, or spiritual?" I would answer because they labor more to educate the natural or animal, than the artistic, or spiritual man.

In conclusion I desire to add this testimony: I have enjoyed as much of God's Spirit, in singing the hymns of Zion at different times, as exercising myself in prayer, or testimony, in what we call a social meeting. Besides, it is written, "a song of praise, is a prayer unto the Lord." I have no other motive in offering these few rambling thoughts, than to encourage the good and true. SISTER C. H. DERRY.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"The art of life is to know how to enjoy a little and endure much."

THE CHILDREN.

A MOTHER should not be discouraged if she cannot always perceive the good results of her daily efforts to purify from inherited taint the little being committed to her care. The currents of child life never flow smoothly; smiles and tears, gentleness and perverseness, energy and indolence, appear and disappear without apparent reason. When we wonder at this, Nature listens kindly to our maturer "why," and offers us the lesson of the little streamlet just gushing from the rock; a pebble will deflect its course and a tuft of grass hide it from view, but when it has grown to the proportions of a river, it pursues its way regardless of obstacles and reflects the sunlight in every mile of its journey to the sea. The time for breadth and depth is not when the stream is small or the mental and moral nature immature. Do not be impatient, then, for evidences of character in your child; in due time his infantile caprice will give place to the stronger and steadier impulses of manhood.

Much depends upon the manner in which a child is governed and corrected, and a mother cannot be too thoroughly disciplined in temper nor too generously endowed with tender persistency and kindly forbearance. A tranquil reproof is an expression of protective love that will most always win instant submission; but when a command is uttered in a harsh or fretful voice or accompanied by threats, the child is not slow to perceive that his mother has lost her temper, and if he obeys it is through fear and not because of reverence or affection. Sometimes a stout-hearted child will choose obduracy with its consequences rather than degrading submission, and this rebellion, which would be called courage in a man, is pronounced stubbornness in a child. Happily that old and cruel belief that held a child's will to be an unholy thing which must be broken on the wheel of physical suffering is nearly obsolete and will soon be remembered only with shame.

Of course, every self-respecting mother will see that the nails, teeth, and hair of her child are properly cared for and that its raiment is fresh and presentable after play hours; but it is often forgotten that unkempt hair is not more slovenly than unkempt English, and polished grammer quite as essential as polished manners. If a song is to be sung or poem recited there is no end of training, but in the daily speech of the child careless articulation and ungrammatical expressions pass uncorrected. Simplicity and purity of language and sweetness of voice cannot be too early incorporated into the fixed habits of a child. If the mother's vigilance in these matters begins with the cradle and continues through childhood and youth, graces of speech are almost always possible; and these, when coupled with a charm of manner, will often command social privileges that are denied wealth and birth. A child's mind may be keen and bright, but if its expression is marred by a plebeian form of speech and tone of voice, he can easily be mistaken for the offspring of illiterate parents. His instruction in this, as in everything else, should be made a diversion instead of a task; he should be permitted, not compelled, to learn, and if his ideas in this respect are rightly directed at the beginning, he will soon come to regard his lessons as a pleasure.

Closely associated with the training of a

child's voice and language is his instruction in manners—not in those artificial forms of speech, voice, attitude, etc., that sometimes make a person more conspicuous than pleasing, but in that fine considerateness for others that makes the morning and evening salutations cordial, the relinquishing of a favorite chair a courtesy, and the subduing of noisy play and the quiet removal of such disorderliness as the child is responsible for, a prompt and cheerful duty. These and many other graces of manner are the beginnings of a fine and noble breeding, which later on will make his life a charm to others and a satisfaction to himself If such virtues are alien to the temper or tendencies of a child, he should be all the more carefully trained in them.

An orderly care of his own toys is another habit that should be formed as soon as the child can walk. A place should be assigned each article, where it must be deposited after playtime. Enforce this custom every day, and allow of no excuse for its omission except illness. A child will thus learn not only the responsibility of ownership, but the value of system; and orderly habits go far toward developing orderly minds.

It is doubtful if children can be properly instructed and trained if the father and mother are known to differ in their standards of discipline and education. Ways and means should be discussed by the parents in private, and before children there should be a perfect accord, one parent always sustaining the other's authority. The father's manner toward the mother is only too often copied by the son, so that the man who wishes his boy to be gentle and chivalric at heart and graceful of speech can do him no greater wrong than exhibit a lack of self-control when addressing his wife. If the boy is her admirer rather than the imitator of his father, he may feel contempt and dislike of the latter whenever he fails to be gentlemanly to the mother. The finest tribute a father can pay his wife is to advise his daughter to be like her; and for a lad to say, "When I am a man I shall find a wife who is exactly like my mother," is the highest proof of the wisdom she has applied to his rearing. One of the most universally respected men of our time said lately in public, "The good that I have I owe to my mother, and for sins that I commit not, I thank my father. It is reverence for what they were that saves me from falling when greatly tempted to lower the standard they fixed for me while yet a child."—*The Delineator.*

SPENDING MONEY.

HALF the troubles of married life arise over money matters, and they might all be prevented by a fair understanding in the outset.

This is a very important point. If a woman has no independent income of her own and no way of earning money after marriage she ought always to have a certain stated and regular allowance each week or month for her own spending money, to dispose of as she pleases

A wife ought to know just what her husband's position is financially, and there should be a fair understanding of what the household can afford to spend for the housekeeping expenses, for clothing, etc. Some men think if they have made a liberal allowance for the household expenses that is all which can reasonably be required of them. If their wives have the handling of this money they often give it to them as though it were for their own private use, and consider any further sum bestowed upon them as so much free grace. If a new dress or bonnet be needed it must be asked for, and perhaps coaxing or even tears or pouts are necessary before it is forthcoming. An ideal way of distributing the household funds is for the husband to say: "My dear, our income is so much. Let us allow of this sum so much for our household expenses, and this you shall spend, keep account of, and I will audit your accounts. So much for clothes for me, so much for you; so much for my spending money, so much for yours, and so much to put in the bank against a rainy day."

Women treated thus fairly and honestly will spend the household funds judiciously, keep their own clothing bills within bounds, and be content with their allowance of spending money if it be only twenty-five cents a month. Try it and see, you men who keep your wives in ignorance of your real financial standing and then groan over their extravagance, or ye who never think of putting a penny in your wife's poor little purse unless she asks you for it.—*The Home.*

UNSUSPECTED WASTES.

THAT there are many wastes in our daily life we all know, but not until we stop to give the matter really serious thought do we discern how many there are. By this we do not mean simply wastes in the kitchen but in all departments of our lives. It is the unexpected drains that are the most dangerous, and there are many of these in our households that may be classed under the head of waste.

It is not economy to wear one's self out with

hard work to save hiring assistance and then be obliged in the end to pay more for physician's bills than the little needed help would have cost.

The waste time is, perhaps, hardest to prevent. It goes in so many ways which seem at the time imperative, but which we often find afterwards were not. Then, too, much is wasted needlessly in social ways.

The waste of time in sewing is often a large one. No mother, for instance, can afford to spend all her days and the larger share of her nights in stitching for her children, in order that they may be as well or better dressed than the children of her richer neighbors. The necessary things they must have, but make them plain and sensible, and in sufficient number to be always clean—meanwhile instilling into the minds of your children that the mind as well as the body must be cared for In proportion as the purse is limited, will thoughtful care need to be exercised to find time for both. If the mind is allowed to run to waste, the time will surely come, when, if you have not kept ahead of your children, love you as they may, they will be well aware of the deepening gap opening between you. You have no interest in a knowledge of their pursuits because you have not only stitched away your brain power, but have allowed it to lie idle until it has become more than useless, and you will look back with sorrow to the extra ruffles and trimmings. The girl who has a small allowance cannot afford to put it all into dress, and must remember that she is not wasting it if she sometimes takes a little trip and oftener buys a book or goes to hear music, or does any one of a thousand other things that are educating. It is far less a waste of time for a tired woman to go out under the trees and do nothing than for her to work when so tired. She will work both better and more rapidly when rested. Much so-called busy time is wasted; most of the waste comes because we do not accurately measure what we get against what we expend in getting. The few really successful people are the people who have learned to make these measures correctly.—*Sel.*

THE USES OF MUSTARD.

There are many simple remedies that may be used effectively in sudden emergencies, when some accident occurs, or some disturbance of the system so common to childhood needs prompt treatment.

One of the most useful and simple remedies for a variety of attacks I have found to be ground mustard. No household where there are children should be without a supply on hand. A bottle or glass can which can be closed is the best vessel in which to keep it.

In case of poisoning, two or three teaspoonfuls stirred into a half pint of water acts promptly as an emetic and is easier to take than salt and water.

In croup, severe or otherwise, there is nothing one can do that can be depended upon to relieve like a mustard plaster applied to the back of the child's neck.

The same treatment will be found to relieve almost any case of headache.

The best way to prepare a mustard plaster is to take a cloth of the size needed, spread it over well with lard and upon that sprinkle mustard. Apply directly to the part affected without any intervening cloth as the lard prevents blistering Unless a great deal of mustard is used one can wear such a plaster for hours without experiencing any inconvenience.

In colds where the lungs are filled up or congested there is no application I know of so good as this.

For hoarseness, accompanied with a troublesome hacking cough, or a clearing of the throat, use the same applied to the chest.—*Sel.*

Enjoy the littles of every day. The great favors of fortune come to but few, and those that have them tell us that the quiet, homely joys, which are within the reach of us all, are infinitely the best. Then let us not cast them away, but treasure every sunbeam, and get all the light and warmth from it that the blessing holds.—*Sel.*

AWAY.

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead,—He is just away!

With a cheery, smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land.

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—O you, who the wildest yearn,
For the old-time step and the glad return.—

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here:

Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead—he is just away!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

SQUANDERED LIVES.

The fisherman wades in the surges;
The sailor sails over the seas;
The soldier steps bravely to battle;
The woodman lays axe to the trees.

They are each of the breed of the heroes,
The manhood attempted in strife;
Strong hands that go lightly to labor,
True hearts that take comfort in strife.

In each is the seed to replenish
The world with the vigor it needs—
The center of honest affections,
The impulse to generous deeds.

But the shark drinks the blood of the fisher;
The sailor is dropped in the sea;
The soldier lies cold by his cannon;
The woodman is crushed by his tree.

Each prodigal life that is wasted
In many achievements unseen,
But lengthens the days of the coward,
And strengthens the crafty and mean.

The blood of the noble is lavished
That the selfish a profit may find;
God sees the lives that are squandered,
And we to His wisdom are blind.—*Sel.*

Round Table.

EDITED BY SALOME.

She was so thrifty and good that her name passed into a proverb.—*Longfellow.*

It seems a very trite remark to declare that bags of almost any description are welcome gifts at any season of the year, but so they are. Bags give one a wide range of choice by reason of their variety, and but few give more real pleasure than the handsome cloth, velvet, silk or satin shopping bags now in favor. To almost any woman of refinement such a bag will be welcome; a very refined-looking bag of this kind was made of the deepest shade of bronze green satin with black draw strings run through a casing set about three inches below the top, so as to leave a frill at the top. The front was charmingly decorated by clusters of lilacs, two cones of the blossoms backed by a stem or two of foliage painted in olive green. But the most serviceable is one of heavy black satin lined with satin and left plain. A traveler's cushion made with a bag receptacle for holding magazines and papers is another pleasing gift, and handsomely made of the new colored calfskin or ooze leather. It is bound all around with rich silk cord and furnished with a handle. The front of the bag portion is decorated by a painted design in oil colors Another gift and one very useful and pleasing is a school satchel for a young girl. This also can be made of colored calfskin at home. The cover, back, and bottom and front are first cut in one piece of double stuff, the back and bottom strengthened by pieces of stiff cardboard slipped between the leathers. The sides form pockets. The satchel is fastened with two straps The sides are also strengthened with cardboard. The top is curved over at the top, and the edges are worked with crewls in long and short stitches. Such a bag is secured to the waist by two short straps hooked into eyes sewed to the satchel at one end and secured to a broad leather belt to be worn about the waist.

Many pretty articles in wickerwork can also be available. For instance, one can make a pretty wall basket by enameling in ivory white one of those simple wicker wall baskets which can be found in almost any basket store. A handsome trimming consists of ordinary cotton lace moistened with gum and afterward gilded, the gold making a charming contrast with the white enameled wickerwork. Then a wastebasket is always acceptable, and here jet black enamel comes in suitably and converts the plain wicker basket into something strikingly handsome when we add a large bow with several loops and ends in broad orange colored satin ribbons. Bamboo and wicker combinations in tables are soon made much handsomer by the use of enamels and satin ribbon decorations.

If one is an adept in oil painting on pottery, and one's taste runs in decorative groups of flowers, a charming gift to make will be one of those large earthen pots shaped somewhat like ginger jars, painted with a bold mass of showy blossoms, say Jacqueminot roses and tea roses on a ground of green shading and clouded from golden olive to deep olive greens. Such a pot is handsome to stand in an ebonized pedestal in a bow window. More acceptable, perhaps, to some friend would be a painted umbrella jar; tall flag lilies and water grasses look well on such a subject, and especially pretty is a row of hollyhock plants all around the stand, say in pinks and whites and yellows with their pretty foliage.—*Ladies World*

FERN DESIGNS, AND WHAT USE TO PUT THEM TO.

Beautiful soft curtains for a bedroom or lady's boudoir may be made of fine Swiss muslin decorated with a border of feathery ferns. All that is required to make them is muslin enough for the curtains, a tooth brush, a fine-tooth comb, some jet black ink, and a quantity of pressed ferns. In gathering ferns for pressing select as perfect ones as can be found. Lay them smoothly between the leaves of some large book to press, or place them between two flat boards and place heavy weights on the top one—some bricks or a couple of heavy flatirons will answer this purpose. When thoroughly pressed they will be ready for use.

To make the curtains first measure off the required lengths of Swiss muslin for each window, allowing enough to fall gracefully to the

floor. A border of ferns is then made in "spatter work" down each curtain.

Spread an old sheet smoothly on the floor and tack it tightly and firmly. Then lay a length of the curtain material down upon it and pin it securely to the sheet at each end, stretching it enough to prevent wrinkling or creasing Next take your pressed ferns and arrange them gracefully down the edge of the curtain to form a border. They may be fastened in place by pins or fine gimp tacks. Cover all the curtains, except the border where the ferns are fastened, with an old sheet, an old table cover, or anything that will protect it. But let it be something old as it will be likely to be spoiled with ink spots. Dip a tooth brush or fine nail brush into some deep black ink, then comb the ink out over the fern boarder with a fine-tooth comb. This will make tiny black spots or "spatters," of ink all over the ferns and border. Do it as evenly as possible. When you have finished leave till *thoroughly* dry. Then carefully lift the pins from the ferns, remove them, and take the curtain from the floor.

You will then have a dark border band with pure white ferns out upon it. You must do each curtain separately. The ferns, if you have handled them carefully, may be used several times. These curtains will look lovely when finished. They will also be found very serviceable as they can be washed and ironed without fading. (You must *not*, of course, use any kind of soda or bleaching compound in washing.) They may be hung on white oak poles only, or you may if you choose, use lambrequin.

Tidies, pillow-shams, bureau-covers, and bedspreads may be made to correspond. While "spatter work" is not new the making of these curtains is; it is my own idea and has never been published before. The set I made lasted for years, the border wearing as long as the remainder of the curtains.—*Home Journal.*

A FRIENDSHIP TABLE COVER.

The idea for this bit of decoration is something new. The cover has a center of cream-colored linen, with a deep border of canvas weave linen. The owner's friends are asked to embroider their initials or monograms in silk or crewels —*Spectator.*

CHAIR SCARF.

Take two yards of fine butcher's linen and hemstitch a hem two inches deep all around. Then draw circles the size of a twenty-five cent piece to form a wide border at each end of the scarf. Cut out the center of these circles and buttonhole stitch them. In the vacant space left work the stitch used in working rick-rack braid, or any other fancy stitch preferred. Wash silk should be used for the embroidery. Pale yellow, pale blue and pink are the prettiest shades.—*Metropolitan.*

TOWELS.

Cross stitch embroidery is the prettiest style of decoration for household linen. Nothing is better for the ornamentation of chamber towels than a strip of this embroidery. Most of the patterns are worked in red or blue, but they look very pretty in shades of yellow. The handsomest of the towels have insertions of lace and knotted fringes. Some in Russian designs of quaint figures are embodied twelve inches deep at both ends. These are the over towels.—*Metropolitan.*

PARLOR DUSTER.

A handsome basket, made to hold feather brushes, is of plain chip, woven in squares. These squares are painted alternately old gold and pale blue. When perfectly dry, a bunch of blue forget-me-nots is painted on each gold square, and a head of pink clover on each blue square. Use enamel paint for this. Wind the handle with blue ribbon and finish with bows of old gold. Line the basket with pale blue china silk.—*Metropolitan.*

PRETTY BOOK-MARKERS.

These are made of gros grain ribbon one inch in width, in orange, pink and blue. Place the three ends together and sew to a small brass ring. Turn the other three ends to a point and finish with tiny gilt bells —*Metropolitan.*

A MUM PARTY.

An excellent way of raising money for church and charitable purposes is to give a mum party, and then there is an abundance of fun in it.

On entering the parlor the guests can bow or shake hands, but are not allowed to speak without an indulgence, which is purchased from a committee appointed to sell indulgences of ten, fifteen, twenty, and thirty minutes' duration for small sums, which vary according to the length of the indulgence.

A ribbon badge, with the word indulgence, and the time specified, is furnished. All who talk without an indulgence must pay a fine of five cents for each offence.

Those who hold indulgences delight in talking to those without, and much fun results, and fines are considerable Refreshments are served and talking is allowed at that time.—*Household.*

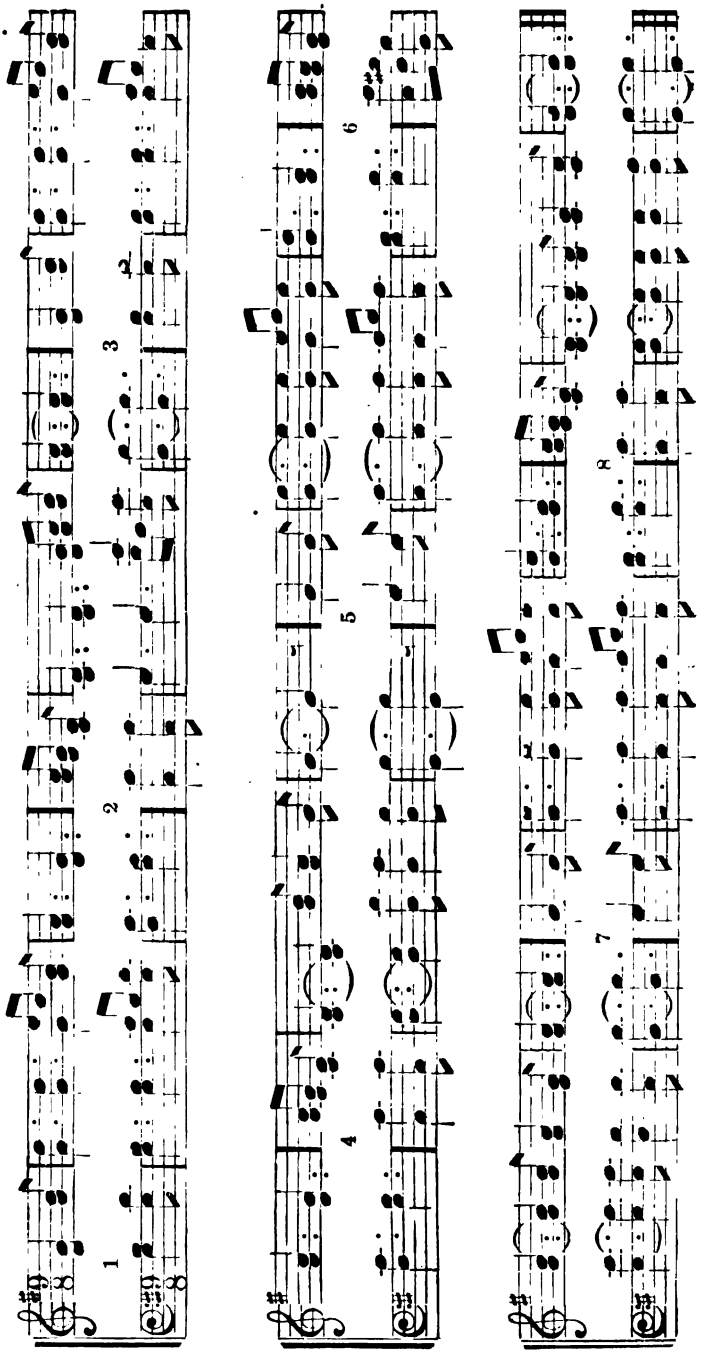
A NOVELTY

In mats for polished tables comes in colored calfskins, the surface of which is very like undressed kid. These mats are about 14 by 24 inches in size and take painting admirably.—*Sel*

IMITATION BAMBOO CURTAINS.

In the spring when the wood is young and tender, gather branches of either elm, willow or cat-tails. Cut them in pieces from two to six inches long. While they are fresh clear the centers and then lay them away to dry. When thoroughly dry dye them in different colors of diamond dyes. The sticks should be of graduated lengths, so as to arrange in geometrical designs. String them with colored beads, and a very handsome portiere may be made at a much less price than the bamboo.—*Blade.*

294 *S. H.* 531, 168, 190. **PITTSFIELD. 8s & 7s. D.** H. R. Mills.



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(See page 289).

AUTUMN LEAVES

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THE BOOK OF MORMON.—No. 1.

BY ELDER ZENAS H. GURLEY.

SOME EXTERNAL EVIDENCE.

THE Book of Mormon does not rest upon human strength nor human ingenuity for its support. The events, and the logic of those events transpiring since it came forth, must finally demonstrate its truth or its falsity. The work, of which the book is believed to be the evangel, is declared to be, "a marvelous work and a wonder;" therefore, the student upon this subject may properly expect to find *satisfactory* evidence in the field of the marvelous.

Besides this, there are the *external* and the *internal* evidences of the book; and in this field of investigation arise the multiplied and various contradictory opinions held in relation thereto. Our opponents urge that it is because of misapplication and failure to understand aright these evidences, that we accept this book, and the accompanying *work;* while, on the other hand, we are quite sure that the statement is true as against our opponents, and that it is they, not us, who fail to understand and properly apply. As a result of all this, expression to contrary views are given, which leads many to investigate the pros and cons involved, and this must finally prove a benefit to all concerned.

One bugbear that prevents many good people from investigating the Book of Mormon, is the thought that its acceptance over and above the New Testament is held as being essential to life and salvation, and that to reject it, is to bring eternal destruction. That we believe its acceptance a help to understand the gospel and its immutability (and so designed), also the promises of God to literal Israel, especially their regathering to the lands given of God to their fathers, is true; yet, the book itself makes the New Testament the standard of authority. (1 Nephi 3:43, and 26.) It was the standard for eighteen hundred years before the Book of Mormon had birth, and the Book of Mormon is right in so maintaining it now. This thought projects the conclusion then that belief in a book is not the thing so absolutely essential, but belief in Christ, belief in the gospel of Christ, the only thing sent of God for the salvation of the race, *is* the essential thing to do, even though one might never see a book nor hear one read.

The inspiration through human channels may mix with the human, and thus be more or less imperfect as *we* have it in "*earthen vessels*" only, at the best; but the words spoken by Christ in person, whether on eastern or western continent, must be *the* truth without mixture; and doubtless it is if we but have them and comprehend them. That the eye and ear witness, *chosen* to testify of those words, is less liable to err, that such statement is less liable to human mixture than the other is, seems quite evident. To maintain this idea, and the immutability and unchangeableness of the gospel, of "that word which God sent unto Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ," together with the regathering of Israel, is the entire scheme of the doctrinal and prophetical portions of the Book of Mormon. As stated in 2 Nephi 12:7:—

"Know ye not that the testimony of two nations is a witness unto you that I am God, that I remember one nation like unto another? Wherefore, I speak the same words unto one nation like unto

another. And when the two nations shall run together, the testimony of the two nations shall run together also. And I do this that I may pr ve unto many, that I am the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; and that I speak forth my words according to mine own pleasure."

The leading question with the investigation in this case is generally, "Does the Bible say anything about it? if not, then I will not accept it." Such statements are purely arbitrary and are not a safe guide, as a rule. The prophets of the Old Testament could not be sustained by such *rule*, as they do not testify that certain book or books will come forth after their day, neither by other prophets of Israel to Israel, such as the books of Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Amos, Joel, Zechariah, Malachi, or Matthew, and others. No, nothing of this whatever. So by that rule, if adopted, we would be compelled to reject *these* books. If, however, we can show that the Bible does speak of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon in the last days, then in that case it would be additional evidence of its truth; it would be drawing from that called EXTERNAL EVIDENCE, all the proof necessary to prompt a careful examination of its claims, that we might know assuredly thereof.

The twenty-ninth chapter of Isaiah declares a woe against Ariel, the city where David dwelt. The city of David was Jerusalem. (See 2 Samuel 5: 6–9.) And, as he was the representative head of Judah, it was quite proper to call his city *Ariel*, as it signifies "*the lion of God.*" For of Judah it is written that he "is a lion's whelp: from the prey, my son, thou art gone up; he stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion; who shall rouse him up?"—Gen. 49: 9. This woe against the *lion of God* says, "I will distress Ariel, and there shall be heaviness and sorrow; and I will camp against thee round about, and will lay siege against thee with a mount, etc." What literal fulfillment this scripture had when the Roman armies under Titus encamped against, and finally, in 70 A. D., captured the beloved and venerated Ariel, the city where David dwelt!

Should it be argued here that Israel had "heaviness and sorrow" from other defeats and captivities it is admitted. But in none of them like as in this one; this one, preëminently over all others, fills up the cup of sorrow and destruction to Ariel, the city of God's loved people Israel. The number of people who perished in this war are reckoned at one million, three hundred and thirty-seven thousand, four hundred and ninety; and one hundred and one thousand, seven hundred were taken prisoners. Besides many skirmishes and battles were not taken into account. "From that time" it is said that all Jews on seeing Jerusalem rend their garments and exclaim, "Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation. Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire; and all our pleasant things are laid waste."—Isa. 64: 10, 11.

Returning to the twenty-ninth chapter, we read: "And thou shalt be brought down, and shalt speak out of the ground." Israel has been "*brought down.*" Query, Has he spoken "out of the ground?" If not, then he must yet speak; for the prophet says he shall, and that his "speech shall be low out of the dust." The Book of Mormon was taken "*out of the ground,*" "*low out of the dust;*" and, as it contains the writings, in part, of Judah, extracts from their prophets, especially from Isaiah, it is in line upon this point, being in full agreement with the prophet as no other book in existence is. The reader will now please to notice verses five to eight inclusive, and ask himself what has become of those "nations that fought against Ariel?" When we think of Babylon, Medo-Persia, Macedonia, Syria, and Rome, we are struck w th the literal fulfillment of the prophecy, that all these who fought against and distressed Ariel have become "as the dream of a night vision," just as the prophet by the Spirit of God declared they should become. Their governments, their kingdoms, and their power, have passed away as a thing dreamed of in the night.

Now take verses nine and ten, and you have the description of Israel's condition for lo! these many generations, or in the prophet's exact language: "For the Lord hath poured out upon you the spirit of deep sleep, and hath closed your eyes: the prophets and your rulers, the seers hath he covered." Israel's condition throughout the world is offered here in demonstration of the literal fulfillment of this scripture. Continuing, the prophet says: "And the vision of all is become

unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee: and he saith I cannot, for it is sealed." That this blindness was partly over Israel in Saint Paul's day is seen in Romans 11:25 and 2 Corinthians 3:14, and it was to continue (increase) until the fullness of the Gentiles should come in. During this blindness, and before the veil is taken away from them, a *sealed* book is to come forth, the *words* of which —not the book—are to be delivered to one that is *learned*, saying, "Read this, I pray thee."

It is a fact that some of the characters from which the Book of Mormon was translated, were transcribed from one of the golden plates, and that this paper was taken by Martin Harris to Prof. Anthon, of New York, who, while he testified to the trueness of the characters, declared, "I cannot read a sealed book." Many attempts have been made to destroy this link in the testimony, even appealing to Prof. Anthon, one of whose statements is given in the American Cyclopedia, and is copied by David Whitmer in his Address, page eleven:—

"Martin Harris called upon Prof. Anthon, of New York, with a transcript on paper which Smith had given him of the characters on one of the golden plates. 'This paper,' Prof. Anthon said, in a letter dated New York, February 17th, 1834, 'was in fact a singular scroll. It consisted of all kinds of crooked characters, dispo ed in columns, and had evidently been prepared by some person who had before him at the time a book containing various alphabets. Greek and Hebrew letters, crosses and flourishes, Roman letters, inverted or placed sideways, were arranged and placed in perpendicular columns," etc.

This statement from the opponents of the book is an admission of the *fact in chief*, namely, that the *words* of the book *were delivered* to the learned, according to whom there were the Greek, Hebrew, and Roman letters, etc. And, beside these, there were "all kinds of crooked characters disposed in columns." If that be the case, and we have no reason to doubt it, then it was a *sealed* book to Prof. Anthon; for neither Prof. Anthon, nor any other professor, can properly lay claim to read "all kinds of crooked characters;" and all talk about the Professor reading it is purely a mistake. Doubtless, his alleged statement to Martin Harris was the truth, to wit: "I cannot read a sealed book." This *same paper* presented to Prof. Anthon as identified by David Whitmer (deceased), and in his possession, we have seen.

Elder O. Pratt, in writing upon this subject, quotes from another letter of Prof. Anthon which is said to have been written in 1841. With permission we copy as it was published in "The Church Record," Vol. 1 No. 22. We quote it so that the student may have the benefit of adverse criticism. He says:—

"Many years ago, the precise date I do not now recollect, a plain-looking countryman called upon me, with a letter from Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, requesting me to examine and give my opinion upon a certain paper, marked with various characters, which the Doctor confessed he could not decipher, and which the bearer of the note was very anxious to have explained. A very brief examination convinced me that it was a mere *hoax*, and a very clumsy one too. The characters were arranged in columns, like the Chinese mode of writing, and presented the most singular medley that I ever beheld. Greek, Hebrew, and all sorts of letters, more or less distorted, either through unskillfulness or from actual designs, were intermingled, with sundry delineations of half moons, stars, and other natural objects, and the whole ended in a rude representation of the Mexican Zodiac."

This letter was written to an Episcopal minister, in New Rochelle, Westchester county, New York, written, too, for the purpose of militating against the Book of Mormon. But does it? 1. The Professor confesses the fact that the characters (*the words*) were presented to him. 2. That Doctor Mitchell could not read them. 3. That he himself did not or could not, though "Greek, and Hebrew, and all sorts of letters" were in them, the learned Professor was as much puzzled as the wise men of Babylon were to interpret the handwriting on the wall. 4. He pronounced it a *hoax;* and his chief reason seemed to have been because "the characters were arranged in columns, like the Chinese mode of writing, and presented the most singular medley that I ever beheld." In replying to this the inquiry is,

Does writing "in columns, like the Chinese mode," constitute a *hoax?* Let the celebrated Professor Rafinesque in *Atlantic Journal* for 1832, as quoted by Elder Pratt, answer this question. He says:—

"The glyphs of Otolum are written from top to bottom, like the Chinese, or from side to side, indifferently, like the Egyptian, and the Demotic Lybian. Although the most common way of writing the groups is in rows, and each group separated, yet we find some formed, as it were, in oblong squares or tablets, like those of Egypt."

Here is an account of writings found in the ruins of Mexico; *here*, in the very land located by the Book of Mormon as occupied formerly by that people. And *here* we find an actual agreement as to their writings, these on the one hand and the Book of Mormon on the other, both agreeing and resembling the Hebrew, the Egyptian, and the form of the Chinese. The Book of Mormon writers claim to have written in the Reformed Egyptian, (Book of Mormon 4: 8,) a combination of the two languages, Hebrew and Egyptian, as arranged by them. And the above quotations from the two professors, (though made by one evidently as against the book,) is very strong *presumptive* proof of the truthfulness of the claim.

The twelfth verse of this chapter tells us that "the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee; and he saith, I am not learned." It is a pleasure to note an agreement even with opponents; and here, upon this point, attention is called to the fact that all parties, friend and foe, agree that Joseph Smith was "not learned." The eight witnesses to the Book of Mormon testify that they saw and *handled* the plates from which the book was translated, and that they were in Mr. Smith's possession. This statement was published to the world with the first edition in the year 1830, and it has never been successfully controverted. This, from the standpoint of human testimony, establishes the fact that the *book* was "delivered to him that is not learned;" and, as shown above, that "*the* words of a book" were "delivered to one that is learned." All this seems to be but a fair and literal fulfillment of this scripture.

The thirteenth verse foretells the awful spiritual blindness which should beset Israel, of which Jesus testified in Matthew 15: 7–9, and in Mark 7: 6: "Well hath Esaias prophesied of you hypocrites; as it is written, This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." And that which was true of that people must be of all others who "have a form of godliness but deny the power thereof."

The fourteenth verse declares that God "will proceed to do a marvelous work among this people, even a marvelous work and a wonder; for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid." Need I say that God has performed that work against Israel? and that God will continue that work *for* Israel? The prophet declares of them (as shown above), "The Lord hath poured out upon you the spirit of deep sleep, and hath closed your eyes; the prophets and your rulers, the seers hath he covered." It is written, "Where there is no vision, the people perish." Certainly language could not express that condition more explicitly than, "closed your eyes." Their mental and spiritual discernment was darkened; their understanding both of principles and events was *hidden*, even their seers, men especially gifted in these matters, men who foretold events, even these were "covered." So that Israel finally, because they rejected Christ, rejected the gospel, rebelled against God and his truth, they were humiliated, punished, destroyed as a nation, scattered and peeled, until their vision was as dark as the *sealed book* was to the "learned."

Yes, Israel has been "brought down;" and now by the Book of Mormon He speaks to them "out of the ground, low out of the dust." Hence the book must come out of the ground, and is there any other book in existence which came that way? It must also be written by Israel to Israel; it must be the work of Israelites; for, he must "speak out of the ground."

In the seventeenth and eighteenth verses we are informed that, "Is it not yet a very little while, and Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field, and the fruitful field shall be esteemed as a forest. And in that day shall the deaf hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity, and out

of darkness." The physical blind and deaf have been healed, which I will offer in proof of this book in its place; but Israel's blindness and deafness are clearly seen in the foregoing scriptures quoted; and that "in that day" he is to *see* and *hear* the words of the sealed book, after it has come forth.

The question which arises here is, *When* that day? Answer, When "Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field, and the fruitful field shall be esteemed as a forest." Has that period arrived? Have we reached that point in the history of Israel? Has that work really commenced? We will see.

Before attempting the answer it is proper to call attention to the *woe* pronounced against the land of Palestine, and which did afterwards fall upon it. Isaiah declares:—

"Rise up ye women that are at ease; hear my voice, ye careless daughters; give ear unto my speech. Many days and years shall ye be troubled, ye careless women: for the vintage shall fail, the gathering shall not come. . . . Upon the land of my people shall come up thorns and briers; yea, upon all the houses of joy in the joyous city; because the palaces shall be forsaken; the multitude of the city shall be left; the forts and towers shall be for dens forever, a joy of wild asses, a pasture of flocks."—Isa. 32: 9-14.

"Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down; Sharon is like a wilderness; and Bashon and Carmel shake off their fruits."—Isa. 33: 9.

By these scriptures we learn what was to befall the land, and it has taken place. Then we naturally ask, How long was this desolation to continue? The prophet tells us *how long* "until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high, and the wilderness be a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted for a forest."—Isa. 32: 15.

That the Spirit is being poured out upon Israel from on high is quite evident. As early as 1860, the *Israelite Indeed*, published the following statement:—

"IMPORTANT MOVEMENT AMONG THE JEWS.

"It may be considered as one of the most important signs of the approaching crisis of the world, in its political, social, and religious condition, that the Jewish nation, now scattered over the whole earth, and speaking in as many tongues as the countries in which they live, begin to feel the necessity of a union, besides the bonds of a religious unity, as far as the foundation of it, the law of Moses, is concerned. About two months ago, a society was established in the capital of France, which assumed the promising title of 'Universal Hebrew Alliance,' and issued the following appeal, signed by the Rev. A. Astrue, Assistant Grand Rabbi of Paris; Isidor Cohen, Professor of the Rabbinical Seminary; Jules Carvallo; N. Leven; E. Manuel, Professor of the University, and Ch. Nettie."

Then follows the appeal by which their brethren, "over the whole surface of the earth," are asked, "If you agree, that a large number of your coreligionists, still under the yoke of the sufferings, proscriptions, and insults of twenty centuries, could regain their dignity as men, their rights as citizens; . . . if you hold that it would be an honor to your religion, a lesson for the nations, a progress for humanity, a triumph for truth and reason, to see concentrated all the forces of Judaism, though small in number, but great by the innate love for the common good; . . . If you hold all these points to be true, etc., grant us your aid and assistance. The work is a great and blissful one. We are establishing the Universal Hebrew Alliance."—Vol. 4 No. 4.

In December, 1870, the same paper published "Colonization in Palestine," to wit: "The Consul of the North German Confederacy in Palestine recently spent a a few days in Berlin, and discussed on that occasion with some of our coreligionists the subject of the colonization of the Holy Land. Messrs. Dorn, Dr. Lorie, and Nathan Friedland had solicited an interview with the Consul, for the purpose of learning the opinion of competent authority in regard to this matter, which is of the highest interest for all Jewish circles. The last of the three above named gentlemen, Rabbi Nathan Friedland, has made the agitation in favor of the colonization of Palestine the task of his life, and devoted himself to this cause with truly admirable self-devotion. He has been traveling all over the world for several years past, is suffering from the greatest privations, far remote from his family and native country, and devotes

every gift obtained by his indefatigable exertions to the advancement of the holy cause for which he labors incessantly. Rabbi Friedland recently edited a Hebrew work, in which he proves the necessity and the prospects of that undertaking. The three gentlemen referred to inquired particularly after the condition of the soil, the climate, and the political situation in the Holy Land. Mr. Von Alten expressed himself in favorable terms about the soil, and quoted the statement of all travelers, who declare that the climate is almost everywhere healthy, and that the soil is in some parts very good for agricultural pursuits. It appears from these details that a bright future is in store for the colonization of the Holy Land, if the realization of the project is energetically undertaken, as proposed by the Rabbis Gutmacher and Kalischer, as well as by the Israelitish Alliance."

(To be continued.)

THE SIN OF OMISSION.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

The little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
These chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds—
They come in night and silence—
Each chill, reproachful wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—Selected.

IN AUSTRALIA.

BY ELDER J. W. WIGHT.

REACHING Newcastle in safety, a stir was soon made in the theological atmosphere by the fact of Bro. Geo. Lewis getting fifty flaming posters struck off, announcing our intended occupancy of the best hall in Walkend on three consecutive nights, as well as the subjects to be discussed. These were posted up in the most conspicuous places about the city, as well as in surrounding localities, Bro. Gregory doing the lion's share of this work.

It is but a just meed of this old brother to here state that, though some years previous he had been nearly killed by a fall of coal,—from which he had not fully recovered, though the power of God was interposed in his behalf to a marked degree,—yet here he was spending the entire day on foot in his zeal for the spread of the faith that had so often borne fruit in his own life and that of his fellowman. Having yielded obedience under Utah rule while in his native country (Wales), he was one of the pioneers at Waratah when Bro. Rodger—that faithful soul whose labors were far beyond earthly consideration—first made his appearance, and since that time the kindness of Brother and Sister Gregory has become a household word, and the weary elders found a haven of rest here, the value of which words fail to express, and the pen has no power to portray. For the time at least we felt secure from the darts of slander and the poison of that hatred that is born of

superstition, bigotry, and intolerance, and we come as near realizing the meaning of the word *home* as it is possible for one to do outside his own domicile.

But will not the minds of Brother Burton and family, while perusing this, revert to the names of Brother and Sister Haworth, who so kindly gave up a portion of their house to them for three months, and feel that it were an injustice not to mention these also? Yet to enter into detail of names and deeds of those whose actions have thus demonstrated their love for the gospel would occupy many pages; and it would be such a difficult matter to do justice that it is felt to be better not to make the effort; since those who do such deeds have not fame as the end in view. Were it the object to record the names of all, special obligation would require a record of those to whom the writer and family owe so much for special favors in a temporal sense. But, feeling that if a recital were attempted it would come so far short of a correct portrayal, and that the donors have a commendable diffidence in willing it otherwise, the task is not essayed.

The posters served their purpose faithfully, and good audiences greeted the speaker, to the chagrin of certain ones who seemed to feel that *too* much prominence was given to "this sect that is everywhere spoken against." O, when will the time come that all will learn the necessity of giving a full, free, and impartial investigation before pronouncing an opinion? But not so! Laden with the testimony of the enemies of the church, and coming with a full stock of assertions, a minister of the Congregational Church made the first attack, followed by one representing the Disciple faith and calling himself a professor. He, having come from the States, a *furore* of excitement was raised; for "when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." But, after the clashing of the theological sabers, and the roar of forensic artillery had ceased, and the smoke of the controversial battle had sufficiently cleared, it was found that many friends had been gained for the truth. And, for reasons heretofore mentioned, it is deemed judicious to let the imagination of the reader take the place of a more extended statement of the facts as they occurred.

In connection with this matter may be mentioned the fact that two young brethren—Clark and Lewis—bore all expenses. How the church would prosper if all the members who have it in their power would "do likewise." And why not? "What shall it profit if thou hast gained the whole world," is equivalent to saying that the soul is supremely beyond all earthly consideration. Why then persist in bartering our souls for things which perish?

Leaving for Melbourne by train that we reach there in time for the Victorian conference, we had a rough experience. From Newcastle to Sydney, a distance of one hundred and two miles by rail, we pass through eight tunnels and over the Hawksbury river. The bridge over this was constructed by two American engineers, one of whom met a tragic death just as the work was completed, being killed by a shark. At Sydney we stopped a few hours at Brother Ellis', leaving at five p.m. Being in a second-class compartment, in which there were four besides ourselves, it will readily be seen that the chance for sleep was very limited. However, as the majority of your readers are not acquainted with the English style of building the cars, or carriages, as they are called here, it will be but right to explain. They are partitioned off into compartments, say five by seven feet square, and the doors are on the side, opening into each end of the compartment. The original cars were very short,—some twenty feet,—but are being replaced by much longer ones, and the American cars are becoming quite extensive.

We found that to get rest in sleep was out of the question, so whiled away the time as best we could in general conversation, finally drifting into gospel themes with two young gentlemen from New Zealand. The facial expression became a sure index to the inward feellings, when they learned of whom we were representatives. But, disabusing their minds as to having any affinity with the Utah people, the way was opened up for converse, which soon grew to animation, while it continued friendly, till one was so much interested that at parting he left his card, requesting a call should it ever transpire that gospel evangelizing landed us on New Zealand's shore. Arriving in Melbourne next day at eleven a.m., we took

train for Hastings, where we enjoyed a pleasant conference and the fellowship of the Saints. From here we returned to Queensferry after an absence of seven months, and just here we bid a personal adieu to the reader, feeling that anything more in this direction would prove but repetition.

Soon after arrival in this country, and in correspondence, a letter was received from a very intelligent person inquiring relative to the missionary work performed, and if it were among the natives. Also, "are the people all blue." No doubt that the three millions of white and English speaking people here could hardly credit that such a thought would originate in what they are pleased to term Yankee land; yet since it did it only demonstrates how little Americans in general know of this country. Hence the excuse for attempting a partial description.

Australia of to-day may be likened to the American colonies of 1776, in many respects, yet she has the advantages of the nineteenth century's enlightenment. And, after a three years observation the conclusion is that the smoldering fires of Republicanism exist and need only the winds of Imperial opposition to blow them into a flame of open rupture and rebellion. In fact the recent Federation Convention drafted a "Constitution Bill" that might well be said to be a republican bantling in embryo; and were it tested by popular franchise the only reason of its rejection, if such were the case, would be because of containing too much imperialism in some of its clauses. The Victorian Parliament has adopted it, with but few amendments, and some of these looking to greater liberalism than the original document. This government or colony, however, manifests a desire to cease drawing sustenance from the breast of monarchy and to drink deeply from the fountains flowing from a government of and by the people.

There exists the elements of kingly rule in the different colonies, from the fact of there being so many in high life who depend on the home government for their political and social existence, that a barrier is formed against the progress of democracy. And these form so many political shysters who care no more for the masses than for the worms beneath their feet, only as they can use these masses to subserve their own vile purposes. These stand as political stonewallers against any measure having a liberal tendency and intended to alleviate the sufferings of the needy; all this because they desire to curry favor with the home government, that perchance a knighthood may be conferred. These are barnacles on the ship of progress, and will wield an influence in molding measures for colonial government. At least so long as the present sovereign sways the scepter of Britain's rule; but let death remove her, then would a united Australasia follow in the footsteps of the elder sister, the United States. Then would the republican bantling pass in rapid transition into a state of manhood, and these parasites that are clogging the wheels of progress would pass into the seclusion of fogetfulness. So mote it be.

There is another instance that may be mentioned in favor of Victoria and detrimental to New South Wales. The former has an elective upper house while the latter, more imperial in its nature, has an honorary one; that is to say, members of the legislative council receive their appointment by the existing government. Hence it is that while a man may be rejected by the people so far as the assembly goes, he may yet be appointed to a seat in the upper house, and thus continue to have a voice in the laws of the colony contrary to the popular will.

An istance of this kind recently happened. In an appeal made by the government to the people, after having been defeated by a vote of censure, the Postmaster-general lost his seat in the constituency he had been representing and made an appeal to the other electorate, being defeated the second time. That he might continue to hold his portfolio the government then appointed him to a seat in the council, which has a life tenure; and thus were the wishes of the people in two electorates defeated by a few men. In case of a general election, or an appeal to the country, the electorates, or congressional districts as they are called at home, are divided into "batches." That is, four or five are batched together and the polling day for these may be on the first of the month, while for the next it may be on the tenth, and so on till a whole month will be consumed before the election for the

entire colony is determined. This is done so that if a man gets defeated he can appeal to another constituency, as the residence clause had there does not exist here, and a man may live in Sydney and represent one of the extremest electorates, providing the people or a majority of them so decide by their votes. In fact the majority of these electorates are not represented by local men at all.

By a recent act the Electoral bill was so amended as to have all the elections on the one day, so that hereafter should a man get defeated he must so remain till a subsequent election shall determine as to whether the suffrages of the people are in his favor. Recent efforts have been made to introduce woman sufferage, but so far it has met with successful opposition.

THE CHURCH IS A THEOCRACY.—No. 1.

BY T. W. WILLIAMS.

MANY and varied have been the oral and written expostulations of this important theme, relative to its proper interpretation and its perversion; and, lest the reader shall pass it by as only a rehearsal of what has gone before, we assure them that we shall seek to avoid the channel in which others have run and lead you in one which will be an ally to that of others.

In Matthew 6:33 the Teacher of teachers gave the following as an injunction to those who were expectant disciples, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." A slight correction is made in the later translation, but the application can still be made, One can never seek the establishment of that which he is not in possession of, neither knows its nature or characteristics.

In order to intelligently comply with this command it will be a necessary adjunct to have an accompanying chart by which the thing sought for can be recognized when found. Christ never gave a command but what he gave instruction as to its accomplishment. It is reasonable to conclude that he gave such a thorough delineation of the character and nature of this kingdom that a "wayfaring man IF NOT a fool need not err therein." He would not instigate a search for something which could not be recognized or discerned.

To illustrate: Suppose I would lose a valuable horse whose place I could not supply with another. I call in my neighbors A., B., and C., inform them as to my misfortune, and solicit their assistance. We immediately enter upon our search. I go north, A. goes south, B. west, and C. east. After a prolonged and diligent search I return home, what is my astonishment to meet A., B., and C. each with a horse. Eagerly I demand an explanation, whereupon A. says: "I took the road leading south; ere I had traveled far I met a horse, and as it was loose in the highway, and had no owner, I rightly (?) concluded it was yours, and brought him with me." Inquiry brings the same information from the other two men.

In disgust I tell them they are all wrong. Why? Because ere they commenced their search, they had failed to secure from me a thorough description and delineation of my lost property, and hence were compelled to take anything that bore any semblance thereto. Had they gone properly equipped, the moment they found a horse their description would have been brought into play, and none would have been accepted save it compared exactly in the minutest particular therewith.

Is it not so with the majority of religious seekers? They start out to comply with the injunction of Christ, and no sooner do they find something that bears the least resemblance, or that even claims to be the kingdom of God, than they unquestionably accept it. They err in not obtaining the chart ere they accept the assumed claims of blind guides, who palm themselves off as ministers (officers) of said kingdom.

Then, in our search for this important feature of God's work, let us take the only and infallible guide, the chart and

compass which Christ has given, namely, the Bible, and be satisfied with naught save it answer the description recorded there. Jesus speaks of the heavenly, or spiritual kingdom in such analogical terms that a causual hearer would be constrained to think it something entirely temporal. Most of his teachings were by parables, likening the spiritual to the carnal. Kingdom signifies a condition with appendages and surroundings. In examining the nature of earthly kingdoms we find it necessitates five essential features to constitute a kingdom. To destroy one annuls the power of all.

1. The king, who is the chief executive.
2. Subjects over whom he rules.
3. Laws to govern subjects.
4. Officers to execute the laws.
5. Territory for the location of the kingdom.

It will be our effort to show that the earthly in many of its features is symbolical of the spiritual. "O," says one, "that is impossible; for the kingdom of God is not an organization but is only the grace or Spirit of God, which works upon and in the heart of man for his regeneration." In support of this, he quotes Luke 17:20, 21, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo here, or lo there; for behold the kingdom of God is within you." This is quoted as unimpeachable authority in support of said theory. The most culpable and misleading mistake is made by these people who never consider pretext or context, speaker or hearer, but use every isolated passage that will tend in its character to support their claim.

Here the Pharisees came to Jesus demanding when the "kingdom" should come, and elicited this answer. Who is there among all Christendom that will affirm that the kingdom was in the hearts of these vile vultures? Christ speaks thus of them, "Woe unto you scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye are like unto whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful without, but within are full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness." A likely place to find the kingdom of God! Even were we to concede that this language was applicable to professed Christians, we venture the assertion that it would be a terribly demoralized kingdom, and not infrequently would the kingdom (grace or Spirit) be away from home.

When Alexander the Great contemplated the destruction of the then ruling empire, the Medes and Persians, and the petty kingdoms which were subservient to them, he did not rush heedlessly to the bombardment of their strong forts; but, ere entering upon such an arduous task, he pondered and planned, and after due deliberation he laid out a plan of warfare which he at once proceeded to execute. He first devised the terms upon which aliens were allowed to become peaceful citizens, also the nature and character of the work when completed. Realizing the insufficiency of his own ability to carry out and make effective his plans, unaided by some valient assistants, he selected some wise and able generals, gave them his plan of warfare, and then empowered them to execute it, guaranteeing his approval to all they should do according to the plan intrusted for their execution, and told them the terms upon which he would allow men to become his subjects. They were empowered to rally to their support valiant soldiers, until they had secured a sufficient force to accomplish their purpose. By this means they went on conquering and to conquer, until they had achieved that which they started out to accomplish.

Such has been the experience of all great nations, in the establishment of their new colonies. Some effect them by sending a few of their subjects and fostering them until they become self-supporting. During the establishment and progess of a subsidiary kingdom, an envoy or prince is sent from the chief empire and intrusted with power to perpetuate the kingdom on this foreign soil. After its establishment the envoy returns, not however until officers are appointed to preside over this part of the realm, that being always answerable to the Chief executive.

Again, there must be some way of communication between the king and his smaller kingdom, either by special envoys, messengers, message, or signal; and the moment this channel of intercourse is cut off he ceases to be king To illustrate: Great Britain plants her standard on American soil and calls her find Canada. After a long and bitter seige with other powers she succeeds in fully establishing her

claims, thinks it useless to keep an armed force, and recalls them; appoints a premier and his associates over her affairs. But there must be a means of communication by which the edicts of the king as well as his approval or disapproval of the acts of his new subjects may be conveyed. Either by sending a messenger across the ocean, by letter, or by telegraph. All of these agencies are manned by special officers, who are to transmit and receive said messages. None other can so act. But suppose all the ships were destroyed, so that no messenger, or letter could be sent; suppose the electric cable would break, with no chance for its repair, how long would Great Britain rule Canada? Would not her authority cease? The moment a king's power is abridged so he cannot enforce his edicts he ceases to be king. The kingdom of God compares favorably with the foregoing and in consideration thereof we will review.

First, The character and being of the king; second, The number and requisite qualifications of the subordinate officers; third, The essential specifications of the laws of adoption, or the unvarying rule by which aliens are naturalized or can become citizens of the kingdom; fourth, A delineation of all Constitutional laws given for the government of all adopted citizens; fifth, The qualifications necessary for every citizen to possess, and the condition to be attained ere true eligibility to immunities and blessings is secured; sixth, The rights, privileges, and blessings enjoyed in this life and also in the one to come.

In considering the first proposition it will be necessary to compare the claims made by professing emmissaries with those of the early generals (apostles.)

"God is a being without body, parts, or passions." Being implies state or condition; and that state or condition applies to some seen or unseen, animate or inanimate thing. Anything capable of condition and surrounding, is as tangible and real in its own sphere as we are in ours. Can the finite or the infinite conceive of anything which has no body? The air, gases, and even electricity has a body. If God is anything at all he must be something; and something cannot exist save it has a body. If a body, then parts; for there is no body save it is susceptible of division, even smoke, water, etc.; and the lowest conceivable animalcule can be separated, or distinguished, by its parts, when they are placed beneath the lens of the microscope.

The Bible presents God as a spritual, material (not mortal) being. The man-made aspirants for kingly favor have offered an insult to the king, which is more idolatrous than that presented in the planetary and animal worshiper of dark and benighted heathendom; for they worship something, whereas professed Christianity, of fifty years agone, had naught but a myth upon which to center its hope; and it has not greatly advanced even at our present day.

"Without passion." Love is the ruling passion of the race. It is this which lifts man from the level of the brute; that binds nations, promotes communities, and intertwines itslf in the family circle that naught but death can separate. It is this, and this alone, which brings man nearer to his Maker; and shall we say that God is destitute of this only true passion? No; for "God is love." This was apparent when his Son deliberately forsook heaven and its endearments, donned humanity's garb, drank the cup of affliction and trial to the bitter dregs, was oppressed and finally suffered death at the hands of those he came to save. And still his bosom throbs with love; and, while enduring the most bitter pangs, he thought not on self; but his heart went forth in stirring appeal to spare them from their just deserts. "Father forgive them; for they know not what they do!" Who will assume, in the face of this, that God is passionless?

Moses and the elders of Israel saw the person of God in heaven. Stephen when about to depart from his tenement of clay, saw "God sitting on his throne and Jesus Christ on his right hand." Moses says, "Man was made in God's image;" and some would have us believe it was in his moral image. Consider the morality of man from Edenic days till now, and it is an insult to God to charge that the morality of man is a likeness of his own! Such an image cannot exist! Morality is the property of some individual or substance. They say, "The Godhead consists of three persons; all one and and still three; three and still one." The Father is a material being and occupies space, and he cannot be in two places at

once. Immaterial is only another name for nothing. He is not a being without parts, but man in his perfect state is a direct counterpart of him. Every form and part of his body is delineated in inspired utterances.

The Son is a material being; was seen hundreds of years before his incarnation; was material prior to and after death, and he ascended to his Father with a material body.

The Holy Ghost is a material substance; and not one atom of the Holy Ghost can be in two places at once. As one writer has said, "All the innumerable phenomena of universal nature are produced in their origin by the actual presence of this intelligent, all-wise, and all-powerful material substance, the Holy Ghost."

Sectarianism says, "God is incomprehensible!" Then why worship him if he is not to be understood? God is comprehensible, so far as his dealings with the human family are concerned; and it does not require a collegiate education, nor the mastery of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew either! The sacred record presents this Godhead as unchangeable, (Mal. 3 : 6,) and no respecter of persons (Acts 10 : 34); but religionists assert to-day that we need not expect that in spiritual matters like cause will produce like effect; that is we need not expect that the same results and blessings will follow the obedient adherents to the gospel to-day. If this is true, then God has changed. And if this can be proven then he ceases to be God.

We present the King as a material, tangible entity, having body, parts, and passions, who is unchangeable, no respecter of persons, comprehensible, merciful, just, and holy, omnipotent and omniscient. This God resides in a far country (heaven), where he is chief ruler. By his matchless power all things were created and given their agency. The earth was created for the habitation of man; man was created and placed thereon, and was then so pure that the King came and visited him. But man, through the exercise of his agency, lost his honor and ostracised himself from the presence of the King. But God, in this not unlike Alexander, had first considered the possibility of the future, in fact by his foreknowledge had discerned it; and he had prepared for such an emergency. The efforts made by him in the first four thousand years of the world's history is similar to that of Christ's; but they were repeated failures, because of man's weakness; hence we will present the work as we find it in Christ's time.

Christ came to establish his Father's kingdom on the earth, not however until he had received the means of warfare and terms of treaty from the King, and had been empowered to so act. Christ came, (unlike Alexander in one particular, for Christ worked by the lever of love and not by force,) and, realizing his inability to personally superintend every department of the growing realm, he sought out twelve trusted generals (apostles), and committed to them the plan of operation, authorizing them to act in his name; and, so far as they acted in purview of law, he promised to accept of and acknowledge their acts. He also called seventy lieutenants (elders), men of inferior rank, and sent them out to assist the others. After the kingdom was established upon a true working basis the Prince of Life withdrew and returned to his Father, the King, not however until he had authorized his officers to act in his stead, and had established a means of communication, to be conducted by properly delegated agents.

The means by which he communicates his will to his officers is by a messenger (an angel), or by telegraph (the Holy Spirit.) But supppose these means were cut off, God would no more rule over his spiritual kingdom on earth than the Queen of Great Britian would rule over her subjects in Canada without her means of communication. When Christ departed from his disciples he made a special promise that this heavenly telegraph would be made effective ere many days, and he commanded them not to attempt to act in his name until such time as they should receive their first communication. While they could work miracles they were not empowered to individually build up the kingdom. The power to work miracles is included in the latter. They set themselves to work; and after forty days spent in preparation everything was in readiness; and the effort proved to be a success. For the Spirit (electricity) came as a mighty, rushing wind and filled the entire house. It electrified the magnet (man), and he did its bidding; and lo

the first message was conveyed; and it is one of approbation and direction.

And Jesus Christ said that, so long as the kingdom continued, this would be the means of communication. Christ promised thus to be with them (his disciples) always, "even to the end of the world." John quoted Christ, as saying that this shall "teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you." Christ also delineated the office work of the Spirit as to "show things to come." Thus God was to hold continual intercourse with his people. Would-be religionists in Christ's time claimed to believe in God, but when his messengers were upon earth they stoned, imprisoned, and killed them. And when the Prince came and tarried for many years they slew him, and where he had gone they could not tell.

This same class of religionists claim to accept his word now, and to be his subjects; but they have not heard from him for eighteen hundred years. So long absent and so silent has he been that none (of these) know anything about him save from hearsay. Many send petitions (pray), but do not get any answer; in fact they do not anticipate any response; they chiefly pray in order to appease his tyrannical wrath. So set have some become that they mold their petitions and have them always the same. It is unpopular to-day to expect the King to respond. Those who entertain such a belief are called impostors. The others build temples to his honor, pay tribute to his name in costly array and banquets, but he has never condescended to express approval or disapproval. Some have so far progressed that they have no need of the King any more. Why does not the King speak? Because they are worshiping the wrong God. Address your petitions to the King whom Israel and the apostles served and see how soon an answer will come. How could a King recognize subjects who destroyed his officers (apostles and prophets), changed the laws to suit their pleasure and without consulting him, and made him appear altogether different; and in fact as a terrible monster, whose chief delight is in torturing his subjects for time and eternity; that he has elected certain men to happiness and other men to woe; the ignorant to suffer alike with the willful.

Such is the condition of present Christianity! Truly the kingdom established by Christ is not to be found among these; for wherever found it will be the same as of yore, namely, God in heaven ruling over man by means of the heavenly telegraph, the Holy Ghost, which extends from heaven to earth.

(Concluded next number.)

THE POOR BLACK CHICKEN.

Out of the barn one morning
  Old Whitey came strutting down;
No common, inferior hen was she,
  But a Dorking of great renown.

And after her came ten chickens,
  Running with all their might;
Nine had their mother's complexion fair,
  But one was as black as night

Old Whitey looked over her shoulder
  And clucked to each little pet;
But suddenly, angrily, stretched her neck
  And flew at the small brunette.

All day she pecked at the chicken
  Whenever she saw it near;
And Dinah, the cook, at the kitchen door,
  Heard its pitiful peeps of fear.

"I'm bressed if that stuck-up Dorkin'
  Don't hate yer for bein' black!
But one culled pusson can feel for anoder,—
  We'll pay yer old mudder back."

So, laughing, good-natured Dinah
  Quick lifted the little wight,
And, shaking the dredging-box all over him,
  Lo! presently black was white.

Then away ran the floury chicken,
  Looking like all the rest;
And silly old Whitey contentedly clucked
  As he nestled beneath her breast.

Dinah nodded and laughed at the mother;
  "Yer fooled, honey, sure, but den
When folks every day take appearance fer truf,
  Why shouldn't a foolish old hen?"—*Sel.*

OBJECT LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. II.

BY ELEANOR.

CHAPTER IV.

DURING the absence of Mrs. Judson in America, the Rev. Jonathan Price, M. D., a missionary physician recently appointed by the board, arrived with his family at Rangoon, and imediately commenced the practice of his profession. His success came to the knowledge of the king, who ordered him to come to Ava, the capital, on account of his medical skill. As he knew nothing of the language Mr. Judson was obliged to accompany him as interpreter. The king was so pleased that he decided to retain the doctor at court, and commanded Mr. Judson to remain as company for the doctor, saying that the latter would be lonesome without one of his own people as companion. He, however, obtained leave to return to Rangoon to await the arrival of Mrs. Judson, who was now daily expected. He promised the king to return with his family and remain permanently at Ava, to propagate religion by sufferance of the king; for he gave no formal permission, though he ordered a piece of ground to be given to Mr. Judson on which to build a house, with the understanding that the missionary intended to teach the Christian religion to the Burmans.

When Mrs. Judson arrived at Rangoon, she found the preparations for their passage up the river to the capital were almost completed. Her baggage was immediately taken from the ship to the boat, and seven days later they were on their way up the noble Irrawaddy River to Ava, "not knowing the things that should befall them" there. On their arrival they had no place to go and were obliged to remain in the boat until a house could be built on the ground which the king had given to Mr. Judson. Mrs. Judson writes of the occurrence thus:—

"In just a fortnight after our arrival we moved into a house built in that time, and which is sufficiently large to make us comfortable, consiting of three rooms and a veranda. It is a most delightful situation, out of the dust of the town, on the bank of the river. I hardly know how we shall bear the hot season, which is just commencing, as our house is built of boards, and before night is heated like an oven. Nothing but brick is a shelter from the heat of Ava, when the mercury, even in the shade, frequently rises to a hundred and eight degrees. We have worship every evening in Burman, when a number of natives assemble; and every Sabbath Mr. Judson preaches on the other side of the river, in Dr. Price's house. We feel it an inestimable privilege, that amid all our discouragements we have the language, and are able constantly to communicate truths which can save the soul. My female school has commenced with three little girls, who are learning to read, sew, etc. Two of them are sisters, and we have named them Mary, Abby, and Haseltine. One of them is to be supported with the money which the 'Judson Association of Bradford Academy' has engaged to collect. They are fine children and improve as rapidly as any children in the world. Their mother is deranged, and their father gave them to me to educate."

The above extract is taken from a letter to her parents and sisters, dated, Ava, February 10th, 1824. All threatened trouble is studiously kept out of it, and she speaks cheerfully and hopefully of their labors and prospects. But they had not reached Ava when they began to see that the war cloud, so long threatening, was getting darker on the horizon. Before reaching the capital they had met the Burman general, on the river, with a fleet of war vessels and a large army, hastening to invade the British province of Chittagong. Dr. Price also met them on their arrival, with the information that he was out of favor at court, and all foreigners were looked on with suspicion. The Judsons, therefore, did not meet the favorable reception they had anticipated. In order to dispel the suspicion with which they were watched Mr. Judson set about building his house, and was also busily engaged in missionary work. Soon he, with all foreigners in the city, were arrested and thrown into prison, where for twenty-one months he was the victim of all the malicious and brutal devices that a semi-barbarous people could inflict. In his Memoir of Dr. Judson the Rev. Francis Wayland, says:—

"He would have sunk under them, 'had it not been that an angel ministered unto him.' Then was revealed those elements of character which designated Mrs. Judson as one of the most remarkable women of her age. She was the only European female in Ava, and the only foreigner not consigned to prison. Her whole time, with the exception of twenty days when she was confined by the birth of a child, was devoted to the alleviation of the sorrows of her husband and his fellow prisoners. Perfectly familiar with the Burman language, of a presence which commanded respect even from savage barbarians, and encircled her with a moral atmosphere in which she walked unharmed in the midst of a hostile city, with no earthly protector. She was universally spoken of as the guardian angel of that band of sufferers. Sometimes she appealed to the officers of the government, but more frequently to their wives, and pleaded for compassion with an eloquence which even they could not resist. Fertile in resources, and wholly regardless of her own privations or exposure, she was incessantly occupied in alleviating the pain, or ministering to the wants of those who had no other friend."

For nearly two years they had now been cut off from communication with their friends, and we will let Mrs. Judson tell the story of those two melancholy years. The following is a letter to her brother, wherein she gives the history:—

"RANGOON, May 26th, 1826.

"*My Beloved Brother:*—I commence this letter with the intention of giving you the particulars of our captivity and sufferings at Ava. How long my patience will allow my reviewing scenes of disgust and horror, the conclusion of this letter will determine. I had kept a journal of everything that had transpired from our arrival at Ava, but destroyed it at the commencement of our difficulties.

"The first certain intelligence we received of the declaration of war by the Burmese, was on our arrival at Tsenpyook-yon, about a hundred miles this side of Ava, where part of the troops under the command of the celebrated Bandoola had encamped. As we proceeded on our journey, we met Bandoola himself with the remainder of the troops, gayly equipped, seated on his golden barge, and surrounded by a fleet of golden war boats, one of which was instantly dispatched from the other side of the river to hail us, and make all necessary inquiries. We were allowed to proceed quietly on, when we had informed the messenger that we were Americans, *not English*, and were going to Ava in obedience to the command of his majesty.

"On our arrival at the capital, we found that Dr. Price was out of favor at court, and that suspicion rested on most of the foreigners then at Ava. Your brother visited at the palace two or three times, but found the king's manner toward him very different from what it formerly had been; and the queen, who had hitherto expressed wishes for my speedy arrival, now made no inquiries after me, nor intimated a wish to see me. Consequently, I made no effort to visit the palace, though almost daily invited to visit some of the branches of the royal family, who are living in their own houses, out of the palace enclosure. Under these circumstances we thought our most prudent course lay in prosecuting our original intention of building a house, and commencing missionary operations as occasions offered, thus endeavoring to convince the government that we had really nothing to do with the present war. . . .

"For several weeks nothing took place to alarm us, and we went on with our school. Mr. Judson preached every Sabbath. All the materials for building a brick house were procured, and the masons had made considerable progress in raising the building.

"On the 23d of May, 1824, just as we had concluded worship at the Doctor's house, the other side of the river, a messenger came to inform us that Rangoon was taken by the English. The intelligence produced a shock, in which was a mixture of fear and joy. Mr. Gouger, a young merchant residing at Ava, was then with us, and had much more reason to fear than the rest of us. We all, however, immediately returned to our house, and began to consider what was to be done. Mr. G. went to Prince Thahya-wa-dee, the king's most influential brother, who informed him he need not give himself any uneasiness, as he had mentioned the subject to his majesty, who had replied, that 'the few foreigners residing at Ava had nothing to do with

the war, and should not be molested.'

"The government was now all in motion. An army of ten or twelve thousand men, under the command of the kyee-woon-gyee, were sent off in three or four days, and were to be joined by the sakyah-woon-gyee, who had previously been appointed viceroy of Rangoon, and who was on his way thither when the news of its attack reached him. No doubt was entertained of the defeat of the English, the only fear of the king was that the foreigners, hearing of the advance of the Burmese troops, would be so alarmed as to flee on board their ships and depart, before there would be time to secure them as slaves. . . .

"As soon as the army was dispatched, the government began to inquire the cause of the arrival of the strangers at Rangoon. There must be spies in the country, suggested some, who have invited them over. And who so likely to be spies as the English residing at Ava? A report was circulated that Captain Laird, lately arrived, had brought Bengal papers which contained the intention of the English to take Rangoon, and it was kept secret from his majesty. An inquiry was instituted. The three Englishmen, Gouger, Laird, and Rogers, were called and examined. It was found they had seen the papers, and were put in confinement, though not in prison. We now began to tremble for ourselves, and were in daily expectation of some dreadful event.

"At length Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were summoned to a court of examination, where strict inquiry was made relative to all they knew. The great point seemed to be whether they had been in the habit of making communications to foreigners of the state of the country, etc. They answered, they had always written to their friends in America, but had no correspondence with English officers, or the Bengal government. After their examination they were put in confinement, as the Englishmen had been, but were allowed to return to their houses. In examining the accounts of Mr. Gouger, it was found that Mr. Judson and Dr. Price had taken money of him to a considerable amount. Ignorant as were the Burmese of our mode of receiving money by orders on Bengal, this circumstance, to their suspicious minds, was sufficient evidence that the missionaries were in the pay of the English, and very probably spies. It was thus represented to the king, who in an angry tone ordered the immediate arrest of the 'two teachers.'

"On the 8th of June, just as we were preparing for dinner, in rushed an officer, holding a black book, with a dozen Burmans, accompanied by one, whom, from his spotted face, we knew to be an executioner, and a 'son of the prison.' 'Where is the teacher?' was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the king,' said the officer—a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture.*

"I caught hold of his arm. 'Stay,' said I; 'I will give you money.'

"'Take her too,' said the officer; 'she also is a foreigner.' Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged they would let me remain till further orders.

"The scene was now shocking beyond description. The whole neighborhood had collected; the masons at work on the brick house threw down their tools and ran; the Bengalee servants stood in amazement at the indignities offered to their master, and the hardened executioner, with a kind of hellish joy, drew tight the cords, bound Mr. Judson fast, and dragged him off, I knew not whither. In vain I begged the spotted face to take the silver and loosen the ropes, but he spurned my offers, and imediately departed. I gave the money, however, to Moung Ing† to follow after, to make some further attempt to mititgate the torture of Mr. Judson; but instead of succeeding, when a few rods from the house, the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner on the ground, and drew the cords still tighter, so as to almost prevent respiration. The officer and his gang proceeded on to the courthouse, where the governor of the city and officers were collected, one of whom read the order of the king to commit Mr. Judson

* NOTE.—"This cord is small and hard, and is used not merely to confine the arms, but may be so tied as to cut through the flesh, as in Mr. Judson's case it did to some extent. It is fastened around the arms, at some distance above the elbow, and le't to be played upon at the pleasure of the executioner. It may be drawn back with such force as to suspend respiration, which is its more special office."
—*From, "Conversations with Dr. Judson," by Wayland.*

† A Bengalee convert, who accompanied them from Rangoon.

to the death prison, into which he was soon hurled, the door closed, and Moung Ing saw him no more.

"What a night was now before me! I retired to my room, and endeavored to find consolation from committing my case to God, and imploring fortitude and strength to suffer whatever awaited me. But the consolation of retirement was not long allowed me, for the magistrate of the place had come into the veranda, and continually called me to come out and submit to examination. But, previously to going out, I destroyed all my letters, and journal, and writings of every kind, lest they should discover the fact that we had correspondents in England, and had minuted down every occurrence since our arrival in this country. When this work of destruction was finished I went out, and submitted to the examination of the magistrate, who inquired very minutely of everything I knew, then ordered the gates of the compound to be shut, no person to be allowed to go in or out, placed a guard of ten ruffians, to whom he gave a strict charge to keep me safe, and departed.

"It was now dark. I retired to an inner room with my four little Burman girls, and barred the doors. The guard instantly ordered me to unbar the doors and come out, or they would break the house down. I obstinately refused to obey, and endeavored to intimidate them by threatening to complain of them to higher authorities on the morrow. Finding me resolved in disregarding their orders, they took the two Bengalee servants, and confined them in the stocks in a very painful position. I could not endure this, but called the head man to the window, and promised to make them all a present in the morning, if they would release the servants. After much debate, and many severe threatenings, they consented, but seemed resolved to annoy me as much as possible. My unprotected, desolate state, my entire uncertainty of the fate of Mr. Judson, and the dreadful carousings and almost diabolical language of the guard, all conspired to make it by far the most distressing night I had ever passed. You may well imagine, my dear brother, that sleep was a stranger to my eyes, and peace and composure to my mind.

"Next morning, I sent Moung Ing to ascertain the situation of your brother, and give him food, if still living. He soon returned, with the intelligence that Mr. Judson and all the white foreigners were confined in the *death prison*, with three pairs of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole, to prevent their moving! The point of my anguish now was, that I was a prisoner myself, and could make no efforts for the release of the missionaries. I begged and entreated the magistrate to allow me to go to some member of the government to state my case; but he said he did not dare to consent, for fear I should make my escape. I next wrote a note to one of the king's sisters, with whom I had been intimate, requesting her to use her influence for the release of the teachers. The note was returned with this message, she 'did not understand it,' which was a polite refusal to interfere; though I afterwards ascertained that she had an anxious desire to assist us; but dared not, on account of the queen. The day dragged heavily away, and another dreadful night was before me. I endeavored to soften the feelings of the guard, by giving them tea and cigars for the night, so that they allowed me to remain inside of my room without threatening, as they did the night before. But the idea of your brother being stretched on the bare floor, in irons and confinement, haunted my mind like a spectre, and prevented my obtaining any quiet sleep, though nature was almost exhausted.

"On the third day I sent a message to the governor of the city, who has the entire direction of prison affairs, to allow me to visit him with a present. This had the desired effect, and he immediately sent orders to the guards to permit my going into town. The governor received me pleasantly, and asked me what I wanted. I stated to him the situation of the foreigners, and particularly that of the teachers, who were Americans and had nothing to do with the war. He told me it was not in his power to release them from prison or irons, but that he could make their situation more comfortable; there was his head officer, with whom I must consult, relative to the means. The officer, who proved to be one of the city writers, and whose countenance at the first glance presented the most perfect assemblage

of all the evil passions attached to human nature, took me aside and endeavored to convince me that myself, as well as the prisoners, were entirely at his disposal; that our future comfort must depend on my liberality in regard to presents; and that these must be made in private, and unknown to any officer in the government!

"'What must I do,' said I, 'to obtain a mitigation of the present suffering of the two teachers?'

"'Pay to me,' said he, 'two hundred ticals, [about a hundred dollars,] two pieces of fine cloth, and two pieces of handkerchiefs.'

I had taken money with me in the morning; our house being two miles from the prison, I could not easily return. This I offered to the writer; and begged he would not insist on the other articles, as they were not in my possession. He hesitated for some time; but, fearing to lose the sight of so much money, he concluded to take it, promising to relieve the teachers from their most painful situation.

"I then procured an order from the governor for my admittance into prison; but the sensations produced by meeting your brother in that *wretched, horrid* situation, and the affecting scene which ensued, I will not attempt to describe. Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison,—for I was never allowed to enter,—and gave me some directions relative to his release. But, before we could make any arrangement, I was ordered to depart by those iron-hearted jailors, who could not endure to see us enjoy the poor consolation of meeting in that miserable place. In vain I pleaded the order of the governor for my admittance; they again harshly repeated, 'Depart, or we will pull you out.' The same evening the missionaries, together with the other foreigners, who paid an equal sum, were taken out of the common prison and confined in an open shed in the prison enclosure. Here I was allowed to send them food and mats to sleep on, but was not permitted to enter again for several days."

(To be continued.)

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby
  Against the cottage wall,
A lily grew near the threshold
  And the boy was just as tall!
A royal tiger lily,
  With spots of purple and gold,
And the heart of a jeweled chalice
  The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled,
  High up in the old roof trees;
And to and fro at the window low
  The red rose rocked her bees,
And the wee pink fists of the baby
  Were never a moment still,
Reaching at shine and shadow
  That danced on the window sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells;
  His mouth like a flower unblown;
Two little bare feet like funny white mice,
  Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture,
  That had yet a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
  We'll measure the boy again.

Ah, me, in a darkened chamber,
  With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain
  We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet that were dimpled,
  As sweet as the budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
  In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the daisy pillow,
  White as the risen dawn,
The fair little babe lay smiling,
  With the light of heaven thereon,
And the dear little hands like rose leaves,
  Dropped from a rose, lay still—
Never to catch at the sunshine
  That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby,
  With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
  That waited for him below.
And out of the darkened chamber,
  We went with a childless moan;
To the height of the sinless angels
  Our little one had grown.

—Selected.

HOME INFLUENCE.

An Essay delivered by Sr. Frances Walker before the General Sunday School Association at Independence, Missouri, April 5th, 1892.

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MOST of us are creatures of influence. Only a few daring geniuses in all the ages have not been. Elihu Burritt says: "No person comes into the world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only for the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detatch himself from these connections. There is no sequestered spot along the disk of nonexistence to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Thousands enter eternity every day with characters different from what they would have had had we not existed."

What then must be and is the influence of parents, of those composing the family circle where the plastic soul is first ushered in and where it dwells through babyhood, childhood, and youth—when impressions are easily made and most lasting? What finger marks, dear parents, will the light of another world show you in the primary formations and in every other successive stratum through life?

Home influence, guided by the parents, we wish to have compose every teaching, every action and thought, every physical or moral environment associated with the childhood home of any individual. To the child who loved his home, everything he learned, saw, heard, or even thought in that home becomes his criterion, and his actions, his life, his home will be measured by this. Whether this atmosphere shall be to the young, tender childplant life as a cutting wind, bowing its aspirations and blasting its buds of promise, or as the guiding, encouraging sunshine leading it upward and opening its fruitful blossoms; whether it shall be a blessing or a curse, remains for those who make this atmosphere, to decide.

With the thought of formative power we instinctively turn to the mother, although both parents should be and are coworkers. But God has given to her the greater part and in her hands lies the destiny of the human family. Home and mother! Yes, they belong together, we have heard them associated before, for one lives not without the other. Beautiful, holy thoughts come crowding fast upon each other in the very vibrations of the word mother, as it reverberates in the inner chambers of each heart here,—both of sorrow and of joy, of regret and thankfulness,—but we must leave these more often-dwelt-upon thoughts for the practical ones applying to her opportunity for good home influence. Her powers are unlimited, and she can send an influence for good ringing down the ages in living monuments of her truest glory.

Strange as it may seem it has only been within the last century that womankind knew how to fulfill her mission, much less knew its responsibility. Not only was she ignorant of the powers of motherhood, but incapable of true training in babyhood and childhood. Not till the German, true-thinking lover of children, Frœbel, made child nature a study did the world know the principles that underlie the proper development of the child's mind in the home as well as in the kindergarten. The foundation is the development of the native instinct, and the child's three natures, physical, mental, and spiritual. Each properly and equally developed gives the perfect man, and they are equally important and mutually dependent. Upon this foundation rests all growth and welfare of human progression. Every person, every teacher, every Sunday school teacher, and especially every mother should know this system of perfect, harmonious development, and study each individual child with reference to this, to know which nature to restrain, which to develop and which to appeal to. In the child is nature's outline, ready to be filled. The lines, though drawn lightly, are drawn right, and the education, the influence should be to strengthen these and train off the influence that tends to erase them. But all of this means simply the study of the individual. No two children are alike and the parents must have power of adaptation, and wisdom as well as love and higher help.

But now for the general influence and atmosphere of the home. We will begin with very simple, silent influences, which are, however, very potent ones and stamp with clearness and decision very powerful impressions, for the way to good home influence lies over small stepping stones. First the physical surroundings themselves. Don't you know the very walls radiate an influence quietly, as the salt dissolves in water it may be; but when they are clean and cheerful looking they reflect that feeling to the child, or let them look cold and cheerless and the child feels the same. There's something makes you better in a beautiful place, and in one not pleasing your soul is curbed just a little. I once knew a mother, who, when her child felt naughty and peevish, would say that she knew why—that baby's face is dirty, and her apron isn't clean and in a few moments a clean face and fresh apron had made the child cheerful and happy, with an innate consciousness of self-respect and brightness. There is a close relation between the inner and the outer man and a power in "cleanliness next to godliness." Here too, we wish to mention the wrong of two standards in the home on this point; that frequently so much more notice is given to your daughter than your son. The poorer room and poorer furnishings are for Johnnie, "He don't care for nice things, he's only a boy." When company comes Mary is in the parlor, dressed for the occasion and receiving just the culture she needs, but Johnnie would shame them were he to enter their company in his rough ways and clothes, and he soon learns to know his place is not there, but in the kitchen or barn and loses all the self-respect he may have had. Will you be surprised that this loss of self-respect grows, and that in later life the comparative numbers of good girls to boys is as it is, and that this double standard is as much the cause of some of the social evils of to-day as any other one thing? But to return, children love clean, bright, pretty things, and it is divinely so that they do. If you cannot have music and paintings, (which should if possible be in every home as the best friends to lift man nearer the beautiful and good,) love can be shown in the lesser furnishings—in sunshine, in flowers, the good gifts of God, free to all. There is no fountain so small that cannot mirror heaven in its surface, and when your child loves love and the beautiful in nature it isn't so far to nature's God and his soul is certainly broadened and more capable of receiving the Divine.

Another powerful formative for good is the beauty in thought and manners, forming what we may call the personal atmosphere of the home. Irving says, "good manners are a part of good morals." No love is so strong but that the outside forms support and strengthen it. Courteous acts coming from philanthropic hearts do more to strengthen the ties of influence and keep the little feet in the narrow path than any other one thing. Treat children with courtesy and are they not drawn toward you in greatest love and self-respect? Teach the brother to be polite to his sister, and his sister to him, and in later life will you find him disrespectful of self or of woman? Think what this loss of self-respect means and what habits and sins are sure to follow in its wake and you will see the importance of removing this seemingly trivial cause, yet powerful enough to wreck your boy. Yes treat them with courtesy and kindness, for "there is not one child in the circle round the table, healthful and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long enough spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown upon them, but amidst all let memory carry them back to a home where kindness and love reigned, where the mother's reproving eye was moistened by a tear and where the father frowned more in sorrow than in anger."

It seems hardly necessary to mention the important part good, pure literature plays in this character building. Acquaintance with good companions in books will give more pleasure when once discovered than bad companions, and instead of a malicious influence darkening the character, of your boy and your girl, will be benefactors to them. In these thoughts you now realize your child's individuality, that his soul's distinction is as important and great as your own; now let him know it and appreciate it, with its responsibility, personal and individual. Personal responsibility from childhood! What ground it covers! And

will it not be the best lesson of life? Is it not the glory of the present life to use our free agency and show our colors? Teach him that he is his own architect and builder of his character and life; that if he puts his hand to the stove and is burned, it is simply a c nsequence and nobody's fault. That sin in its very nature and element brings suffering, as night follows day; that neither parents nor God himself can prevent the natural consequence. Parents may take this thought too, that if home is not made powerful enough for good, and in later life the child wanders from the narrow path into the gutters of sin, as when a child from home and Sunday school to the street, it is simply a consequence and not God's fault that now reflects to your hearts dearest coins' expense, shame, remorse, and intensely agonized regret. Teach the child and the youth the responsibility of character building, for very few characters are not formed for life by twenty, and with the majority this is spent under the parental roof—think of it! Teach him that his life, with all the habits he has formed in his character, will enter into other lives and that in this momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of being. His character is so important not only for himself, but for all who follow him, it should be his life's work from babyhood.

Above all other training and for which the Sunday school appeals to the homes, of which all these influences named are as means to an end, is the direct cultivation of the inner spiritual life. Religious training, because of man's mentality, has to be presented in an attractive manner, patiently and wisely handled to accomplish its mission. Religion can by its presentation be made most repugnant and really antagonize the mind and heart of the child, or it can be made most precious and sacred to his heart. How wisely, then, how carefully, how prayerfully, should be unfolded this "fair rose of Sharon" so that the child from the first may get a glimpse of its beauty. The first ideas of God should be associated with objects it loves—pleasant applications of truth, letting their love for him through these be pure and honest. For instance, one of the first ideas of God is his day. How shall this be made to them? Remembering the impression of this one thing now means as much to the child as the church will in later life. Will it be made a day he dreads as the sad cutting off of all his innocent pleasure?—antagonistic to every part of his being, or shall it be looked forward to with pleasure and made restful, pleasant, happy? If the Sabbath is God's day which will it be?

Children have to be appealed to through their senses, and anything you may have to make them happy, any little extra efforts to show them your interest and love for them will endear this day. Make it their best and happiest day of the week and its associations will be reverenced. It is absolutely wrong to associate in the young minds their most definite ideas of God with those absolutely uncongenial to their souls. Is it any wonder when from babyhood they have dreaded this time that they are weaned from any connections with it when grown? God and true happiness belong together, and were this grand truth felt and appreciated the church and the Sunday school would open their doors to thousands.

We have dwelt long upon this one illustration of care in religious training, and thus we believe it should be followed through in every point. A happy time to appeal to and draw out this soul nature in special reference is the evening hour, when darkness veils from you the earth and work is done. There is something connected with nightfall so restful, thoughtful, and loveful. The world seems far away and we are lifted nearer our Creator. Then the mother can by the bedside of her little one listen to his childishly expressed thoughts and give back in bright, trustful tones, words of God's love and care. Such time should come every day when there is time given exclusively to the home and when each member may feel they have a few moments just for home and each other, and thus keep burning the candle of love and home happiness. It is a duty each home demands.

We had the pleasure not long since of living with a mother and her cherub boy, where these evening hours were thus spent, and the thought of the power those moments were wielding I can never forget. The souls of all who were growing and that influence only eternity will reveal. Mothers cannot afford to miss

these golden moments of good, silent influencing. It will be as bread cast upon the waters, that will return though it may be after many years just as surely as it is cast. Like the seed planted in good ground (as you heard last evening). These are some of the main influences the home can and should exert, but under these lies the great undercurrent, of thousands of silent ones that are with just as great precision and clearness tracing their lines.

But let thoughtfulness and love pervade the humble cottage; let it be clean and neat, beautified by music, good pictures and books and every attraction possible, with all the members kind and courteous, and enhancing it you will see beautiful children, promising, intelligent, virtuous, God-fearing workers in home, school, Sunday schools and the world.

Show me the child from the home founded and rooted deep in love, where it came as a prepared-for member, and where the physical and moral and spiritual atmosphere of that home is healthful and vigorous, and I will show you the child the Sunday school wants and the world needs. I will show you the Sunday school pupil that his superintendent, his teacher, and his classmates love; who will be bright, cheerful, willing pupils and little missionaries themselves. The teacher can tell by the very expression of the face the happy homes and by the pupil, what the home influence is. If the home influence was what it should be, there would be no need of Sunday school superintendents and teachers having to plan, to work and to worry to obtain interest, good behavior, lessons and attendance, but instead their time would be happily spent in showing the little feet higher planes where they would gladly and happily follow.

Think what reflects upon parents as parents, much less as Christians and Saints, when their children are reported disinterested pupils. It tells so much—such a sad story—that some vital part of that home is weak, and its life is pending. With what burning regret must the parents know they have failed absolutely to make life's greatest calling a success.

How many children have more for which to thank the Sunday school teacher for thirty minutes out of the week than their parents their whole childhood life; who have more to thank strangers for than those who gave them being and to whom God gave them. This responsibility you cannot shirk as parents, and as the Savior says, "Your children shall be your judges."

A thought we wish to leave for home influence of older members of the family, or the child grown older, which bears direct importance in home influence, because so closely connected with its foundation. We have said that the home was so important that it should be prepared for from babyhood up. It is the chief work of every person to take his proper place in family work, and a thought should be with each child that the habits he forms not only affect him and those around him, but it enters into other lives than his and the waves circle on and on. There are still two standards in the home but in what way? It seems strange that it can be said, that society can be so unjust and unwise as to have two standards in such a vital question as social purity. But it exists as a stubborn fact and one that the home should guard against and crush as its worst enemy.

The world would have the daughter amiable in every virtue and pure, but the son and the friend may, under the cloak of sowing his wild oats, commit such wrongs to himself and to society as must forever darken and blast his soul. Is this justice to your daughter, and is it justice to your son who will have to reap just what he sows?

Parents, mothers and sisters, can you afford to slight the responsibility resting upon you in raising this standard and removing one of the greatest evils of the present time and the most common cause of unhappy homes and fallen humanity? As long as this exists, homes, perfect homes will never be founded. Their aims, tendencies, and standards, will from the first be divided, because impurity cannot unite with purity, and their associations are not congenial. Discord will be the first note struck in the song of life and soon the harmony of love will have been lost. This is simply one very potent factor in the founding of home that we wish to emphasize. But, Oh, for care in the foundation of the home! As much as we hear of the importance of this, as much as we read from careful thinkers, as much as those older tell us and as we see

shown in everyday life around and the very few happy homes, we are less careful, less thoughtful, less prayerful than we would be in important business transactions. It is pitiful that people of reason and wise in most things can be so ignorant and careless of this the most important—even awful because of its responsibility—event in life.

Every other organization and reforms of every description would sink into oblivion if home was the outgrowth of thoughtful love. Teaching the child thus, the importance of the home, its founding, its influence, its power, and let it take the proper influence from yours to its own, and a few generations would tell a beautiful story. The picture of such a home would be heaven on earth, symbolical of the eternal home and anchored close in God's love.

There is nothing more important from birth to death, from the cradle to the grave, than this plain, sad, or beautiful picture of home influence. It is all in all to the child, the youth, and the aged one. Let us have home, and Sunday school. The world and heaven will take care of themselves.

CHEERFULNESS.

There is a little maiden,
  Who is she? Do you know?
Who always has a welcome
  Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May-time
  Her voice is like a bird's;
The sweetest of all music
  Is in her joyful words.

The loveliest of blossoms
  Spring where her light foot treads;
And most delicious odors
  She all around her sheds;

The breath of purple clover
  Upon the breezy hills;
The smell of garden roses,
  And yellow daffodils.

Each spot she makes the brighter
  As if she were the sun;
And she is sought and cherished,
  And loved by everyone.

By old folks and by children,
  By lofty and by low;
Who is this little maiden?
  Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her—
  You certainly can guess;
What! must I introduce her?
  Her name is CHEERFULNESS.

—Marion Douglass.

DON'T.

"I love the songs of the birds
And the children's early words
  And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown;
And I hate a false pretense
And a want of common sense
  And flattery and false favor and deceit, John Brown."

I TAKE up my subject with an apology, and apologize for doing so by reminding you that a writer of such note as Emerson has done the same. He opens his essay on prudence by asking, "What right have I to write of prudence whereof I have so little?" If questioned as to what right I have to write on some of the subjects that may come up, his answer will suffice for me, "We write from aspiration and antagonism as well as from experience. We paint those qualities which we do not possess."

I enter, therefore, upon my list of "Don'ts" without asserting that I never do some of these very things myself. I write my aspirations; hold up my ideal character.

In the first place, friend John, don't think yourself the only person in the world worth considering. I grant the statement to be true that "every man is to himself the center of the universe." In the nature of things that is true. Each one of us stands as the center of a different circle and looks out upon the passing scenes of time as they revolve about him.

And yet, because he is the center, he need not seek to be the circumference and to fill all the intervening space. If he does stand first of all in his own estimation, he cannot expect all others to accord him that preëminence.

No, John, don't try to be all there is. It will make you selfish, suspicious, and jealous. I have known people to go to church and think the minister pointed his remarks at them and sometimes they did not feel complimented.

We tell ourselves, often, that we are too sensitive, when, if we know the real truth it would be that we think too much of ourselves, more than we do of anyone else, and it gives us a distorted, one-sided view of life.

Selfishness will make you jealous when you see others rising in the estimation of their fellow men; you will be unhappy to think that your merits are ignored; you may feel that you could occupy positions that are not opened to you, and the bitter thought will come that you are neglected for others less worthy and less capable than you. Wolsey charged his friend to fling away ambition, "for," said he, "by sin angels fell." Might he not as truly have said, "Fling away selfishness?" What but selfishness prompted Lucifer to desire to take the glory of God? He loved himself and desired to be the greatest of all.

If you think too much of yourself, you will either be continually pained with the thought that others do not appreciate you, that they slight you and neglect you, or else you are apt to get the absurd idea that you are the "observed of all observers," that your appearance is on all occasions hailed with delight, that every word of yours falls on most attentive ears, and that, therefore, it is your duty to monopolize conversation in all social gatherings and to occupy the most prominent position you can in more conventional ones.

Selfishness will make you unhappy, John, but, worse than that, it will make others unhappy too. It will dull your ears that they will not hear the tone of suffering; it will make your eyes so blind that they will not see the pale faces of poor women who do more work in a day than some men do in a month and of children who would feast on the crumbs from your table; it will so benumb your sense of feeling that you will never think as you sit by your cheerful fire how the frost is crashing and snapping in that poor cabin that opens to the alley. Yes, it will teach you to sit in your comfortable home, warm and dry, without a thought of discomfort even when your eyes rest upon a little group huddled up against your back fence protected from the driving rain by a bit of a canvas tent. It will not matter to you that they are turned into the street because they do not pay their rent. You will tell yourself it is not your business to look after the families of drunkards.

You could not help them all? Of course not. But if your heart is generous, you will see, and hear, and help some, if only a few, and when the winds howl at your casement, you will be a better man if you find yourself praying, "God pity the poor to-night." But selfishness will do more harm than I have named, John. It is the great destroyer of human happiness. It will take the brightness, the cheerfulness, the gladness out of your face, your voice, your heart, your life. Did you ever know a selfish man? Didn't it show in his face and rasp out in his tones? Did he make you think of sunshine and music and sweet peaceable things? Wasn't he secretive with his friends and relentless with his enemies? Did his children come close and prattle at his knee? Did his wife confide in him and trust him and tell him her best thoughts and noblest aspirations?

Beware of selfishness. If you would be happy, love yourself last.

Now, be careful, John, and don't be a pendulum and fly to the other extreme. Don't be an extremist. Because you have no desire to monopolize things for your own selfish ends, because you are aware that there are other people in the world beside yourself, "endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights" upon which you would not encroach, because you know you are not everybody, don't go to the opposite extreme and think yourself a nobody, a person of no importance.

O, no, don't do that. It is almost as detrimental to you and others as that opposite course you would avoid. A vivacious writer, a traveler, in showing up Italian life, calls a certain character a mouse. It was not a mouse but what should have been a man, but his timid, cowering, deprecating ways were so sug-

gestive that, as I have said, the traveler, in writing of him, calls him a mouse. This may explain the expression I have often heard fall from the lips of a certain energetic old lady, "Be a man, my son, not a mouse."

Be a man, John, a brave, good man, not afraid to stand for principle, though it be "in the right with two or three." Be one of those whom Whittier describes as "tall men, sun-crowned." What beautiful words! A man can be of such moral stature, can be so crowned with intelligence and wisdom and light from heaven that the "princes of the proud old world beyond the deep" are not his peers and the lustre of their coronets grows dim in the presence of simple integrity.

Men confer upon their fellow men titles of honor, raise them to positions of power and pour into their hands the treasures of wealth, but, John, "an honest man's above their might." The royal stamp of genuine worth no man can give you. You must place it upon yourself. You can hold your honor fast through every storm and

"Whether you live an honest man,
And hold your integrity firm in your clutch,
I tell you brother, as plain as I can,
It matters much."

Yes, John, be a man. One place in this world is yours. Find it and fill it, and don't deprecate the necessity of occupying a small portion of the world's space. It is your right. For the good of yourself and others, do your best, and if men call you to responsible positions let not an undue modesty restrain you, if you feel within yourself the ability to discharge the duties of such offices, but if your good judgment tells you you are not capable of it, let no amount of persuasion or flattery move you. Do what will result in good to others as nearly as you can.

John, we need a good share of patience in this world. Don't grow impatient under trials.

Trials make our faith sublime;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Lift us to a holier clime;
Make us strong to do and dare

We read of Jacob, after he had wrestled all night with the angel, that, "as he passed over Penuel, the sun rose upon him, and he halted upon his thigh."

Do you think that as he went his way, he thought only of the affliction of the shrunken sinew? Trial, affliction, though it was, was it not an ever-present reminder of his great blessing, of that Presence that ere it departed, blessed him and gave him a new name because he had prevailed.

Bear with patience, John, the scars, the wounds that are but proofs of your victory. Don't worry over poverty if you are poor because your money or your time is devoted to a good cause. Go your way patiently and contentedly, wear your plain clothing, live in your poor house and let other men spend their money upon themselves if they will. Give, help, bless, and then be rich or poor as God sees fit to dispense to you. As you go, halting upon your thigh, be glad and rejoice.

If you have espoused a good cause, if you feel that you are a purer, a truer man, from having learned its principles, never mind that your name is cast out as evil among those who do not understand. For the great good, you can endure the light affliction; for the angel presence, you can bear the shrunken sinew.

In whatever way sorrow may come to you, "let patience have her perfect work." Many of us, John, might have much more brightness in our lives than we have. Many of us let care have too much sway. We grow insensible to much of the sweetness and beauty of life. We grow too practical. Some one has said, "We pluck up the roses of life, that we may plant corn and potatoes."

Corn and potatoes are very well in their way and answer the purpose of their creation, but they fail to satisfy all the demands of human nature.

It is well to be industrious, "not slothful in business," but it is not well for us to feel so deeply the cares of life that we have no time to enjoy some of its beauty; it is not well for us to be so practical that we have no time for some of its poetry; it is not well if we find our lives so filled with ills that we cannot discover someting sweet and tender.

"Life has its barren years;—
When blossoms fall untimely down,"

but

"Life has its harvest moons,
Its tasseled corn and purple-weighted vine."

Human nature is more than mere physical nature, and so, for its most complete

development, the higher demands of the mental and moral powers must be satisfied. Do not let all your thoughts go to your possessions, John. Don't let your houses and lands, your flocks and herds claim your greatest energy, or if you are poor, don't let the necessity of toil, the pressure of poverty rob you of joys that even the poor can have. The pleasure you get from this life depends greatly upon yourself.

A man may plod back and forth across his fields behind his plough, thinking only of the crop his field will produce, and the money it will bring to his pocket, and, while thrift and industry are to be commended, can we believe life did not course with keener joy in the veins of that man who would see in the daisy the beauty that inspired him to write those lines to the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," the man who could lean upon his plough and, as he watched the frightened field mouse scamper away, could find utterance for his merciful thought in

"Wee sleekit, cowerin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa sae hasty
Wi bickerin brattle. I wad be laith
To rin and chase thee wi murderin' pattle."

Ruskin sees beauty in the clouds, and Bryant finds "pleasure in the pathless woods" and "rapture by the lonely shore." Everywhere in nature they see the hand of "nature's God" and him they adore. A wild flower blossoms in the woods and to the loving heart it seems "an emanation from the indwelling Deity, a visible token of the upholding Love which is the soul of this wide universe." A water fowl starts up as the twilight dews are falling and as he "wings his solitary way," to the watcher comes the sweet thought of the same protecting love, that "Power" that guides him on his way "lone—wandering but not lost." Let the sunshine into your heart, John. Let it not be said,—

"The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky."

You'll be a better man if its witchery does melt into your heart and warm it with a sense of love for its Maker and yours. Let your heart be tender to nature and you'll love your brother more. If your heart is warm and sunny, your home will be and your influence will be and poverty or riches will be secondary in consideration.

Now, John, if I meet you when your day is declining, meet you when a "crook is in your back and a melancholy crack in your laugh," if you complain to me then that life has been but a mournful thing, if you have failed to see much in it because your circle has been very small and you have lost nobler joys in thinking much of yourself, I'm afraid I shall think, if I do not say, "I told you so."

MARGARET.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over-much,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day,—
We were so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine as it slips away,
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly,
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss the elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.

But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;—
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss—IS DEAD.

—Bereaved Mother.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

CHAPTER VIII.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length
To find a stronger faith his own.

—Tennyson.

SUBSEQUENT to the events noted, and as the result of another serious unpleasantness with my stepfather in regard to business matters, I held several interviews with a Mr. Robet S. Weir, who had been bookkeeper in the same office, but who had become very much dissatisfied with the manner in which things were being conducted. Like myself he was also ambitious, and was seeking opportunity to improve his condition financially. Both of us had determined to quit my stepfather's employ; and, understanding each other as we did, it was but natural that we should suggest a coalition for mutual advantage. He was a competent accountant and fine business man, whose honesty and integrity I had full confidence in. The result of our interviews was that together we left my stepfather's employ; and, forming a partnership, we purchased a small job printing plant and commenced business under the firm name of Weir and Luff, in the west end of the city, far distant from the location of our old employer's office.

Our hope was to build up a business for ourselves, without directly affecting his. Finding that we had not only gone, but gone beyond recovery, my stepfather became enraged; and in his frenzy moved his business from the center of the city to a point still west of us, where he hoped to "freeze us out." His methods, however, were hurtful to himself; for he took work at prices that would not cover original outlay for material; and after considerable time his business collapsed and the entire plant was disposed of under the sheriff's hammer.

Meanwhile our business prospered and improved. Additional facilities were added, which of course involved quite an outlay; but our credit was good, and by dint of honesty and push we succeeded admirably. The Methodist Church at that end of the city gave us the benefit of its patronage and influence, and I was bidding fair to reach some day the goal of my earlier ambition, namely, an independent position in point of wealth; that is, the start in that direction was encouraging.

Our church work was also keeping pace with the progressive elements around it, and the little cottage-chapel in which we had been worshiping soon proved too small for us. Accordingly a new site was purchased and a more sightly and commodious building was erected thereon. The old building was again converted into a tenement, and was purchased some time afterwards, together with the premises adjoining, by the writer.

Thus my wife and I became the possessors of the home in which we had wooed and won each other, and also the one in which both of us had gone through the processes incident to a genuine Methodist conversion. Into one house we moved, and the other we rented. We were now looking out upon the future with much to encourage, while happiness smiled pleasantly upon and within our home, into which two additional ones had entered, a son and daughter.

My success as a preacher had not waned, and again I was besought to enter the regular ministry. I was in a condition to support myself and family for four years of probation, if I sold out my business and home; hence the main objection was lifted, and the old question came back—*Am I called to that work?* If I could have been satisfied in that regard everything would have been quickly dis-

posed of, and I should have gone forth trusting in God. The good minister in charge, Rev. Thomas Griffith, visited and conversed with me earnestly about the matter; I was in a state of doubt, but honestly praying for light on the matter.

Just then a letter from the parents of my wife brought with it a leaflet on which was printed an epitome of the faith of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. These old Methodists of twenty or more years standing had joined that body, and in their anxiety to do good had sent this little leaflet, with a request that I read it, which I did. It was followed by a few others, which I also read, as did my wife, and, though impressed with the apparent Scripturalness of the doctrines set forth therein, I maintained a show of indifference regarding the matter. The peculiar character of the testimonies borne by the letter-writers struck me, however, as remarkable; but in my replies I confined myself to a criticism of the doctrine and a light ridicule of the testimonies. This was done more to draw out the defense and give me a clearer insight into the strange doctrine than to oppose from a disposition to belittle or denounce. More tracts came after a time, revealing new evidence and awakening a deeper interest. I read whenever opportunity offered, and examined the Bible carefully in search of weapons with which to crush or annihilate the new faith. Not that I felt any special dislike for the doctrine; but my pride made me anxious to find something wherewith to defend the faith to which I was already committed; and to defend one was to annihilate the other. I hated to confess in my letters that my religion was without Scriptural warrant.

My first study and writing was done out of respect for those who had shown such a kindly interest in me; but the discoveries made thereby led me to a closer investigation and comparison of church doctrines; and my interest increased proportionately. The result was painful; for I discovered for the first time that the religion my mother had taught me was defective. It did not require many days of searching to reach this conclusion. Whether the church publishing those tracts was right or not, one thing was certain, and that hurt me, namely: If the Bible was correct my religion was in many respects incorrect. I spent months in searching; but became only the more confirmed in the conviction thus forced upon me. I saw *at once* that baptism was "for the remission of sins;" and all my subsequent searching seemed but to add force to this conviction. Methodism did not teach that; and I did not even pretend to believe that my church was truer than the Bible. I read passages regarding the laying on of hands, for different purposes, affecting both the spiritual and physical condition of the believer, the doctrine of the resurrections and their order, the judgment and its divine consistency, the office work of the promised Holy Spirit, and the need of authorized agents to act in God's name, that what was "bound on earth" might be "bound in heaven." I saw the portrayal of a real God-character in the provision made for all men, the fullness of the atonement, and was impressed with the thought that if my faulty religion had brought me so much happiness, what must God's own true religion do for me could I but find it.

Still, with this conviction fastened upon me, I did not conclude that the Latter Day Saints were right. I tried to think that perhaps they had learned all this by study and had counterfeited the church in doctrine and organization. I reasoned upon it; but that did not help my Methodism. The fact that other religions might be wrong, did not make mine any nearer right.

About this time William Clow, who had meanwhile married the oldest sister of my wife, while she was visiting in London, came to Toronto on business. He had united with the Saints' Church also; and, though his stay was limited as to time, and my business kept me engaged much of my time, yet when together at my home I tried to oppose his doctrine mildly. He allowed me to select my own scripture, and then seemed to take delight in applying it for me. Of coure I did not let him know what effect his visit had upon me. I was not yet convinced that his church was right, though I felt that mine was wrong; but his visit crippled me. He came to my church and heard me preach. He came to my class-meeting and took part under my leadership; but it seemed that when he quoted a passage of Scripture it suddenly became full of new significance; and yet I well

knew that he had added nothing to its original meaning. I was perplexed; I was in a quandary; and in this condition he left me, though without ever learning from me anything as to my feelings.

After this visit I pressed my investigations more closely, and, as a consequence, became more dissatisfied. The pledged unchangeability of God and Christ compelled me to believe they were the same in every respect,—in character, purpose, and feeling,—as they appeared to the ancients. The announcement that "God is no respecter of persons," made it easy for me to believe that the children of this generation were of as much importance to God as those of former time, so far as the conditions and times of birth affected the case. The only question then left for settlement, was as to the attitude maintained by the ancients when they obtained such favor from God as the Bible bore witness of. Learning of this, I was pledged to the belief that if believers to-day would but assume like attitude and maintain it, an unchangeable and impartial Father would thus be brought under the obligation imposed by himself to treat these later born members of his family as he had treated those of earlier birth.

This simply meant a restoration of ancient glory to the church,—all its spirtuality and miraculous energy in relation to the human body as well as spirit. The Bible bore witness that for over four thousand years God had communed with his people whenever they had "ears to hear." I could readily admit that man had departed from God, "transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance and broken the everlasting covenant," thus making his ears incapable of hearing; for the statement was clear, "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be an abomination." This explained why the churches were without revelation and angel ministrations; for I knew they neither taught nor believed many of the important items of the ancient gospel law. But I could not escape the conviction that if God should again restore the covenant once broken, and men should once more observe the old law, or in other words would go back to where their forefathers walked with God, they too would find him just where he had been left by the church at its departing.

I believed that for men to find God in this age and to walk with him, meant for them to enjoy all the holy and blissful advantages that others enjoyed when occupying the same ground. I did not believe that the angels were all dead, nor that they had changed their employment, but being formerly "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for those who shall be heirs of salvation," they waited the return of men to the gospel which makes men "heirs of salvation," before they could resume their original service. I knew well that the idea of angel visits and direct revelation was being denounced in the churches. I had often heard it said that the awful voice of revelation ceased at Patmos, and I could not help concluding that if such was the case then there had not been a minister on earth since that time who was "called of God as was Aaron."

This made me shudder, as I thought of the many "forms of godliness," which denied "the power thereof;" and of the words of Christ, "MANY will say to me in that day, Lord, have we not . . . in thy name done many wonderful works, and then will I profess unto them, I never knew you, depart from me." I studied over that word *many*, and wondered how many were engaged in a work which they professed to do in Christ's name or by Christ's authority, who in the next breath denied that any word had been heard from God for eighteen hundred years, either by themselves or by any other. I asked and asked again, If God has not spoken for so long a time who can have called these men? Were they called "as was Aaron?" If not will God recognize their service, so that what they "bind on earth shall be bound in heaven." If not, of what good can their service be to me as gospel ministers?

So the time wore on. I was being pressed to enter the ministry; yet was losing faith in my religion. I was engaged in preaching frequently on Sundays, and in counseling as a class-leader and Sunday school laborer. My ministry work was increasing, and calls came to fill the pulpit for the Wesleyan minister not far away, and for the Bible Christian minister in another direction. I read and studied and compared and prayed and feared and wept.

While I was in this state of mind my

wife determined to visit her parents. When the day of her departure arrived, I accompanied her to the train, and at parting jokingly remarked that the next thing I expected to hear was that I had a Mormon wife. Not knowing how I felt on the matter she replied that there was no immediate danger. I then advised her to listen carefully to what the Saints had to say; and, if she became satisfied that they were right, to join with them, without delaying a moment on account of my feelings. After a few weeks she wrote asking my consent to her baptism. It was as I had feared or guessed. My answer counseled her to be sure she was right, then act, she was her own agent; and my Methodism, if continuing ever, would never cause an interference with her convictions.

Accordingly she was baptized; and in her account of it to me she bore witness of the satisfaction she felt in consequence. On the evening of her confirmation, while the Saints were assembled in the church house, and just as the rite was about to be observed the door opened and Elder A. Leverton, of Bothwell, entered. He was called upon to assist, and in regular turn it fell to his lot to confirm my wife, who then looked like and was supposed by him to be a girl of about sixteen or seventeen. Proceeding, however, the Spirit led him to promise much good, conditionally, to her; and, among other things, that her partner, who was then preaching a gospel in Toronto, would yet preach this everlasting gospel to the world. As he afterwards told me, Bro. Leverton felt bad after uttering this, until he was informed as to who she was.

Of course the news of this reached me quickly by letter, and produced a smile and considerable criticism. Still it did did not strike me as being impossible or altogether unlikely. I continued to investigate quietly, devoting as much time as possible from my business to the matter, satisfied that Methodism had added to and taken from the doctrine of Christ, yet doubting almost everything. Still I prayed most earnestly, and this state of affairs continued for weeks, making in all about eight months from the time my ears were first saluted with the doctrine. My health was failing in consequence of too close confinement indoors, and yet it seemed impossible to change my condition. I worked hard all day and frequently sat up late at night to read and write. Some of the letters written to me about this time had drawn out a little cross fire from me and considerable banter. In one of my letters I had recklessly challenged them to use their faith to bring me among them by a certain day, which I named. I told them that it was impossible for me to get there, but their faith ought to laugh at impossibilities and produce any kind of miracle. I did not suppose they would ever pay any attention to it; but it seems they did. Like much of the balance of my writing it passed from my mind.

Business began to press more heavily upon me. Every moment was demanded of myself and partner in order to preserve our credit. We had bought some expensive material to meet growing demands, and were partly indebted for it. Our notes were falling due, and we could not afford to fail in meeting them. One note for several hundred dollars was to mature in about a month, and every nerve was being strained to meet it. My health was breaking, and one Friday evening I called on our regular physician for advice, and was told that my only hope was in quitting business for a time and getting away from care and anxiety. I told him that was about impossible under our circumstances, to which he replied that if death was preferable I could take my choice. I felt discouraged, and returning to the office reported the matter to my partner, who sympathized with me, but could see no way out, as our credit was at stake in meeting the outstanding obligation. Closing the office at night, after the hands had left, we walked together till we reached the street leading towards his home. There we parted, and I went to the home of the presiding minister to arrange some church work. While there, in answer to his comments regarding my sickly appearance, I told him what the physician had said, whereupon he insisted that I should go away for a time. I told him how impossible it was, and explained the situation. Turning to me he said, "Go, Brother Luff, recruit your health, and I will see that the note is paid when it matures."

I was surprised and gratified, but hesitated. He insisted, and after leaving him I called upon my partner and related

what had occurred, and was advised by him to go at once.

That night I thought long about the course to pursue, but at seven o'clock in the morning took train for London, where my wife still remained. Arriving there about noon I started towards the residence of her parents, and when within about a rod or two of the house was met by my brother-in-law, William Clow, who gave me to understand that their faith in miracles and prayer was not weakened in the least by my arrival, as that was the very day I had so carelessly named in my bantering letter some time before. I don't *know* whether God had anything *special* to do with my getting there at that time and in that way or not; but I was there; of that I am certain, and without any known reason for congratulating myself either.

I found my wife as happy as the rest of the Saints, and as anxious to tell of the light she had discovered and the joy she had found. I was a willing listener, though perhaps a little too exacting in my criticisms and demands. But I had come with a covenant in my heart to obey if I found the work satisfactory. I knew that to unite with the Saints was to lose the support of the old church in my business, and to finally lose business, home, and all the friends of my former life, not excepting mother. However, I had come determined to take all risks, provided I could see a divinity associated with the work. I had come pledged to do anything necessary, and in my power, to advance its interests if I but discovered God in it; yet I told no man of my resolution or feelings.

On the following morning I heard Elder J. J. Cornish preach on the first principles, and he announced the "Book of Mormon" as his subject for the evening. During the afternoon service of prayer and testimony there were manifestations in prophecy and otherwise, which, though producing considerable enthusiasm and furnishing comfort to the Saints, did not bring any conviction to my mind or pleasure to my heart. The old question of questions worried me, "*Are they of God?*" What would I not have given that day to have known just that one thing. At night I attended, expecting to take notes on the strange subject; but becoming interested I found it impossible to follow closely and do much writing. At the close of the service I stepped upon the platform, met the elder, and congratulated him upon his success in making out so apparently clear a case for the Book of Mormon. I said that I could not say that I knew he was right, but that I was satisfied the subject was worthy of a careful study, and it should be so treated by me.

At this juncture, Priest (now Elder) William Newton stepped forward and greeted me with some expression affecting the work, which led us unto a friendly discussion for about twenty minutes, resulting in my admitting that the Bible was clearly in favor of their position on the first principles, but saying that it still remained unproven to me that their gifts and church were genuine; all might easily be counterfeited. He seemed disappointed that his arguments and testimony did not affect me convincingly; but I told those present that I believed God understood me and could reach me, and that I was open for the benefit of their prayers. Thus we parted.

(To be continued.)

THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

Take courage, temperance workers,
  You shall not suffer wreck,
While up to God the people's prayers
  Are rising from your deck.
Wait cheerily, temperance workers,
  For daylight and for land;
The breath of God is in your sail,
  His rudder in your hand.

Sail on, sail on, deep freighted
  With blessings and with hopes;
The good of old with shadowy hands
  Are pulling at your ropes.

Behind you holy martyrs
  Uplift the palm and crown;
Before you unborn ages send
  Their benedictions down.

Courage! Your work is holy,
  God's errands never fail!
Sweep on through storm and darkness,
  The thunder and the hail!
Work on! sail on! the morning comes,
  The port you yet shall win,
And all the bells of God shall ring
  The ship of temperance in.

—Whittier.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

BY BRO. JONAS H. DRURY.

TO Pilate's question, "Art thou a king," Jesus answered, "Thou sayest that I am a king; to this end I was born; and for this cause came I into the world that I should bear witness unto the truth." Pilate then said unto him, "What is truth?"

It is important that every man should become acquainted with truth; for it is written, "The truth shall make you free." From this we would infer that the man who is destitute of the knowledge of truth is in bondage. Truth in regard to the purposes of God, like wisdom, is found of those who seek and hunt diligently for it. Moses sought the Lord to obtain knowledge. Joseph Smith in his inquiry after truth received this among many things revealed, namely, that truth was knowledge of things as they are, as they were, and as they are to come; and what was more or less than this was of the wicked one, who was a liar from the beginning.

The history of the creation, as revealed unto Moses in the mount, was also given to Joseph Smith, and it is accepted as a truth to-day, as revealing things past. There is confidence in God that he will not speak unto his servants of things that have not been, and also confidence in his servants that they will not tell more or less than has been commanded of their Creator. It is written, "Blessed are they who believe," and the question is often asked, "Believe what?" The answer is, Believe on the words that the Lord causes his ministers and prophets to speak by the inspiration of his Spirit.

Adam received the words of the Lord; and as may of his children as believed were blessed from on high. He and his sons were commanded to worship the Lord their God, and to offer the firstlings of their flocks for an offering unto the Lord. We read that Adam was obedient, and that after many days an angel appeared and said to him:—

"Why do you offer sacrifice unto the Lord?"

Adam answered that he knew not, only that the Lord had commanded him. The angel said, "This is a similitude of the sacrifice of the Only Begotten of the Father, which is full of grace and truth; wherefore thou shalt do all that thou doest in the name of the Son; and thou shalt repent and call upon God in the name of the Son for ever more."

Adam was an obedient and believing man; and, because of this, he was blessed of God and received the Holy Ghost, which bore record of the Father and the Son; and he received this consolation that inasmuch as he had fallen he could be redeemed, and all mankind as many as were willing. We see that, while God is pleased to manifest himself unto man and show him the way of salvation and life, it depends on his will, or, in other words, the exercise of the agency given him of the Father whether he gains eternal life, or suffers the condemnation of those who choose to dwell in sin. For we read that in the beginning, as many as believed not and repented not, should be damned; and the words went forth out of the mouth of God in a firm decree, wherefore they must be fulfilled. To Adam was given the Spirit, that Jesus said would guide unto all truth, and under the guidance of this Spirit he prophesied saying:—

"Blessed be the name of God; for because of my transgression my eyes are opened; and in this life I shall have joy; and again in the flesh I shall see God."

We learn that the Father did not leave him comfortless, but that it was as Jesus had said to his disciples, "I will not leave you comfortless." While the Spirit of truth was making men to rejoice in the knowledge of a Redeemer, the spirit of the evil one was causing the minds of many of Adam's sons to be darkened, and to exclaim like Cain, "Who is God that I should serve him." Satan came among them and said, "I am a son of God, and he commanded them not to believe the words of their parents; and it is said that they believed it not. From that time men began to be carnal, sensual, and devilish. They chose Satan for their father, and misery was their doom, because they would not repent and be baptized in water for the remission of their sin and receive the Spirit of truth.

This Spirit brought to stricken man

the light and sunshine of heaven, causing the sons and daughters of God to sing with gladness of heart that a Redeemer would come to save them. It was by this Spirit that Simeon of old received the promise that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ; also Anna the prophetess gave thanks to the Lord, and spake of him to all those who looked for redemption in Jerusalem.

By the power of this Spirit John preached the gospel of repentance; and because this Spirit dwelt in Jesus he was obedient unto the will of his Father and came to John to be baptized.

During all the trials and tribulations, through which the saints were called to pass, it was their comforter; and, not until men had entirely departed from the perfect law, did it cease to be their guide. Then came the years of wickedness and idolatry and the evil one spread a mantle of darkness over the earth. Men forgot the true and living God, save it were a few who endeavored to protect his name and character from being blasphemed by a corrupt priesthood; and they suffered death rather than depart from what they believed a just God required of them. They honored him in their lives, and in death bore evidence of their Christian fortitude.

There came the days of reformation; and after much tribulation a Luther could speak his belief in God. The cruel foe that had caused so many of earth's noblemen to suffer death, because they maintained their integrity, was powerless; and Luther thundered against the Mother Church until her foundations trembled, and a mighty host rejoiced.

Wesley came. A mighty preacher was he, and many followed him. In those days the light of truth began to dawn.

But, ere long, like the sun rising in his strength, the full truth shone forth. For an angel of God delivered the everlasting gospel to a man, and to him was given power and authority to cry unto the inhabitants of the earth, "Fear God and give glory to him for the hour of his judgment is come; and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of water."

Again the inhabitants of the earth heard the true gospel sound, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins; and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." And as many as were converted did truly receive the promise, and a shout of praise to God went up; for everywhere the Spirit of truth manifested itself, in prophecy, unknown tongues, the interpretation of tongues, miracles, the voice of God calling men to preach, the visitation of holy angels, and in other ways, confirming to all believers, that the man Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God, and that the gospel they heard would be preached in all the world as a witness and then the end should come, or the destruction of the wicked. With its seer, revelator, and patriarch to guide the infant church, apostles, prophets, pastors, and teachers too, the growing church bade soon to become a power in the earth, and all nations would fear because of her righteousness.

But, alas! an evil day came; the mighty church in her pride was humbled; for her seer and patriarch by cruel men were slain. Joseph and Hyrum, by weeping brethren and friends most dear, were laid to rest; and those who knew them as the defenders of truth, and who loved them because of their goodness, wept and refused to be comforted. Deceivers arose among the brethren, and many walked in strange ways. He who would have counseled for good slept beneath the clods, and the enemy feared no more his stern rebuke. We are told that those were dark days such as tried the souls of men.

But brighter days have come; for a few were faithful and denied not the word of the Lord; and to-day the Reorganized Church bids fair to ever shine with the light of truth, and to become at last the fair virgin, the bride that will make herself ready for the bridegroom, Jesus Christ.

FAULTS.

What are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill
To peck at every fault I see,
And make it wider still.

Is't not enough for me to know
I've follies of my own?
On my own heart the care bestow,
And let my friends alone.—*Sel.*

VON MOLTKE'S HUMILITY.

AN incident in the life of the late Count Von Moltke proves that when people thoughtlessly trust to appearances to regulate their conduct toward others, forgetting the demands of politeness and kindness, they are quite liable to make mistakes, and—what is better—not infrequently get punished for their selfishness.

The famous German warrior's modesty was so perfect that it was unique. In his dispatches to the Government detailing some of his brightest achievements, the little personal pronoun "I" rarely occurs. For instance, in the account drawn up by him of the battle of Sadowa the egotistical letter is found but twice. When the Count was traveling or away from home on a pleasure trip, he always wore citizen's clothes, and had nothing about his person to distinguish his high rank.

During a tour in the Hartz Mountains he one time set off on foot ahead of the diligence in which he had been traveling, and, after a long tramp through the hills, arrived at a wayside inn and demanded lodging for the night. He looked travel-worn and tired and was covered with dust from head to foot, and the landlord, taking him for a poor foot-traveler, was on the point of telling him he had no room unengaged. But he at length told the waiter to show the "old man" to a room in the upper story, and, after toiling up three flights of stairs, the great general was shown into a little room that looked as though it was part of a tenement house. The servant left him without any ado, but returned shortly with an inn register and asked the guest to record his name and address. It was quickly done, and the book was returned to the landlord. Judge of the latter's horror when he read the words inscribed upon the page of the register—"Count Von Moltke, Berlin."

"I am ruined! I am ruined!" exclaimed the selfish innkeeper. "Here I have put the greatest general of the Fatherland into a room not fit for one of his servants! What—what shall I do?"

To his mind there was only one thing to be done, and that was to at once repair as far as possible the injury done. With great bustle and trouble, accordingly, the best suite of rooms in the house was hurriedly put in order, and then, trembling in every limb, the landlord ascended to the apartment consigned to the Field Marshal. The latter had already removed his coat, and was preparing to obliterate from his person the effects of his long afternoon tramp.

"I most humbly beg your pardon," began the now obsequious landlord. "I most earnestly ask your forgiveness for the mistake I have made."

"What?" bluntly asked the General.

"Why, I never dreamed of your being the great Field Marshal of the Fatherland," hurriedly explained the humiliated man. "You must have another room; this is not fit for you."

"I see nothing wrong with the room," said the guest, continuing his preparations for the night. "I shall rest here quite well."

"But the disgrace!" exclaimed the innkeeper. "Think of the disgrace to my house! I have a fine suite of rooms downstairs that is just suited to your Excellency. Will you not move at once?"

"And what do you call that suite of rooms below worth?" asked Von Moltke.

"Ten thalers a day, your Excellency."

"And this one?"

"But one thaler a day."

"Well, as I stay but two days with you, while on a hunting trip in the mountains, I shall just as well content myself with this apartment. We officials, you know, should set the common folk an example in economy occasionally," he added with a smile.

And there the Court remained during his visit at the inn, despite the most solemn and desperate protestations of the landlord, who not only felt that his want of wisdom had brought disgrace upon his house, but whose covetousness was severely tried by reflection at the pecuniary loss it had occasioned. It is safe to say he was wiser in the future, and that the punishment purposely inflicted upon the man for his thoughtless rudeness by the great warrior was not in vain.

—Montreal Herald.

THE LAST KISS.

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all

So I gather it up—where was broken
The tear-faded thread of my theme,
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream—
A little, inquisitive fairy—
My own little girl with the gold
Of the sun in her hair and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—
"For was it a moment like this,"
I said, "when she knew I was busy,
To come romping in for a kiss?
Come rowdying up from her mother
And clamoring there at my knee
For 'one' 'ittle kiss for my dolly,
And one 'ittle uzzer for me?"

God pity the heart that repelled her
And the cold hand that turned her away!
And take from the lips that denied her
This answerless prayer of to-day!
Take, Lord, from my mem'ry forever
That pitiful sob of despair
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.—*Sel.*

OUR DEALINGS WITH DEAR ONES.

OUR dear ones are the gems on the ring of our life. They are our costliest and most precious earthly possessions. Their proximity is the closest; their association is the most intimate. Set into our life by the divine Artisan, never to fall out, they endure until the ring itself is broken.

With the stranger our contacts are incidental and our dealings are transient. Yet in the presence of strangers we instinctively rise to our best behavior, while in our companionship with the dear ones at home we are likely to drop into carelessness of speech and manner. The root of this inconsistency is double. First, we meet the dear one in a daily environment of the common and the little things of life; whereas we come into contact with the stranger on the rare occasion, and under extraordinary circumstances. Again, on the stranger we feel it to be "desirable to make an impression;" but in respect to our dear ones we think it is not worth while,—"they know what we are already." So this constant proximity to our greatest treasure, if we are careless in prizing it, leads to its undervaluing. On the one hand, "distance lends enchantment to the view," and the stranger is overestimated; and on the other hand, "familiarity breeds contempt," and the dear one is underestimated.

The very privilege of constant proximity has its cost and its dangers. Its cost is constant mutual self-limitation and self-sacrifice; its dangers are disagreements, interferences, disgust, and frictions. "Passions may rage around a tea table, which would not have misbecome men dashing at one another in war chariots; and evolutions of patience and temper must be performed at the fireside, worthy to be compared with the retreat of the ten thousand." There is, perhaps, an ocean of love, but it beats itself into

angry breakers against the cliffs. It rolls in upon rocks. Then comes violence; the waters stir up the sand and sediment; they dash and murmur against their confines; they whirl and chafe. "The whole bay is agitated with strife and counter-strife of swirling waters." Those are dangerous coasts; how terrible in storms! And the storms are so ready to gather, it is easier to give vent to ill-will than it is to manifest love. There are many who love, but who are very awkward about showing it. So, by and by, home comes to be a place where the inmates empty themselves of all their brutal nature, their irritations and prides and rages, to be "the sweeter and more amiable in the presence of strangers."

How many really noble people there are who have been set into the closest life-relations with each other, but who do not get along together! Why? From the start they have failed to realize that constant proximity requires constant mutual self-limitation.

Jesus had no family, but he had dear ones. He had gathered a group of rugged, manly natures to his heart. They were with him around the table on the last night of his life. To-morrow he would leave them. His heart goes out to them. "My little children," he so tenderly says to those stalwart fishermen, "it is a short time we have together. My last commandment I give you. I give you a new commandment, that you love one another. As I have loved you, that you so love one another."

His great concern was for the dealings of his dear ones with each other. He gave them a new standard to regulate their mutual intercourse. "As I have loved you." It was the standard of a divine personality constantly choosing self-limitation and self-sacrifice for the sake of those he loved. The constant limitation of a human form; the constant endurance of evil, of annoyances, weaknesses, falsities, taunts; the constant burden of iniquity; the self-sacrifice to suffering and to death,—that was the cost he paid for happy intercourse with his dear ones. Even at such a cost, he said, "Love one another."

So, for the privilege of proximity, we ought to pay the cost gladly. In our dealings with dear ones, we must manifest a lively, loving considerateness. We must realize that those around us have tastes, ways, fears, principles, prejudices, purposes, needs, pleasures, feelings, as well as we ourselves; and that happy intercourse calls for loving self-limitation all around.

Our dear ones have tastes. These tastes may be very different from ours. Yet they subtly dominate the whole being. These tastes will not submit to reason, nor be at all accountable for their existence. They are not to be eradicated. They are in the grain of the personal nature. Quick as a flash they may generate antipathies. In this dear one we notice tendencies to over-refinement; in the other we see traces of coarseness. The one has the parlor not at all to our taste; the other plays music with which we have no sympathy; a third uses expressions that we detest; a fourth is so old-fashioned in dress.

Of two sisters, one may be a cold, severe, exacting bookworm; the other, a gay and giddy society girl; but the considerate Christ-love will find something better and deeper in both. And on that something deeper, harmony and peace will establish themselves, as on a rock, for the happiness of mutual intercourse.

We must be considerate of each other's ways. The old folks are set in their ways; the young folks are determined in theirs, and there is a liability to clash in consequence. Mother may be getting well on in years; she is slower than she used to be; her ways may seem a little behind the present times; but do not push her aside for all this. Be considerate also of others: The boys may be too rough and boisterous; the servants may be very ungraceful and awkward; but charity beareth all things.

We must deal respectfully with the principles of our dear ones, and even with what we conceive to be their prejudices. Bitter discussions on religious, political, party, or neighborhood matters, have shattered the glass of happiness in so many circles. Or it may be a matter of friendship with which we have to deal tenderly. We do not like our dear one's friend; we are prejudiced against him; we see so many weak points; but be considerate. Shafts of thoughtless ridicule pierce so deep; how it hurts and alienates to have the friend of one's choice wounded by a stiletto drawn from the

bosom of one's own family! Similarly it becomes us to deal kindly with our dear ones' fears and anxieties. These may be very foolish. They may arise from cowardice. But we should sympathize too much to tantalize. Above all should we have enough tender conpassion never to allude to any physical frailties or peculiarities of bodily appearance. Our dear ones, especially if they are sensitive, may have so much to suffer from an unkind or inquisitive world that they should be shielded absolutely, and be made to feel safe from all apprehensions, in the sacred circle of home. Nor should their mistakes or mental stupidities become the table-talk of the family.

Then we must come to realize that those we love have purposes as well as ourselves. Beyond a doubt, other people can get along admirably with us so long as we have our own way. But we are not always to have our own way. The world was not made just for us. There are others who have their purposes too, and we must not always be thwarting them.

We ought to realize that our dear ones, as well as we, have needs. Even at a great personal sacrifice, we ought to be ready and glad to be of service to them in their day of need. A personal favor requested should give more delight in its granting than the accompanying personal loss on our part gives pain. There comes, perhaps, a time of sad disclosure of a dear one's real inner feeling toward us. It may be when we stand out in the night air, and knock, saying, "Friend lend me three loaves." And he from within shall say, "Trouble me not!"

We must also know that our dear ones have feelings. In our dealings with the ones we love, feelings are sacred. There is to be no making light of them; no trifling. How easy it is to wound; how hard to heal!

There is no blessing of heaven more beautiful than the possession of a sacred loved circle, "where goodness, kindness, and joy are daily inmates; where the heart and eye may sun themselves in a world of love; where the mind is clear and devoted; where friends by actions say to each other, 'Thy gladness, thy sorrow, thy hope, thy prayer, are also mine;' where all inequalities are smoothed down so as to form a common element of goodness and beauty; in which each member of the family finds his life, each power its development, each feeling its reception and its return, each pure pleasure its expansion; where the tears are like heaven's dew, the smiles like the sun's light;" and the love is like that which radiates from the throne of God and the Lamb.

—Sunday School Times.

Editor's Corner.

"By land and sea I traveled wide:
My thought the earth could span:
And wearily I turned and cried,
'O little world of man!'

"I wandered by a green wood's side
The distance of a rod:
My eyes were opened, and I cried,
'O mighty world of God!' "

Lift thy heart O Saint of God in these latter days and call upon thy soul and all that is within thee to praise his high and holy name for that gift, far excelling all other gifts: the gift of knowledge.

"Not as the world giveth"! Not the knowledge which is obtained from books — from study, neither from travel nor observation. Not these, but the *gift* of knowledge, the witness of the Spirit to the individual that the gospel of the Son of God is true and that Christ himself —the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth is of that gospel the chief corner stone.

From the narrow bigotry—yes, the absolute horror of man made creeds, there has been a wide rebound. Upon one hand truth lies bound and bleeding in chains of darkness, bigotry, and superstition; upon the other her queenly form is unfettered, her royal brow unbound by coronal or diadem but her scepter has been torn from her hand as a thing of naught. As a man Christ is exalted, as the Son of God he is dethroned.

Through volumes and pages one wanders wearily and like the dove of Noah finds no resting place for the sole of the foot. Happy then if with the clouded heavens above and the surging, whirling waters below we reach the ark of safety.

Not long since it was our happy privilege to

know one who could exclaim with the poet "O little world of man!" Far and wide they had wandered in search of truth. Far beneath them surged the billows of fiery creeds and foreordinations, for the intelligent mind can no longer measure a God of love by these. Far over land and seas there opened out a limitless view of "Peace on earth good will to man," but it held no prelude of, "Glory to God in the highest," and hence could not satisfy, for the very elements of this soul seeking peace and salvation from the power of self and sin, demanded with a voice which could not be silenced, the intervention of One mighty and strong, of One who had power to say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee"! How near it was to this weary one! This one with worn sandals whose feet were pierced and bleeding. Just by the "edge of the green wood" for there the light gleamed and quivered and the quiet stars were reflected from the rippling waves.

The rippling waves indeed! What have the waves to do in bringing rest and peace! Surely nothing to one who could say they had outgrown the creeds of men, one whose intelligence claimed a God of love. Surely the waters of Urbana and Pharpar are better than these!

But a quiet conviction has settled upon this worn one, who longs for rest by day and prays for it by night while others sleep. A voice is heard calling, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy ladened, and I will give you rest."

Not far has the past to be traversed until there is heard this same voice declaring, "If any man will be my disciple let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me."

None can truly follow Christ, unless they pass through the door into the fold. His kingdom can only be seen by those who are born again, only entered by those born of the water and the Spirit.

And thus beneath the tender green of the budding willows fringing the quiet lake was this one "buried with Christ in baptism" and by the birth of the Spirit received that *knowledge* which the earth has not to give. That knowledge which satisfies the hungry, longing soul, speaks to the waves of sorrow, "Thus far and no farther" and brings with it that perfect assurance which leaves no room for doubt.

Professor Drummond truly says, "The difference between the Spritual man and the Natural man is not a difference of development, but of generation. It is a distinction of quality, not of quantity. A man cannot rise by any natural development from 'morality touched by emotion' to 'morality touched by Life.' Were we to construct a scientific classification, Science would compel us to arrange all Natural men, moral or immoral, educated or vulgar, as one family. One might be high in the family group, another low; yet, practically, they are marked by the same set of characteristics—they eat, sleep, work, think, live, die. But the Spiritual man is removed from this family so utterly by the possession of an additional characteristic that a biologist, fully informed of the whole circumstances, would not hesitate a moment to classify him elsewhere. And if he really entered into these circumstances, it would not be in another family, but in another kingdom.

"It is an old-fashioned theology which divides the world in this way—which speaks of men as Living and Dead, Lost and Saved—a stern theology almost fallen into disuse. This difference between the Living and the Dead in souls is so unproved by casual observation, so impalpable in itself, so startling as a doctrine, that schools of culture have ridiculed or denied the grim distinction. Nevertheless, the grim distinction must be retained. It is a scientific distinction. 'He that hath not the Son hath not Life.'"

Sounder reasoning and more logical conclusion than the above, it would be difficult for the human mind to discover or the brain dictate, but when we turn to the same author's attempted explanation of "conversion" or the generation of the spiritual man, we are amazed at the darkness beclouding the mind of so profound a scholar and reasoner, especially when we recall the plain words of Jesus, "Except a man be *born of water and of the Spirit* he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Professor Drummond says, "The change from Death to Life, alike in the natural and spiritual spheres is the work of a moment. Whatever the conscious hours of the second birth may be—in the case of an adult it is probably defined by the first real victory over sin—it is certain that on biological principles the real turning point is literally a moment." Strange that he who would conform so closely the natural to the spiritual should so overlook the plain analogy of the natural birth, to the real spiritual birth which translates or transplants the sinner from the "kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son"! If this birth can be defined by "the first real victory over sin," then there is no need of a higher sphere, another kingdom, than that in which the natural man is

found, for there are in the world many noble men and women who have achieved countless victories over sin. Honorable men and women who will be rewarded for the good they have done here; but let us yet remember that, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." And as Saints who can testify to the fact who can bear a true and faithful testimony that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; let us rejoice in the *knowledge* God has given us and continue in faith to the end.

We are pleased to be able to furnish our readers with a bit of news from Bro. Stebbins, and especially to insert his tribute to the able article of Bro. Wight which will appear in the October number.

Near Belmont, Cal., June 1st.

Dear Sister Walker:—I am sitting almost under the tops of San Bernardino and San Jacinto Mountains, seemingly so, to look at them, yet one is twelve miles due north of us (to its peak) and the other almost ten miles southeast. The snow on them looks rather enchanting to us who are sweltering in the valley, and we wonder how it can lie so calmly up there in the full blaze of the sun; we marvel that it does not run away. But there it is day after day, so far at least.

I never tire, when not otherwise engaged, of looking at the mountains and the ranges of lofty hills that lie in every direction in this valley. Yet the valley (canyon) is itself lovely. In places it spreads out for miles in width, and its fields of yellow grain look fine and beautiful, and especially where they run up to the very foot of the steep and rocky heights whose tops tower thousands of feet above.

Bro. Burton and I are taking dinner at Bro. William Best's, six miles above Bro. N. W. Best's where we are staying as headquarters. Sister Burton and Callie are there, since we all came up on Monday (30th) from San Bernardino City 22 miles down the valley. Bro. and Sr. Burton intend to return to San Bernardino on Friday, and Callie and I to stay till Sunday. I am invited to speak on the temperance question before the prohibition club of Beaumont. The Methodist house and Friday evening are the place and time. On Sunday morning expect to speak at a schoolhouse in the valley, and then drive to San Bernardino and preach that evening on archæological evidences in favor of the Book of Mormon, and continue for a few evenings.

What I wish to say is that an article I prepared after conference for the *Leaves* namely, "Spontaneous Generation" by Bro. J. W. Wight is one of the best things I have ever read, in the line of scientific papers and arguments. Our people who have at all read up on the "evolution" theory, or who have become interested on the subject of the creation of life, as held in controversy by the scientists, will be deeply interested. The article of Bro. Wight is worthy of a place in the leading monthlies that make a defense of Christianity, and of the cosmogony of Moses, the Bible account of the orign of life on earth.

Your brother,

Henry.

We are glad also to announce that Sister Eleanor's book, "Pattie; or Leaves From a Life," is now completed and on sale at the Herald Office and we trust our readers will avail themselves of the opportunity of securing this fascinating and truthful story in book form.

Will the parties whose names appear below favor us with their present address: C. W. Davis, M. C. Holley, Lottie Whitmore, John W. Eno, George Edwards, Mrs. Beall, E. Moorman, W. M. Elliott, C. Buchanan, Lissia Jesters, W. Menzies, C. D. Wight, M. Thompson, Emma Jones, S. A. Francis, Daniel Evans, Wm. J. Smith (formerly of Wood's Library, Michigan), J. W. Squires, Leroy Wood, Sarah McLean, Henry Caster.

We will be glad to receive addresses of the above parties either from their own hand or that of any friend who may know and be willing to favor us.

In this issue we present our readers with the first installment of the series of articles by Bro. Zenas H. Gurley in defense of the Book of Mormon, and we bespeak for them a careful persual, as they will be found well written, strong logically, and full of proof which in its nature is irrefutable; facts which are too well established to be gainsaid. That the writer is firm in regard to the divine origin of this work all who read these articles will see.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"Next to the light of heaven is the light of a cheery face."

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day—
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table,
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers,
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings—
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft, when I'm ready to murmur
That time is flitting away
With the selfsame round of duties
Filling each busy day,—
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought divine:
You are living, toiling for love's sake,
And the loving should never repine.

You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way they ought to walk,
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk;
Living your life for love's sake,
Till the homely cares grow sweet—
And sacred the self-denial
That is laid at the Master's feet.

—The Household.

LESSONS LEARNED FROM COUSIN JO.

CHAPTER V.

"THESE little cakes are good" remarked Edgar one morning as he broke and buttered a hot molasses drop of Cousin Jo's making.

"Indeed they are," said Myrtle. "I must learn how to make them. When will you teach me, Cousin Jo?"

"Whenever you would like to have some more," was the reply.

"I think we could enjoy them every morning for a while," said Edgar; "and 'practice makes perfect,' you know."

Myrtle was ready at the proper time next morning, and, under Cousin Jo's directions, she first set the gem pans on the back of the stove, then stirred together in a crock, one cupful of molasses (not syrup) and half a cupful of melted butter. (Part lard does just as well.) To this she added half a cupful of warm water in which had been dissolved half a teaspoonful of soda, then stirred in smoothly three cupfuls of flour.

When this was done she asked, "Is that all?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Holister, "unless we put in ginger, as some people prefer to do; but I like them better without. Now butter the pans and drop them in. They ought to bake in fifteen minutes if the oven is just right. They are very little trouble to make and are quite convenient to have when one is at a loss to know how to make a variety. Nearly everybody likes them, and though they are eaten in place of bread they often serve to make an otherwise plain breakfast very appetizing."

"Suppose we have some graham gems," said Myrtle a few days later, as Mrs. Holister began to prepare for supper. I would like to learn so I can make some for papa. He likes them very much."

"Very well," said Cousin Jo. You may get out the things and I will tell you how to put them together. I like to use sour milk for graham gems. About a pint will be enough. You will need an egg, a tablespoonful of melted lard (or butter), an even teaspoonful of salt, a little more than that much of soda, a tablespoonful of sugar, and the graham flour. I don't use any white flour in gems. Put the pans to heat and the lard to melt. I will see to the fire and have a quick oven.

"Take some soda in the lid of the soda can and press the lumps out of it with the teaspoon. Then measure your teaspoonful and stir it into the milk. It requires more or less soda according to the sourness of the milk. With too little the gems will be sour and not rise well, while it is almost as bad to get too much and have them taste of soda. You can only learn what

is just right by experience and careful observation. Add the eggs, salt, and sugar to the milk, then stir in flour until the batter is just stiff enough so it will not flatten down after it is dropped in the pans. If too stiff the gems will be hard. Stir in the lard with the flour, then grease the pans and fill them."

When baked they proved entirely satisfactory—browned so as to have a crisp, tender crust and the inside moist but not sticky.

While they were eating them Cousin Jo said to Myrtle:—

"White flour gems are very nice too. Those I make with sweet milk, using about a quart of flour and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder to a pint of milk. The egg and shortening are the same as for those made of graham."

Grace said, "I think everything baked in gem pans is good. Mamma always bakes some little cakes in them for my birthday."

"Yes," added Cousin Jo, "almost any kind of plain cake is nice baked that way for a change. Then they may be iced, or sliced open and spread with jelly, bananas, or any kind of fancy filling"

"Speaking of what mamma does," Myrtle said, "reminds me of the good potato soup she makes. Do you ever make it, Cousin Jo?"

"Yes, indeed. I like it too. We will have some for dinner to-morrow, and you can see if it is as good as mamma makes."

When the time came she pared and sliced the potatoes—almost as many as to boil plain.

"It makes the soup richer to have plenty of them," she said, "and if there are some left after the soup is off I think they are good to warm for another meal."

She put them on to boil with cold water in order to draw the most good from them. When they were boiled nearly tender she sliced a good sized onion, and added this with salt and a big spoonful of butter.

"When the potatoes are very mealy and break to pieces easily, the soup does not need any other thickening," she said; "otherwise, when they are thoroughly done, I stir in a little flour and water paste, let it boil a few minutes, then add milk—the more the better—and let it stand till scalding hot. When there is plenty of milk of course less water is needed. Some people beat an egg and stir it in at the last moment.

"There is another dish we like at home called corn stew, or corn chowder. The recipe for this is:—

"Pare and slice four or five medium sized potatoes and put them to boil in just enough water to keep them cooking until tender. When this is done add three pints of milk and one can of corn. Let the milk come to a boil, then add butter, salt, and pepper, The corn will be sufficiently cooked by the time the milk boils. Just before serving split a few crackers and drop them in."

"I believe that would be good," said Myrtle, "The way you had canned salmon prepared the other day was very nice too. I never saw it used in any way except as it comes from the can, and I thought that was an improvement. If you will tell me how you do it, I will write it in mamma's book."

"It is simple to remember, but seeing it written may remind you of it sometime when you are thinking what to cook.

"Put in a baking dish alternate layers of rolled cracker and canned salmon, sprinkling the cracker with pepper, salt, and bits of butter. Add milk and warm water in equal parts sufficient to moisten the cracker. Clear milk might be used, but the oil of the salmon supplies enough richness to use part water. Bake twenty minutes.

"I have eaten canned corn prepared in the same way.

"Another way to prepare canned salmon is to warm it and pour over it hot milk seasoned and slightly thickened as for cream toast."

DON'T.

Don't tell your child the happiest days he will ever know are his days of childhood. Don't say with maturity comes cares, and work and troubles and fears that make life a burden. If your child comes to you with a trial that is great to him, but to you, in the light of your years and experience, is the merest trifle, don't say "You are very foolish to be troubled by so small a thing;" but remember he has but little reason to use, and no experience to guide him, and that for the time his grief "clothes him as a garment," and it is for you, with your love and sympathy, to rend it, and bring him sunlight again. It is a great wrong to believe the wild fears, grotesque fancies, and nameless doubts which haunt the minds of children are passing whims. So vivid are these, they often come to us in middle life or old age, and cause us an involuntary shudder. If a child's troubles are usually small, the understanding is smaller The pitiful gravity with which they attempt to settle weighty questions which their elders often give up as hopeless, demands our most delicate sympathy. Every stage of life has its peculiar trials, and just as surely its own joys. Let us not then so recklessly risk our

reputation for wisdom as to point to children and say, "Now, my dear child, is your hey-day. Enjoy it to the full, for the years that are pressing on you are full to the brim of care and trial." Say rather, "If the future has great work and responsibilities so has it proportionate reward." The truest, greatest happiness of life should come with the full development of mind and heart.

—The Home.

"Life is a struggle, and a woman must have love written on every page of her life-book to carry her successfully through the domestic trials of her daily life and gain "the loaf of domestic happiness—sweet to the taste, satisfying to the soul, full of the flour of life." But it can be gained, and our disappointments in life are God's appointments only to make us fight the harder and gain a more complete victory over ourselves. Every failure is only a milestone to urge us on to reach success. Keep the doors of your heart as well as your home, wide open to the needs of the world around you, and let your light so shine, that your kingdom of home may prove to be only the vestibule to the kingdom of heaven."

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

GROVE HILL, Iowa, May, 1892.

Dear Readers:—I come, asking admittance to this department of our much loved journal. Heretofore I have always made the same statement given by others; viz., "There are so many who are able to write so much more entertaining and helpful letters that it would be useless for me to try." But the many stirring letters in our column, of late, made me think that perhaps some of us were neglecting our privileges and thereby suffering loss. For we know that growth comes only by cultivation; and while we feast our spiritual and intellectual selves on the many good things found in our paper, let us remember that we may absorb and *absorb*, and if we make no attempt to use the same, or profit thereby, we fail to reach our desired standard.

While some of us cannot write like this one or that one, we can, at least show that we can use *their* helpful words to better *our* lives.

In the March number the question was asked of the young, "Can you be depended on?" and Elbert A. Smith says nearly the same in the May number, and I think it is for us all to prepare to answer, for only they who can be depended on will be of use when the testing time shall come. Are we preparing for *work?* Not merely fair weather Christians, but let us be so built up that when dark days come—days which must come to us all—days when it seems as though all the powers of darkness are leagued against us, and opposition frowns on us from every hand,—that we can rise triumphant over our circumstances, and prove that our faith is what we claim,—"The power of God unto salvation." Are we using every means at hand for the improvement of our spiritual condition?

It is so easy for young Saints to become careless on becoming isolated from those of like faith, and think, "Well if there was only a branch of the church here I would be more careful and not do so many things a Saint ought not to do," and go on growing weaker and taking down the defenses so that when the tempter comes, as he surely will, they are helpless in his hands. So many good things in the May number claim our perusal again and again.

The question was asked, "If we had nothing to do would it be right to do nothing?" I think that labor is lightened in *one* way only that we may see our duty in *another*, and a proper preparation for eternity leaves no time for either physical or spiritual slothfulness. Let us then, dear Saints, be up and about the Master's work in whatever way it is presented.

For fear I have written too much, will pause.

Your sister in the faith,

LIBBIE SHIPPY.

PIPER CITY, Ill., May, 1892.

Dear Readers:—While reading the letters in the Department, I was pleased to see such a decided stand taken against the use of strong drinks and tobacco. It seems to me that if we, who profess to love the Lord and believe this gospel to be the power of God unto salvation, truly and sincerely love him and his work, we ought to be willing to obey him in all things. "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

How much love would you think a child had for its parents, if he did not yield obedience to their commands, and follow their advice? He might say again and again that he loved them dearly; but if he did not obey them and was not willing to yield obedience to their desires and wishes, would you not think that there was something wrong? If that child's father or mother should say, "My child, I know that if you do thus it will not be for your best interest, and it would be much more pleasing to us, and also serve for your good if you would not do this," and that child should listen and yield to the desire of his parents, would he not show a more genuine and true love for them? In what way can we the children of our heavenly Father, best show our love for him? By keeping his commandments.

The Lord has given us this "Word of Wisdom" which, it is said, is not by "command or restraint;" so says one I do not feel obliged to keep it, because it is not a command. Can we not obey and listen to the voice of the Lord unless he *commands* us to do so and so? I admire that son or daughter who not only obeys the *commands* of the parents, but also listens to their *admonitions* and *warnings*, and acts accordingly. It shows to me a sublime faith, a complete trust, and a pure love.

We, as the sons and daughters of God, ought to listen to his voice and obey in all things whether commanded or not. If we believe this Word of Wisdom was given by the Lord, if we love him, this ought to be sufficient to prompt us to obey it. If it is not pleasing to our Master that his children should use that unclean weed, tobacco, drink strong or hot drinks, or use meat except in time of cold or famine should we not strive to please him?

In Psalms 103:14 we read, "for he knoweth our frame." Can we not trust Him and believe that he knows what is best for these mortal bodies of ours, and also for the development and perfection of our spiritual nature? In a late revelation to the church we read, "Avoid the use of tobacco, and be not addicted to strong drink, that your counsel to be temperate may be made effectual by your example." Saints, those of you who are still in bondage, yield yourselves as servants of sin no longer. Arise and let your light shine, and show to the world that the gospel of the Son of God has power to make you purer and better in every way. Let its effects be shown in your daily walk and conversation, and make your bodies a fit dwelling place for the Spirit; for we read that the Spirit of God doth not dwell in unholy temples.

Some may say, "I should like to keep the Word of Wisdom, but the habit is formed and it is not easy to overcome." My friend, the One that gave this Word of Wisdom will surely give strength to those who desire to keep it; he will always keep his promises if we but do our part faithfully.

I should now like to ask the sisters if they think we can advise the fathers and brothers to give up the use of tobacco, if we are addicted to the habit of chewing gum. Will our advice be of much good? Should we not be as willing and ready to give up this disgusting habit as we are to advise others to do so and so? I believe our advice would be more effectual if we always tried to practice what we preach. I know it is often more easy to say than to do but it is doing that will accomplish the most good. "First cast the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye," might be well for us to remember. I think if I were to advise anyone to stop using tobacco, I should not do it while chewing gum.

If we desire to bring others up to a higher plane of action, we must first reach that height ourselves, before we can reach a helping hand to others.

Let us listen to the voice of the Lord, and obey him in all things, and make our lives nobler, purer, and holier, for in this way, I believe we can bear the grandest testimony to the truth and divinity of the work we love.

NETTIE I HEAVENER.

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149 Ridgway St., MANCHESTER, Eng.,
April, 1892

Dear Readers of the Department:—The Word of Wisdom is a subject that should command the attention of all Saints, "which if obeyed," says a brother, "there would be less sickness amongst us as a people." Being interested in this subject, I desire to present a thought or two. In the first place, the Scriptures tell us that "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." —Matt 4:4. Secondly, Doctrine and Covenants, Section 86, paragraph 1, tells us that strong drink is not good for man, and that tobacco is not good for the body or the belly, and again hot drinks (such a tea and coffee) are not for the body or the belly; and against these the Lord has warned and forewarned us, and this because of the evil designs of conspiring men in the last days. Thirdly, paragraph

2 tells us that "All wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature, and use of man, every herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof. All these to be used with prudence and thanksgiving. Yea, flesh, also of beast and of the fowls of the air I the Lord hath ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving, nevertheless they are to be used sparingly, and it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used only in times of winter, or of cold or famine." Now to my mind flesh meat is a reserve in times of extreme cold or famine, and the Lord says it is pleasing that they should not be used only in times stated. If we look at the Apostle Paul and his teachings to the Roman brethren in his 14th chapter, 20th verse, he says, "For meat destroy not the work of God." In the 17th verse, "For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." To the Corinthians the same apostle says, "But meat commendeth us not to God, for neither if we eat are we the better, neither if we eat not are we the worse" To the Galatian church Paul speaks thus, "This I say, then, walk in the Spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh, for the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would. But if ye be led by the Spirit ye are not under the law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts. If we live in the Spirit let us also walk in the Spirit."—Galatians 5:16, 17, 18, 24, 25. Paul speaks to the Philippians in 3d chapter, 18th to 21st verses, "For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are enemies of the cross of Christ: whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things. For our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ. Who shall charge our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself." Now let us go back to the creation of all things and we shall find in Genesis 1st chapter when the Lord created man and set him upon the earth Verses 29 and 30 say, "And God said, Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed, to you it shall be for meat, and to every beast of the earth and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth wherein there is life I have given every green herb for meat and it was so." Again, I quote from Genesis 9:11 Inspired Translation, "And surely blood shall not be shed only for meat to save your lives, and the blood of every beast will I require at your hands." In conclusion I quote the 28th section, paragraph 9 of the Doctrine and Covenants, which reads as follows: "Wherefore, verily I say unto you that all things unto me are spiritual and not at any time have I given unto you a law which was temporal." I will not write more at this time on the subject, but hope to see much more upon the subject from the brethren and sisters. I remain,

Your brother in gospel bonds,

WILLIAM H. GREENWOOD.

[Bro Greenwood says that if any of the Saints would like to know anything about his land or people, he will give the information if they will let him know.—EDITOR.]

DEFIANCE, Iowa, March, 1892.

To the Readers of the Department of Correspondence:—It seems as though many of us are like the people of the world, too much taken up with the things thereof, or thinking too much of self and the good we receive from others through the publications of the church, and not enough of what it is possible for us to do to others through the same source.

I am satisfied that there are many who have not yet been heard from who could give us some grand thoughts; but because they are not gifted in writing, they withhold what would be of worth to others, thereby hiding their talent; I believe we ought to take time to crystallize our thoughts (whether I practice it or not) for the benefit of others.

There is one thing that I have been thinking for some time of writing about, and as the young are concerned in it as much as anyone else, I thought the department for the young the proper place for those thoughts.

There comes into the mind of every individual in early life the thought of a home—a place where they will, in connection with someone else, constitute the head of the family—a place where they can spend their life in peace and happiness—a place where they can find rest from toil, consolation in time of trouble, comfort, cheer, and sympathy in every time of trial and adversity. Following close upon these thoughts comes the query, Who shall be the one to fill this important position? And it sometimes happens that the one who makes a nice appearance in public, is a good converse-

tionalist, with pleasing manners, with nothing but these, and a good education as a recommendation, is the one who is chosen. The result of such a union is the opposite of home.

There are a number of things that should be considered before entering into a life's partnership. No one would think of entering into business with a man who had no qualifications, either natural or acquired; and if these are necessary to success in business, are they not essential in the other in order to success? A man once gave as a reason for selecting the woman he then called wife, that "she was a good sister, and I thought she would be a good wife." He came to this conclusion by noting her conduct towards her brother.

If this is a good recommendation for the girls, is it not equally as good for the boys? The one who is not a good brother, sister, or an obedient and respectful child, is hardly fit for the higher position in life.

"He that will not forsake father, mother, sister, brother, wife," etc., "for my sake and the gospel's is not worthy of me." In the consideration of this subject, the above ought not to be overlooked.

"Those who marry outside of the church will be considered weak in the faith." I knew of a number of cases where young girls have not observed this, and they have been brought to consider whether they would give up the gospel or their husbands, and some have submitted to the influence surrounding them and have requested their names erased from the church record, and others are deprived of church privileges. But the question might be asked, Do others always marry those of like faith? In reply I will say that other systems are man made, hence there is nothing in them that comes in contact with the carnal nature of man, as there is in the gospel. I once knew a young sister who was engaged to a young man of no religious pretensions, and they got along very well until it came to selecting some one to perform the ceremony, when the young man showed his opposition to the gospel, in insisting on some one not of her faith; and she, as she had a right to do, insisted on one of our ministry officiating. The result was a quarrel, and a separation forever. Men will oppose Mormonism when they will not any other system of religion.

Then are we willing to give up the gospel and thereby relinquish our hope of eternal life for a companion in this life? God recognizes the sacredness of the marriage relation, and when it is once entered into, there is but one thing for which a separation is allowed, and that one thing makes us violaters of law, and of a class of whom it is said are "outside of the city." Another thing I have noticed, and that is, girls are too indifferent to the habits of those who seek their company. I have heard it said, "Oh! I will break him after we are married," or, "he will quit then." Let me tell you it will then be too late. If he will not give up his filthy habits before the ceremony, he will not afterwards; and if he does not think enough of you to give them up at your request, he is not worthy of you. What would a man think of a woman riding through the streets puffing a cigar, or going about her daily labor smoking a pipe, or visiting the dram shop occasionally, or chewing the weed and permitting the juice to run out at the corners of their mouth? If the men have the right to so do, so have the women, or if their appearance is made any more respectable, so will it be with the others. This may be putting it pretty strong, but I believe that if such things are offensive to a woman, she has a right to assert that right, and this should be done at the proper time, which is before the contract for life is signed.

Yours in hope,

J. L. GUNSOLLEY.

LAMONI, Iowa, May, 1892.

Dear Reader:—For the encouragement of those that are struggling to obtain an education, I submit the following, hopeful that it may prove an incentive, inspiring them with new zeal and determination, never to give up the contest in seeking after that which is honorable and righteous. The clipping is from the Nebraska City *News*, of May 21st, 1892:—

HANDSOMELY REMEMBERED.

Miss Maude M. Gouldsmith, one of the young ladies who graduated with high honors at the opera house last evening with the graduating class of the high school of this city, was perhaps one of the proudest as well as the happiest young ladies in the city. Owing to the fact that her parents were not able to furnish her the means to complete her schooling she accepted a position as a waiter at the Grand Pacific hotel dining rooms, attending school at the same time. She has been a faithful student and a great favorite with all of the scholars of the school as well as with her class. She made many friends while at the Grand Pacific and last evening the boarders at that hostelry presented the popular graduate with an elegant gold watch. It was a surprise to the young lady and the gift is one that she can prize in

all her after life as coming from true and admiring friends who fully appreciated her efforts to secure a good education, so as to enter the battle of life properly armed to fight her way up the ladder of fame. The *News* predicts a bright future for the young lady who has so many wellwishers and friends in this city.

I have known young Sister Maude May Gouldsmith since the time of her birth, and am well acquainted with her family, baptizing six of them. Her father is the presiding elder of the Brownville, Nebraska, branch of the church. I was glad in my heart to learn of the success of this worthy young sister. She is a grandniece of the late sister Julia Marks, of Lamoni, Iowa. The high school of Nebraska City, is one of the best public schools of the west, and the diploma therefrom is a prize far more valuable than the gift of her friends.

Hopeful that this will be acceptable, and that I shall not be considered an intruder, I am,

Respectfully,

ROBERT M. ELVIN.

CUBA, Kansas, May, 1892.

Editor Correspondence Department:—In the May number of the *Autumn Leaves*, I saw a communication from J. W. Wight, in which he asks the question, "If we had nothing to do, would it be right to do nothing?" I think if the writer will follow this thought a little further he will find he is assuming a condition that cannot exist. From this conclusion we can readily see there is nothing to argue from, consequently no answer to be given.

Evidently the only reason there is for labor of any kind, is, that our wants may be supplied; whether these wants are supplied by the use of labor-saving machinery or not, cuts no figure in the case. The question that should interest us, is, that labor should receive its share of the profits arising from the use of said machinery. Any device that will make it possible to perform the same amount of labor in a shorter time, or in any way shorten the hours of labor, would be a blessing to humanity, if the laborer received his just dues.

But every device that has had a tendency to shorten the hours of labor, or to make the life of the laborer more pleasant, or in any way increase the productive force, has added that much more to rents, and labor has been forced to pay more for the privilege of applying itself to nature. There is nothing in the life of a person who is compelled to labor incessantly to keep the wolf from the door, that has a tendency to make life sweet and pleasant; such a life tends to stunt and dwarf those qualities of the human mind that has placed us above the brute. There can be no such thing as mental inactivity. The human mind, when not employed in one way is in another; either for good or evil. It seems to me that the trouble is that religionists are trying too much to separate spiritual matters from temporal. We want a system that gives to the poor toiler a little more sunshine while here in this life, a system that insures to each one the fruits of his labor. How many ministers of the gospel are interesting themselves in the great social and political questions that are forcing themselves upon our notice? This is just as important, and should demand as careful and earnest thought, as the future. We see on the one hand, wealth increasing as never before in the history of the world, as a result of the utilization of steam and electricity, the introduction of improved processes and labor-saving machinery, the greater subdivision and grander scale of production and of the increased effectiveness of labor; on the other hand we see poverty and its twin sister—vice, increasing in the same ratio; labor starving and begging to be employed. The trouble is not that the masses are trying to obtain wealth without labor, but as I have previously stated, they are robbed of the fruits of their toil; as a consequence, a great many have lost hope, their ambition is gone, and sullen despair has taken the place of hope in God and religion. I would like very much to follow this subject still further at some future time, if this does not find its way into the wastebasket.

Yours truly,

F. T. BAKER.

THE GOOD RIGHT HAND.

"My good right hand," says Charlie Bland,
"I'm very proud to show it;
With fingers long, and straight, and strong,
And muscles firm below it.

"This hand must toil, on sea or soil,
Among its honest fellows;
Must write or row, must rake or sow,
Or blow the smithy's bellows.

"But while I strive these fingers five,
That all the time are growing,
Must scorn to take, for fashion's sake,
The tempting wine that's flowing.

"A mission grand, my good right hand,
Is yours, if you will heed it.
By right divine the pledge first sign;
In coming life you'll need it."—*Sel.*

Round Table.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.
Above their heads the pattern hangs; they study it with care;
The while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fastened there."

That portion of her life which a girl spends in her first home is incomplete and almost useless unless it includes a thorough and systematic training for the future The probabilities are that she will be a wife and a mother some day, and her education must be judiciously directed to that end; yet there are many of our girls who, if they do not remain single all their lives, are in that state when the old home is broken up, and they find themselves alone in a world in which they must struggle for a livelihood. A girl's training, then, must include also a preparation for that possibility, and the safest course is to give our girls a fair chance of maintaining themselves if adversity overtakes them It is well if parents are able to leave their children in comfort and independence, yet riches have been known to take to themselves wings and fly away.

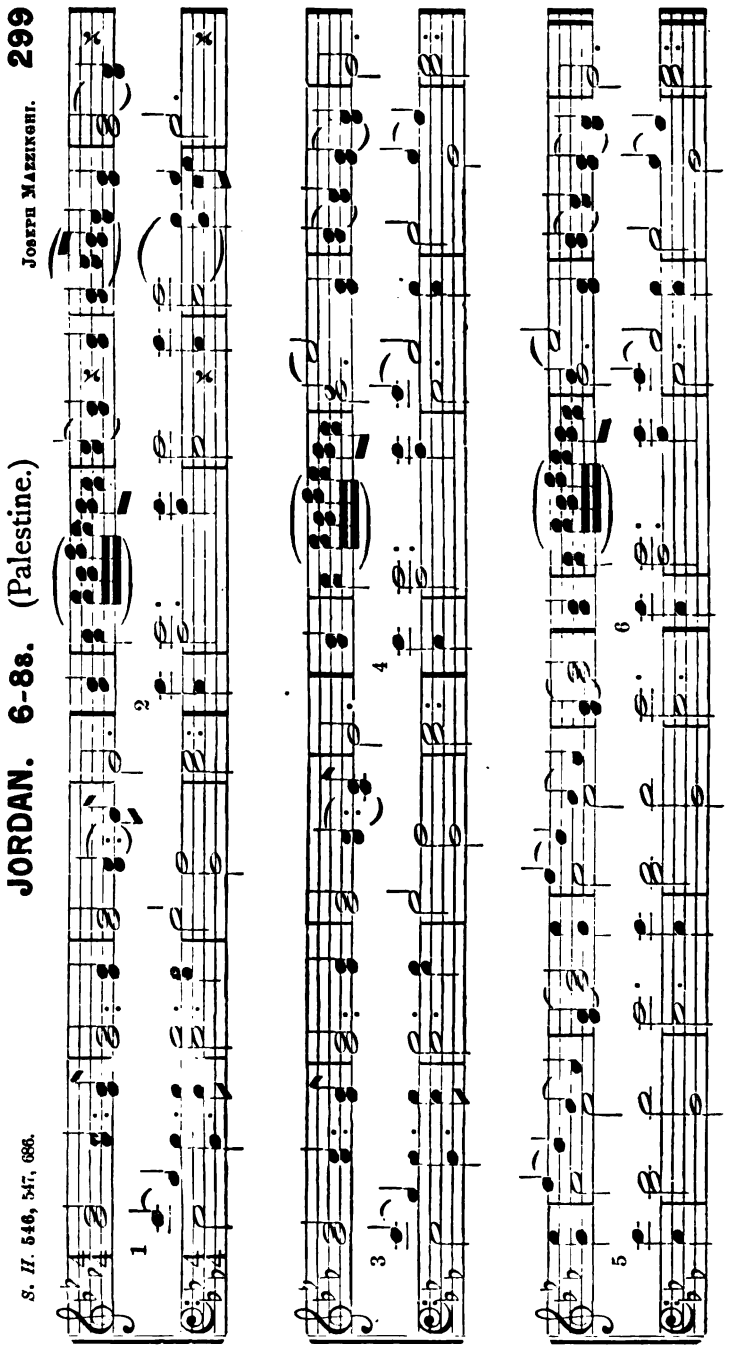
Girls are not to blame nine cases out ten, if they are wild and reckless and good for-nothing. If you buy a piano, you house it, and take excellent care of it You never leave it out of doors, nor allow the children to cram its tuneful recesses with pins and pebbles. And yet it is only a piano, and represents merely a nominal vaulation. It is not going to rise up and confront you one day in heaven, and demand to know, before God and high angels, why you did not take better care of it. It is not going to look at you with beseeching eyes from a dying bed, and ask you why you did not teach it to be pure and sinless and honest, that it might know whither it was going, out into the unknown dark. The girls will be troublesome witnesses to your neglect and indifferent care, when the piano is nothing but a heap of material wreck and ruin. You cannot slight your daughter and find your loss only a loss of the pocket-book. There is something in the mechanism of a girl's soul that will outlive a thousand Steinways, and demands far more delicate care and handling.

You cannot let your daughter run the streets, or make promiscuous acquaintances, or hang around depots, or flirt with strange men, without footing up a terrible bill of damages, that must be paid in tears rather than in currency. Having done your best to make a pleasant home, see that the girls are kept within it, or, if not know where thy are. The streets are full of irresponsible adventurers, whose aim is the ruin of happy homes. The idle tale of a worthless companion, the suggestion of an impure novel, may recruit an innocent girl into the worst of company.

There is no use in watching and protecting your girl spasmodically; you cannot secure her from evil in that way, any more than you can keep your piano in tune by providing a tuner once in five years, and then allow the keys to be pounded with a hammer in the interim. Protection and care must be constant and enduring like the roof above your head and the foundation beneath your house.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE PIAZZA.

The piazza is now an important feature in all the more recently built suburban houses, and as much space is given to its construction as the size of the building plot will admit. In the country, where the ground is not so costly, there is no excuse for the lack of ample piazzas, unless it may be a purse the reverse of ample. The modern piazza, when built by persons of æsthetic taste, is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever" in the warm weather, and it may be so arranged by means of awnings or curtains as to be delightful at all hours of the day. I have in mind such an one ten feet wide running the full length of three sides of a cottage, and giving a sense of space and comfort to that abode as nothing else could give to a house of its size. Its occupants, two of whom are semi-invalids, almost live out of doors day and evening, and enjoy the breezes and salubrity of the air which comes to them unstinted from three quarters of the horizon. Long curtains of striped awning stuff hang between the columns. These curtains, in chocolate brown and yellow stripes, are scalloped at the bottom, the scallops, bound with yellow braid, are arranged to draw up or let down, or hang free to blow outward like an awning when the wind serves in the right quarter. Seats made of ordinary pine boards nicely put together and painted in a soft reddish brown are set around the balustrade, and have easy cushions stuffed with moss and hay, dried sweet clover, and sprigs of aromatic bay leaves, giving out refreshing odors. Some fir or pine needle pillows add their quota of comfort and fragrance. A couple of hammocks, a ship-chair or two, two low rockers, and one easy double rocker wide enough to hold three, give an air so inviting to this piazza that it is difficult when visiting this suburban home cottage to stay indoors for any length of time. On one side of this piazza stretches a fine vegetable garden, in which are rows of beans with pink and white blossoms, dwarf sugar corn, a wire fence nearly covered with pea vines, and here and there are many hills of squash vines, putting forth their great golden blossom chalices. On another side is the flower garden, with honeysuckles in the beds next the piazza, and plenty of old-fashioned country flowers in bloom. On the third side stretches away a green meadow with woods and cornfields in the far distance. On the piazza is a low wide table with books, pens, ink, and paper, and near by a standing workbasket, for nearly all the family sewing is done here. The ceiling of this piazza is composed of inch and a half wide tongue and grooved yellow pine, oiled and varnished and laid to the rafters, giving height and picturesque effect The balustrade and columns are painted in soft colors, and altogether it is a piazza to be admired and enjoyed.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(See page 342.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. V. LAMONI, IOWA, AUGUST, 1892. No. 8.

BEAUTY.

BY WILL H. MILLS.

OH! BEAUTY, what art thou! Hold! Stay! Alight thou within our group and remain composed till we may possess thee, handle, know, and define thee! Thou art here, there; we see thee everywhere, glimmering now on forms, now in colors. Like the waters of an April shower thou art rippling over everything. Now we see thee in the heavens at twilight; with thy magic brush thou art tinting the fleecy clouds with colors glinting, mellow, sombre. Here a flash of gold, there a dash of crimson, here and there a spray of mellow, filmy light; everywhere, on sombre background dainty tinges dashing. Now thou art in the meadow and the groves, and in the radiant light of morn thou art sparkling in the dewdrops dripping from the grass, or flashing like a meteor from the brilliant plumed songsters of the wood. Anon, thou art in the tinkling of a bell, the melodious, distant whisperings of a mountain pipe, the sighing of æolian strings.

Thou art ever near, yet in vain we strive to possess thee; vain are our efforts to understand, and more vain our efforts to define thee. Thy qualities we know, they are splendid, admirable, *they* are beautiful, and thou art but the personification of them. Order, system, utility, unity in variety, the mean of many extremes, the adaption to what is before and what is to come after; these, all, and more, are thy qualities. They are what make thee, yet we cannot put them together to define thee.

So, go thy way; gladden and tame the heart of savage man with thy subtle influence; amuse and teach him by thy diversity, unity, and ominipresence; elevate and ennoble him by the magic influence of thy soul-stirring emotions. Thou art free; we cannot possess or appropriate thee; yet we shall follow thee, and thy ways shall we strive to know.

O'er land, o'er sea; above the earth, beneath the earth; in sounds, in colors, and in forms, we shall seek thee. Where thou art, there we shall be, ever gazing upon thee, filling our souls to overflowing with the enraptured emotions thou givest.

"Was never form and never face
So sweet to Seyd as only grace;
Which did not slumber like a stone,
But hovered gleaming and was gone.
Beauty chased he everywhere,
In flame, in storm, in clouds of air.

. . . . . .

While thus to love he gave his days
In loyal worship, scorning praise,
How spread their lures for him, in vain,
Thieving ambition and paltering gain!
He thought it happier to be dead,
To die for beauty than live for bread."

Ah beauty! how much too little of our time do we give to thee in this busy life of trial and strife; how many moments of joy, delight, emotional bliss do we miss because we pass thee by without a thought, without so much as a glance. How many dull, plodding hours pass that might, if our minds, our souls, were appreciative of the beauty that is so widespread, so universal, be changed, interspersed, dotted here and there with moments of pleasure, if we were only cognizant of the beauty in nature and art, of the works of God and man; if our minds were less crowded with the gross trivialities, the selfish motives and ambitions of our existence; if our hearts were attuned to the pitch of true beauty, our souls in harmony with it.

Then let us attune our hearts and harmonize our souls to beauty, and occasionally purge our minds of thieving ambition

and paltering gain, else we ourselves become the slaves of our own selfish motives.

Who is a greater slave than the miser? Money is his master, his god. His time, his service, his all, is given over to it; his existence is one continuous sacrifice to it; he sacrifices his pleasures, his very necessities, his soul. Not only these but also the pleasures, the necessities, the lives of those associated with him are sacrificed; yet in the end his god deserts him. How much less is ambition the master of him who strives for mere personal influence and power? He also sacrifices his all for his selfish motives; he climbs up his ladder to affluence, conscienceless; and many of the rounds by which he ascends are so many victims of his cruel selfishness. Not only these but all the selfish motives, if we continue to yield to them, make us their slaves; and in the end they desert us. We have lived to no end. Then beware of them; and cultivate those tastes, those inclinations that elevate the mind and feed the soul, that will give to us a rich and an everlasting endowment.

The love of the beautiful, the true, and the good, are not selfish; we cannot appropriate or monopolize any one or another of them. We may buy a beautiful statue and place it before our portal and say it is ours; but the beauty belongs to the statue and not to us; it possesses the beauty, not we; and every passer-by can behold, admire, and enjoy as much as we. Likewise with a painting, all who see enjoy; an air from an opera, all who hear are delighted. The beauty of the stars, the clouds, the trees, the flowers, the running brook, all who behold can enjoy, and no selfish nature can hoard them up to their own seclusion.

We can all see the beautiful creations of God, and they help us to appreciate his kindness, and the abundance of enjoyment that he has placed within our reach, and the liberality of his endowments. We can see the beauty of art, and know of the genius of our fellow men, can learn lessons from the motives his works delineate us, and gain grace by cultivating the taste for his higher works, his masterpieces. Then let us to the task; no, to the privilege of bringing our minds, our souls up to the concert pitch of the beautiful, fitting ourselves for a higher existence, a real life.

That we may more fully understand something of the nature of beauty let us begin a more systematic study of its qualities; not all, they are too numerous, but some of the most important; also take a short review of the various definitions which the several philosophers have attributed to it. We shall first begin with some of the different definitions. As we proceed we shall see that each one is not only defective or incomplete, but that each is also merely a specification of some quality, or qualities, of the beautiful, and no one of which is common to all its different phases, or they make a misapplication, giving the definition of a thing which is not beauty at all, but an entirely different thing.

Of this latter class are those who maintain that beauty is not a quality of objects at all; but, they say, beauty is an emotion of the mind; that when we see a beautiful sunset, a beautiful statue, or hear a beautiful piece of music, that these awake in our minds a sensation, an emotion, that we are pleased, and that this sensation, this pleasurable emotion is beauty; that it is a state of mind, a thing of ourselves and not a quality of the object we behold, or the sounds we hear.

How consoling a theory this! Making ourselves beautiful we possess the qualities of beauty, whenever we experience this pleasing emotion. How absurd! any sober-minded person knows that this emotion is not the beauty, that *we* do not possess the beautiful qualities when we experience this emotion, as we look upon the radiant, ever changing, evanescent colors of a spring time sunset, or the gracefully proportioned outlines of some masterpiece of sculpture. This emotion we *know* is not the beauty we behold. It is admiration, admiration of those beautiful qualities in the sunset or in the statue. It *cannot* be beauty at all, or what name shall we give those qualities which have awakened this emotion? No, those qualities are the beauty. The emotion, admiration, is but *the effect* those qualities produce *on us*. So much for those views that make beauty but an emotion, a mere feeling.

Let us now pass on to that other class which seeks for an explanation, a definition, in some objective quality of the things themselves which we behold and say are beautiful. Some of these affirm

that the beauty of a thing consists in the novelty of it. If that be true then that which is the most novel, the newest to us, is to us the most beautiful. Hence the puffing, thundering, shrieking freight trains as they first began moving across our wide western plains must have been a very beautiful object to the Indians, who, when they first beheld them fell down upon their faces in terror; but we cannot conceive that they were. The Merrimac must have been a very beautiful spectacle to the crew of the Cumberland, as they saw her come crashing down upon their good ship, while their iron hail bounced harmlessly from it sloping, iron-ribbed roof like so many peas thrown at a cigar box; but we do not believe that the crew of the Cumberland saw it in this light; yet it was, to them, the latest novelty out.

Novelty may heighten the *effect* of beauty. The sailor is not so impressed with the beauty of the sea as is the inland dweller, who will go thousands of miles to get a view of it, to enjoy for a few brief days the privilege of a sail upon its bosom and a bath in its breakers and foam. Nor does the mountaineer enjoy the beauty and the sublimity of the mountains as does the summer tourist.

And yet, novelty *may* not even heighten the effect of beauty. Are the moon and the stars any less beautiful to me now then they were in my youth? Or the flowers, and the beauties of art in painting, sculpture, or music? Ah no! In other instances we may note where novelty is even distasteful, as the aversion which exists in races of different color. So, novelty cannot be an essential, universal quality of beauty; it may even be the reverse.

Others affirm that beauty consists in utility. Is, then, utility essential to beauty? Is all that is beautiful useful; all useful beautiful? Are the crimson and golden tints of the sunset clouds more useful than the same clouds in black and white at noonday? Are the grate, coal scuttle, and tongs more beautiful than the mantle piece and the bric-a-brac upon it? No, we can see very soon that the most beautiful is not always the most useful, nor the most useful the most beautiful.

And how very different are they in the effects they produce. The love of one is selfish, the other we love for its own sake. We love the beautiful because it is beautiful, and we are not selfish in it; far from that, we wish all to see the beauties we perceive; we wish to share it with all. Our love of the useful is selfish, in that we love it for the advantage we may get from it, and not always, nay, seldom do we wish to share it with others; we are not so liberal with it.

Only that is useful which we can appropriate and turn to some account. Beauty is ideal and cannot be possessed. It is ethereal, ever near, yet ever beyond our grasp. Like a rainbow, it is yonder; just yonder is its base, where its rosy light seems to hover over the wood, and gently, lightly, touch the earth; but you cannot, by any flight or speed of travel, come up with it. It is here, there, everywhere, except where you put forth your hand to grasp it; it is for you to behold, not possess.

Cousin asserts that beauty consists of *unity in variety*. He claims that a thing is beautiful when all its parts are connected and related to each other, and there is, besides, a pleasing variety.

This comes nearer to being a satisfactory solution of the problem than any we have considered yet. It seems to cover the ground with regard to a great many of the phases of the beautiful; especially is it true in regard to music. All the parts of a musical composition must be connected and related, and there must be a pleasing variety of tone. All the various shades of expression, the retard, crescendo, accelerando, diminuendo, forte, and piano, each note must stand related to each preceding and each following note; and, when a series of notes are played at the same time, there must also be a distinctly lawful relation of each with the others; if not, a discord is the result; beauty is lost, and there is a struggle to regain it.

So in a painting, in the flowers and trees, there must be a connection of parts, with a variety of expression in forms and colors.

Yet we cannot wholly accept this theory as completely satisfactory. We think there are many things in which both of these qualities are admirably combined, and yet are not particularly beautiful, especially is this true in the realm of scientific inventions. An electric dynamo, for instance, or phonograph;

there must be a perfect relation and connection of parts in these, and there is also a great deal of variety in shape, size, and other qualities of the various parts and the material of which they are composed, yet we do not consider them as even ordinarily beautiful.

Another theory, that of order and proportion, must claim some little attention from us. Some maintain that this is the secret principle of beauty. Such was the belief of Aristotle. What do we understand by order and proportion? Order is relation of position, a thing is out of order when in a position that it cannot attain the end for which it was intended. Proportion is relation of space and time. According to this theory whenever the principles of order and proportion are associated, as qualities of an object, that object must be beautiful.

How beautiful an illustration of this principle is the human form! What order! What proportion! A beautiful woman is indeed a beautiful object. A beautiful and a pure, noble woman is God's masterpiece. "To Eve," say the Mahometans, "God gave two thirds of all beauty." True it is that she is the highest model of the artist, the climax of all beauty; and order and proportion, are the qualities constituting the basis of all this beauty. Yet is it always so where these qualities exist? We believe not; and, to use a homely illustration suggested by Haven, "The swine's leg is as fine a specimen of order and proportions as is that of the Arab courser," yet we do not admire it for beauty.

There remains yet the spiritual theory, supported by the strong testimony of Haven, to which we must give some attention. Haven affirms, that, "Beauty is the manifestation, under sensible forms, and so to our senses, of the higher and spiritual principle, which is the life and soul of things." He further says: "Whatever in nature, whatever in art is beautiful, all mean something, all express something; and in this lies their beauty." We cannot accept this theory. While we do believe that much that is beautiful in nature and art *does* express something, and does, as Haven says, "convey a sentiment and meaning not their own, but his who made them, and made them representative and expressive of his own beautiful thought," yet, if the beauty of an object is this expression of some thought, sentiment, or meaning of its creator, then it would seem to us that unless we comprehended that sentiment which its creator endowed it with, it would not be beautiful to us; and that the more fully we did comprehend the sentiment which it was designed to convey, the more beautiful it would be to us. But we do not know that it is so. For we know that cognizance of the beautiful is instantaneous, before we have had any time to decide upon what the sentiment is which the beautiful thing is an expression of.

And I think that there are times when the perception of beauty does not convey any distinct sentiment to us at all. At other times we realize very slowly the meaning expressed. Again, there are many sentiments that we may attribute to beautiful objects, and in some cases it requires a lifetime to know and comprehend all the sentiments of some phases of the beautiful. And even then do we comprehend all? Oh no!

Every condition, every cause, every law is a sentiment. Who will say that the vast structure of the universe, the sun, the moon, the stars, the planets, and all the innumerable inhabitants of space—who will say that they are any more beautiful to the gaze of the astronomer, who has spent the whole of his active years of life in studying out the conditions, together with their origin and effects, and the laws by which this vast system of machinery is run and regulated, than they are to the wondering gaze of the youthful lover, who having his heart attuned to all that is good, true, and beautiful, sees beauty wherever beauty is? Though he be ignorant of all the grand sentiments that the learned sage sees in the creations of the heavens, does he admire them any less? Are they therefore any less beautiful to him or to the confiding maiden at his side? Ah no!

We do not think that the beauty of the planetary system consists in the expression of God's omnipotent laws of attraction and motion, else we, when we know them not, see no beauty in these creations. It cannot be, or our senses deceive us. We will not be driven to such a conclusion. We will not accept the theory.

What then is beauty? We have but traveled around a circle and have come

again to the point from whence we started. What use to start again, we will travel the same cycle, arrive at the same point. We will not venture far again; we will but add that to us it seems that all beauty is surely the expression of some quality, or combination of qualities, fitted to awake pleasing emotions within the mind, the soul; and that unity in variety, order, and proportion, the expression of some mental or moral sentiments, are but some of the many robes and habiliments with which beauty adorns herself when she appears upon this universal stage in her various, her many phases.

Then, let us not attempt to make beauty consist of the garments she wears, but, rather let us study those various adornments that we may know and appreciate her when we see her, whether she be robed in this, or that, whether she be in the sunset with her magic brush and myriad colors, or whether she float upon the liquid murmur of the pebbled brook, or ride in majesty upon the foam-crested wave of ocean's boundless bosom.

That we may appreciate the highest beauty in nature and art, our taste should be refined, our souls elevated, our hearts attuned to her sweet, subtle influences. And culture in all that is good and true, æsthetic and moral culture, is the keynote.

The first step up the stair of æsthetical culture is a broad and liberal education. No mind can ever become refined, cultured, æsthetic, without the solid basis of a widely distributed range of knowledge. Not that an exhaustive and complete schooling in all the different branches of learning is necessary, but that a well selected and general knowledge of the elementary principles of all the more important branches of knowledge is absolutely requisite to the development of a refined being. Moreover, without this knowledge no individual is, or can be, as fully cognizant as he should be of the beauty, the grand sublimity embodied in God and in the vast and varied creations, in the midst of which he has placed us.

What order, beauty, sublimity there are in His creations, on the earth, in the sea, and in the heavens! How beautiful are the stars, the moon, the planets! How much more elevating to us is this beauty when we know of the order and regularity with which their Creator manipulates them! How related and united the whole vast universe is, the sublimity of the cause, the grandeur of the effect! How beautiful the rainbow in the clouds! How much enhanced that beauty, how much more elevating, soul-stirring, when seeing and comprehending the philosophy of it we know that it is the result of one of the perfected, harmonious laws of God! How beautiful the sea, the waterfall, the flowers, and the trees; all! How grand to see the hand of God in each, in every production of his creative power, the harmony and perfection of his laws, the beauty and sublimity of the effects.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt
Find tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

How glorious it is to know God, even though only in part, as we only can in this state of being. Yet how vain, how hollow the words, which express the thought that his laws, his revelations, are only written in books and spoken in words. How dead the mind, the soul, that comprehends not some of the words of God in his boundless creations! How blind the eyes, how deaf the ears, that convey not this elevating, invigorating beauty to the table of the soul, as a refreshing dessert upon which it may feast and grow stronger! How imperfect that soul which discerns and appreciates not the flavor of real beauty.

Yet, without taste we can appreciate nothing. Without æsthetic, cultured, refined taste, we are not able to appreciate the higher beauty in nature and art, and without knowledge we cannot have this refined taste.

Again we say that the first step up the stair of æsthetical culture, the harmonizing, the attuning of the mind, the soul, with all that is beautiful, is a broad and liberal education; the last round, the goal, the ultimatum of this elevating scale, is refined and appreciative taste, critical and discriminating judgment.

TRUST.

Searching for strawberries ready to eat,
Finding them crimson, and large, and sweet,
What do you think I found at my feet,
Deep in the green hillside?
Four brown sparrows, the cunning things,
Feathered on back, and breast, and wings,
Proud with the dignity plumage brings,
Opening their four mouths wide.

Stooping low to scan my prize,
Watching the motions with curious eyes,
Dropping my berries in glad surprise,
A plaintive sound I heard.
And, looking up at the mournful call,
I spied on a beech near the old stone wall,
Trembling and twittering, ready to fall,
Their poor little mother-bird.

With grief and terror her heart was wrung;
And, while to the slender bough she clung,
She felt that the lives of her birdlings hung
On a still more slender thread.
"Ah, birdie!" I said, "if you only knew
My heart was tender, and warm, and true!"
But the thought that I loved the birdlings, too,
Never entered her small brown head.

And so through this world of ours we go,
Bearing our burdens of needless woe,
Many a heart beating heavy and slow
Under its load of care.
But, oh, if we only, only knew
That God was tender, warm, and true,
And that he loved us through and through,
Our hearts would be lighter than air!

Whittier.

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON.

(See Frontispiece.)

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

EVERY life is a book, and every individual an author. Some of these books are more extensively known and read than others; yet *none* are altogether hidden from other eyes. Leaflets from many apparently obscure ones, have floated out into the world, some bearing peace and consolation to the weary and disheartened, a sweet, quiet peace in which the weary one forgets for a season his cares and sorrows, and rejoices in a momentary rest.

Some are higher wrought, leading our thoughts to dwell, at least for a time, on the noble workmanship of all of God's creations, causing the *human* to assimilate more nearly with the *divine* nature, and thus making purer and better all with whom they come in contact. Of such, how gladly would we grasp the whole work, instead of a mere leaflet.

Some of these living books are strictly religious; some are partly religious and partly a novel, but altogether true; while others are nearly all fictitous and more or less false. Others, again, have so much that is evil, mixed with a little good, that it is dangerous to read them; and yet the world does read them more or less every day; and the impress of each is left, whether for weal or for woe.

Most persons would prefer reading an interesting book, rather than a dull prosy one; so why not fill up our pages with interesting items. It may not be in the power of everyone to stamp great events or heroic acts thereon, but it *is* in their power to record words and acts of kindness and love that will banish sorrow from some weary heart and bring sunshine in its place.

And if it be that one's life must be passed entirely within the narrow confines of their own home circles, let that be their world in which to do good. Who has greater claim on their time, their love, care, and attention than their own? And who will appreciate it more? Surely, of all the pages of our life book, none are so interesting as those whereon are written the little acts of a mother's love, those which made the children happy and home attractive, where we have helped our little ones to bear their burdens or to conquer their faults. Or to find that when we were children we gladdened the hearts of our mothers by taking upon ourselves a few of her many cares; or by sharing, as much as we could, her labors, often thus giving rest to her weary feet.

How very few *live* their *lives!* We go on from day to day with a sort of hand to hand battle with the duties and cares of this life, trying to clear them out of our way, so that we can enjoy ourselves, seldom heeding the golden opportunities that are all around us and fast passing away. We are looking into the future for a time that may never come, apparently forgetting that it is the *present* with which we have to do, and that all the future glory, both in this world and the world to come, depends on present acts. Yes, it is in the power of every author of these living books to inscribe incidents on their pages which will render them both interesting and instructive; and no doubt much more care would be taken in this way if each one comprehended that their lives are not *all* their own, but are as so many books being read by the public daily.

I propose to reproduce a few pages from the life book of one whose earth record dated from May 20th, 1844, that sad year in which the Saints of God were made to weep and mourn. And angels too must have wept, when they beheld the Lord's anointed ones smitten and slain, because of the testimony which they bore, the testimony that life and salvation were had again among men, the testimony that again an angel had been sent from the courts of glory with glad tidings to all who dwell upon the earth. But men in their blind zeal rose up against those who proclaimed this message, and smote and slew many; and others were driven and scattered. Was it the knowledge of that tragic event which still lingered with that newly arrived spirit that caused its dire lamentation as it entered upon its earth life? Or was it sorrow because of leaving the bright mansions above, the Father's house, and taking up its abode on this sin-polluted earth, to encounter and perhaps be overcome by the powers of evil? For it is a contest that may well give sorrow to any who possess less than a divine nature.

Whatever was the cause, this much is true, that the child, as it now was, mourned and would not be comforted. At length its tiny strength became exhausted, and it fell asleep and was carried in to its mother. "Here Mattie," said the nurse, "is your little daughter." "I don't want her, lay her down here," was all the mother could say. The nurse laid the babe on the bed beside the mother, and went out. Poor, disappointed mother! Months ago, when she became aware that she must give birth to another child, she had been sorely grieved; for she felt that her family and her cares were increasing all too rapidly; yes far more rapidly than patience or wisdom were given to do for them, or means to support them.

Her husband followed the sea, and was seldom home to share the cares of rearing the family, or, by his love and sympathy, to cheer and strengthen her in those trying hours. Therefore, for a time, she gave herself up to melancholy reflections. Later she endeavored to cast from her that feeling of sadness, and to be more reconciled to the inevitable, to conform more cheerfully to what was the divine will for her in this life. Perhaps after all, she thought, this child may prove to be a blessing instead of a trouble. Two daughters had come to her since a son,—surely this one would be a son. And she besought the Lord that he would grant that her unborn child might live to be a missionary, to carry the gospel to the heathen, and she would count her sufferings as naught if she could be the instrument in his hands to bring forth one whose life would be devoted to such a worthy calling. She had been comforted in the idea, and she felt too that the Lord had accepted her prayer; and that thought had often revived her drooping spirits, and given her renewed strength for the weary days of loneliness and suffering.

But now, to her great disappointment, it was not a man child, it was only a little girl; and all her hopes and desires seemed mocked. Therefore her heart was sorrowful, and she looked coldly on the little one. But the sleeping child was all unconscious of the disappointment which it brought; yet it did not sleep peacefully. The little spirit seemed weighted down with its own sorrow, which escaped, now and then in long drawn, sobbing breaths, like the occasional sobbing of the wind after the fierce storm had subsided. But, ere long, the mother's heart was touched with compassion for her helpless infant, who appealed to her in such pitiful accents for the love and tender care it needed, and still would

need. So, gathering it in her arms, she pressed it tenderly to her bosom.

Forty years and more have passed since that first prolonged cry, but the sobbings have never ceased, for whether sleeping or waking, they are still heard at intervals, at times more frequent than at others.

The first sleep did not end the crying. It seemed only to gather strength for a harder one on waking, and continued almost incessantly for three or four months, only when she was forced to sleep a little while for rest. It was before the days of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, but she was often hastened to dreamland by the aid of poppy leaves placed to her nose and then strewn over her pillow. It may have been that she shared her mother's disappointment; but whether she was dissatisfied with herself or not, she gave every evidence of being dissatisfied with her surroundings, and would not take kindly to any of her new acquaintances except her mother. She resented most decidedly all advances toward friendliness made by anyone else, with the exception of one man, a neighbor in the village, Mr. Barker. She took kindly to him, and many an evening, as twilight was setting in, he came to charm the cross baby for a few hours, while her mother washed the dishes that had been accumulating through the day, milked her cow, gave her other three little ones their supper, and put them to bed. I don't think she displayed very good taste in her choice of favorites, so far as personal appearance went; for, though he was kind-hearted and good-natured, his face was coarse looking and burly.

I wonder why infants will make friends with some and not with others. It is not always the appearance that attracts. I sometimes think the spirit recognizes a kindred spirit. If so then in this instance the newly arrived one saw not the rough exterior but recognized the masked friend. Mr. Barker once said:—

"I think it agrees with this baby to be cross; for she grows fatter and prettier every day."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Davison, "if it were not for her pretty little face, that makes her look so sweet when she sleeps, I fear I should not feel very much love for her, nor have sufficient patience with her."

But as the months slipped by she became better natured.

One beautiful afternoon in July, the other three children obtained permission to spend the afternoon with their cousins, who lived only a very short distance from them. Consequently the house was very quiet, and baby was taking a good long sleep. Mrs. Davison set her house in order, took her sewing, and sat down by the cradle. She thought her baby looked unusually sweet as she slept. But the long drawn, sobbing breaths that occasionally escaped the little sleeper, made her feel almost sad.

"Poor little thing," murmured the mother, "she seems to have a world of sorrow; I wonder what her life will be."

As she gazed upon her, she recalled the earnest desire she had felt, and the prayer she had offered up to God while her child was yet unborn, that it might be the instrument in his hands to do a good work, to convert souls to Christ, even to proclaim the message of salvation to the heathen in foreign lands. And, with a tinge of sadness, she recalled her disappointment. And her prayer, what had become of that? Did the Lord not heed it? If he did not, whence came that comforting influence that pervaded her mind, which influence she had accepted as evidence that her prayer was heard and recorded above? And that same influence had scattered the dark and heavy clouds, and had helped her to bear more bravely her trying situation. Whence indeed came that influence, if not from God?

The clouds of doubt began to lift, and the thought came to her that all was not lost; there was a vast field of usefulness even for a woman. A missionary's wife could do much good, and perhaps could labor as acceptably for the Master as the missionary himself, though she may not achieve so great a work. Already there were calls for more women in the far off Indies. For a moment the future opened to her view; a light flooded her soul; the world seemed to be all astir. A terrible conflict was going on, a grand, a glorious conflict; the powers of God were arrayed against the powers of darkness. She saw the gospel message was being proclaimed to every nation, a message that caused the world to tremble. Men and women were laboring in the glorious cause; a bright

light had shone into the world's darkness.

Ah, yes; all unknown to her, the angel had flown in the midst of heaven with the everlasting gospel, and it had been restored in its fullness, "in the midst of the earth;" and women should accompany men, in carrying it to the ends thereof.

She saw, and her heart rejoiced, though she comprehended not; but, kneeling beside the cradle, she dedicated her child to the Lord, praying earnestly that she might, as a missionary's wife, be instrumental in leading souls to Christ, that she might be one of the vast number in that mighty conflict. She arose from her knees feeling comforted, satisfied more than before, that the Lord had accepted her offering and would in his own time bring about her desire. But "abiding faith" was not her gift; and in the years that intervened, she lost sight of what she then felt; and it was not until after years, when He who never forgets, had brought to pass what she desired, that she remembered her dedicatory prayer.

(To be continued.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

CHAPTER IX.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.—*Lowell.*

FOR the following evening a prayer and testimony meeting was announced at the home of my wife's parents. During the day I shut myself up in a room and read from the Book of Mormon. I was visited several times, while so engaged, with an influence of peace and pleasure, a peculiar something which came unsought and seemed to reveal a filling of truth in the words of truth before me, and to throw around them an intellectual light that gave them a persuasive force as I read. It is indescribable; but I can easily understand how, had I been in a more susceptible or receptive condition of spirit, the enlargement of these presentations could have made heaven feel very near, and the book exceedingly precious.

At the prayer meeting quite a number were present, and all seemed to be full to the brim of some gladdening grace, which made me also glad to witness, for their sakes. When liberty was given for any to speak, I rose in turn and expressed my confidence in God and my pleasure in beholding their happiness. As to their religion or doctrine and church I could not, like them say, I *knew* it was of God. One thing I did know, namely, that my heavenly Father had blessed to me the church I was in; and, while I was anxious to obtain and do all the good possible, yet I could never think of discarding or renouncing that church and entering another until I was certain that by so doing I would please him better than by remaining. I wished them well, and hoped their joy might never be less; but I was in God's hands and did not feel like speculating or experimenting with my soul or with its interests.

The meeting continued, and somewhere during its progress, when all were kneeling and some engaged vocally in prayer, I mentally commended my case to heaven. I asked my Father to overlook my presumption if it appeared as such and to answer me that night whether or not this was indeed his church, whether I should be baptized therein; and if that peculiar power which had visited me occasionally, while investigating the doctrine, was really the Holy Spirit. I further entreated that the answer might be given through my wife's brother, Robert Parker, who was a member of the church and present, though not over ten years old. I knew there was no guile in him; and I promised obedience to the first principles upon being satisfied as to God's will being so. No mortal heard that prayer; it was not voiced in human speech; but it ascended, and I believe God heard it and forgave my presumption.

When the number so desiring had prayed vocally, the company rose and was seated, and the singing and testimony were resumed. Soon Robbie, as he was familiarly called, stood up and began to

speak in simple testimony. Continuing, he turned towards the writer, and with face waxen, tears flowing profusely, and hand upraised, he spoke in the name of Jesus Christ and informed me that this was *the* Church of Christ, that it was God's will I should be baptized, and that I had received the witness of the Spirit. This was just what I had asked for. It had come through the channel I had designated. It had brought the very information I had desired. I knew the lad was not aware that I had asked for it, and I believed he had not power of himself to frame the answer as it was given, even though the question had been known to him. I have not attempted to give the exact words nor their order, but the facts revealed are given as I now remember them.

The entire company wept and rejoiced. Rising from my seat, without emotion or display of any kind, I told them how I had asked for that revelation through the boy, and that I now accepted it; that while I could not yet see as far, perhaps, as they could into the doctrinal or prophetic mysteries, I was, nevertheless, now ready to move forward as far as I saw the light ahead of me. I could see baptism and the laying on of hands, and was ready for those ordinances. The question of authority stood with me somewhat unsettled. I knew the elders had at least as much authority as other ministers, with a strong showing of more. The revelation just given implied the genuineness of their calling, and I was content to use what light I had and hoped to receive more.

Upon taking my seat, Elder Cornish arose, and, walking over to me, spoke in tongues, the interpretation of which was given and was of a nature to comfort me in view of the step I had decided to take. It was about half past ten, I believe, when the meeting closed, and it was supposed that I would be ready to go with others for baptism two days later. But I expressed a desire to go at once, and arrangements were made for me. Quite a company repaired to the river Thames, —scarcely a quarter of a mile away, and in their presence, witnessed also I hope by the angels and our Master and God, I took the most solemn and important step of my life. Elder J. J. Cornish performed the ceremony, and I arose from the liquid grave with a calm consciousness that a just God would at least credit me with honest purpose in what I had done. Just then there came before my mind the experience of that dark night when William Matthews and myself were so remarkably preserved from collision with the freight train; and his words came forcibly to my recollection, "Evidently, Bro Luff, we have a work yet to do, for which God has remarkably preserved us. I hope we may find it out and be faithful in doing it." I thought I saw a glimmering of a coming light upon my life, one by which that work would be clearly indicated and my destiny be unfolded; and in my soul, as on that dark night, years before, I again said, "*Amen, Lord, here am I.*"

Beyond these impressions, or mental consecrations, I experienced no change. I moved about, however, with a freer spirit mot on. I felt that I had done as far as I knew, and was ready to meet my heavenly Father and tell him so. On the following Wednesday evening the confirmation service was observed; but this brought no additional evidence or revelation to my mind. It was a ceremony according to the letter of the law, so far as I could discern or feel, nothing more; yet that was a satisfaction in itself; for I felt that I could now take the Bible with me to the eternal bar and by it, if backed by a Christian chracter, urge my claim for unending life, and use its utterances as my authority before the God of all the earth.

I spent several days among the London Saints after my baptism and received promise by revelation that I should yet hold the priesthood and raise up a branch where I lived, and from thence move into broader fields of usefulness. I then started back to Toronto, leaving my wife behind to complete her visit. Back to the great city of my birth, where one hundred thousand people moved and worshiped in contentment and peace as I had formerly done—that bliss of ignorance. Back there I went to stand alone, the sole advocate of the most despised doctrine on earth.

I will never tell how I felt. Up to the very last Sunday before leaving I had occupied the Methodist pulpit; and, though teaching no particular doctrinal tenets, had been reckoned as one who indorsed all that was embodied in the

creed. Now I felt that I was to be a target for every shaft. Where should I begin? How should I convince my thousands of friends that I was not only honest but had divine warrant for my course? My heart beat with unusual vigor as I stepped from the cars, where I had been a thousand times before. There was something so different about me as though I was not the same person that had left there two weeks before. The load of that city seemed to be on my heart, and I carried responsibilities as never before. But there I was back again; and, with an oft repeated, "God help me," on my lips, I returned to my home and business.

One of the first things learned was, that my name had been presented before the annual conference of the Methodist Church, which convened during my absence, for admission to the regular ministry. My good friend Mr. Griffith had presented it, and the matter was under advisement, when he was horror-stricken by the startling announcement from the lips of Rev. W. S. Hughan (who had just arrived from London) that I had *joined the* MORMONS! That settled the case *instanter*. The name was at once dropped as an unholy thing, and my notoriety was assured.

The news spread rapidly throughout the city, and I became an object of sympathy, commiseration, and contempt.

I wrote out my resignation to the Quarterly Board of the Methodist Church, and went personally to see my particular friend, the minister. He seemed to feel distressed; but he was engaged, and our interview was postponed. I called to relieve him of his financial obligation to meet my note, stating that the changed conditions might make him feel anxious for release; but he generously expressed his confidence in my manhood, and announced his perfect willingness to assist me as formerly agreed. This he afterwards did, and in due time I made it good to him; and, while our church relations were severed, our regard and esteem for each other as men remained unaffected, and the Rev. Thomas Griffith, wherever he may be or go, has a warm place in the writer's affection, because of the noble and Christian spirit he exercised toward me, both prior and subsequent to that time.

In this same connection I wish to mention the name of Rev. James Edgar, (now dead,) who came and conversed freely and affectionately with me; and after hearing my defense, did then, and on subsequent occasions, heartly bid me "God speed," and expressed himself as satisfied that I had the word of God for my bulwark against the attacks of either creed worshipers or infidels. He asked me on one occasion, some years afterwards, for the Book of Mormon, but his death occurred before I reached there again.

In his kind zeal and solicitude for my welfare Mr. Griffith visited me at my office, and expressed his regret and fear for me. Upon being asked why he felt so, he answered that by cutting loose and drifting from the church he feared my influence for good would be lost, if not myself as well. Turning to him, I asked if he believed what together we had preached, namely, that simple belief in Christ was the only thing essential to salvation. He replied that he did. I then asked if he had any reason for supposing that, because of leaving Methodism, I had therefore lost faith in Christ, to which he answered, "No." I further inquired whether he believed that God would damn me for being baptized, or for receiving the laying on of hands in perfect accord with the Bible requirements, notwithstanding I still believed in Jesus Christ. Again he answered, "No." Whereupon I replied that if his doctrine of simple faith was correct I was certainly safe, for I had many times more reason for believing than I had ever had before as a Methodist; and I certainly did believe with all my heart. Further, if the Latter Day Saints' doctrine was correct, and I met its demands, I was also safe. In case of either doctrine being correct my safety was guaranteed.

"But if," said I, "this doctrine shall be found correct upon Bible testimony at last, and Christ stands by the Bible, where will you appear, having ignored these important points of doctrine?" I felt that it was my turn to feel sorrowful for him.

He replied, "Bro. Luff, I do not really feel that you are in absolute danger; but I am sorry to lose you and your influence for good to the church." He then left. That was our last interview on the subject, though I met him several times afterwards.

Shortly after reaching home I was vis-

ited by an old friend though a young man, Thomas J. Rodgers, with whom I, as a Methodist, had enjoyed many pleasant seasons, socially and otherwise. He had just arrived in town from East York, and came to my house to spend the day. There were present in the room, my wife's sister, Mary, (now Mrs. George Harrington, of Independence, Missouri,) and her grandfather. Beginning with the causes leading to my trip, I related to my friend each incident along the route till I had told of my baptism, confirmation, and of the promises made me. Then, taking a Bible in my hand, I said:—

"Thomas John, if this doctrine and church is not of God and true, of what use is this Bible to me—you may destroy it."

As I uttered these words dispassionately, there came a something over me and around me that seemed to fill the room and convert the very atmosphere.

I was as literally immersed in the Spirit as formerly in the water. Looking around I saw grandpa in tears, though he had been an indifferent listener, and also Mary wept. My friend was moved perceptibly; and there came at that moment to my heart and mind an assurance that the author of the Bible and of this church was *one*. That to stand by either one was to stand by the other; and to stand by them was to walk with God; "That whosoever abideth in the doctrine of Christ hath both the Father and the Son."—2 John 2. For the first time I was really baptized of the Holy Ghost, and my soul was in ecstasy. It was past utterance; it was glorious; it was divine. The room was full of light; and, whether so sensed by the others or not, to me it was heavenly. I had known the joys of religion and the wondrous delights of religious service before; but in the presence of this they paled. They were happiness; this was bliss!

Does the reader wonder why I now believe that my steps were "ordered of the Lord," why I hold to the thought that the peculiar incidents of my life, my early marriage and the cause leading to it, were somehow associated providentially? I had secured all the spiritual benefit that Methodism was able to confer, when an unpleasant episode led to my sudden determination to marry, and my wife's entrance upon the scene prevented me from taking the higher (?) and unnecessary degrees in that order or church, and stopped, right at the critical moment, the movement that might have led me—where? To my wife, and through her parents, came the tidings of restoration and latter day glory. She led the way and was first obedient; her testimony, which I knew contained no disguised deceit, had more weight with me than preachers' argument; her child brother was the channel through whom came the information I had sought so earnestly; and there I was, filled with the Spirit which unites men and women to God, permitted to look back along a chain of events as through an unbroken lineage, which seemed to aim at but one culmination.

Stop with me, and think a moment: Had that marriage not taken place at that time I certainly should have been in the distant West within a few weeks thereafter; and probably, like many others, have become reckless regarding religion, and would have formed other associations. And probably never again would I have come in contact with the family through whose line came the good news referred to. Had I been brought in contact with the gospel in any other way, it is doubtful whether it would have exerted so favorable an influence over me and shaped my course so readily.

Ofttimes since that day have I heard that little Canadian girl say that there was no event in her life, or work of her performance, that she could call to mind that was of sufficient importance to demonstrate her value to the church. Like many other humble ones who toil and endure and sacrifice in the seclusion of home, she often wonders by what possible achievement she can become worthy of the higher estate, which more illustrious ones give show of title to. But, as I contemplate the events connected with my preservation for this work, and as I study daily the uncomplaining, self-sacrificing disposition she carries with her under the weight of increasing responsibilities and during the long, lonesome hours, stretching into months when I am absent from her, I bless the day that brought us together, and the God who shaped our destinies. I might have fared as well elsewhere, but better would have been impossible. If I shall eventually be per-

mitted to stand with her in the realm to which her patient worthiness entitles her, I shall expect to find her credited with at least an equal share of whatever honor and glory may attach because of the fruit of my labor as a minister for Christ. She alone bears the home cares which I should share equally with her, that I may move hence and bear aloft the banner of truth. An excellent wife has been given me of God; and I consider it no mere sentimentalism to here pay tribute to the Giver and the gift.

My friend was dazed at the recital of my doings, and at the peculiar change which occurred in the atmosphere around us; but he was not convinced that I was right; nor did he ever become so, that I am aware of; for he died not a great while afterward. He remained my friend, however, and I hope that fact, if no other, will stand him in good stead when the accounting day shall come. How different his spirit seemed when compared with those who had fawned around and flattered me in years before, but who were now ready to believe and say anything evil about me. His was of the kind that proved him a friend indeed; for never in my life before had I felt so keenly the need of one.

My wife returned home in about two weeks after my arrival, and together we counselled and resolved to meekly and kindly face and endure whatever came for the truth's sake. It was no tifling matter however; for I could not keep still on the subject of religion, and to talk was to draw the fire of opposition, possibly of persecution. We became the observed of all observers if we went to church. We were the theme on nearly everybody's tongue in the neighborhood; and such opinions, such speculations as to the cause of my terrible procedure were circulated as were perhaps never bebefore ventilated concerning any mortal in that locality. Everybody said that a change had been noticeable for months in the tone of my sermons and class room exhortations. Some believed it was a result of over study, and thought they had detected a strange stare in my eyes for sometime, indicating approaching insanity. Some feared it was an initial step, leading to the abominations of Utahism. Others speculated that it was a dash for notoriety. But I had the comfort of learning that nearly all had confidence that I would tire of the novelty in a short time, and within a year or two, at most, would return to the Methodist Church, a wiser man. But the strange aspect of affairs to me was discernible in their painful reticence when conversing with me. They were mum as oysters when I broached the subject of religion; and I could seldom provoke a dialogue or discussion with them. A few words, expressive of contempt, or disgust, was the rule; and on those I might feed or starve so far as they were concerned.

My wife was generally considered a victim of circumstances and environments, and not to be blamed.

The reader can perhaps imagine the sensations produced in my mind when such incidents as the following occured: Passing a house where I had formerly, at intervals, been feasted and favored for years, and meeting a child which belonged there I stopped to chat with it as my custom had been. Instantly the house door opened and a voice that I had heard before, voting me to positions of trust and honor, pealed forth mandatorily, requiring the child's return indoors immediately. The little one obeyed, and the door closed with an emphasis that convinced me I had no admirer behind it. I knew that a conversion had taken place in that house, and I wondered if the spirit that caused it was as comforting to the convert as was the one that accompanied my change. As the echoes of that abrupt door closing rent the air I turned away, thinking of the strangely reversed attitudes in which people and doctrines would appear when God finally adjusted matters. I still think that that poor, mistaken mortal will be more surprised at her own conduct, when the straightening out processes are completed, than I was when her act sent a pang to my heart and started the warring of my mind within me for a few seconds. That was not an isolated instance, but subsequent events of like character found me better prepared to cope with them. Perhaps they were permitted by Providence as a training or discipline for my proud spirit. If so, I am glad they occurred, and hope no ill may accrue to the agents operating.

While the people, almost as a unit, denounced the step I had taken, still there were some who felt a degree of sympathy

for me and seemed anxious to express it; but they would not for a long time allow me to even name the subject of religion to them. Among the latter was my mother, and some other relatives. As one good old Methodist sister expressed it, "If the delusion is strong and subtle enough to capture Bro. Luff, we had better avoid contact with it; for it must be a dangerous business."

Perhaps I cannot better convey to the reader's mind an idea of the way in which my action was regarded by the people, than by reproducing a few stanzas written about this time in a private letter to a friend. They ran thus:—

"He's turned a Mormon," they say in surprise,
While beholding me with dismay;
"Satan, the father of mischief and lies,
Hath craftily led him astray.

"How woeful his state—once, safe in the fold—
Now, far from its shelter and care;
Beguiled by Satan, like many of old,
Hastening to death and despair.

"The cares of life at length have succeded,
(Through devilish direction,) to win
A soul for whom hath Christ interceded,
And suffered to rescue from sin

"Tell me, its of God! No, never shall I
Such fatal delusion admit!
MORMON!—thy mission is truth to deny;
Thy future the bottomless pit.

"Cease, now, such pernicious doctrines to preach,
And return to the fold again;
Nor ever attempt such folly to teach
To parsons and college taught men.

"Wouldst thou, in ignorance, try to subvert
The Orthodox faith we proclaim?
Or with simple doctrines like these, convert
Intelligence, learning, and fame?

"Vain is thy hope; 'Twill end in despair;
The thousands on earth do not err;
Though Scripture's thy basis, 'twill never compare
With what we through reason infer.

"Centuries now have elapsed since the hour
When miraculous energy fled;
Nor ever again shall man feel its power,
Till called from the tomb of the dead.

"If what thou declarest were true, 'twould flow
Through channels more pleasing to men;
But thou art a *Mormon!* Hence nothing can flow
Through thee, save corruption and sin."

These are the compliments Saints have to share,
The Holy Ghost in us is denied,
Our motives impeached,—the cross which we bear,
And Christ, our commander, belied.

Yet would we glory in sorrow, like Paul,
And deem ourselves blest among men;
If counted worthy to suffer at all,
While preaching this gospel again.

O honor divine! Permitted to spend
A lifetime in serving our God,
To share in his sufferings, and in the end
Enjoy an eternal reward.

O endless delight! 'Twill be ours to share
The glory as well as the pain;
To enter his kingdom, freed from all care,
Eternally there to remain.

"Disciples indeed, inspired of heaven,
Sent forth by commandment divine,
To spread through the earth a life given leaven
That doth to the Savior incline."

This be our mission; nor will we despair,
Though few our friends, legion our foe,
Upborne by His power, whose truth we declare,
Fear nothing as onward we go.

These joyful tidings, this message of light,
Through every nation must run;
And we, the heralds of joy and delight,
Must bear them till Christ says, "Well done."

Then with the glorified host will we sing
More sweet than the angels above;
And Zion with Jesus' praises shall ring,
While the ransomed behold him in love.

Burst, then, ye threat'ning clouds that appear,
And pour forth your fury; 'tis vain;
He whom we obey says, "Lo I am near;"
So, Latter Day Saints we'll remain.

About this time Brn. E. C. Briggs and J. S. Patterson arrived in Canada and visited London; but the former was compelled to return home on account of his wife's illness, (or so I learned,) leaving Bro. Patterson to take charge of affairs during his absence. My correspondence, with the Saints in London was kept up, and by some means a portion of it came under his observation and resulted in his determination to visit Toronto, as I afterwards learned, to ordain me. Word reached me as to his intention and we were filled with delight at the prospect of a visit from one of the Seventy. He came rather sooner than was anticipated, and stepped into our printing office unexpectedly one day, but was welcomed heartily. Quitting my work I accompanied him home; and, together we tried to arrange for meetings. Failing to secure a meetinghouse we announced service at our home, but only about half a dozen persons came. My mother was visiting with us on that day, but refused to remain for meeting, or to talk with Bro. Patterson. She seemed to believe him responsible in some way for leading her boy astray, and had no patience to listen to him; so she left. Evidently the time had not come for beginning the work there.

Before leaving the city Bro. Patterson intimated to me that whenever I was ready he had authority and advice of the Spirit to ordain me an elder. I was hardly prepared, but accepting his advice, and receiving the construction he put upon certain revelations in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, I submitted, and the ordination took place. This occured in August, and soon afterward he returned to London. During his stay, however, I learned considerable in regard to church proceedings and methods, and performed my first official work, assisting him in blessing my two children.

Just prior to this I had learned that a merchant in the city had once been a Latter Day Saint in Nauvoo, and he was now inquiring as to our identity. I visited him and found that he had once lived in Nauvoo and clerked as a lad in the store of William Law. He had left there at the breaking up; and, not agreeing with the different claimants to leadership rights, had moved to Toronto, and in course of time engaged in business for himself. As a result of our interview, he made the trip to London and was baptized, thus adding one to our number. His name was William Hall, and a noble, enthusiastic helper he proved to be. His wife was a Roman Catholic, however, and as cruel an opposer as ever man had, her bigotry and intolerance leading her to enter the store and openly insult customers whom her husband was waiting upon, under the impression that they were Latter Day Saints. She was also addicted to the use of liquor, which added no little to the discomfort of her husband. Bro. Patterson came in for a share of her display of temper when he was visiting there, to the great mortification of Bro. Hall.

But, hard as was his lot, Bro. Hall performed well his part and nobly sustained every effort to get the doctrine before the people. He was much blessed of the Spirit, and seemed to draw peculiar delight from the fact that God had brought the old unadulterated faith of his boyhood back to his life again. He received several letters from his old employer, William Law, in which the whole fabric of Mormonism, root and branch, was denounced as fradulent; but these never served their writer's purpose; for our brother was in constant receipt of that which daily certified the divinity of the gospel to him. He said it made him young again. On one occasion, when returning home from a visit at our house, he felt unusually well, and coming to a fence, he placed his hand on the upper board and made a spring, as he had frequently done when a boy, with the intention of leaping over it; but, by some mishap, which was not fully explained to me, he slipped, and in falling on the fence ruptured himself badly, necessitating medical attention and the wearing of a truss. In this condition he remained for several weeks without informing us as to the fact, until one day he incidentally referred to it and asked to be administered to. I respected his request, and he returned home, took off his truss and never wore it again. He was healed instantly and permanently, and frequently testified of it afterward when among the new converts who entered the church later on. Lest I should fail to refer to him again let me here state that Bro. Hall met with business reverses, which with other cares upon his mind, would have made life intolerable, and a few years afterward, when the writer was far away on a mission, he was taken sick and died. When visiting his wife at a later period, she told me of his noble spirit, and how the church had helped him and made him still better than he had been. She wept over the manner in which she had treated him, and finally said, "Your church was a blessing to him, and yet I would not let him enjoy it while he lived." She apologized for her former doings, and wished it was possible to show him her regret. I tried to comfort her, but the effort seemed unavailing.

In October, 1876, I attended district conference for the first time. It was held in London. Upon our arrival there, my wife and I found that a serious division existed, and that, while the time and place of holding conference were agreeable to former adjournment, it was, nevertheless, in opposition to an agreement reached between the acting missionary in charge and the district president and published in the *Herald*. Hearing the revelations bearing on the question read and the agreement based thereon offered, I concluded from the *ex parte* showing that the conference was all right, and so participated in it. I will not burden the

readers with a recital here of the pro's and con's connected then and afterwards with that gathering; but simply inform them that I was there, and under the showing made was a ready participant. Among other things my ordination was considered, and after paragraph sixteen, section seventeen Book of Doctrine and Covenants, had been read and interpreted by elders present, it was decided to have been illegal, because they considered me a member of London branch (I having been baptized there), and no vote of that branch had been taken upon the question. There was not a soul there to make any other showing, so the question was easily settled, and to my relief too; for I had been greatly troubled and perplexed over the matter; because I had received no special testimony regarding it.

Later on during the session a manifestation was had in which I was named for the eldership, and was again ordained. Here I formed a quite intimate acquaintance with Brn. Robert Davis, John Shippy, George Cleveland, and other local celebrities. To me the conference was a source of pleasure; though I did not feel the degree of enthusiasm that many did, for I was not as susceptible to influences as others. At the close of the sessions Bro. Patterson arrived and pronounced the entire business illegal. Some were conditionally silenced for insubordination, and were cited to appear at General Conference the following April. My name was not included, but I was passively, at least, committed to the proceeding, and was counted on for a witness, in which capacity I afterwards acted. I believed they were right, but my faith was based on *ex parte* evidence.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF MORMON.—No. 2.

BY ELDER ZENAS H. GURLEY.

SOME EXTERNAL EVIDENCES.

(CONTINUED.)

IN accordance with the arrangement of 1860 this same paper in October, 1873, informs us that

"The immigration of Jews from all parts of the globe, except America, etc., is growing fast, and exceeding that of many centuries. You must know that the Jewish immigrants of the present day do not come to the Holy Land to die there etc., but they come *to live* upon the soil where their fathers lived, and which they called their own. They say, 'We hope to live, and to see the whole of our inheritance repossessed by our people, and that every one of Israel shall sit under his vine and his fig tree in peace. You see, then, that not only Christians who read their Bible without spiritualizing spectacles, expect the speedy fulfillment of the prophecies concerning the return of Israel to their own land, and the return of him over whose head Pilate wrote, JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS. But Jews also are aroused from the deep lethargy which lay heavily upon them, like a nightmare, for many centuries, and they also *begin to believe* that their gathering again is at hand, and that King Messiah will soon make his appearance, to rule over them, and to restore, not only the people of Israel to more than their ancient glory, but also the fertility of the land, which shall *now* become indeed a land that flows with milk and honey, a land of *the vine*, fig trees, pomegranate, and olives. In fact, nobody, except those who despise the word of God, can deny that God remembers the land. During the five years of my sojourn in the land of our fathers, the *early* rain and the *latter* came down from heaven as regularly as in the days of David and Solomon; and only once the former delayed its coming for a few weeks."

The alleged statement in 1859, by a Jew raised in Africa, is in point:—

"I have seen only one stable thing in Africa all this time, and that has been the character of my people. There has been only one fixed, ruling idea, perpetually waxing in greatness and increasing in power, the idea pervading our race that we are soon to become a great nation again, and so return to our own land."—Ibid, vol. 6, Nos. 7, 8.

The foregoing testimonies from

Jewish sources are offered in proof of the claim that contemporary with the coming forth and proclamation of the *sealed* book, "the Spirit" is being "poured upon us [Israel] from on high," and the "wilderness," indeed and in fact, is fast becoming "a fruitful field." When will it "be counted for a forest?" Dr. Barclay, as early as 1865, speaks of cotton culture in Palestine as "giving a new impulse to industry and commerce." The land is good for agricultural pursuits, and it produces the cereals quite abundantly. It is especially noted for vineyards, and the olive tree, the pomegranate tree, the fig tree, the almond, and others. As the *waste places* are again rebuilded by actual settlers occupying and cultivating the soil, naturally enough they will *first* plant that which is needed to sustain life, the cereals and vegetables. The next in order will be the vineyards, and the planting and cultivating of the trees named above, and others; and as they grow up and develop, yielding their rich fruits in their season, as a reward for labor bestowed, then most surely will be fulfilled the words of Isaiah 29 : 17, "and the fruitful field shall be esteemed as a forest;" for such it certainly will be.

Feeling a deep interest in this subject some months ago I wrote a friend, Elder W. P. Brown in Jerusalem, (who with his estimable wife has moved there,) asking, "Watchman what of the night?" Under date of December 10th, 1891, he replies:—

"Nothing but the hand of God could bring about and carry on the great work that is going on in this city. Prophecy is being fulfilled to the very letter; the city is being built according to the prophet's measuring line; and boys and girls are playing in the streets. Inside of the walls is too crowded with people for children to play, but the city extends one mile west of the Joppa gate, and wherever there is room you can see the young Arabs, Jews, Africans, and Europeans playing; color of skin makes no difference. Buildings are going up everywhere, and some of them would be a credit to New York City. I think there must be eight thousand people here. [M. Albert Cohn in 1864, placed the population of Jerusalem at about 9,000, and in all Palestine at 20,000.—Z. H. G.] About one third are Jews, but at the rate they are coming they will soon rule everything. The city is wrapt in idolatry and priestcraft. I am told there are five hundred priests here. Yes, the Jews understand the signs of the times. If you were here at the wailing place you would realize that they did. This place is part of the city wall that they go to every Friday. They kiss the wall, read, weep, pray, and cry for God to give them back their beloved city and country. I went there once and had to weep with them. The tribe of Gad from South Arabia is coming here. They say it was revealed to them that the time had come for them to return to Palestine. I believe the gathering of Israel is going on."

Sister Brown writes: "The old camel is still a beast of burden, and the little donkey. Everything that is to be carried is strapped on these animals. Grain is cut with the sickle after the old style, and threshed with oxen, and it is wonderful to see the amount of grain raised here on little spots of ground."

By these testimonies we are apprised of the fulfillment of God's word through Isaiah, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God."—Isaiah 35: 1, 2.

It will readily be perceived by the reader that the Book of Mormon is the *sealed book* spoken of by Isaiah, or else it is an imposture. The prophet spoke of certain characteristics that should mark the sealed book, and which the Book of Mormon alone possesses. It was to "speak out of the ground." Had Mr. Smith professed to have gotten it any other way than "out of the ground" it could not be the book. The *voice* was to be "as of one that hath a familiar spirit," —and the Book of Mormon in the most familiar manner, tells of God's dealings with literal Israel, their scattering and desolation, and their final gathering together under one shepherd. The *branch* that was broken off and came to this land, that they were of Manasseh of the tribe of Joseph, and would come into remembrance finally along with literal Israel; that Christ visited and preached to Israel of this continent and to the lost tribes, as

well as to the "lost sheep of the house of Israel" upon the other continent.

Isaiah says, "They also that erred in spirit shall come to understanding, and they that murmured shall learn doctrine."—29:24. Tens of thousands who "erred in spirit," and murmured, have learned the pure, simple doctrine of the of the gospel, and have come to "understanding," to wit: That the gospel must be the same to-day as it was eighteen hundred years ago, no change nor emendation needed; it being the only thing God has sent to save the entire race. Also, that God's covenant people will come into remembrance, and will be gathered together in the fulfillment of his word.

Isaiah predicts that "yet a very little while and Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field."*

We have seen that since the Book of Mormon came forth this has been and is being fulfilled. If Mr. Smith was an impostor, and the Book of Mormon a fraud, how could it conform so accurately to the detail of prophecy, not simply to that part relating to the *manner* of its coming forth, but to that part also which has had and is having fulfillment now in the current events of the day? How could an illiterate, ignorant youth impose upon the public *such* a fraud? Or, how could a learned man even do it and have the *fraud* agree with prophecy in its subsequent fulfillment? All agree that Mr. Smith was illiterate. We have the proof of the eight witnesses to the book, that *he* showed to them the plates, etc., and all these acquainted with him personally, so that there could not be any imposition. Had there been it would have leaked out long ago; but these witnesses always told one story. Considering all this, is not the preponderance of evidence in favor of the view that the Book of Mormon is just what it claims to be, the sealed book of Isaiah.

The prophet Ezekiel in the thirty-seventh chapter also speaks of the great work of gathering Israel together in the latter day, and of the writings of Judah and Joseph, that *they* shall become one. He declares God's command to him thus:—

"Thou son of man, take thee one stick, and write upon it, For Judah, and for the children of Israel his companions; then take another stick, and write upon it, For Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel his companions; And join them one to another into one stick; and they shall become one in thine hand."—Ezek. 37:16, 17.

The ten tribes revolted from the house of David 975 B. C. and made Jeroboam king. (See 1 Kings 12:20.) It is quite proper here to remember that the ten tribes are frequently called Ephraim; hence when the prophet speaks of the *sticks*, the writings of Ephraim, it includes all the writings of *the ten tribes* on the one hand; and when he thus speaks of Judah, all the writings of the two tribes, or whatever followed the house of David. For, as Dr. Robinson in his Bible Encyclopedia says: "After the separation of the ten tribes, the seat of the kingdom of Israel being in Ephraim, *Ephraim* is frequently used to signify that kingdom." Hence the writings of those who came to this continent, and contained in the Book of Mormon, the sacred writings of the inspired prophets of the tribe of Joseph as by Manasseh, together with the writings of the residue of the ten tribes, must eventually come together and be joined with the writings of Judah (the Bible), and thus become one as God declared by this prophet. Upon this point the Book of Mormon declares:—

"For behold, I shall speak unto the Jews, and they shall write it; and I shall speak unto the Nephites, and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto the other tribes of the house of Israel, which I have lead away, and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto all nations of the earth, and they shall write it. And it shall come to pass that the Jews shall have the words of the Nephites, and the Nephites shall have the words of

* NOTE: "LIBANUS or LEBANON, a long chain of limestone mountains, on the northern border of Palestine. It consists of two principal ridges, the easterly ridge being called Anti-Libanus by the Greeks. The western ridge, or proper Libanus, runs nearly parallel to the coast of the Mediterranean. Between these two ridges is a long valley called Cœle-Syria, or Hollow Syria, the Valley of Lebanon, (Josh. 11:17,) at present *Bukkah*. The elevation of Lebanon is so great, that it is always covered in many places with snow. It is composed of four enclosures of mountains, which rise one on the other. The first is very rich in grain and fruits. The second is barren, abounding in thorns, rocks, and flints. The third, though higher than this, enjoys a perpetual spring, the trees being always green, and the orchards filled with fruit. It is so agreeable and fertile, that some have called it a terrestial paradise. The fourth is so high as to be always covered with snow. The soil of their declivities, and of the hollows which occur between them, is excellent, and produces abundantly corn, oil, and wine, which is the *best* in Syria; and this is praising it highly in a single word.—*Bible Encyclopedia, Dr. Robinson.*

of the Jews: and the Nephites and the Jews shall have the words of the lost tribes of Israel; and the lost tribes of Israel shall have the words of the Nephites and the Jews."—2 Nephi 12: 8, 9, 10.

Should the reader raise the point here that Latter Day Saints are not as broad in their conceptions of inspiration and of God's work among the nations of the earth as the Book of Mormon, let the answer be, The fault is not with the book, but with the *Saints* instead. Continuing Nephi says:—

"And it shall come to pass that my people which are of the house of Israel, shall be gathered home unto the lands of their possessions, and my word also shall be gathered in one. I, Nephi, would not suffer that ye should suppose that ye are more righteous than the Gentiles shall be. For behold, except ye shall keep the commandments of God ye shall all likewise perish. For, behold, I say unto you, That as many of the Gentiles as will repent, are the covenant people of the Lord; and as many of the Jews as will not repent, shall be cast off; for the Lord covenanteth with none, save it be with them that repent and believe in the Son, who is the Holy One of Israel."

The foregoing quotation from the Book of Mormon is in striking agreement with this prophecy of Ezekiel, chapter thirty-seven. For the prophet declares that God will join the sticks (writings) together, "and they shall be one." And, "Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen, whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land; and I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel; and one king shall be king to them all; and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all.—Ezek. 37: 21, 22.

In these declarations the Book of Mormon joins hands with the Bible; they are *one*, a unit in describing these great events which must happen to Israel. They are *joined together;* and, as Israel is being moved upon to gather together, and are gathering to Palestine in fulfillment of these predictions, we may safely believe that the Book of Mormon will have an answer in Hebrew, its truth being demonstrated by such events, its claims vindicated by their logic, that it will ultimately be accepted by all Israel, together with the writings of all the tribes; then, they *all* shall be one. Christ first commanded his apostles to visit only the "lost sheep of the house of Israel;" and Peter testifies of "the word which God sent unto the children of Israel preaching peace by Jesus Christ."—Acts 10: 36.

Now, it appears that fairness alone would lead our minds to believe that, as Christ's personal visit was to *literal Israel only*, "he came to his own," etc., that of necessity, acording to the divine justice, he must visit the other tribes not at Jerusalem. 'If not, why not? Why not these lost tribes be visited as well as Judah. After his resurrection he commanded the Will to be preached "to every creature," provision being made for all who will obey it to become adopted, thereby being made heirs of God according to the Will. But before the crucifixion it was sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. The Book of Mormon, in Book of Nephi, chapter seven, affirms that Christ did visit these lost tribes; and that he referred to that intended visit when he said in Palestine, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd."—John 10: 16. That Christ will gather the Gentiles unto himself is true. Of this Isaiah speaks thus: "The Lord God which gathereth the outcasts of Israel saith, Yet will I gather others to him, beside those that are gathered unto him."—Isa. 66: 8. See also Ezekiel 37: 22. If this last clause refers to the Gentile world, and if they are to be *gathered*, numbered with Israel by and through the gospel, then Israel too must have the gospel presented to them as well.

And, inasmuch as Christ in person did not visit the Gentiles, inasmuch as they have never heard his own voice, but Israel did, is it not fair to presume that "other sheep" of this sixteenth verse, whom he says "shall hear my voice," were the lost tribes of the house of Israel? How could it be less than this and God "no respecter of persons"? Indeed, does not this view help us to understand the Apostle Paul in a broader and better sense when he says, "Yes, verily, their *sound* went into all the earth, and their

words unto the ends of the world."—Rom. 10:18. And, "For the hope which is laid up for you in heaven, whereof ye have heard before in the word of the truth of the gospel, which is come unto you, as it is in all the world, and bringeth forth fruit, as it doth also in you, since the day ye heard of it, and knew the grace of God in truth. If ye continue in the faith, grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the gospel, which ye have heard, and which was preached to every creature under heaven."—Col. 1:5, 6, 23.

If the Apostle was right, if the gospel was then being "preached to every creature under heaven," then in that case the Book of Mormon is correct in claiming that Christ *did* visit the lost tribes, and that he gave to them the *new covenant*, as well as to the residue of the world. And it is also correct in giving it in the same words, or similar language, and in claiming that the *fruit*, the effects thereof, are the same, and forever must remain *the same*, in all parts, and in all ages of the world, so long as that Will remains in force.

It will not do to say that these lost tribes were visited by missionaries in the ordinary way; no, that will not do, for their whereabouts are not known to the civilized world, even unto this day. Fragments broken off from those tribes are found in Asia and in this land (as we view it), but the tribes, the ten tribes, are lost to us, as all parties must admit.

The reader will decide whether the Book of Mormon, in affirming and casting light upon these wholesome truths, is a sacred record as claimed, or a fraud as declared by its enemies. Let "wisdom be justified of her children," and the writer will be content.

(To be continued.)

FAITH.

Beyond the shadows of the present hour,
  Beyond the deepening gloom,
Past storms that in the distance darkly lower,
  Past all life's fleeting bloom,
With steadfast eyes that do not dread disaster,
  With heart uncrushed by care,
I follow trustfully the blessed Master
  Whose cross I daily share.

In need of guidance always, O my Father,
  Thy will I seek, not mine;
In need of patience, strength renewed I gather
  Through constant grace divine
As step by step I journey, seeing only
  A single step before;
I falter not, though sometimes sad and lonely;
  The worst will soon be o'er.

Here clasped hands loosened; here the strong ties broken
  (Yet ever God knows best);
Here farewells blending oft with greetings spoken
  (But God hath promised rest);
There meetings glad beside the crystal river,
  There changeless, endless peace;
No more the severed harp-string's sudden shiver,
  For there the discords cease.

I trust thee, Lord, for pardon of my sinning,
  Alas, so deep the stain!
Forgiveness through the blood of Jesus winning
  And sweet relief from pain.
Erring and weak and yielding to temptation,
  I dare, dear Christ, to claim
The fullness of the offered free salvation
  Alone through thy great name.

I have no doubts, no room for aught save clinging,
  Through time and changing sense,
To that kind hand that every day is bringing
  Rich gifts of providence,
I have no doubts, no fears with baleful voices
  May whisper in my soul
Upon the way; that happy soul rejoices
  Through Christ, through Christ made whole.

Come want, come trial, come what may, appointed
  By him whose own I am;
I still shall walk with eyes from tears anointed,
  Serene, unvexed, and calm.
Faith is my key that sets the gate of blessing
  Wide open with no bar;
The glory waiteth for my sure possessing,
  The promised Morning Star.

—Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster.

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

I DO not propose, in this paper, to discuss the legal rights of children. The one point to be considered is as to what are their moral, their ideal, rights. It is not what has been or is, but what ought to be.

What, then, are the rights of a child? Our rights over them will be more or less mingled with this first part of the discussion, though I shall take that up later on.

The first right of a child—if I may be pardoned the Hibernicism—reaches back beyond the time when the child has any existence. Its first great right is to be well born. Some one wittily says that a child cannot be too careful in the selection of its parents; and this covers a great truth. If it were possible for a child to have anything to say in regard to so grave a matter as that, it would be the most important act in the child's life. A child has a right to be well born, to be started right; not to be weighted, crippled, burdened, hampered from the outset, by physical disabilities, by moral twist or taint, by intellectual defect. Of course there is no way by which this matter can be reached except by the indirect way of instructing mankind, by elevating the moral ideals of the race. But if men and women are enlightened, so that they comprehend what they are doing, and deliberately choose the wise and the noble, then the children will be well born.

If a man knows that he has a physical defect of any kind which science has taught him may be transmitted, or if it is serious enough so that by being transmitted it may seriously cripple the child in the race of life, then he should gravely consider as to whether he has a right to be a father. A man with a taint of insanity in his blood; a man with the seed of some incurable disease, no matter what it may be; a man who has reason to suppose that, either on account of his own fault or the fault of his fathers, he may transmit some moral weakness or tendency,—such a man has no right, it seems to me, to assume the responsibility of calling an immortal out of the unknown, and placing it, disabled at the outset, in the midst of this great world of competition that we call life. Here, then, is the first right: the right to be born, not of disease, not of carelessness, not of passion, but to be born of love; to be born of health; to be born with a clear brain and a true heart. All other inheritance a child might consent to forego, could he be sure of that.

The next right is to a happy childhood. A happy childhood! This may be taken away from the child in one of many ways. It may be taken away by the selfishness of father or mother, by their carelessness, by their indulging in perpetual fault-finding, nagging, interfering, the result of "over-nerves" on the part of either father or mother. It may be the result of a temper not properly controlled, the result of superstition. It may be because the child at too early an age is put at task-work for the sake of increasing the income of the family.

An unhappy childhood may occur, then, from one of many reasons. There are places where the children know nothing of what true childhood means,—children in mines, by the hundred and thousand, the moment they are able to work to add a penny to the household income; children in mills and factories, made to carry the burden and care of life before they have known the light of its morning. The laws of civilization are beginning to take account of conditions like these, but as yet only a few of them are reached. There are hundreds and thousands of children in this city of Boston who, as they grow up to maturity, will never be able to look back to a dewy, sunny, sweet, bright sunrise and early morning of life. And yet I believe that the child, as he or she goes on in the world, can have no finer thing than that to look back upon. And it is not merely the rest that may come of it, though that is indeed important enough of itself to make it worth our while. How many of us who, in spite of the hardship or poverty perhaps, which was hardly appreciated or realized, —how many of us who did have a happy childhood, find ourselves wandering in that old land when we are worn and weary, and finding rest and peace in sweet associations with the shadowy forms of those who walk on earth no more! It is worth while for one to keep

this as a romance-land, a fairy-land, a place to which the old man can go back to unburden and refresh and rest himsef for an hour.

But it means more than that. As a man goes on in life, there come great crises: hours when he needs something to hold to—when perhaps he loses his faith in man or woman; and if he has this ideal memory, there will be one woman at whose shadowy feet he will forever bow in reverence, finding an accession of trust come to him for life at large, and rise a braver and stronger man for the worship of his mother. But if he can add to this that superb respect for his father which makes him feel that, whatever else happens, however he may look upon other men, *there has been a man*, then he will find it easy to belive in humanity, in the possibilities of the future. So this may be not only comfort and peace, but also strength and support and guidance in future years.

The third right of a child is the right to be properly educated. I shall divide this part of my subject into two or three parts. It has the right to be educated into a fitness for self-support; and this is a right the importance of which is growing constantly with the spread over the earth of democracy, and with the social and industrial ideals which we believe in and cherish in this country. This is the prime end, in my judgment, of education. Teach the child, boy or girl, that he or she has come into a world that is not rich, but that is comparatively poor; a world where he has no right to take away from the store of accumulated wealth without adding at least as much, by his own effort, in its place. In other words, the first quality of manhood or womanhood, in my judgment, is this: It is the basis of all honesty in dealing with mankind. Each child should insist, as it goes through the world, on being of as much use to the world as the world is to it, so far as possible. It is not a matter of prime importance as concerns poor children alone. I do not need to insist on this side of the subject in dealing with poor children, because they must do it, whether they will or not. But I think it is of prime importance that fathers and mothers whose children do not "need" to do it, as they say, should learn the lesson, and teach it to their children. Thousands of young men are every year spoiled for the highest ideals of manhood merely because they can say, "Father's got enough, and it does not make any difference what I do." That canker eats into and eats out the essence of all manhood, until these men not only take out of the world's store of accumulated wealth, but they become examples of all that is disintegrating and dishonoring in social, industrial, and political life. No matter how you do it, but teach your child, as a matter of the greatest importance, that it is her business or his business to look upon the things of this world, its accumulated results, as an inheritance, not earned, nor theirs of right, but something intrusted to them, and which it is their business to transmit to the next generation, not only unimpaired, but, if possible, augmented, and so made the means of still mightier good in the years to be.

When you have taught your child self-support, when you have taught it the principles of right and wrong, the ideals of a noble life, then you may enter, if you will, the other field, which sometimes is regarded as being the principal thing in the matter of education. Teach these things first that I have pointed out,—self-support, the main lines of right and wrong as they run through this world; and then for the joy of the child, for the enrichment of the child's life, put into that child's hand, if you can, the keys by which to unlock all the world's storerooms of inherited wisdom and achievement. Make the child able to enter into the world's literature. Make the child able to understand the world's achievements in poetry. Make the child able to at least catch something of the meaning of the wonders of the world's music. Teach the child at least the rudiments of the language of the world's art, so that he may walk the picture galleries of earth, and have the masterpieces of the ages speak to the imagination, heart, and soul; that he may walk the sculpture galleries of the world, and commune with Phidias, with Michael Angelo; may be able, at least, to gain a glimpse of the magnificent visions of beauty that dominated these great lives. Teach your child, after he has learned the principles of right and wrong, after he has learned how to enter into life's great inheritance, to find here inspiration, loyalty, and respect for the possibilities of mankind.

But there is one thing more. Too many educated men and women wander selfishly, aimlessly, through these fields of the world's past achievement, and become *dilettanti*, admirers only of that which is great. I was very glad—glad for what it meant, glad for our university of which we are so proud—to learn the other day of a lecture which had been given in Cambridge by Professor Charles Eliot Norton. I suppose there is no man in America more highly, truly, and delicately cultured than is he. He is the one man fitted to be merely *dilettante*, if he chose, with every faculty and taste keenly alive to everything that is beautiful and fine in the literature, art, and architecture of the world. I was glad, I say, to find that, in addressing the students of Cambridge, he pitched his keynote to something magnificently high, something grand, when he told the students that the one thing that Harvard University ought to exist for, the one thing that they ought to place before them as the grand ideal of their lives, was a noble citizenship in this republic,—manliness, which means service of one's fellows. He told them—what I wish could be echoed in the ears of all the young men of America until they could never forget it—that as yet even this republic is but an experiment, but that it carries with it the last and highest trust and hopes of the race in the way of liberty, in the way of industrial civilization, in the way of a free and independent manhood, so that the highest outcome of the education of every young man or young woman ought to be to teach them to appreciate the value of this grand heritage that has come to us here in this country; that they should feel that the one thing that the knowledge of Greek or Latin, or German or French, of literature, of poetry, of music, of sculpture, of painting, of history, of architecture, of anything,—or a knowledge of all these things,—the one thing they ought to culminate in is simply a self-poised man. He knows that these things are to minister to one's manhood, and that with his manhood he is to minister to his country. He knows that this ministry to his country is only the indirect service which he as a man is to render to mankind.

One more right of the children,—the right to a rational religious education. I speak, and write when I have an opportunity, with a great deal of feeling on this matter; for there seems to me to be such a carelessness, such an inscrutable fatuity on the part of thousands of liberals in this country as it seems to me to be almost impossible to comprehend. I marvel at it. Many liberals seem to think that liberalism means "don't care"; means indifference; means that it does not matter; that one thing is just as good as another, and that none of them are worth much. Thousands of people have outgrown the old ideas. They fear no more; and so they think that life is a mere race of "go-as-you-please."

It seems to me so strange that people do not understand that in this highest of things is the last place for carelessness, for playing with the souls of their children, with the relations of their souls to the infinite Source and Father.

Teach your child false arithmetic if you will. He will get that knocked out of him very speedily in a short business experience. Teach him false geography—that the Grecian Archipelago is in the Indian Ocean. That is a matter of very slight importance. Teach him false history. It will make very little difference to him whether he can tell who came first, Richard III. or Henry VII. Teach him falsely almost anywhere else, and it is of slight importance compared with false teaching here. The world, as a result of age-long struggle, is beginning to be free, beginning to gain glimpses of light, beginning to have higher and nobler thoughts of God, beginning to see the path along which human hope is beckoning. Do not dare, then, carelessly or thoughtlessly to train your child, so that he shall become a block on the wheels of God's chariot which carries the desires, the trusts, and the longings of the race towards a better future. Train your child not as though you were infallible. Train the child to go beyond your teaching, but not to get behind it or one side of it. Train your child to keep a clear-eyed vision of the highest and last truth that God reveals, and to listen with attentive ear to the last word he whispers. This, on your peril, is the most important thing you can do for your children.

There is space only to hint a few things concerning the less important part of my subject,—the rights of parents

over their children. The most of what I have to say is negative, for I believe our rights over our children are very few and very small.

What is the right that you have over your child? You have no personal, no selfish rights at all over your own child. You have invited an immortal to come into your temporary keeping; and you have only the right to treat that as a reverent trust committed to you for a while, which you are to discharge with the highest and noblest sense of responsibility which you can attain. That is your right over your child. People have had in the past an idea, and many people think still, that they have a right to use the service, the brains, the physical strength, of the child as a mere adjunct of the family, as a source of income. If a father or mother be very poor, and the child comprehends the situation, generally there need be no force to lead the child to do what it can to add to the general support. But the right of the father to compel him is a very limited one, indeed; and it stops a long way short of the right to sacrifice the welfare, the future, of that life to even this exigency. Even for the sake of appeasing hunger in the home, I say no father, no mother, has a right to sacrifice the future of the child, so that in the years to come the child shall feel, I have not had half an opportunity to become what was possible to me.

What right have parents in regard to exacting instant, immediate obedience on the part of children, and inflicting punishment? I think all fathers and mothers, if they will carefully look back on their lives, will confess to themselves that more than one half the time when they have quickly said yes or no to a child, it has been a matter of thoughtless impulse instead of any deliberate judgment as to what was best for the child. Now you have no right, you have not the shadow of the shade of a right, to coerce and compel the child into the shape of your own impulses, your own vagaries, your own fancies, your own whims. Some years ago I heard a man say, and he said it as though he were praising his father: "My father took no nonsense from his boys. If they didn't mind him at the first word, he would knock them down." I do not consider that very manly for a man; and I should consider it pretty mean for a brute. What right have father and mother, merely as a matter of impulse, of whim, to exact this or that, and then compel the child, at any extremity, to meet their peculiar notions? That is barbarism, not civilization. It is unworthy of men and women. You have the right only to study the nature of your child; to try to find out what is best for the child's development. And then compel that? Yes, so far as you can without injuring the child. More than that you have no right to do. But always let the child understand that it is not your whim, not your arbitrary wish, but that it is your calm and deliberate judgment as to what is best for the child. Then the child will learn to respect you, even though he may differ from you in judgment.

This matter of punishing children in the past has been carried to the extreme of barbarism; and I think that the saying attributed to Solomon,—but that Solomon could never have been the author of if he was half as wise as he was reputed,—"Spare the rod, and spoil the child," has been the cause of no end of child abuse and of unhappy homes. I believe that you should rather reverse the saying. A thousand times more children have been spoiled, ruined, by the rod than have ever been ruined by the lack of it. You have no right to punish a child merely because you feel like it. And here again most fathers and mothers confess that they have been in the habit of punishing children under the impulse of anger, out of personal spite; not as the result of the calm, deliberate judgment that they were doing the child a service, that they were helping the child to be what he ought to be. The answer of the boy to his father is pertinent here; and the solemnity of the meaning will be none the less even if you smile. "Johnny," said the father, "do you know why I am going to whip you?" expecting, of course, a confession on the part of the child of the particular dereliction which he had been guilty of. But the boy replied: "Yes, father, I know; it is because you are bigger than I am." That is generally the reason. You have no rights of this sort. You have only the right to train the child by love, by force if must be, but to train the child into the noblest and

highest ideals of right; to let the child feel that you are the servant of that which is highest and noblest in you, and that the one thing you are to do is to cultivate and develop that in him.

There is one right which is often claimed which I wish emphatically to deny. There are young men and women whom fathers and mothers never allow to grow up—whose lives are absorbed by the selfishness of parental love. I know cases where the mother would stand square in the way of her boy's best future out of what she calls love, but which, if you analyze it, is only a clinging, whining kind of selfishness, which could not bear the boy out of sight; a jealousy of any other love which the boy might cherish,—standing in the way of his future, and yet calling it love. There is no love about it. It is the veriest selfishness when it comes to the point of sacrificing the welfare of the boy to this desire to see him forever by the mother's side.

Then I have known cases of young women. Because the father or mother wanted them in the home, because they wanted their service, these parents would stand in the way of the grandest right that is before the footsteps of any young woman: the right to love, the right to motherhood, the right to a home, the right to the unfolding of that which is divinest and highest in her. Do not dare to claim this sort of selfish absorbtion of the lives of your children as a parental right. It is not a right, but a wrong.

What, then, is the outcome? The one thing for father and mother to do is to make themselves needless just as early as possible. We do not know how long we shall be here. We need to make the boys and girls self-centered, independent, masters of themselves, masters of their surroundings, competent to deal with the practical affairs of the world, competent to choose the right and refuse the wrong, competent to walk alone or to choose their companions. We need not to get rid of them. If we bind them by the bands of love, they will stay by fast enough as long as they can; but if you bind them by any other bonds, they will snap them as soon as they are able. Push them over the edge of the nest as fast as you can—not because you do not wish them to come back, but because you wish them to learn to use their wings. Teach the children, boys and girls both, to be independent. A healthy body, a sane mind, ability to earn one's own living, a knowledge of right and wrong, possession of a key to unlock the storehouse of the inherited wealth of the world, love for father and mother that shall be deathless, a happy memory of a happy childhood, the ideal of a manhood that makes service of one's age the noblest thing to be dreamed of, a consecration to the highest ideal of God, trust in him, a faith that can walk serenely out into the dark, a manhood, a womanhood self-poised, independent, able to walk alone,—is not that the ideal? That is the right of every child; and the only right that you have over the child is the right of bestowing this.

—Rev. M. J. Savage in June Arena.

CONTENT.

"I am content to trust him
In gladness or distress,
My Father's hand is only laid
Upon his child to bless.
Through all this life his gracious care
Has kept me safely still;
Shall I not trust for future days
The wisdom of his will?

"I am content to follow
The pathway that he shows;
Although it be not what I choose,
But what is best, he knows;
And o'er the darkest, roughest road
I walk with fearless feet;
For a pierced hand enclasps mine own,
In union tried and sweet.

"I am content to serve him
However he may please;
Better to win his 'Well done,'
Than earthly fame or ease.
And whatsoever present joy
For his dear sake I miss,
I know in heaven he keeps for me
An endless weight of bliss."

—Selected.

IN AUSTRALIA.

BY ELDER J. W. WIGHT.

IT may be of interest to the reader to learn that before one can enter into the upper house there is a property clause attaching; that is, he must be a man of means before being eligible for the position. Unless a freeholder, one has no right to a vote, even on local matters; and the more property he owns the greater number of votes can he control; so that should he have holdings in different electorates he can vote for more than one man for parliament. That is to say, he can vote for a member, or members, as the case may be, in each electorate in which he owns property, providing he can be present in the electorate on the day of polling. Should he have three times the valuation of his neighbor, he would control three votes to his neighbor's one, while the neighbor might be three times the larger man in intellect.

In balloting they have a superior system to ours, and I see that a number of the States are adopting it so that you will become practically acquainted with their method.

The parties in parliament are known as "government" and "opposition," and should the fiscal policy prove the issue, the designation would be protection and free trade. It does not necessarily follow, however, that there should be a pronounced difference in policy; for in Victoria they have a coalition government at present, and the opposition is more against men than measures.

A "government" is formed by the leader of the predominant party, who becomes the "premier." He forms his cabinet by selecting a chief secretary, minister of the treasury, mines, lands, public works, justice, railways, public instruction, and attorney and postmaster-generals. It sometimes happens that the premier holds two or more of these offices. These men are usually chosen from the parliamentary ranks, but are required to go before their constituents to seek election as such officers, and may be opposed by anyone having a desire to enter parliament. Should defeat ensue with any it would be necessary to choose another for the office. Immediately on the assembling of parliament—12 m. on the opening day—the government policy is foreshadowed in the governor's speech. Should the leader of the opposition move a want-of-confidence motion, and it prevail, the ministry would immediately resign and the leader of the opposition be sent for by the governor to form a ministry, or an appeal be made to the country after a dissolution of parliament had taken place. But, should the address-in-reply prove successful, by the vote of censure being lost, parliament would be ready for work.

The sessions, of which there are three in every parliament that has a full tenure of office, usually open in April or May and last about nine months. The sittings are from 4:30 p.m. till 11 and 12 of four days of the week, occasionally lasting all night, when "stonewalling" tactics are indulged. The Imperial government is represented here by governors appointed by the Queen for each colony. Victoria pays £10,000 yearly for her governor, while New South Wales pays £7,000 and the others £5,000, it is thought.

Quite an agitation is taking place just now relative to the freehold and property clauses vote, and the popular feeling—not yet tested—seems in favor of the one-man-one-vote policy, as well as to extend the right of franchise to the soldiers, mariners, police, and paupers out of jail, not hitherto allowed.

In giving this account no desire is had to cast reflections that would tend to mar the feelings of any, but to give a plain, unvarnished statement of facts as they have thus far appeared to one who has sougtht to cast prejudice aside. In fact so far as the government of England is concerned, a residence in these colonies, as her dependencies, and which are largely warped by her influence, has confirmed the opinion that she is one of the mighty nations of the earth and highly favored of God. Let it further be remembered that she is not the government that existed under King George, so that, were I born on British soil, I should have just causes for being proud of my nativity.

But let these colonies federate into a

union—and they will at no distant day—and become a distinct and separate nation among the governments of earth, and yet there would be many reasons standing as barriers in the way of their ever attaining to the supremacy of the States. Or, even were such supremacy accomplished, it must necessarily be of a mushroom nature, from the fact that there are now, and ever will be the seeds of disintegration existing in the climatic influences, etc. And one who stands as an unprejudice observer, can not help seeing those tendencies of a social and physical nature standing out as omens of a fearful cataclysm to come, and which are so rapidly developing as to presage its near consummation.

A downward tendency in morals is just now on the racecourse of destruction, and bids so fair to make a record as to speed, that one shudders in contemplating results. With murders, bank and other defalcations and speculations, nameless crimes, political corruption, etc., increasing by leaps and bounds in the last eighteen months, one is forced to ask what the end shall be. In fact the spirit of gambling is so rife in the land that it permeates all classes of society. So that in city, town, or hamlet, in the beautiful residence of the "station" or "run" to the bark hut or canvas house of the hardy pioneer, may be found a knowledge of Tatersall's or somebody's else sweepstake; and were one half the interest taken in spiritual things that is manifest in the "Melbourne cup," there would be a mighty awakening all along the line.

Let not the reader feel, however, that the brush of gossip is being used to bedaub this land or people with slander's paint, for, so far from such a desire existing, it is here proposed to lay down the proposition that nowhere on the globe can be found a warmer hearted or more social people. And let it further be remembered that all nations are developing and manifesting these evil tendencies. While these things do exist, and gambling in all its forms, with intoxicating drinks alarmingly prevalent and indulged, with sports of every name and nature having their adherents by the thousands, it cannot be considered tattling to mention facts as they exist, especially if one desires to give a true record. Better not to write than give a false statement.

There are those who, traveling, see things—not as they really are but as they appear to them, and in giving an account fail to truthfully portray. That is, there are those "who thinketh no evil" and form an unjust estimate of the value of men; while others, equally as honest and just as scrupulous, see only the thorns that exist in the character of a people or nation; and give the extreme on this side.

In writing, as in everything else, prejudice should be shelved, so that he who has desire to learn may learn correctly, when reading a narrative. Do not let this be understood as a dogmatic inference that whatever this pen may write may be so far removed from error, but only as a statement of what the writer believes should be the standard aimed at.

It is fully realized that he who has the moral stamina to stand up, like Peter on the day of Pentecost, and tell people to their faces of their misdeeds, will not make so many friends for time as he who approaches only with suavity of manner and flattering speech; but how is it to be for eternity? Having desire to build for the latter, the above narrative, with respect to evil tendencies, is given, while the author realizes that for some months after its perusal he must stand before the bar of public opinion in these colonies. And whatever the decision may be is willing to abide it, till such time as the arbitrament of eternity's tribunal shall have been made known.

Climatic influence should have special notice. The winter season is the wettest of the year, and usually during the months of June, July, and August, rain and mud are the marked and familiar features, so common as to "breed contempt," and he who ventures forth by vehicular transportation can alone fully realize all the ills incident, and have a splendid opportunity of developing what patience there may be in his composition. It sometimes happens that the latter part of summer and a portion of the autumn, such as February, March, and April, are marked with heavy, and at times consecutive rains, so that the rivers are in flood and the fields of corn are dangerously menaced. Snow is rare, seldom falling, only in the mountains, where it sometimes impedes progress. During the whole time in the colonies the writer has never had the pleasure of seeing it fall, and has only

seen it at a distance on the mountain tops in passing between Melbourne and Sydney by train.

This colony (New South Wales) is visited with hot winds in the summer, similar to those of Kansas. It may be stated that it and Victoria are alone included thus far, and that a knowledge of the climates of the other colonies will be imparted through the writings of others.

Queenland's "climate in more uniformly hot than that of New South Wales, but is free from the terrible hot winds." South Australia "is very hot, and excessive droughts are common. The rainfall averages only twenty-two inches."

Western Australia has a climate which "is arid and very healthy. The average rainfall is about thirty inches, and the wet season extends from April to September." Tasmania "has been called the sanitarium of the South." Snow falls quite extensively in this colony. New Zealand has a diversified climate, on account of its extended length, "North Island presenting gently sloping hills and low lying table-lands, with fertile and well watered valleys, while Middle or South Island is traversed by a vast mountain range, rising to the height of thirteen thousand feet, and contains vast snow fields and glaciers. Lakes and hot springs are found in both, and the whole group has many remarkable and interesting features, arising from volcanic and glacial action."

"The native blacks of Australia are as distinct and peculiar as are its vegetable and animal life. They belong to the group of tribes known as *Negritos* or *Austral* negroes, being entirely distinct from the Maylays, Papuans, and Polynesians. In physical appearance they are of a height little inferior to the European, but of small muscular development, and inclined to corpulency. The cranial formation is, on the whole, long and narrow; the color varies from coffee color to black. In mental qualities they stand very low, having no forethought, prudence, self-restraint or sense of decency. Marriage is merely a form of slavery, and chastity is unknown. These aborigines dwell in caves, rock shelters, and rude huts; in winter wear skins, and in summer go altogether naked, and live upon every form of animal life, including snakes, insects, lizards, ants, frogs, and occasionally human flesh. In the construction of their weapons they show some ingenuity, and they wield the spear, boomerang, and throwing-stick with great dexterity. The only form of government is that of the family; the only law the club. Summing up their manners and customs, we may say, 'manners, none; customs beastly.' Dread of ghosts and demons forms the only religious belief. The languages of the tribes are numerous, but closely connected. In sound they are harmonious and polysyllabic, but are incapable of expressing abstract ideas, and evince no sense of number. Most tribes can count only to three, a few to five. It is believed that the Australians represent a primitive race, suppressed in other lands by the tribes. The number of natives at the time of settlement by the Europeans was about one hundred and fifty thousand."

That the writer here quoted from, has written from hearsay, prejudice, or concerning them in their wild state, is evident to all who know them now. That they are a degraded race is true, and that they will ever remain so seems evident. But whatever they might have been in the incipiency of white settlement, they are now largely removed from the condition above described, both mentally and morally.

They are nomadic in their nature and exhibit much of the cunning of the American Indian. The former conducing to looseness of morals, it could but be expected that with such traits and the extremely low mental caliber displayed, they should manifest immoral tendencies. However, information is almost a unit so far as inquiry has gone, that among themselves the marital rights are held sacred, and for a barbarous race it is believed that prior to the time the white men taught them differently, they would put to shame many of the practices of modern society among civilized (?) nations! A large per cent met with now are half-breeds, and these evince a goodly degree of mentality.

That they had some sort of government is evident, from the fact that an occasional one now met with is called a "king" and this right he seems to have obtained through lineal descent. Recent efforts by the Army and others are meeting with very good success in a Christian-

izing way. They are fast dying out—not like poor Lo who "reads his doom in the setting sun," but whisky and tobacco are the chief factors in their decimation. They are supplied with blankets and rations by the government, and occasionally one can be found willing to work, but such an event is an anomaly. (It might here be said that a fair per cent of the "colonials" or native born whites are like the proverbial darkey—they have so little fear of work that they can sleep beside it. Put them in the saddle and they are at home.) The females, or "gins," did washing, scrubbing, etc., for the white women at one time for what they could eat while the work was being done, but now they will not work without pay, which, however, is but a mere pittance. The young are called "pickaninnies"

The Maori of New Zealand is said to be very superior as an aboriginal race, some advancing the theory that they are of Jewish origin. The Utah elders have had great success among them, and they are so far advanced in civilization as to elect four of their number to the legislative assembly in the parliament of that country.

New South Wales is the oldest of the colonies, having been made a convict settlement in 1788. In 1839 it became free, since when it has made progression. Victoria is the banner colony in the matter of progress. Separated from the former colony in 1851, she now has a population larger than her mother, while the latter has dubbed her the "cabbage garden" on account of her diminutive size. In the year of her separation a rich find of gold was made in both alluvial and quartz deposits, at Bendigo, by a Californian, and she is still producing gold in paying quantities in different parts. Ballarat has since become a great mining district. Still in these matters she has had but little advantage of the mother, for in the same year of her success in this direction another Californian discovered gold at Bathurst, New South Wales, which mine is still in operation, while "Broken Hill," in the latter, are the richest mines in Australasia. Besides, she has an area of some eleven million acres of coal and over thirty mines in operation. In fact she is the only colony that produces coal in large quantities. She is also one of the greatest wool producing countries of the world; a greater shipping tonnage required in the removal of this product than all the others put together, it is thought. Hence with such an advantage in natural resources, and an acreage area nearly quadrupling that of Victoria, it is but natural to inquire into the causes leading up to such difference in favor of the latter, in both development, population, and wealth. The only answer a personal observation can give, is that it is due to the difference in the fiscal policy, the latter being protection, while the former has maintained a "tariff for revenue only."

There is here no desire to permit political discussion to enter this article, further than to give a reason for this difference. For when it is known that the mother colony has the age, size, and natural productiveness—so far as mineral and the area are concerned—in her favor, there must be some cause to produce such an anomaly as the daughter's progress being of a superior kind. With her extensive facilities for producing wool, she is yet sending it in its raw state to be manufactured in a foreign country and then returned, which of course necessitates the payment of transportation both ways. While all this extra money is going into the coffers of a country across the sea, Victoria has her woolen mills, and her Geelong tweeds are equal to those of other countries. Then again, the latter's port receives an *ad valorem* revenue for all woolen goods coming from another country, while the former permits it to come in free, thus losing the revenue thus derivable. Or rather has permitted it to come in free till the recent "government," which is protection, came into power. Another noticeable feature, and very detrimental, is the shoddy woolen goods with which her markets are flooded, which the duty on this article in Victoria is too high to permit the foreign manufacturer to send it in or the resident merchant to import it and receive a profit, so that comparatively but little is seen. For these, then, and other reasons discovered by personal observation, the protective proclivities yet in their incipiency when leaving home, have now fully developed, at least so far as young countries are concerned.

"Those people who proclaim Australia

flat and uninteresting from a pictorial point of view, and who tell us that, on that ground, we can look for the development of no school of landscape painters there, are either curiously undiscerning or have traveled very little. In respect to easily attainable landscape beauties of the higher sort I am disposed to count Sydney as amongst the most favored cities of the world. In three days only, if the sightseer be minded to hurry himself, he can visit the Blue Mountains and Bulli Pass, and can explore the Hawkesbury River from Wilberforce downward. If I knew of any town from which one could more easily reach more noble or varied scenery, I would certainly make haste to visit it. There are pictures in the Blue Mountains which will one day be painted, but which will never satisfy the man who has once seen the originals until they are put on canvas by an artist of the noblest genius. The scenery there is by itself, and no mere description can do it justice. The vast somber colored bowl of the Katoomba Valley lies before me now, its pathless forest swimming in blue air, its weird rocks rising like the ruins of some pre-Adamic fortress, the wild waters of the falls leaping from ledge to ledge; a spectacle never to be forgotten while life remains, strange beyond strangeness, gloomily splendid, the home of awful spirits of solitude and silence. The critics who say the scene is monotonous in color have a mere surface justification and no more. The color scheme is severe, but there are a thousand *nuances* in it which the hand of genius can translate.

"Trollope likened the Hawkesbury to the Rhine, not, I think, very felicitously. The Rhine is trim and orderly, with garden-like banks of vineyard rising in gradual steps one above another. The Rhine is romantic with a hundred castled heights. The Hawkesbury is savage, unkempt, bound in by forest as virgin as on the day when the undisturbed savage fished its waters and trapped its wild fowl. But it is memorably beautiful, and no comparison can help the untraveled reader to an actual conception of the forms its beauty takes.

"The Bulli Pass is a lofty coasted road, rising to a height of two thousand feet above the sea. There are places from which one might drop a pebble straight to the sands. The outlook towards Sydney Heads is grand beyond expression. In the foreground enormous boulders lie heaped one above another—the rocky fragments at the base are huge as churches—the stunted wind-tormented trees are blown in all conceivable shapes—and in the growing distance, headland after headland looks out loftily over amber sands and creaming foam, and a sea of veridian and sapphire and malachite.

"Sydney is happy, too, in the possession of one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, and in New South Wales at least the landscape artist is in no danger of dying out for lack of material to work upon.

"In a life of which much has been given to travel in search of the picturesque, I have seen nothing so exquisite, so ethereal, so unearthly, so altogether apart from all other form of beauty, as the Murray River in flood. I traveled by steamer from Morgan to Mildura, a journey of three days, and from the beginning to the end of the voyage was enchanted. The stream at this time was at an average width of five miles—it was nine miles wide in places—and for two days the steamer held its way through a noble forest of eucalypt which stood knee-deep in water. In the lonely, lovely forest glades the water slept so glassy still that every tree was mirrored to its finest twig and topmost leaf. There was not even a ring of moisture on the trunks to show where the real trees ended and the mirrored trees began. The double forest lay about us on every side save in the rear, where the ripple caused by the boat's passage confused the reflected forms. The sky lay jewel clear above, and jewel clear below. The flock of wild-screaming cocatoos which crossed our path at times were seen as clearly in the mirrored concave as in the actual atmosphere.

"The illusion was absolute and complete in many places where the sleeping waters give not even a passing gleam, and the real rested on the pictured columns, and the real and pictured masses of dark foliage hung under the over, as if the whole unreal beautiful scene were suspended before the eye by some strange enchantment, poised in rich colored air. And to see the the sunset pave the watery forest

aisles with gold and amber, and scarlet and violet, and all sunset hues; and to see it build stained windows of exquisite dyes at the far end of the solemn ways; and to watch the windows, in aisle after aisle, as they faded and faded and faded, was to enjoy such a feast of beauty as I had never known before, and can hardly hope to find again.

"Take it all in all, the great Australian island-continent is stern and repellant to the unaccustomed eye; but there are countless spots of beauty in it, and the more familiar one grows, even with the savage raggedness of the bush, or the awful desolation of the plains, the more one finds eye and spirit reconciled. The native-born colonial loves the country passionately, and finds beauty in desolation, and grandeur in the wide-spread miles of squalor and despair."

This last sentence of Christie Murray's as fitly describes the most of this country as 'tis possible to do; and how anyone can go to the States and see the modern agricultural implements at work, and then be satisfied to come here and enter into pastoral pursuits, is beyond the comprehension.

Some farmers go so far as to cultivate their corn with oxen, using a sort of one horse stirring plow to do the work! But these are "stirring" times you know! And then the antiquated way of preparing their corn for market. With horse and cart they hie to the field and jerk off a cart load of corn—about ten bushels—and return to the barn where it is dumped in, and on some future occasion is husked. They then shell it with a little hand sheller and send it to market in bags.

Thanking the readers for their patience, "In Australia" must here end.

TRUST IN MOTHER.

Little daughters full of glee,
Bright and bonny, fair and free,
  Trust in mother.
  You will never find another
Like this one so good and true,
And so faithful unto you—
  Trust in mother.

Tell her all your childish woes,
For a precious balm she knows—
  Sweet and healing;
  And her kiss is warm with feeling;
Blessed kiss that never cloys—
All your happy childish joys
  Too revealing

Maiden daughters blooming fair,
With your opening charms so rare,
  Trust in mother:
  She'll advise you like no other;
Lock no secret in your breast,
Share with her who loves you best—
  Trust in mother.

Growing sons, our hope and pride,
You, too, need a patient guide,
  Trust in mother.
  Not an aspiration smother,
Not a folly fail to tell,
Her sweet counsel worketh well—
  Trust in mother.

Girls and boys where'er you stand,
Scattered through our beauteous land,
  Trust in mother.
  She'll advise you like no other;
Loving sires you may possess,
But, for thoughtful tenderness,
  Trust in mother.

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

THE CHURCH IS A THEOCRACY.—No. 2.

BY T. W. WILLIAMS.

AT the head of this government we have what we may term a first presidency, composed of the president and his cabinet (or counselors), the three acting as the chief executives of the church. The kingdom of God is exactly similar; God, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost constituting the presiding power.

When Christ was upon the earth he acted as a personal representative of this power; but, when he left, it was necessary that some visible representatives should act in his stead on earth. Therefore the quorum of first presidency (president and counselors) was instituted, composed of three apostles or high priests. Paul said that Christ placed in the church, "first, apostles." An apostle or high

priest must necessarily be a prophet; but a prophet is not always an apostle; hence the wisdom in God placing apostles first, which includes the latter.

In the nation we have the senate, being one of the lawmaking and presiding powers, and associated therewith, but inferior to it is the house of representatives, whose individual power is weakened because of increased numbers. These two bodies, with the president and cabinet, become the lawmaking and executing power of the nation. In the church we have the first presidency, comparable to president and cabinet; also the quorum of twelve, and seventy answerable to the two houses of congress; the first being individually stronger because fewer members. These two, conjointly with president and his counsellors, become the lawmaking and law-enforcing powers of the church. Thus three quorums serve as the leading powers in church as well as in state.

In the nation the judiciary department comes next, whose duty it is to judge in matters of grave importance. In the church there is the high council, or high priest's quorum, who are to decide upon questions of spiritual importance. Next we have the treasury department in state, while in the church there is the bishop and his staff whose duty it is to enforce the financial law and to have charge over all temporal affairs. And it becomes their duty to adopt such measures as will facilitate the financial condition of the body. These four departments govern state; these four quorums govern church.

Then comes the local officers, such as governors, and their aids in office; while pastors and their allies constitute the local forces of church. Each have bounds which they cannot trespass. Thus in state and church each class of officers fills a required need.

"But," says one, "we do not need all the officers in the church now; all we want is the pastor. These other officers were only to remain until Christianity was thoroughly established, and then to cease. The apostles were only needed to formulate laws for the perpetuation and government of the church."

Let us make the same application in affairs of state: Suppose that after one hundred years of peace and prosperity had passed over the government, and a complete constitution had been effected, the people would rise up and say, "We have no need of a president, for we have the governors; no need of the senate and the house, for we have the constitution; no judiciary court, for we have the lesser state courts." And if they proceeded to depose them, how long would this be a united nation?

Do we not here see a necessity that as one officer dies the vacancy should be filled by some eligible successor? These officers must continue so long as the government does; and one cannot displace the other. Must it not be the same with God's kingdom, the church? Do we not find that, so far as Biblical history extends, each vacancy was filled by a successor? Paul attests their perpetuation in Eph. 3:11: "And he he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers," and their work was, "For the perfecting of the saints; for the work of the ministry; for the edifying of the body of Christ;" and were to remain, "Till we come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

That is, until we are all one, and are as perfect as Christ. When such results are attained the kingdom in its present form will cease and it will be succeeded by that more perfect form, under the immediate supervision of the King of kings. Therefore we conclude that only such church as has this corps of officers is the true kingdom. Many there are who make the claim but they are greatly degenerated and corrupted, bearing scarce a resemblance to the early pattern. Their deficiencies are seen in the disorganized, ungoverned, and confused host which now bear the pharisaical garb of professed Christianity. These officers cannot assume their duties, or act without commission or appointment; and, unless called direct by the King, their acts are illegal.

Suppose that a probate judge should die and his papers of authority would fall into less scrupulous hands. After a time said persons assume to act as judge. In course of time a foreigner comes and demands to be naturalized. He thereupon issues the necessary documents and proceeds to swear the applicant. When

election comes the man proceeds to exercise his rights of franchise; he is challenged by the controller of elections; he produces his citizen's papers, but they say, "We know no such judge; you cannot vote." Although said judge may be honest, yet he is taken, tried, and convicted for assuming authority. How much more will be the condemnation of those who assume the ministerial garb, scoff at authority and heavenly call, and who assert that man can appoint and God accepts. No man can be an officer for Christ save he has been commissioned by him, or by some of his immediate officers who have been directed to do so by him. The moment general officers are deposed then sectionality and partisan feelings arise, which grow farther and farther apart, having no means of maintaining a compact whole.

LAWS OF NATURALIZATION.

Each nation has its special laws whereby aliens can become citizens and eligible to the immunities occurring therefrom. That the reader may understand the point in hand we state those of our own country: A foreigner comes from Wales, reads the Constitution, and learns that the probate judge is the proper official to apply to for citizen papers. He visits him, makes known his errand, and the judge questions him. "(1.) Do you believe it is for your interest to become a citizen? Do you believe in the institutions of our government, and will you support them? (2.) Will you renounce your allegiance to every foreign potentate, and especially the last one you have been serving?" If answered in the affirmative he proceeds to enter the oath of allegiance and to execute the first papers. Then the candidate remonstrates saying, "I have no need for the first papers; all I want is my second papers; I want to become a citizen now." The judge mildly informs him, that not being the maker of the law but only an agent he has no authority to deviate therefrom, or to alter in any way the prescribed formula, and unless the applicant will agree to its conditions he will be compelled to refuse him. After much parleying he consents, and in due time returns and secures his second papers. This time he receives the insignia or seal of the government, certifying to his citizenship, making him eligible to the immunities.

In the kingdom of God the sinner goes to the minister and demands induction into the kingdom. The minister asks him, "(1.) Do you believe it is for your interest to become a citizen? Do you believe in God (the king), and in his Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost? (2.) Will you renounce your allegiance with every foreign potentate, that is the Devil and the world? Cease to do evil; learn to do well; repent?" If satisfactorily answered the subject is informed that he is now ready to issue the first papers, that is, water baptism. He objects, saying, "I have no need for water baptism; all I want is Spirit baptism." The officer of God will tell him, "I did not make the law; it is the unchangeable decree of the King, and unless you subscribe to the written law I shall be compelled to refuse your plea." Some rebel; but the honest and noble always submit. After they have been baptized then it is necessary that they may be made eligible according to the law, for the Holy Ghost. The minister lays hands upon him (issues second papers), and he receives the seal of the King certifying that he is a citizen.

These are the laws of induction or naturalization:—

Faith, repentance, baptism, laying on of hands. A compliance with these four gives us citizenship here; while the resurrection and eternal judgment must be passed unscathed to fit us for an entrance into the kingdom triumphant.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAWS.

What constitutes such? Is it the story of creation? Of the ark? Of Israel's wanderings? Must we comply with every spiritual injunction? Are we subservient to the Adamic law, "Touch not the tree of knowledge"? Is the Mosaic code of carnal commandments binding now? Are all the New Testament injunctions applicable to us? Must we go to the house of Cornelius because Peter was so commanded? Or to Macedonia because Paul had a dream? Or to Damascus because Ananias had a vision? Is the King James's Bible the constitution?

No; for there is not a living soul today that knows whether that came from the King or was concocted by impostors. It is requisite in order to have a binding

constitution that we receive the approval of the King that such is agreeable with his wishes. In every nation, as well as in God's economy, there are general laws and circumstantial laws. The general laws are always the same; while circumstantial laws are instituted for the benefit of every separate dispensation. In the days of Noah the general laws were uniform; yet he was commanded to build an ark, which command only applied to him. Moses was told to lead Israel from Egypt. Peter was sent to Cornelius; Ananias to Saul; Paul to Macedonia; the apostles to select a room for the last supper. Many others of like nature all prove the necessity of circumstantial laws for every age. To-day the gospel must be preached, necessitating an edict from the King to appoint ambassadors. Such men must be instructed in the nature and character of their work; for God never sent a prophet, apostle, or other minister without committing to him the proclamation he should make. The general laws are couched in the following: An unreserved reverence and honor for God and his truth, and an obedience to every law given, an unbounded love for humanity and a jealous care for self. A citizen of the kingdom must grow in grace and spirituality, developing the Christian graces until he can lead an exemplary life. Then, by prayerful and earnest pleading, he will share in the immunities accruing to citizenship.

IMMUNITIES OF THE KINGDOM.

What are the benefits derived in this life? Professed Christianity says, "There are none; we will receive them all in heaven!" What blessings have others received? I recount the experience of the disciples shortly after the ascension of Christ. Ten days later they were assembled, and suddenly a strange noise saluted their ears, an unseen power filled the entire room. It permeated their beings, and so effectual was its influence that they spoke forth God's praises in other tongues; and so gifted did the chief of the apostles become that he led three thousand into the kingdom. Philip went to Samaria and worked mighty miracles; Paul to Ephesus and the baptized citizens spoke in tongues and prohesied; Peter, when his mother-in-law lay sick, petitioned Christ and she was healed; the dead were raised, the deaf heard, the lame walked, and the blind saw.

When I read where Christ says that these are the rights and privileges of all citizens of his kingdom, and James, a chief official, directs that if any are sick to apply for relief and it will be given, while Paul promises that every citizen is eligible to a spiritual gift, O, how my heart thrills with joy and my soul sings praises to such a king.

But, lo! men say, "These blessings are not for us now; God only intended them for the early citizens, and it ought to satisfy us to know that *they* received them." To illustrate: Suppose a kind friend would invite me to take dinner with him. At the appointed time I go to his home; at noon the hostess announces dinner, and we repair to the dining room when what is my chagrin to see a large table nicely arranged with costly dishes, and here and there a few crumbs of nice food that attest that some one has been there and enjoyed an excellent repast. I seat myself expecting to receive the same, but after remaining until forbearance ceases to be a virtue, I impatiently ask the host why I am not served. He answers, "Is it not enough for you to sit down where your superiors have been, and to realize that they had a good meal?" I am told that I can have nothing to eat myself; it should satisfy me to know that others had been well fed. I ask him "Why?" He answers, "O, you don't need any such food." I tell him I am hungry, and this will not satisfy. "You came too late for such things; they were only intended for those my first guests. If you had been here when they were you would have received the same." I answer, "It is your fault; you told me to come at a certain hour." "I can't help it," he says; "you can't have anything to eat." I go away as hungry as I had gone, and not near as well satisfied!

Christ invites me to his spiritual table. I respond; but when I come the Christian world tells me that all I can receive is the evidence that the former disciples received spiritual food (blessings) to repletion; but that the days of such things are past. When questioned closely they say that the fault is because I live just eighteen hundred years too late, if I had only lived

in Christ's time he would have blessed me in the same way. Will this satisfy my spiritual hunger? What kind of a respect do you suppose I could have for a king who would lavish his blessings upon his early subjects and leave those who came later to languish? What kind of a feeling can I have for a God who will fill the early disciples to repletion with spiritual food and allow me to starve? He is responsible for the conditions and time of my birth; and if I obey the same law the same result should follow.

Truly such people are serving the wrong king. For our king thinks just as much of his subjects to-day as of those eighteen hundred years ago, and will bless us in the same way if we are only worthy. Then, if we belong to the proper kingdom, signs will follow us to confirm our citizenship, such as power to cast out devils, to speak with new tongues, to take up serpents or drink poison by accident and it will not hurt us, to lay hands upon the sick and they shall recover.

Certain qualifications or gifts are given. 1. To one it is given to possess great wisdom in executing justice and law. 2. To execute great knowledge in pursuance of important duties. 3. To have great faith to importune the King for special blessings. 4. To exercise power unexplainable in our present sphere, *i. e.*, to work miracles. 5. To foretell events which shall transpire in and out of the kingdom. 6. To discern evil as well as good spirits. 7. To teach aliens in their own tongue or language, the plan of salvation. 8. To interpret such tongues, etc. These are some of the immunities and blessings to follow the citizens of the Kingdom of God in every age.

CONDITIONS IN THE LIFE TO COME.

Sectarianism expects to leave earth and soar "beyond the bounds of time and space, where no human hand can ever trace," and there to sing praises to a being, "without body, parts, or passions," which fills all space. The earth was established for the eternal habitation of man. The hope of the saints is to be meek, that they may inherit the earth. For a long, one thousand years they may reign with Christ in his Kingdom on the earth. They shall then be permitted to "build houses and inhabit them," to "plant vineyards and eat the fruit thereof," with nothing to molest or trouble them; and then for all eternity they will be engaged in lawful and righteous pursuits, which will be conducive to God's glory and to our benefit, ever progressing and learning.

These are a few of the blessings which follow as a result of a true citizenship in the kingdom of the Master.

PLEASANTON, Ohio, Feb. 1st, 1892.

IT IS ALWAYS SO.

Across the meadow, with clover sweet,
I wandered one evening with weary feet,
For my heart was heavy, with untold woe,
For everything seemed to go wrong, you know.
'Twas one of those days whose cares and strife
Quite overshadow the good in life.

So, lone and sad, 'neath the twilight stars,
I wandered down to the pasture bars.
To the pasture bars, 'neath the hillside steep,
Where patiently waited a flock of sheep
For the happy boy, with whistle and shout,
Who was even now coming to turn them out.

"Good evening," said he, with boyish grace,
And a smile lit up his handsome face.
He let down the bars; then we both stepped back,
And I said, "You have more white sheep than black."
"Why, yes," he replied, "and didn't you know?
More white than black; why, 'tis always so!"

He soon passed on with his flock round the hill,
But down by the pasture I lingered still,
Pondering well on the words of the lad,
"More white than black," more good than bad.
More joy than sorrow, more bliss than woe;
"More white than black," and "'tis always so!"

And since that hour, when troubles rife,
Gather and threaten to shroud my life—
Or I see some soul on the downward track—
I cry, there are more white sheep than black.
And I thank my God that I learned to know
The blessed fact, it is always so.

—Mrs. Mary Felton in Good Housekeeping.

THE LACE-MAKERS.

DOWN among the hawthorn bordered lanes of some of England's loveliest counties, Buckinghamshire and Devonshire in particular, there are nestling scores of the most wonderful little cottages, such as you see in pictures, with thatched-covered roofs and diamond-pained windows almost smothered in a tangle of roses, honeysuckles, clematis, and ivy. If you crept up to one of the sweet shady porches on a summer's afternoon, or peeped in at a little low casement when the winter skies were heavy and gray, you would find all the women and girls the cottage contained, busy over a most mysterious and fascinating work.

On a curious light frame of wood before her would be laid a strangely shaped cushion, stuck full of the minutest fine pins, sometimes with colored sealing wax heads, and sometimes with only their heads of unadorned wire. You would notice with wonder that everybody's hands were moving over her cushion so rapidly that your eyes could scarcely follow them; yet by and by as you watched, you would understand that there was an order and a method in the movements that seemed at first so wild; and then, looking closer, you would see that from each of these countless little pins there hung a thread, fine as a spider's best web, with a funny little wooden stick at the end, and that those flying hands were tossing to and fro these sticks, or bobbins, on which the delicate threads were wound, and pausing now and then to raise a pin, twist the threads about it, and stick it into the cushion once more.

Then while you looked and wondered, behold! your eye would fall upon the space where these flying threads had been dancing the fastest, and you would see, stretched flat and even between the rows of sentinel pins, a pattern of lace so fine and so exquisite that you would rub your eyes with all your might before you could believe it was not the work of Jack Frost on a winter's morning. And then you would exclaim: "Oh, I see now! I know what they are doing; they are making lace."

Yes, you have guessed it. These are the free maids who "weave their web with bone," the pillow lace makers of England, who earn their bread by manufacturing one of the most exquisite and artistic materials in the world, and whose work is the most fascinating kind of play.

There are two kinds of lace—point lace and pillow (or cushion) lace. That is to say, of real lace, for the lace that is made by machinery is only an imitation, and though often very beautiful in its way, is far inferior to handmade lace in loveliness, delicacy, and value. Point lace is the name for all lace that is worked with a needle; and wonderful, indeed, are some of the old laces that have come down to us from the busy and skillful fingers that were cold and still centuries before we saw the light. But most of the handmade lace of to-day is pillow woven, and the two great English laces, Buckingham and Honiton, employ hundreds and hundreds of women and girls in their exquisite manufacture.

Long before a tiny daughter of the lace-makers has learned to read she can wind bobbins on the curious little bobbin winder that looks somewhat like a spinning wheel; and when she is just able to hold a tiny pillow on her knee she is sent every morning to the "lace school," where, seated on low wooden three-legged stools, a whole crowd of wee children learn to plait their threads and stick their pins, from the old woman who sits in the middle of the group, and teaches and scolds, and sometimes makes use of the stick which rests against the back of her rush-bottomed chair.

By and by as the children grow older they can be trusted alone, without fear of soiling their threads or tangling their bobbins; and then comes the glory of the time when they learn for themselves to "read patterns," not such reading as you are doing now; for the patterns are not written, or even sketched, but picked in holes on stout, brown cardboard, and the "reading" is tracing out the proper places for the pins, and knowing where they must go to form the pattern.

The two kinds of English pillow lace are very unlike, both in appearance and in the way of making. Buckingham lace, which is very like a kind of foreign lace called Maltese, is thick and close, made on a long pillow is like a roly-poly pud-

ding, with pins, whose heads are gaily colored, and bobbins weighted with heavy beads of colored glass and china. Honiton, or Devonshire lace is far finer and more exquisite, so like a spider's web that it has never been imitated by machinery; it is worked on a flat round cushion like a dumpling, with pins as fine as hairs, and threads that one can scarcely see. All the pillows are stuffed almost as hard as a bricks, and prettily covered with linen cloths, edged with bright colored borders; and sometimes the bobbins are named after different friends, and have their initals burned into the soft wood. I knew one poor Buckinghamshire woman who called her prettiest bobbin by the name of a little child she had lost. "And," she said, "whenever the bobbin comes under my hand, I think of my blessed baby safe with the angels."

A simple and an innocent folk are the lace-makers, with few wants and few ambitions, beyond the need of making their daily bread, and the desire to "read out" a pattern more difficult and elaborate than those hitherto worked in the hamlet. It is not a trade at which people grow rich; for the work is so fine that it is not rapidly executed; and though hundreds, and even thousands of dollars are sometimes paid for large and handsome pieces, the traders, or "middle-men," as they are called, get most of the profits, and the poor lace-makers are paid at a rate that seems to us absurdly small. Beautifully finished little sprigs in Honiton lace generally bring only about one shilling (or about twenty-five cents in American money) a dozen; and I once found a poor woman working her hardest to finish and send off a gross of them "because, miss, they tell me the price's rose to thirteen pence, and one must take the market while it is up, you know."

Still, good workers are so skillful and so quick in their work that even with such small pay they manage to earn enough to help on the household, and even sometimes to support themselves. Early in this century the Honiton lace trade had sunk into a very wretched thing. Nobody bought the lace, and the poor lace-makers would work day and night without being able to earn their bread. Then the young Princess Victoria came to the throne, and when she heard the story of the poor Devonshire lace-folk, her heart was stirred with pity and sorrow.

"English people should wear English lace," she said. "I will try to make them see how beautiful it is."

And so the young Queen's coronation robes were trimmed with the snowy film-like lace, and by and by her bridal gown. And years afterward, as each royal princess gave her hand and heart at the altar to some prince of her choice, the lovely Honiton was still the only adornment of her wedding dress.

And never was there lace more fitting for royal wear, or more capable of being worked in every cunning and exquisite device. All the leaves of the field and every flower that grows, the birds, the butterflies and the ferns, all lend their graceful forms for its designs. Clever lace-makers can weave their own names into the scroll of a pattern on the tracery of a leaf, and no one who did not know the secret could even guess where it was till it was pointed out. Then one can draw one's own designs, and pick them out, and so a thousand different combinations can be made, each one more wonderful than the last.

Of late, lace-making has become fashionable work in English drawing rooms. One sees cushions covered with embroidered cloths, and ivory bobbins inlaid with glittering gold and silver; and certainly there was never a daintier employment for delicate fingers, nor a more charming occupation than the tossing to and fro of the rattling "bones," and seeing the fairy-like texture grow beneath one's hands.

But, after all, even drawing room surroundings can never be prettier or more fascinating than the scenes where it first came into the world, and down among the valleys of Buckinghamshire, or along the Devon coast, the lace trade is a series of pictures that, once seen, can never be forgotten. Sometimes it is a steep cliff-side, where the children bring their pillows on a summer's evening, and sit and chatter and laugh together over their work, after the manner of children all the world over. Sometimes it is a deep, low cottage porch, where the sunbeams fall broken and scattered through the wild, straggling branches of clematis, and the blackbird sings in its quaint wicker cage hanging overhead. Sometimes it is by the winter fire, when the wild winds

rage round the old cottage walls, and the waves break loud and long on the black rocks below; and the group within draw closer together with their cushions, the old mother shudders as a fiercer blast comes in the gale, and lays her hand with a touch that is like a caress on the well-worn bobbin that bears the name of her sailor boy away out on the stormy sea. Winter or summer, storm or shine, the bobbins fly to and fro, and the threads weave, and the wondrous fabric grows, silent and sure, and spreads, white as the Alpine snowdrifts, over the mysterious pattern picked below.

—Harper's Young People.

Editor's Corner.

THE LINNET SINGS.

By note and word
My sense is stirred,
For never clearer song was heard
Than that the linnet sings.
Lying near it,
Full I hear it,
From the brier where it swings:
"He kist her—kist her—kist her—
Sweet—my sweet—
Sweet sister."

If grief or glee
Impels this free
Outpouring of its soul to to me,
My voice will not betray.
I silent lie
The brier by,
And hear it sing and say:
"He kist her—kist her—kist her—
Sweet—my sweet—
Sweet sister."

Think as you will,
Or well or ill,
Of what it sings in swinging still
Upon the brier there:
It may be glad,
It may be sad,
But, oh! the sweetest air—
"He kist her—kist her—kist her—
Sweet—my sweet—
Sweet sister."

To me or you
It says not who
This right or wrongful act did do—
I wonder if it could.
I only hear
Its notes so clear
Go ringing through the wood:
"He kist her—kist her—kist her—
Sweet—my sweet—
Sweet sister."

—The Century.

In this issue of our magazine will be found an article on "Beauty" by our young friend William Mills of Independence, Missouri, full of the true philosophy of life, as well as replete with elevating and ennobling thoughts. We hope to hear from Bro. Mills again, and not only from him, but from many others who, like him, have heretofore been silent. We are looking forward to the time and that, too, at no distant day, when the young will fill the pages of Autumn Leaves. We know of many who should be heard from; some have promised us but are slow in fulfilling. We wait in hope which is both sure and steadfast.

With this issue we commence the publication of Beatrice Witherspoon, and also give to her many, many friends and those who have for years enjoyed the productions of her pen, the shadow of her face. To those who have for years been more or less familiar with the labors and writings of Sr. Emma Burton, it will not be necessary for us to say how fully and completely the desires of her mother have been granted and her prayers answered. Sr. Davidson did not then realize that her little daughter in due time was to take her place upon the stage of action in a day and at a time when the gospel, restored in its purity, was to break from woman the fetters of her bondage and give to her the place she occupied in the beginning. But we are thankful she has lived to see this, and while silver hairs adorn her temples and she sits camly "Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves," while the twilight of age steals on apace, may memories of the privations and struggles she endured while bringing into the world and rearing her family, only form the background for the beautiful picture of their present and future usefulness.

Closely connected with the thought of the beneficent work the restored gospel has done and is yet to do for *woman*, is the merited tribute paid by Bro. Luff to his wife in the chapter of his autobiography which appears in this number. It speaks volumes for the man who wrote it, and is a true index of nobility of soul, and withal much resembles the tribute privately paid to Beatrice by her husband. The time has forever passed, for woman in the Reorganized Church to entertain a thought of

her usefulness being curtailed through any limitation of her privileges. The church is calling upon her to advance its interests. Side by side with husband, brother, and friend she is laboring to spread this gospel, and it is time that realizing this she should bend all her energies to fit herself to "occupy."

We wish to direct the special attention of our friends to the advertisement of Highland Park Normal College on the fourth page of our cover. This institution is winning golden opinions from patrons, friends, and pupils as the days go by. Pupils who graduate from under the special care and supervision of Pres. O. H. Longwell, will find that they have already entered upon the road to permanent success and many to honorable distinction. Let us again remind the Saints that there is a prosperous branch of our church in Des Moines easily accessible to those who wish to attend.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

CRUMBS FROM THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

The attention of the Department readers is called to the letter in this issue from Nellie A. Cahoon, of Santa Barbara, California, in which she suggests the idea of having some kind of fund started for some charitable purpose, corresponding somewhat to the Home Column Missionary Fund, but to be for the use of the young people. An excellent idea! But for the information of those who may not know it (and there are doubtless many), it might be well to state that there is now in the church opportunity for just such donation as the sister suggests, only instead of waiting until the close of each conference year to put the money to use, it is put to use at once, and to good use too. Reference is here made to the L. D. S. Literary Exchange, of Lamoni, Iowa. This society has for its object the receiving and distributing reading matter to those who are not able to procure it for themselves. In the little less than two years of its existence, it has thus affected exchange of reading matter in many different states, and has sent matter to England to the People's Palace Library in London. This library is open to the public free and affords an excellent opportunity to place our publications before the public, and the management of the library are very glad to give us an opportunity to do so. The Exchange has subscribed for a number of *Heralds* and *Autumn Leaves* at regular subscription rates, and has sent them to persons who were unable to pay for them. They also lately had published a quantity of tracts printed especially for the use of the society. All this costs money, and we have had to levy a tax on the local membership here to meet the expenses. Now it is not fair for twenty or twenty-five young people here in Lamoni to carry on this work, which is universal in its scope, and reap all the reward without giving you all an opportunity to help. We have called a number of times through the papers for contributions of books and papers, not forgetting to mention that it costs money to carry this work on.

As yet the work has been but feebly supported. There are a few who have contributed liberally, some giving as much as ten dollars. The work of the society has been much hindered because of a lack of means. We should have had hundreds of dollars at the disposal of the treasurer and secretary who could have well used it in this charitable work.

Now it seems that here is the very thing the sister and, doubtless, many others are looking for. It was thought not necessary to publish the names of contributors, believing that all who really desire from their heart to aid would give just as quickly, whether their name be published or not. We are commanded by our Savior not to give alms to be seen of men, but to "let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

Let us all remember that it is only to those who labor that the reward is promised. And are any of you, dear young brethren and sisters, willing that some one else should perform that part of this work which it is your privilege to do? and thus take away your reward? Now this is a question worthy of your consideration. What does it matter if none of your associates know whether you give anything. There is One who seeth in secret, and we are told that "He who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." For fear that our former notices may have escaped some of you, the address of treasurer and secretary are given here

again. All reading matter or requests for such should be sent to Peter M. Hinds, and all money to Willis W. Kearney, both of Lamoni, Iowa.

Concerning the prosperity of the Department, it might be interesting to many of you to know that the Editor has received two letters since preparing the copy for last month's issue. It is difficult to locate the exact cause of this failure to put into practice the principle and sentiment expressed in hymn 1068 of Saints' Harp. Please don't dismiss this subject from your mind until you have read the hymn and prayed to God to know if "There is a work for you to do, No other one can do for you."

HENDERSON, Iowa.

Dear Readers:—I have felt it my duty for some time to perform a part in this great work by writing to the readers of this Department, and now to begin with I feel somewhat embarrassed, as a young worker, to say just what I ought to say, but let it strike where it will. I see no reason why there cannot be more said through this Department on different subjects, especially when the subject is suggested, as for instance, the one in regard to "politeness," a subject that should interest everyone. Especially those who try to practice it at home and elsewhere should not refuse to write upon such a subject.

But there are other subjects that interest me more than the above one. Of course it is well enough to practice politeness. One reason is that it helps us in society, and we are thought more of by the world, and our ways are more becoming. If we are otherwise, it is soon noticed and we are discarded from the company of polite people. As I have said before there are other subjects that interest me more, such as the subject of intemperance, a curse that has been in our land for years and still is allowed to remain. I do not know why, unless it is on account of a lack of duty among Christian people. Some may say, O, no. You will all admit that it affects a person in all the walks of life, and why do we not rise in our might when we see it not only affects the individual man himself, but drags human beings to poverty, ruin, and the grave. It is a detriment to the cause of Christianity, why do we then persistently send men to control the affairs of our nation who have an interest in this terrible curse, and, to some extent, are the means of carrying it along? I would ask how many can say that the politics of our land is pure the way it is run, and can truthfully say that they "Vote as they pray"? I hope the day may speedily come when the eyes of the blind shall be opened and that they may see the thing as it stands. It surely is time that Christian people were rising to a sense of their duties, and for the benefit of the readers of this Department and to all who may see it, I will give you two or three verses from the pen of a noble man with whom I have been acquainted for a number of years, whose sole object is to overthrow this terrible curse and to advance the cause of Christianity. The verses were written after the death of Rev. George C. Haddock, a man who fought for the cause of truth.

'Twas at man the vile murderers leveled their aim,
But at the Lord the fell missile was hurled,
And the flash of their weapon hath kindled a flame
That for ages shall blaze round the world.

And the churches of God shall arise in their might,
One impulse inspiring all,
And the lines that divide us shall banish from sight
Neath the mantle our brother let fall.

And millions beside, to the churches unknown,
Have lifted their hands to the sky,
And have sworn by the Being that sits on the throne
That the curse that hath slain him shall die.

M. A. G.

He was slain by a mob of men who were drunk.

And now, dear Saints, I hope these few lines will have their desired effect on all who read. I will ever try and do that work that is laid upon me as a brother. I want to live worthy of a saint. That God will prosper this Department and bless it, is the prayer of an unworthy brother.

JOHN E. RITTER.

SHENANDOAH, Iowa, May 8th, 1892.

Dear Saints and Friends:—I have felt in duty bound for some time to write to you, through the columns of our papers, but the question would arise, What shall I write? What can I say that will be of benefit to my brothers and sisters and mankind in general? Then the thought came that nothing is more cheering to me than a social letter, especially when we cannot have the privilege of meeting with the Saints every Sunday.

I have felt cheered, strengthened spiritually, and encouraged much by reading the letters in the Department and *Herald*, and am very thankful for the privilege of reading them as one among the many privileges and blessings that we enjoy daily.

If other's words are so encouraging and cheering to us, may not ours, however meager they may seem to us, be so to them? I have felt as though I were conversing with them face to

face, and have felt the influence of the Spirit through their writings many times.

We young Saints ought to be able to write something of a scientific or descriptive nature as well as social, and if we have done our best and it is then fit for nothing but the waste-basket we are benefited anyhow, are conscious of having done our duty and feel amply rewarded for our efforts.

We are all interested, deeply, in this great work, and feel that we wish to put forth every effort that we can for its advancement; how can we do so when we sit and do nothing? There surely is something more for us to do than to attend to our home duties, go to church and Sunday school. Now dear Saints let us strive to do our duty, in the way of helping the editors more in the future than we have in the past. I don't believe we realize the importance of this, don't know how hard it is to fill the columns with interesting matter.

If we are not as interested in social letters as other matter we might write about our occupations or delve into the sciences as much as we are able and contribute something of interest in that line I believe every effort put forth, in this line, will be blessed, if entered into with the right spirit.

I am very thankful for the privileges and blessings that I daily enjoy, that of trying to serve God, keep his commandments and to live by every word that proceedeth from his mouth; we are living in the hastening time—a time not long before the vail will be rent and we shall see our glorious Redeemer's face and be permitted if faithful, to live and reign with him forever. Do we realize this and think of it as much as we ought? Is our every thought and action attended by a sincere wish to do his will continually? If so, we are in the straight and narrow path that leads to life eternal. This requires a daily examination of ourselves, to see if we are in the faith or not. This requires that we have no ill will toward our fellow men, no backbiting, no evil thoughts harbored, no evil communications with one another, no jealousies, envy, strife, or malice, no lack of brotherly kindness; it requires that we love our neighbor as ourselves, have charity, faith, hope, be humble and prayerful, and strive to be more like the meek and lowly Jesus, even he who was nailed to the cross, and who is now at the right hand of the Father whose right it will be to reign as king of kings.

I am as ever your sister, in gospel bonds,

NORA GAYLORD.

PIPESTONE, Minnesota.

Dear Readers:—Perhaps a short description of Pipestone scenery would be of interest to some of the readers of *Autumn Leaves.*

The little city of Pipestone, is in Pipestone county, in Southwestern Minnesota. It derives its name from the famous Piperstone quarry, which is a mile north of the city. Most of you have, no doubt, read "Longfellow's Hiawatha," in which he speaks of the red stone found here from which the "Calumet, the Peace Pipe," was made by the Indians in the long ago.

The stone from which the pipes were made is generally red, though it is found in a variety of colors. It is soft when first taken out, and can be easily cut and turned into any shape, but becomes hardened after being exposed to the sun and air.

The vein is from three to ten inches in thickness, varying at different places along the valley. How this stone was discovered is a mystery, as it lies under about six feet of gray granite, and below the Pipestone is the same gray granite.

There are several Indian traditions as to *how* it was discovered, but none of them are reliable. There are a great many ornaments made from this pipestone, many being made by the Indians.

Scarcely a stranger passes through the city without purchasing some little trinket as a relic.

One very nice piece, (which is in one of our show windows at the present time,) is a small engine, and it runs to perfection.

There are no Indians living on the reservation, on which the quarry is located, but every spring and fall the red men come from all over the northwest to this quarry, getting out the stone, shipping and carrying it away in quite large quantities. This gives them employment during the heat of the summer, and long cold months of winter, for they cut this out into all manner of things and sell the articles for a good price.

The quarry belongs to the Indians alone; no white man being allowed to quarry the stone. It is quite amusing sometimes to watch the Indians dig away with bars and prys, and then all sit down and pass the pipe around, and then again resume their work. A dozen of them will work *all* day and not accomplish as much as a little Yankee ingenuity would in half the time. After the Indians get the stone out they generally throw away about half of it, and spend a good deal of time in rolling stones

back into the quarry to cover up the pipestone vein as they consider this place sacred. Tradition has it:—

In the Pipestone Valley many centuries ago, all the Indians met together in a bloody war. The blood from the slain flowed over the valley and gave the stone this red color. All the Indians were killed in this battle except three Indian maidens who hid behind three large rocks, which are still standing and are still called the "Three Maidens." These three immense rocks set out by themselves, are noticable because they are different from any other rock anywhere near them, being of a sandstone formation. At a distance they look like three ricks of hay huddled together. To the right of the quarry and a short distance back are many huge rocks, which form an unbroken precipice for half a mile.

The falls of Winnewissa are here, or rather have been, but of late years it has been so dry that no water flows over them. Nearly all strangers who stop here visit the scenery which the quarry and rocky ledges afford, and a person can spend an afternoon very pleasantly in so doing.

The government is erecting a large school building on the reservation for the education of the rising generation of Indians, so we shall doubtless see more of the red men and perhaps learn more of their legends.

ARTHUR ADAMS.

SWIFT, Nebraska, May, 1892.

Dear Readers of the Department:—I think Bro. Robert Taylor was mistaken in his remark on Hebrews 6:1 in May number of *Autumn Leaves*. In the Inspired Translation instead of rendering it "Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ," it says, "Therefore not leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ." And besides, Paul enumerates the resurrection of the dead and eternal judgment among the principles; therefore, as the saints he was writing to were neither resurrected nor judged, he could not have meant for them to leave the principles. By a careful persual of the next few verses it is plain that Paul meant for the Hebrew saints not to leave the principles of the doctrine of Christ.

Bro. J. W. Gilbert asks, "Light travels in a straight line from the point of lumination, why does it get light in the morning before sunrise?" The cause is this: Light travels in straight lines, but when it enters a medium of different density it is refracted, or bent, out of its former course. When it passes from a rarer to a denser medium it is refracted toward the direction of the ray of light, as can be seen by putting the end of a knife in water; the light being refracted downward will make the knife appear to be bent toward the surface of the water. On the other hand, when the light passes from a denser to a rarer medium it is refracted from the direction of the ray of light.

All space is supposed to be filled with a medium called the luminiferous ether, which transmits light from the sun to the earth. When the rays of light strike the earth's atmosphere, the atmosphere being denser than the ether, the light is refracted toward the earth, the air becoming gradually denser, the rays of light become gradually more bent until they reach the surface of the earth. For this reason it is light before sunrise and also after sunset.

To those interested in the Word of Wisdom I would most heartily recommend Elder A. Haws's article on this subject, in *Herald* of April 30th. It corresponds exactly with my views on the subject.

If we had nothing to do would it be right to do nothing? To this I would say never be idle; for the old adage, 'Satan will always find mischief for idle hands to do," is only too true. What causes strikes, anarchy, and all such mischief? It is laziness and nothing else. The disposition to obtain something for nothing. To get rich from the sweat of other men's brows. It is on the street corners where men (?) too lazy to work congregate together and lay all manner of wicked plans.

It is said that the Chicago anarchists, during their demonstration some years ago, displayed a banner on which was written "Our children are crying for bread." What was the cause of this? It was sheer laziness. If they had only gone to work their children would have had plenty to eat and wear. But they wanted something (if not everything) for nothing; which is the great weakness of the world today in spiritual as well as in temporal things.

In conclusion I will ask a question. Why is sound much more audible during the night, or a cloudy day, than when the sun shines?

Yours in bonds,

J. P. ANDERSON.

SANTA BARBARA, Cal., July, 1892.

Dear Friends of the Department:—I come before you a new correspondent, with a new idea.

I think it would be so nice if the young people had something in our magazine to correspond to the "Home Column Missionary Fund," in the *Herald*, where we might send in

our offerings for some purpose in which we are all interested. We might call it the "Young People's Relief Fund" and at the end of every conference year donate the money to some good cause which needs relief, such as the "Society Island Boat," or the "Saints' Home."

I think young people take a greater interest when all are working together for a common cause. We might make an effort in this line, and raise many dollars for helping onward the church. I hope some of the young folks will write their views on the subject, and if thought advisable have Sr. Walker, or Bro. Gunsolley attend to arranging the matter in *Autumn Leaves*.

Your sister,

MELLIE A. CAHOON.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"The best that comes to us in life is when we are thinking most of others and least of ourselves."

LESSONS LEARNED FROM COUSIN JO.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. HOLISTER was making pies, with Myrtle observing all that she did. She had brought out the rolling pin and board and all that she would need to handle, before putting her hands in the flour. This she had sifted in a large crock, leaving plenty of room to work without scattering the flour. A little sprinkle of baking powder and the salt were added, then the lard.

"How do you tell how much lard to use?" inquired Myrtle.

"By the feeling, after it is well rubbed into the flower. I know that it will take something like a teacupful to a quart of flower, but I do not measure it. When I have rubbed in what I think may be enough I try it by squeezing some together in my hand. It should stay in a lump, and still not feel too greasy. One can learn after a few times making, just how it ought to be to have it as is wanted. Some people like a much richer crust than others; it ought at least to have shortening enough to make it easy to cut with a fork when eaten.

"However, the tenderness does not depend entirely upon the amount of shortening but also upon the amount of handling after the water is added, the least working possible, in mixing and rolling, making the best crust. It is a knack that can be acquired only with practice to be able to get just the right amount of water so that it will not be too stiff or too soft and to get it mixed smoothly, yet quickly.

"When I try the crust by squeezing a handful, if I find it has not enough lard, I put in more; if too much, I add flour. That this may make more than I will need at the time does not trouble me in the least; in fact I usually prepare more than enough purposely, especially if I know I shall be hurried when next I have occasion to use it. Left dry it will keep perfectly for almost any length of time, in warm or cold weather, whereas a piece of dough would sour or mould in a few days. I am careful to wet only as much as I want to use at the time, taking for this a separate dish in order to keep the remainder perfectly dry. This may be set away in tin if more convenient, there being no moisture to rust or take taste from it. I use a tin pail.

"With crust thus far prepared it is but the work of a few minutes to get a pie ready for the oven; also, in making biscuits or shortcake it may be more quickly added to the flour than fresh lard, judgement of course being necessary as to the amount required."

As she worked on and the tins were lined with the crust, Mrs. Holister said,

"For very jucy pies, with either fresh or canned fruit, I sprinkle flour next to the under crust instead of waiting till the fruit is in. This helps to keep the juice from running over. Next to the fruit I add sugar and butter. A little butter improves almost any kind of fruit pie. Then if the edge of the under crust is moistened, air holes cut in the upper crust and the two edges carefully pressed together all around there is not much danger of juices escaping.

"While one can calculate quite closely as to the amount of dough needed, it is hard to come out exactly even, and one of the nicest ways for using up the bits is to roll out very, very thin, (much thinner than for pie crust,) cut in diamonds or squares, sprinkle with granulated sugar and bake. These wafers are nice to eat with fruit or any kind of dessert."

When the last of the dough had been disposed of Cousin Jo cleared away the things, scraping the rolling board till it was free from dough or flour and then wiping it.

"Washing would make it dark colored," she said, "and I like to keep it looking white. If one takes care to touch it only with clean fingers, and to set on it nothing which will soil it, it does not need washing except once in a long time. The rolling pin I always wash, for it cannot be kept clean in that way so conveniently."

"Now," said Myrtle, when all was in order again, "if you will let me take your book, I would like to copy some of the recipes you were showing me."

Among those which she copied were the following:—

SALAD EGGS.

Boil the eggs hard and remove the shells. Cut smoothly in two, keeping each egg by itself so that the two parts may be fitted together again. Take out the yolks into a bowl and rub perfectly smooth with a silver fork. Season to taste with pepper, salt, and prepared mustard, adding vinegar enough to make a paste, not too thin to stay well in the whites of the eggs to which it is to be returned. When filled, fasten each egg together with a tooth-pick, run through diagonally. A good picnic dish.

STUFFED EGGS.

Boil hard, cut in two, remove the yolks, and mix with them chopped cold chicken, adding a little minced onion, celery, or parsley. Season with pepper and salt, fill the whites and fit them together. Veal or lamb may be substituted for the chicken. If a warm dish be desired, roll the eggs thus prepared in beaten egg, then in cracker or bread crumbs, put in a wire basket and hold in boiling lard until slightly browned.

LETTUCE SALAD.

To the yolks of two hard boiled eggs rubbed very fine and smooth, add a teaspoonful of salt, one of pepper, two of white sugar, two of prepared mustard, one tablespoonful of melted butter and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Have the lettuce washed and picked in small pieces, stir the dressing through it and lay slices of hard boiled egg over the top of the dish.

COOKED SALAD DRESSING.

Thoroughly beat the yolks of two eggs and add to them one level teaspoonful of salt, one of pepper, two of sugar, two of prepared mustard, one tablespoonful of butter, and four of vinegar. Set the bowl containing the dressing in a kettle of boiling water, stirring constantly until it thickens. This may be poured hot over one quart of cabbage chopped fine, or an equal amount of chopped cold potatoes to which have been added two small onions, minced. Potato salad is improved by the addition of a teaspoonful of celery seed, and should be garnished with slices of egg. Allow it to stand until the dressing is cold. Or, before using allow the dressing to cool and thin it with sweet cream, stirred in slowly. Thinned in this way the dressing is suitable for lettuce also.

ICE CREAM.

Make a custard as follows: Take two quarts of new milk, and put three pints of it to boil in a double kettle. Mix the beaten yolks of eight eggs with the remaining pint and stir slowly into the boiling milk. Boil for two or three minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from the stove and add a pint and a half of granulated sugar. If desired to have especially nice, strain through a towel rinsed in clear water and wrung very dry. Let the custard cool, then add one quart of rich cream and two tablespoonfuls of vanilla or other flavoring to taste. Set the custard and the whites of the eggs in a cool place till needed for freezing, which should be commenced two or three hours before the time of serving.

When the freezer is properly adjusted pour in the custard to which have been added the well whipped whites of the eggs. A part of the cream many be reserved, whipped and added with the whites of the eggs. The proportion of cream may be increased if desired; but the more pure cream is used the longer it will take to freeze. Pound the ice in a coffee sack until broken in pieces the size of hickory nuts, then pack around the freezer alternate layers of ice and rock salt, pounding down firmly. Allow from one third to one half as much salt as ice. It is not necessary to freeze in a cool place as rapid melting of the ice freezes the cream more quickly. More ice should be added as it melts. With a good patent freezer the amount here given ought to to freeze in half an hour. Turn until solid, then carefully brush away the ice and salt from around the cover, remove the beater and scrape off the cream. Replace the cover, drain the water from the bucket, repack with salt and ice, using less salt than at first, cover with a piece of carpet or a blanket and set away to mellow.

When one has no freezer the following way of making ice cream freeze itself may be preferred to turning one pail within another as is sometimes done.

Commence to freeze six hours before the cream is needed. Pack in ice and salt not quite to the top of the pail. Stir the cream with a wooden paddle for five or six minutes. Cover

tightly and fill in ice over the top. Spread a heavy blanket over it and let stand for an hour. Then stir thoroughly for fifteen or twenty minutes, loosening all that is frozen against the sides, and beating up smoothly. Cover and leave for two or three hours, turn off the brine, add ice and salt and leave for two hours longer, when it will be ready to serve.

Fruit ice cream may be made by adding peaches or berries to any ordinary ice cream, (before freezing,) having them cut in small bits and sweetened, allowing a pint of the fruit to a quart of the cream.

To make chocolate ice cream add four tablespoonfuls of dissolved chocolate to one quart of ice cream.

FROZEN BANANAS.

Peel and slice two dozen ripe bananas, sprinkle with two pounds of sugar and set aside for one hour. Then mash them and add a quart of ice water, the juice of two oranges and one lemon and freeze. When nearly frozen stir in a quart of whipped cream.

FROZEN ORANGES.

Take two dozen juicy oranges, four lemons and three pounds of sugar. Grate in with the sugar a little of the yellow from the rind of the lemons, add the juice of the lemons and the pulp of the oranges, which may be best removed with a spoon after they have been cut crosswise. Set aside until the sugar dissolves then add a quart of ice water and freeze.

LEMON WATER ICE.

Put a pound and a half of sugar in three pints of water to boil. Grate the yellow rind from three lemons and one orange, add to the syrup, boil ten minutes and set to cool. Squeeze out all the juice from four lemons and the orange, mix with the syrup, strain through a cloth, and freeze.

USES OF AMMONIA.

Ammonia is a powerful alkali, and a small portion of it is poisonous when taken into the stomach.

For this reason it should be kept on a high shelf, out of the reach of children, and should be plainly labelled.

It is an effective agent for dissolving grease and dirt, and is invaluable to housekeepers, as will be seen by the following list of uses to which it may be put:—

A few drops of ammonia in the bath will render the water soft as rain water.

For cleaning paint it should be used in about the proportion of a tablespoon to a quart of warm water.

There is nothing better than a weak solution of ammonia and water for washing looking-glasses, window glass, lamp chimneys or lamps.

Flannels, laces, and all white articles may be washed in water to which ammonia is added in the proportion of two teaspoons to one quart.

In removing grease from clothing, a solution of equal parts of ammonia and alcohol is said to be better than alcohol alone. Care must be taken to avoid dyes in which acids are used, which it will certainly spot. The only safe way in using it on colored cloth is to test it on a sample of the cloth beforehand.

For the window-garden, a few drops added to a pint of water used for sprinkling around the roots, but not on the leaves, produce an abundant growth. It must be used judiciously, as it is a powerful stimulant, and cannot be used in such proportions on some delicate plants as on others. There is always ammonia in the atmosphere and in the rain, and it is a powerful stimulant to vegetation. Without it plants would wither and vegetation grow brown and die.

"For a good, everyday household angel give us a woman who laughs. Her biscuits may not always be just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread, and forget to replace dislocated buttons, but for solid comfort all day and every day she is a very paragon. Home is not a battlefield, nor life one long, unending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, or shining up the dark one, is a very important faculty, one of the things no woman should be without. We are not all born with sunshine in our hearts, as the Irish prettily phrase it, but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of humor if we only try."

INDIAN SUMMER.

Oh! beautiful Indian Summer,
  Thou favorite child of the year;
Thou darling, whom nature enriches
  With gifts and adornments so dear.
How fain would we woo thee to linger
  On mountain and meadow awhile;
For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of nature,
  Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the sad fields of autumn
  Dost thou a lost brightness restore,
But thou bringest a world-weary spirit,
  Sweet dreams of its childhood once more.
Thy loveliness fills us with memories
  Of all that was brightest and best;
Thy peace and serenity offer
  A foretaste of heavenly rest.

Round Table.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient, plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever.
It's only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosened and turned,
That he sees his own handiwork—that his marvelous skill is learned."

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

A center-piece recently accepted and sold at a neighboring Decorative Art Society, was embroidered on cream-colored satin, with silks to match, and was done in cut-work, or Venetian embroidery.

The outline of the design was all buttonholed over German cord, with rope-silk. The large leaves in the four corners were done in honyecomb-stitch, so-called from its resemblance to the cells of a honeycomb. Several other stitches were introduced with charming effect, viz., heavy outline, Kensington or single outline, fourteenth-century darning, etc. This made, when completed, a very artistic piece of work.

I would say, for the benefit of amateurs, that cord-work should never have an iron applied to it, but ought to be carefully stretched over a damp cloth, and when dry, if properly done, will be perfectly smooth.

After stretching, the work should be cut out.

A pretty and novel pincushion is made in a small bolster form of gray canvas over stout unbleached muslin stuffed with sand. A piece of canvas, five inches wide, is then worked with a conventional oriental design in Gobelin or tapestry stitch in soft wools in low tones of color or in full rich tones, if preferred; this is sewed round the cushion in the middle, then two bags of silk, or satin, or velvet are drawn, one on each end of the form up to meet the embroidery. A draw-string shirrs the bag up prettily, is then tied and a handsome bow of ribbon sewed over it. The draw-strings are set an inch from the edge of the bag to leave a frill. This is finished off with lace. A silk cord is sewed to each end of the bag so as to leave ends and tassels and a loop to hang it up by.

An album quilt might be made very interesting, taking this for a hint. Let each friend work one square, with her name in fancy letters, and her favorite flower. This would prove of great interest in after years. If one has not a large number of friends, scatter these friendly squares through the quilt, and fill up with your own handiwork.

One of the latest caprices in fancy work is a duster made of manilla rope A piece of rope eighteen inches long is used, the rope being any size that the maker may fancy. Double the rope midway, and with a strong waxed cord tie it about half the distance from the looped portion to the off ends. Wind the cord in carefully, making it very tight, and then tie in a strong knot and cut the ends off close. Then fringe out the cut ends almost to the tied portion. Beat them on some hard substance to get out the lint and loose scraps of manilla. This makes a very useful and durable brush.

AN ACCEPTABLE CHEESE DOILY.

A ten-inch square of linen, with loosely scattered flowers in three corners, and the word "cheese" in a fourth, in Japanese lettering, outlined with yellow silk and filled in with yellow French knots. The flowers are in long-and-short stitch in white filoselle.

AN INVALID'S INVENTIONS.

One of the "Shut-ins" who has invented an invalid's tablecloth, says that she thinks it is wonderful "how many clever ideas come into one's head while lying ill in bed." She decided that a napkin was never large enough to protect the bed clothes from the tray and dishes, so she had taken pieces of heavy linen, making them as long as the bed was wide and about twenty inches in width. These she had stitched and embroidered. The result has been something useful and pretty, as well as novel. She sent the first one she had made to a fair, and received several orders.

CLOTHES CURTAIN.

Many ladies, owing to a mistake made by the architect of their houses, are much inconvenienced by having no place except a row of pegs in their bedrooms upon which to hang their clothes.

This is very unsatisfactory, for the clothes are always more or less dusty, besides being discolored by the air and sunlight.

The following is a good plan to avoid some of these inconveniences.

Take a planed board, a trifle longer than the row of pegs and about a foot wide. Fasten this with two brackets (or three, if the board is very long), high enough above the pegs so that it will not interfere with hanging or unhanging the clothes.

Along the edge of the front of this board or shelf as it now represents, nail another board about four inches wide and just even with the top of the shelf.

Paint this woodwork the color of the room, or stain it some dark color. This shelf will be a handy place to set bandboxes and other like articles. Take some furniture cloth, or any cloth preferred, and make a curtain long enough to reach from the bottom of the shelf to the floor (make an allowance for a six inch hem at the bottom and a one-inch casing at the top), and wide enough to hang middling full. Run a stout cord in the casing and fasten at each end to the wall with picture screws; also fasten in the corners and at short distances along the front to keep from sagging.

It must be remembered that this curtain is to be tacked inside of the box-like bottom of the shelf, to keep dust from getting inside.

This curtain should be divided in the center to give easier access to the garments within.

NURSERY WHEAT FIELDS.

Here is a simple and a pretty way of having in the winter a growing garden to amuse and gladden the little ones. Cut a circle of cardboard, about three and a half inches in diameter, and lay it in water to soak for about a quarter of an hour. When sufficiently softened, take it out and carefully fit it into a china saucer, smoothing it out well with the fingers and the bowl of a teaspoon until all blisters have been removed. Lift it off with care and allow it to dry, after which give it one or two coats of shellac Now cut a hole about half an inch in diameter in the center, and place the little cardboard saucer on top of a wineglass. Cut a strip of common blotting paper as wide as the distance from the bottom of the wineglass to a point little above the hole in the saucer. Of this construct a roll of sufficient thickness to fit tightly into the hole of the saucer, and fasten it there with sealing wax.

Sift a little half-moist garden mold and half fill the saucer; plant an even layer of grains of wheat, cover thinly with mold, then put in another layer of wheat, cover with mold to the top, and smooth off the whole. Now pour water into the wineglass and place the little bed on top, when the water will soak through the stem of blotting paper and thorougly moisten the mold. A pretty change is to plant cresses in the center. These are sown only in the upper layer, hence the corresponding space in the one beneath must be left unplanted with the wheat grains. In a few days the cresses will begin to bloom, and soon after the bright shoots of wheat rear up their tiny heads. Never allow the water to diminish in the wineglass, and you will keep your little cardboard bed of flowers in constant bloom.

As an improvement on the wineglass you can substitute a pretty little vase, or whatever else your taste suggests. Several of these little green beds blooming together prove a beautiful and most attractive sight.—*Home Artist.*

"A very pretty pincushion is made in this way: Cut two disks from cardboard, say four inches in diameter. Cover one with pink satin, the other with blue plush, then overcast them together very finely. Paint sprays of blue forget-me-nots on the satin. Stick pins close together between the disks all around so as to stand in a halo of points or vandykes around the circumference of the flat cushion. Hang up by a loop of narrow satin ribbon."

"A useful present for a gentleman is a blotter, made of several sheets of blotting paper of various tints, with a cover of real or imitation leather. Put together in the form of a book, tying at the back with ribbons at a distance of two inches from each end, or cover with a piece of Whatman's ragged-edge drawing paper, 7x10, gild, straggling across its upper surface in quaintest letters, the couplet:—

"'Poets lose half the praise they would have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.'"

MY BABY.

I know a baby, oh! so sweet!
Mine, all mine!
From the golden head to the dimpled feet,
Mine, all mine!
With passionate words and soft caress
My darling's face to my own I press,
With love and longing I can't express—
Mine, all mine!

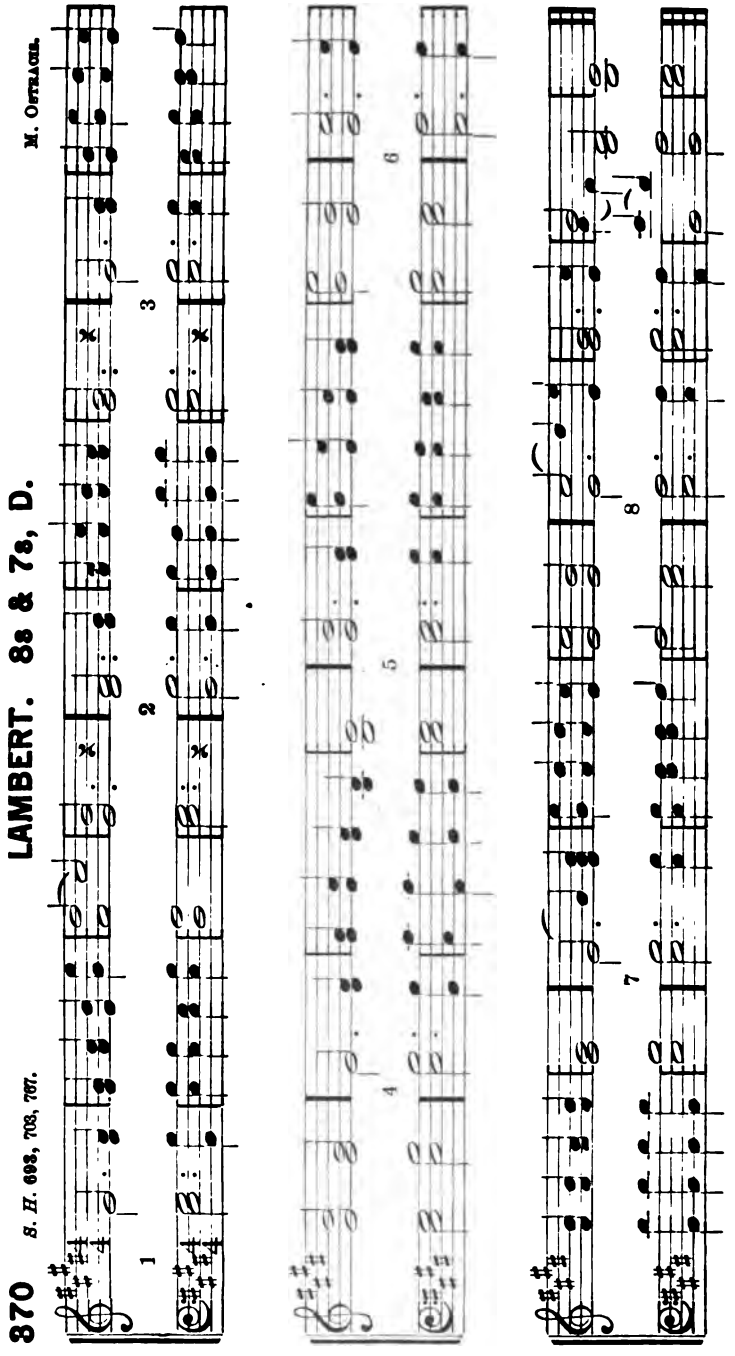
Oh! the wonderful baby eyes
Seeking mine!
Knowing no shadow or surprise,
Wholly mine!
And oh! the delicate, rosy ear,
I pray harsh words it may never hear—
No trouble or sorrow must come near
This babe of mine.

I fold the fluttering baby hands
Close in mine;
Soft fingers, stronger than iron bands,
Clasping mine.
Can I not keep the hands so sweet,
Can I not keep the tender feet,
That the world's rough path they may not meet
Dear baby of mine?

Oh! that this dainty thing should be
Mine, all mine!
That into its future I may not see,
Though wholly mine!
If only a mother's love might fold
As safe from harm as it does from cold,
No sad story would ever be told
My baby, mine!

The dear little lips are so innocent
Raised to mine;
Thy baby brow is so purely bent,
Dear baby mine!
Lip and brow I fervently kiss,
Drinking the wine of a mother's bliss,—
No earthly happiness like to this
Can e'er be mine!

—Good Housekeeping.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PRACTICAL PAPERS.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

THOUGHT I.—DUTY.

"FEAR God, and keep his commandments: for *this is* the whole duty of man."

Professor Tilley in a work entitled, "Masters of the Situation," gives us this apt quotation:—

"It is not ease but effort; it is not faculty but difficulty that makes men."

Manhood and womanhood, in order to properly assert their self-possessed strength, must needs come into contact with confronting and assaulting obstacles. Ease tests no strength; faculty creates no men; effort succeeds or fails in a noble attempt. Difficulty calls for energy, vigor, push! Weakened muscular powers effect not what the developed muscular could do.

Is there any department of life's labor into which a commandment of God does not enter or apply? Take the golden rule, "All things whatsoever," etc. Sometimes people have golden ornaments in their houses which they do not wish handled on account of their preciousness. We are prone to think that is why the "golden rule" is so infrequently used—it is so very precious!

Duty unto God implies duty unto mankind and self as well. No one can neglect duty unto their fellow creature and self, and serve God acceptably. Such left undone would exhibit in a high degree a law, bemeaning selfishness. It has been well written: "Duty is a thing *due;* and it must be paid by every man who would avoid present discredit and eventual moral insolvency." Undoubtedly this is true. We have numerous examples of moral and spiritual bankruptcy, everywhere; and the cause was—refraining from paying debts of honorable duty.

Duty actually embraces man's whole existence from age of accountability until transition. You will find it always based upon a sense of justice, justice inspired by love; which is the most perfect form of goodness. It cannot be supplied by sentimentalism. Sentimentality alone serves not the holy purpose involved: it is, and must be *actual principle* pervading our entire life! It is a simple line of conduct devoid of all mystery. Conduct formulates character; culture brightens character and is a potent factor in conduct. Character admits us to heaven, serving as the only passport; or it forces us from the pearled portals. This depends upon its merit or demerit. Duty is practical religious life—unto which Babylon can attach no mystery. Often the word *mystery* only apologizes for human ignorance.

Religion bespeaks duty; it is the daily application of pure principle, honored for its character, practically used. Life's conduct is the performance of individual duties assumed or imposed; these lie God-ward, man-ward, self-ward. Well done, they guard our temporal and eternal interests. Neglected, they destroy those interests. The present and future are so blended that the conduct of to-day influences the life of to-morrow. And so with all the years of the present existence, shall the influence of their works extend into the untried to-morrow—ever coming and yet always with us.

People may have come to your home and related a "case of necessity," and asked your opinion of one's duty under such circumstances. The easiest way to solve the question is to have them place themselves, mentally, in said condition,

and ask or find out what they would have done for themselves; and, if it lies within their power, then the problem is solved. Go and do it; it is your duty. But many people ask only wishing you would make the proposition to do, thus leaving themselves to shirk what they felt was their duty to do.

Some think that life's work, to know just what to do, is so mysterious; they will "wish they knew this or that." The unknown declare for theories; but facts furnish no fancies. Solidity is what we require, the transparent serve for no foundation rule. Paul wrote: "Render therefore *to all* their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor."

Sometimes duty walks through prosperous ways; sometimes through paths of seeming adversity; yet its demands should be supplied and leave the results with God.

At times duty *well done* may cause a man or woman to become unpopular among those, who, for the sake of transient honor not worth the having, will sacrifice duty upon the altar of selfishness. We have met with such unpopularity from this class of individuals; but what cared we? Those who for some selfish end, sacrifice truth and right, where such should be declared and maintained, are not making men and women of themselves. They desire ease to effort; faculty to difficulty, and possess not the hardihood of a dauntless, enviable ambition to execute a righteous thing, lest they be not well thought of.

Duty creates a dignity requiring that a man of character should honorably conquer, and that he should refrain from the base usage of any means in order to even save his life, when called upon to risk life by its performance. Pompey had a high sense of duty's demand in this respect. It is written of him that, at one time when he was to set sail for Rome there was a storm, some of his friends sought to dissaude him from going. But he replied, "It is necessary for me to go; it is not necessary for me to live." He felt that he could not live and leave the duty undone.

Martin Luther held peculiar views upon this question, and its production of peace. His language seems paradoxical: "He whom nobody disturbs has no peace; but he who is harrassed by all men, and by the things of this life, bears all tranquilly and joyfully; he it is that has true peace!" We are required to so bear and "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Chr st." Jesus said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but in me ye shall have peace." Nothing brings peace of mind in the midst of trial as the consciousness of duty having been and being well done! In this work conscience may set a man upon his feet; but it is his WILL that must hold him upright. What a person wills to do they may do.

The motive power of George Washington during life's conflict was unmistakably the intrepid spirit of duty's call. He felt obliged to accept, when the high honor of President of the United States was conferred upon him, yet he said before Congress at the time of acceptance, "I beg it may be remembered, lest some unlucky event should happen unfavorable to my reputation, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, that I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with." Had he manifested a spirit of self-sufficiency, or of haughty arrogance, he might not have filled the high position of public trust with such dignity and stately honor unto himself and the nation in the arduous duties and responsibility imposed. It was effort and difficulty that made Washington the brave, true man he was; for his name shines forth like a brilliant star in the galaxy of historic fame, achieved through victories won for the right of national life!

Once, when the noted Wellington was feeling a little despondent, he said, as a ray of light fell athwart his mind, "There is little or nothing in this life worth living for; but we can all of us go straight forward and do our duty."

That's it exactly, "Go straight forward and do our duty." Be kind unto all animated nature. Be truthful, honest, liberal-hearted, manly, womanly; avoid petty controversies, bickerings, strife, emulations, evil whisperings, tattling, backbiting; "be given to hospitality;" "diligent in business; fervent in spirit." It is our duty to do good, and refrain from evil. Be prayerful, humble, meek, just, patient, gentle, loving. There are times when duty's requirements, complied with, afford great pleasure; at other times

they may cause pain. Duty does not always lie along flowery pathways; yet the good it yields who may tell.

"Let us not grow weary doing well, doing well,
Though in time we may reap no reward;
For eternity will tell, yes, eternity *will* tell,
What a blessing awaits those who serve the Lord."

"Shine on, O, ye stars; shine on;
For up in heaven's own blue;
Sometime, sometime, I too may shine
As brightly as do you."

We believe that each soul of God's children calls for strength to aid for duty's faithful performance; so many burdens to be borne; so many cares to carry.

"In every human heart there lies
An unseen battlefield;
Where two opposing forces meet,
And neither thinks to yield."

Duty asks us each one to decide which shall yield. No temptation can be successfully resisted, no trial patiently borne, no affliction bravely endured, no battle soldierly fought, no hindering obstacle surmounted, without effort and some difficulty. All this tends to stimulate moral action, to give tone to the latent spiritual energies, and to make men and women Christ-like. There is so much sham in our day that it has a tendency to produce great laxity where strong tension is required. People are so afraid of being called "cranks," that they utterly fail to attend to many of the urgent calls of brilliant duty. Abounding everywhere are opportunities for labor for the good of mankind. There is too much lofty conservatism that exhibits a selfishness that is putrid from inaction in proper channels!

"Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide."

Let the young men and women of the church be bold in forwarding good works. Let not the world's proud sway dictate to you the terms nor the means by which you shall operate. Life's great awakening call is for wise aggressiveness. Paul said: "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God." Here is aggressiveness indeed. And we may talk in favor of conservatism, but it has proven itself inefficient more than once. It is held by men, who for policy's sake, or for some sinister gain, are lacking the moral or spiritual stamina to assert what they are painfully conscious is a duty for them to do. There are those in and out of the church who have "held men's person in admiration for advatage sake" to the sustaining of loss. Awake! It is God and duty that calls us to a more zealous action. We can't cater to the world's ideas without loss. Truth and right are as old as God, and they cannot be modernized. We are living in the nineteeth century, sure enough; but duty's call is as old-fashioned as ever. The sun, the moon, the stars, water, air, and all the beauties of nature. Who would improve upon them? Who will improve upon the execution of duty's great call? Let us move out, and onward, and upward. Inaction is not commendable. Shirking of responsibilities is unworthy of emulation. Let no one become a moral or spiritual suicide. Live, act, think, work, resolve, do; "study to show thyself approved, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Be afraid of no legitimate undertaking.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

Hence there is to be an unending extension of all existence with mankind. Out upon life's sea we have been launched; and we are sailing over its placid or its turbulent bosom, on and on until the vessels touch upon the shores of immortality and eternal life. Then, looking retrospectively, if such we may do, we will scan the field of labor where for years we toiled diligently or listlessly; and if our part was faithfully done, what "joy unspeakable and full of glory" shall be ours. But, if we yielded, and failed of doing the full share allotted us, we will find remorse seizing upon our souls. How shall we then "abide the day of his coming, or stand when he appeareth"?

Each soul of God's own Israel has its own garden of Gethsemane, its own mountain of communion with God, and, after temptation, its own fastings and fears, its own calvary of cross-bearing and loneliness, and of despair, and forgiveness in death! And, blessed be the Master's name in which lies our triumph, we each may have our broken band of death, our own sweet resurrection to immortality and glory eternal; and *all this*

because we shall have well done the pleasurable and wearisome (?) duties of mortality that proffer us the crown of life everlasting in celestial immortality! Let our hearts be ever grateful that there is something for each of us to do, the doing of which shall bring us such rich reward of peace and righteousness in the Holy Ghost.

Duty! 'twas the pathway Jesus trod; and patriarchs, prophets, and apostles walked therein, while elders, pastors, teachers, deacons, with the innumerable, thronging multitudes of faithful laity, all pass along in charming array to their reward; for "the conclusion of the whole matter is, Fear God, and keep his commandments; for *this is the whole duty* of man." No one could or can say truer words than these. Where duty is neglected all is lacking, a barren soul passing on and on, into a region of regret and sorrow. Collinwood wrote, "Do your duty to the best of your ability." That was his watchword.

Virtue, family life, patriotism, honor, and religion lie in its pathway. There can be none of these maintained where duty involved shall be neglected. It is a grand thing in a nation, is the all prevailing spirit of Duty. It may save or destroy a nation's life; and God has inflicted punishment upon men and nations who have failed to do a well known duty. No one can safely ignore the righteous demands of God's work in the ordained labors of duty. The testimony history brings to us from the relics and ruins, the solemn monuments of nations once great but now nothing, proves this. The land of the Pharoahs decayed; Rome broken into fragments; Spain like the blackened hull of a vessel lightning struck; Capernaum, Bethsaida, Tyre, Sidon, Ninevah, Babylon!

Duty spake unto the house of Bourbon, "Remodel France and establish equity." The house of Bourbon refused, and it went down. Duty said to the house of Stuart, "Seek to make the English nation God-fearing and happy." It refused and went down. The voice of duty spake to Hapsburgh, "Rule Austria in righteousness; open the prison doors that the captives may go free." They refused and fell. God will not suffer that duty well known and yet neglected shall go unpunished. The good book says, "God is not mocked." There is no happiness so deep, so real, and so very true, as that which may be found in the fulfillment of duty's obligations. One great object in life deserves our efforts, our best efforts, and that is the *good* of mankind.

"Don't think too much of money, friend,
And dig and delve and plan,
And rake and scrape in every shape,
To hoard up all you can.

"Though fools may count their riches, friend,
In dollars, pounds, or pence,
The best of wealth is youth and health,
And good sound common sense.

"Be good, be pure, be noble, friend,
Be honest, brave, and true;
And do to others as ye would
That they should do to you.

"And place your trust in God, my friend,
'Though fiery darts be hurled;'
Then you can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world."

THEY ARE NOT LOST.

They are not lost, they only laid them down
To rest, freed from the burden and the heat,
And unseen angels walking close beside,
Made soft the way for bruised and weary feet.

They are not lost, they only fell asleep
To wake beyond the loss and pain of earth,
To riper aims that wait the passive soul,
To larger sense and deep infinite worth.

They are not lost, the shriven souls are free,
Free and at rest from cramping bounds of creeds,
And God, whose tender love enfolds us all,
Will understand the measure of their needs.

They are not lost, in fairer worlds afar
They live in brighter atmospheres above,
And, shining like some fixed and glittering star
They stretch their clasping hands in yearning love.

They are not lost, they cannot come to us,
But faith and love will mark the shining way,
And far beyond the mists that cloud our path,
The meeting shall be sweet in heaven's own day.

—Selected.

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON.

CHAPTER II.

THE NAME AND THE NEW BABY.

THE little one had slept much longer than usual, and awoke better natured. As the sun neared the horizon, throwing his slant rays across the floor, Mrs. Davidson began to feel anxious lest the children should not be home in time for little George to get the cow before dark. But they soon came running in, bringing the news that "Aunt Charlotte has seen Uncle Robert's vessel coming up the river, and she 'spected it was at the wharf by this time." This was glad news.

This "Uncle Robert" was not the husband of the "Aunt Charlotte" whom the children had been visiting; he was their father's brother, and had been away longer than usual, having also made a trip to the West Indies.

"Now George," said his mother, "run down to the pasture and get the cows, and you will be back in time to see your uncle; for he is sure to call as he passes." And, she added, "I think we will hear from your father too; for he must have arrived in New York, before your uncle's vessel left there."

"O maybe father will send us some oranges," exclaimed little Tamza; "and I will have the biggest one, 'cause uncle calls me tamurns (tamarinds), and oranges." This he did in rude imitation of her name, Tamzon Ardelice.

"I dare say," said her mother.

George was off without another word, lest he should not be back in time to get his full share of the anticipated oranges. But he had plenty of time; for the pasture was near. While he was gone, Mrs. Davidson prepared their evening meal, carrying the babe in her arms as she went about the house. The meal was very simple and needed little preparation. Neither the child nor the work seemed any burden to her, as she moved quickly about while thinking what a pleasant termination this was to her quiet, restful afternoon, during which new light had come into her heart; though she knew not how to explain it, other than she felt as though something pleasant was going to happen.

They had just finished their evening meal, and she had laid baby in the cradle again, when the children saw their Uncle Robert coming up the street from the store, with two very knobby looking parcels, tied up in large bright colored silk handkerchiefs, one in each hand. It never caused anyone to stare, or make remarks in those days to see a man walking through the village with a red silk handkerchief tied up full of something. It was a welcome sight; for nearly every family in the village were related to each other, and most of the men were seafaring men, and each family, both parents and children, knew by experience what joy was being brought to his respective home; first by his return and also by the sundry little delights those large red handkerchiefs contained; and all shared more or less in each other's pleasure.

Not many minutes later Captain Robert walked into the house and emptied the contents of the red handkerchiefs on the floor, to the great delight of the children, and saying, "There is what your daddy sent you." Yes, there were the big yellow oranges; and *such a lot* as the children thought. On exchanging greetings, and after Captain Robert had informed his sister-in-law of the safe arrival and good health of her husband, he looked into the the cradle, and said:—

"Hello, Matilda, what have you here? This is your boy I suppose?"

"No," she said, "it is another girl."

"Well," said Captain Robert, "I want you to let me name her; you remember I wanted you to let me name the last one, but Exmouth got the start of me and named her for that pretty wife of his, that he is so proud of; and you promised me that I should name the next one."

"Very well," said Mrs. Davidson, "you may. What is the name?"

"I will tell you to-morrow, I must go home now." So saying he arose and bade them good night.

Next morning, on his way down to the beach, where his vessel lay, he called again, and said:—

"Well, Matilda, the name I have picked out is Beatrice Witherspoon. Not a very pretty name; but it is for a very pretty young lady, the daughter of a rich merchant, with whom I have been trad-

ing; and who knows but what she may get a fortune some day, for her name."

"Beatrice Witherspoon!" repeated Mrs. Davidson; "sakes alive! I can never call her by either of those names. You must think of something easier spoken."

"No," answered Captain Robert; "if I name her at all, that shall be her name."

"Well I will wait till her father comes home, and see what he says about it."

It so happened that her father liked the name very much; he, too, respected Mr. Witherspoon very highly, and thought that his daughter Beatrice, of whom he was honestly proud, was a pretty little miss. So it was decided that they should so name the baby.

"But," said Mrs. Davidson to her husband, "I must add some shorter name to call her by." And she added "Emma."

How strange, that by chance, on her part, she selected the name of the most noble woman of her day, the wife of the prophet of the most high God. One who possessed a faith like unto the noble women in the days of old. Is there anything in a name? If so the child was favored.

When the little miss who bore such a long name was old enough to run about and play, she was very fond of being by herself. One of her favorite pastimes was to sit in her cradle, hold fast to one side, and rock back and forth till she became tired. When thus tired, she would often turn round, lie down and go to sleep. She claimed the cradle as her personal property. If the older children took possession of it in her absence they were made to vacate at her command. In this her mamma upheld her, saying to the children:—

"You must always give up the cradle to the baby." So of course "baby" knew no better.

One morning, when she was about two years old, she awoke to find herself in her sister's bed instead of with her mamma, which did not please her at all, more especially because she was alone. With an aggrieved feeling she slid out of the bed and went to her mamma's room. But she had no more than entered when she was picked up by an old lady and carried to the little back kitchen, where the children were having their breakfast, to be dressed and have hers also. At the same time she was told that her mamma was sick and that she could not go to her this morning. But little Beatrice was not in a pleasant mood that morning. How could she be, when everything went wrong! She resisted her sister's efforts to dress her, and cried to go to her mamma. Presently she consented to be dressed and placed at the table for her breakfast.

When she had finished it she started for the sitting room; and, finding mamma's bedroom door shut she went directly to the cradle, evidently to console herself with a good rock. But the cradle was not empty; there was a roll of something in it; and her only thought was to clear it out of her way. She caught hold of the little quilt which was spread all over the top, and threw it on the floor; when, to her great surprise, she saw a wee little baby asleep in her cradle. She stood gazing upon it in blank astonishment, whether merely at the baby, or because it was occupying her cradle, is not known. The old lady who chanced to enter the room at that moment, caught the child by the hand saying, "O you little vixen, what are you doing!" and took her to the kitchen again telling the older children to keep the door shut so she would not hurt the baby. "She has already thrown the cover on the floor, and very likely the baby would have gone next if I had not happened to come out and caught her."

Not to be allowed to go to her cradle, was something that little Beatrice had never heard of. And she was not going to give up her rights without a struggle; for it seemed to her that everybody in the house was very naughty that morning. The children could not pacify her, so they let her go; and she stood with her face pressed against the closed door, crying and sobbing piteously. After having a good cry, Mary, a pleasant-faced, kind-hearted young woman, whom Mrs. Davidson had hired to look after the children, and to do the work till she got about the house again, went to the child; and, by her gentle tone and kind words, soothed her troubled feelings, and won her favor. Mary was a friend of Mrs. Davidson; and the child had become familiar with her. She smoothed back the curly rings that fell over her forehead, kissed and petted her, saying, "It is too bad to have a little girl's nose broken in that way!"

When the little child had ceased cry-

ing Mary lifted her upon her arm and carried her in to see her mamma. The tears had been dried from her face and eyes, but every few minutes she gave a short deep sob, which indicated that her feelings had been hurt, as well as her temper roused. But, when she saw the baby in her mamma's arms, she put her arms around Mary's neck, hid her face on her shoulder, and burst out crying again.

"Won't you kiss mamma?" asked Mary in a pleading tone.

"No!" was the decided answer.

"Don't you love that little baby?"

"No!" sobbed the child.

"Poor little girl" said Mary; "her heart is broken, as well as her nose." Then she carried her out again.

I wonder if we grown-up folks know how hard it is for a child who has always been treated as "baby" to be turned suddenly off to the care of strangers? They naturally miss their mothers as they go about the house; for there is no one who can fill *her* place, and it is little wonder that they become "out of sorts," as we call it. Anyone may fancy how dreary and empty the house would look, should they suddenly be deprived of the presence of one who is as much to them as the mother is to the little child. Then add to that, seeing another take their place; and too often the little one is distressed by being told that "mamma does not want you any more; she has got another little baby." Under such circumstances, is it any wonder they become fretful? They are often called "cross" when half the time they are really lonesome.

Great care should be taken to introduce the new baby gently to the child whose place it is to take. Awaken their love and sympathy for the "wee one," and there are few children but what will welcome the little stranger and want to keep it. For, even a child is capable of sympathy and of jealousy also; and at such times there is real cause for jealousy, if the child is so inclined. Therefore let those who value their children's happiness, make good the opportunity to teach and help the child to overcome, by generous feelings, every shadow of jealousy. Root out of the heart every vestige of that most poisonous weed.

Mary was very kind and gentle, and Beatrice became very much attached to her; and she missed her sadly, and mourned for her too, when she went away, as she did in a few weeks.

Now that I have fairly introduced our heroine I shall write from memory. In narrating this life sketch, I do not propose to enter into the sanctuary of the heart, and to unvail its contents to the gaze of the world, either to elicit the sympathy of the kind, warm-hearted portion of my readers, or to bring down the cold criticism of those less kind.

I am aware that it is the revealment of the inner life, the history of the heart, with all its varied shadings of intense love and as intense bitterness, its joys and its sorrows, its high wrought hopes and ambitions, and its hours of dark, and almost hopeless despair, that would rivet the attention of the reader. But who has ever written it?

No! let the seal, which holds its treasures sacred to its own, remain unbroken until He comes to whom the fulness of the heart belongs, to inspect and to judge. But, though I do not propose to dip my pen into the very depths, I trust that, as we proceed, sufficient will bubble over to reflect a little of "shade and sunshine" on our pages, so as to relieve them in a measure from the dull monotony of hum-drum life.

(To be continued.)

THE FALLING LEAVES.

The leaves are falling, the beautiful leaves,
The russet, the golden, the red;
So bright in their way, yet how short was their stay,
It is sad but 'tis true they are dead.

The leaves are falling, the beautiful leaves
In a silent way speaking to all
In beauty to-day—to-morrow decay
So prepare! for like me you may fall.

The leaves are falling, the beautiful leaves.
From their heights they come silently down
To the mother earth that gave them their birth,
The red, and gold, and the brown.

The leaves are falling, the beautiful leaves
They but brighten a desolate day;
They speak to the heart and a lesson impart,
All are silently passing away.

—Selected.

GIVE US A CALL.

Give us a call; we keep good beer,
Wine and brandy and whisky here;
Our doors are open to boys and men;
And even to women now and then;
We lighten their purses, and taint their breaths,
We swell the column of painful deaths;
All kinds of crimes
We sell for dimes
In our sugared poisons so sweet to taste!
If you've money, position, or name to waste,
Give us a call.

Give us a call; in a pint of our gin
We sell more wickedness, shame, and sin
Than a score of clergymen preaching all day,
From dawn to darkness, could break away;
And in our beer (though it may take longer
To get a man drunk than drinks that are stronger)
We sell our poverty, sorrow, and woe;
Who wants to purchase? our prices are low;
Give us a call.

Give us a call; we'll dull your brains;
We'll give you headaches and racking pains;
We'll make you old while yet you are young;
To lies and slander we'll train your tongue;
We'll make you a shirk
From all useful work—
Make theft and forgery seem fair play,
And murder a pastime sure to pay;
Give us a call.

Give us a call; we are cunning and wise;
We're bound to succeed, for we advertise
In family papers, the journals that claim
To be pure of morals and fair of fame;
Husbands, brothers, and sons will read
Our kind invitation, and some will heed
And give us a call!
And pay for all
The space in the paper we occupy;
And there's little in this life that money won't buy.
If you would go down in the world and not up,
If you would be slain by the snake in the cup,
Or lose your soul
In the flowing bowl,
If you court shame
And a blasted name
Give us a call.

—Milwaukee Trident.

THE BOOK OF MORMON.—No. 3.

BY ELDER ZENAS H. GURLEY.

SOME INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

THE internal evidence of the Book of Mormon, like the Bible, may be grouped as historical, biographical, prophetical, and doctrinal. The first two of these has been so ably and thoroughly presented by various writers together with the archælogical testimony relating thereto, that the writer has no intention of arguing those features, farther than to quote or allude to them. The book of *Ether* gives in brief the account of the first immigration to this Western continent from the East after the flood; and places it at the time that Babel was being builded, when God confounded their language, (see Gen. 18: 6–9.,) about 1775 A. M.

These ancient inhabitants of this land were doubtless the *Mound Builders*, and they perished from the earth through wars. Having forsaken God, they were given over to a reprobate mind, and finally were destroyed, than which the writer knows of no theory equaling this key, of that lost race. The second immigration, according to the Book of Mormon (1 Nephi 1:2), occurred from Jerusalem, during the reign of king Zedekiah, about the years 599 or 600 B.C. (See 2 Kings 24:17, 18; 2 Nephi 11:4.) This people were Israelites, and they flourished upon this land, God being with them in power to bless and prosper; but, like the race in general, being unable to bear such prosperity, they became proud, vain, and foolish, rebellious in spirit, and darkened in mind, until they abandoned their worship and faith toward God; being reprobate, they dwindled in darkness and unbelief; they shrank in numerical strength as their wars increased; and their wars increased in proportion to their spiritual decline. Thus, as a result, we have the American Indians, called Lamanites in the Book of Mormon.

The writer makes no claim of *plenary*

inspiraton for the book, but admits there may be faults. If so, they are faults of man, even as admitted by the book itself. (Book of Mormon, 4:2.) The same, however, may be said of the Bible—not necessarily *all* inspired writings.

As a basis of this investigation it is affirmed that the Book of Mormon teaches that Christ is the only Savior, the only means of salvation to the race. Speaking of the Messiah Nephi says: "Wherefore, all mankind were in a lost and fallen state, and ever would be, save they should rely on this Redeemer."—1 Nephi 3:3. Again: "As the Lord God liveth, there is none other name given under heaven, save it be this Jesus Christ of which I have spoken, whereby man can be saved." —1 Nephi 11:5.

Again: "For the gate by which ye should enter is repentence and baptism by water; and then cometh a remission of your sins by fire, and by the Holy Ghost, ye have done according to the commandment of the Father and the Son; and ye have received the Holy Ghost, which witnesses of the Father and the Son, unto the fulfilling of the promise which he hath made, that if ye entered by the way, ye should receive. And now behold, my brethren, this is the way; and there is none other way nor name given under heaven, whereby man can be saved in the kingdom of God."—2 Nephi 13: 4, 6.

Saint John said: "Hereby know we the Spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God."—1 John 4:2. Saint Peter testifies: "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4:12. Peter and John agree; and the Book of Mormon is in harmony with them—confessing Christ's "coming in the flesh," hence, according to Saint John, it *is* of God. Again:—

"And when they had all gone forth, and had witnessed for themselves, they did cry out with one accord, saying, Hosanna! Blessed be the name of the Most High God! And they did fall down at the feet of Jesus, and did worship him.

"And it came to pass that he spake unto Nephi, (for Nephi was among the multitude,) and he commanded him that he should come forth. And Nephi arose and went forth, and bowed himself before the Lord, and he did kiss his feet. And the Lord commanded him that he should arise. And he arose and stood before him. And the Lord said unto him, I give unto you power that ye shall baptize this people, when I am again ascended into heaven. And again the Lord called others, and said unto them likewise; and he gave unto them power to baptize. And he said unto them, On this wise shall ye baptize; and there shall be no disputations among you. Verily I say unto you, that whoso repenteth of his sins through your words, and desireth to be baptized in my name, on this wise shall ye baptize them: Behold, ye shall go down and stand in the water, and in my name shall ye baptize them. And now behold, these are the words which ye shall say, calling them by name, saying: Having authority given me of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. And then shall ye immerse them in the water, and come forth again out of the water. And after this manner shall ye baptize in my name, for behold, verily I say unto you, that the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost are one; and I am in the Father, and the Father in me, and the Father and I are one. And acccording as I have commanded you, thus shall ye baptize. And there shall be no disputations among you, as there hath hitherto been; neither shall there be disputations among you concerning the points of my doctrine, as there hath hitherto been; for verily, verily I say unto you, He that hath the spirit of contention, is not of me, but is of the devil, who is the father of contention, and he stirreth up the hearts of men to contend with anger one with another; behold, this is not my doctrine, to stir up the hearts of men with anger one against another; but this is my doctrine, that such things should be done away. Behold, verily, verily I say unto you, I will declare unto you my doctrine. And this is my doctrine, and it is the doctrine which the Father hath given unto me; and I bear record of the Father, and the Father beareth record of me, and the Holy Ghost beareth record of the Father and me, and I bear record that the Father commandeth all men, everywhere, to repent and believe in me; and whoso be-

lieveth in me, and is baptized, the same shall be saved; and they are they who shall inherit the kingdom of God. And whoso believeth not in me, and is not baptized, shall be damned. Verily, verily I say unto you, that this is my doctrine; and I bear record of it from the Father; and whoso believeth in me, believeth in the Father also; and unto him will the Father bear record of me; for he will visit him with fire and with the Holy Ghost; and thus will the Father bear record of me; and the Holy Ghost will bear record unto him of the Father and me; for the Father, and I, and the Holy Ghost, are one.

"And again I say unto you, Ye must repent, and bcome as a little child, and be baptized in my name, or ye can in nowise receive these things. And again I say unto you, Ye must repent, and be baptized in my name, and become as a little child, or ye can in nowise inherit the kingdom of God. Verily, verily I say unto you, that this is my doctrine; and whoso buildeth upon this, buildeth upon my rock; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against them. And whoso shall declare more or less than this, and establish it for my doctrine, the same cometh of evil, and is not built upon my rock, but he buildeth upon a sandy foundation, and the gates of hell standeth open to receive such, when the floods come, and the winds beat upon them. Therefore go forth unto this people, and declare the words which I have spoken, unto the ends of the earth. And it came to pass that when Jesus had spoken these words unto Nephi, and to those who had been called, (now the number of them who had been called and received power and authority to baptize, were twelve,) and behold he stretched forth his hand unto the multitude, and cried unto them, saying, Blessed are ye if ye shall give heed unto the words of these twelve whom I have chosen from among you to minister unto you, and to be your servants; and unto them I have given power, that they may baptize you with water, and after that ye are baptized with water, behold I will baptize you with fire and with the Holy Ghost; therefore blessed are ye, if ye shall believe in me, and be baptized, after that ye have seen me, and know that I am. And again, more blessed are they who shall believe in your words, because that ye shall testify that ye have seen me, and that ye know that I am. Yea, blessed are they who shall believe in your words, and come down into the depths of humility, and be baptized; for they shall be visited with fire and with the Holy Ghost, and shall receive a remission of their sins. Yea, blessed are the poor in spirit who come unto me, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And again, blessed are all they that mourn, for they shall be comforted; and blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. And blessed are all they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled with the Holy Ghost. And blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. And blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. And blessed are all the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God. And blessed are all they who are persecuted, for my name's sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake, for ye shall have great joy and be exceeding glad, for great shall be your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets who were before you. Verily, verily I say unto you, I give unto you to be the salt of the earth; but if the salt shall lose its savor, wherewith shall the earth be salted? The salt shall be thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men. Verily, verily I say unto you, I give unto you to be the light of this people. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Behold, do men light a candle and put it under a bushel? Nay, but on a candle-stick, and it giveth light to all that are in the house; therefore let your light so shine before this people, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven. Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy but to fulfill; for verily I say unto you, One jot nor tittle hath not passed away from the law, but in me it all hath been fulfilled."—Nephi 5:7, 8, 9.

One of the greatest stumbing-blocks in Christianity of to-day, is the multiplied versions of baptism, according to which it means either immersion, pouring, or sprinkling, and in some cases *neither*,

for it is left purely to the conscience of the convert, instead of leaving it to the the man sent of God to speak his words. A drop of water is regarded as effectual as a river, and quite sufficient. Upon this point we see the Book of Mormon utters no uncertain sound, to wit: "Ye shall go down and stand in the water, . . . and saying, Having authority given me of Jesus Christ I baptize you; . . . and then shall ye immerse them in the water, and come forth out of the water."

In short this makes baptism to mean immersion, and naught else; and from the best authority upon the meaning of the word originally, and the original practice, there is no doubt the Book of Mormon is correct, notwithstanding the great and abominable church has taken away some of these precious things out of the gospel. Saint John, in testifying of John Baptist, said, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John," and he bearing record said, "He that sent me to baptize with water."—John 1:6, 33. Here we have proof that God sent a man to baptize with water. And Mark testifies of the beginning of the gospel of of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, as follows: "John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins."—Mark 1:4. (See also Luke 3:3.)

John Baptist, very properly did not have the consciences of his converts to direct in the baptism which he had been commanded of God to administer. No man will, who has a command from God. John upbraided some as "generation of vipers," and commanded, "Bring forth, therefore, fruits worthy of repentance."—Luke 3:7, 8. And he promised the faithful that Christ would baptize them "with the Holy Ghost and fire."—Matt. 3:11. This promise was not made to a select few, but to *every creature* who came unto and properly complied with John's baptism.

Jesus, comprehending this matter, directed his apostles not to depart from Jerusalem, but to "wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith he, ye have heard of me. For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence."—Acts 1:4, 5. This was fulfilled at Pentecost. One year later, A. D. 34, Samaria received the word of God, repented, and was baptized; and as many as did this were baptized with the Holy Ghost. (Acts 8.) The next year, 35 A. D., Saul of Tarsus repented, and received the Holy Ghost (Acts 9:17) and was baptized. So also Cornelius and company in 41 A. D. In the year 45 A. D., certain prophets and teachers in the church at Antioch were spoken to by the Holy Ghost. (Acts 13: 1-3.) And in the year 56 certain disciples were baptized by the Apostle Paul, and then received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, (Acts 19:16,) just as John Baptist, Christ, and his servants had promised them. In keeping with this is the injunction of Paul to Timothy, A. D. 66, to wit:—

"Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me, in faith and love, which is in Chr st Jesus. That good thing, which was committed unto thee, keep by the Holy Ghost, which dwelleth in us."—2 Tim. 1:13, 14; Rom. 8, 11.

Not only the baptism of the Spirit is here advocated, but its *dwelling in* the Saints of God at that time stated as a fact. The Book of Mormon, then, is right in advocating the baptism of water and the baptism of the Holy Ghost, as like causes must produce like effects. God's gospel to-day and where Christ in person delivered it on earth, is identical. The Book of Mormon contains the *fulness* thereof. The plainness and simplicty of its language, iterating and reiterating the same words and teachings of Christ and his witnesses, as contained in the New Testament, void of all ambiguity, is in such simple honesty as to commend their truhfulness to every honest seeker after truth, and shows that *Christ's doctrines* are the *same to-day* as formerly. To allow addition or emendation thereto, is to charge God with folly, and his Son with deceit, in failing to reveal the ALPHA and OMEGA of salvation; and to do this on our part would be to charge the angel with lying, who declared that this record "contained the fulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ; as it was given to his people on this land; and when it shall be brought forth by the power God, it shall be carried to the Gentiles, of whom many will receive it; and after will the seed of Israel be brought into the fold of their Redeemer by obeying it also."

The doctrine of present or continued

revelation is affirmed by the Book of Mormon and the writer; but nothing in this doctrine, nor its practice, must be allowed to change, nor add to the gospel of Christ. In the very nature of things it cannot and be divine. The gospel of Christ is the only true creed, the only touchstone of faith. And here especial attention is called to the language of the angel, as quoted above, by which we see that this gospel, as contained in the Book of Mormon, "shall be carried to the Gentiles," after which Israel will "obey it also." In short, *this* one unchanged and unchangeable gospel is to be carried to all the world, "proving that God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." This is offered as the fulfillment of John's words:—

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come; and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and fountains of water."—Rev. 14: 6, 7.

We see that the Book of Mormon is in line upon the unchangeableness of the gospel; in line upon doctrine; and it may be added, in line as to time; for the *claim* has ever been since it came forth that the hour of God's judgments has come. The events of the day, the distress of nations, the present overflowing sickness (influenza), are all tokens, according to Scripture, of God's judgments; but Israel's regathering, the Spirit from on high moving them, is another great one.

Also the book, in dogmatically affirming the unchanged and everlasting gospel, agrees with Paul who said, "Though we or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. For do I now persuade men or God? Or do I seek to please men? For if I yet pleased men I should not be the servant of Christ."—Gal. 1:8–10.

It is proper here to inquire in the defensive, As Christ commanded the baptism of all nations in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, (Matt. 28: 19,) by what authority does a church, or a minister of that church, declare that baptism of water is not necessary? As all claim to be called of God, why does the Spirit move one minister to declare that immersion is the only true baptism, and upon another to declare sprinkling to be true baptism? Why do these churches and ministry declare that baptism is *not* for the remission of sins, when Peter, and John Baptist preached the "baptism of repentance for the remission of sins."—Mark 1: 4; Luke 3: 3; Acts 2: 38. Why do churches deny God's Spirit to the disciples of Christ, and the gift of the Holy Ghost to-day, when Peter and Paul say they shall have it? Acts 2: 38; Rom. 8: 9–11; 1 Cor. 12: 4–7. To teach only a part of the word of God and deny a part is an abomination; and whether the number engaged in it be one or millions the sin is the same.

However, to suppport themselves in the denial of the gifts of the Spirit the following by Paul is frequently quoted: "Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."—1 Cor. 13:8–10. The tongues are to cease and prophecies to fail, according to this scripture, *when knowledge vanishes away*, but *not* until then. The knowledge that Paul and his associates had was "*in part*," and they, God's church at that time, saw through a glass darkly. With all their gifts, all their miracles, all their visions and blessing, they saw through a glass darkly. If that be true, then how much more so, how much *darker* are the Christians of to-day who entirely deny and reject these gifts. Certainly they have never seen the glass, far less looked through it.

It will not do to say that we are more perfect than Paul was, more perfect in knowledge of God's truth when he is our teacher. No, that will not do. Paul did not claim to be perfect, but hoped to become such; and, declaring the faith of the church at that time, he said:—

"Ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the

judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect."—Heb. 12:22, 23.

Here we are taught that men's spirits are made perfect; and in Philippians 3: 11, 12 the apostle speaks of *perfection* by the resurrection; so that perfection of body and spirit are both taught and believed by Saint Paul. When all that takes place, when we attain to that condition, then the gifts spoken of by Paul, and enjoyed by God's people here in this life; then, but not till then, will they be done away; and they continue with God's people on earth until Christ comes. However plain and simple this question may look to those who have received of God's Spirit and who have seen or enjoyed the gifts of the Spirit, yet in fairness it must be admitted that the Christian world is stumbling over just such passages in the New Testament, and here the Book of Mormon comes to its aid, to wit:—

"And the angel spake unto me, saying, These last records which thou hast seen among the Gentiles, shall establish the truth of the first, which are of the twelve apostles of the Lamb, and shall make known the plain and precious things which have been taken away from them; and shall make known to all kindreds, tongues and people, that the Lamb of God is the Son of the Eternal Father, and the Savior of the world; and that all men must come unto him or they cannot be saved; and they must come according to the words which shall be established by the mouth of the Lamb; and the words of the Lamb shall be made known in the records of thy seed, as well as in the records of the twelve apostles of the Lamb; wherefore, they both shall be established in one; for there is one God and one Shepherd over all the earth."—1 Nephi 3:43.

As already shown, the Book of Mormon makes baptism very plain, too plain not to understand; and on the gifts of God's Spirit it says:—

"All these gifts come by the Spirit of Christ; and they come unto every man severally, according as he will. And I would exhort you, my beloved brethren, that ye remember that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and that all these gifts of which I have spoken, which are spiritual, never will be done away, even so long as the world shall stand, only according to the unbelief of the children of men. And woe be unto the children of men if this be the case; for there shall be none that doeth good among you, no not one. For if there be one that doeth good, he shall work by the power and gifts of God."—Book of Mormon 10:1, 2.

"Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."—Rom. 8:9. Or, as Christ puts it, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."—John 3:5.

Another passage of Scripture difficult for many to understand, is that of John.

"Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me?"—John 14:9, 10.

The thought obtained from this reading is that Christ *is* the Father; and, if so, one naturally asks why then talk of *his* Father, and that he is *greater* than Christ? This is made plain by the Book of Mormon. First, Christ is the Son of the eternal Father as shown above. Second, "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is the Father of the heavens and of the earth, and all things that in them are."—Ether. 1:11. He is father to all these created things, being their Creator. Beside this he is the express image of God's person. Col. 1:15; Heb. 1:3. All things were created for him and by him.—John 1:3, 10; Eph. 3:9; Col. 1:16; Heb. 1:2; Rev. 4:11.

Thus we see that Christ, being their originator, producer, and author, very properly should be called their Father. Hence the Book of Mormon is correct in so maintaining; and also in thus declaring his divinity, his preëxistence, his Godhead. The Book of Mormon claims that plain and precious parts of the gospel have been kept back by a great and abominable church, have been corrupted, causing many to stumble exceedingly because of it. But in this record is to be found the gospel of the Lamb, the rock and salvation; with the promise, "Blessed are they who shall seek to bring forth my Zion at that day; for they shall have the gift and the power of the Holy Ghost."—1 Nephi 3:41.

The question now projects itself, is it true? Whether the statement relates to

one individual church, or all those who teach abomination, it is not necessary here to notice. The question is, Does any church keep back and corrupt the truth of God; and has it been done for many generations in the past? Let us see. Here is the famous passage of Scripture which divides the Christian world: "And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."—Matt. 16: 18.

Two hundred millions of Roman Catholics, with one voice, tell us that Peter is the rock here spoken of, and that on him the church of God is to be builded, to say nothing of the Greek Church with probably seventy-five millions more. (See differences of churches as given in Hitchcock's Analysis.) Now it is highly essential to believe and to know the truth, very essential to build on the true foundation; and if Peter be *the rock* to build on, then all the millions of Protestants who deny this are in the dark and wrong. The Roman Catholics are by far the most numerous, and one hundred years or more ago the Protestant numbers were far less than at the present time. We see at a glance that the majority of professed Christains believe that Peter is *the rock*, and they believe it from this writing of Matthew, as we have it in the New Testament. It is not sufficient to say that the Roman Catholics are wrong because the Protestants say so; for the reason, as stated, that the majority of Christians, so-called, declare that the Protestants are wrong.

So, be your decision upon this point as it may, the fact exists, and has for many generations, that "many stumble exceedingly" because of the ambiguity, the shadow that seems to shroud this word of God, the truth perverted by this church, just as the Book of Mormon states. The *iniquity*, which doubtless began to work in the days of the apostles, finally crystallized into abomination. The *wolves* finally organized, removing Christ the only true foundation, and Peter placed instead, which was certainly abominable.

But what shall be said of the Protestant world, those who deny present revelation and the gifts of the Holy Ghost? They are like the lawyers in the days of Christ, to whom he said, "Ye have taken away the key of knowledge; ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering ye hindered."—Luke 11: 52. Christ asked the apostles, "Who am I?" Simon Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus answered him, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven."

The *fact* that Jesus was the *Christ*, meaning and signifying his kingly office and anointing from God, was made known to Peter by revelation from God the Father. It follows then that *Christ*, the rock, must be *revealed* of God to the human mind if it receive that knowledge. When this *fact* is revealed to the mind it has knowledge; and thus on this rock Christ builds his church, even on that revealed truth. Men may believe that Jesus is the Christ, and believing receive everlasting life—but, "this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou has sent."—John 17: 3. And, though a man may believe unto salvation, yet Paul states expressly "that no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost."—1 Cor. 12: 3. That is, he cannot say it intelligently, with understanding and *knowledge*, unless it has been revealed to him by the gift and power of the Holy Ghost; "for some have not the knowledge of God; I speak this to your shame."—1 Cor. 15: 34.

The Book of Mormon then is quite right in affirming continued revelation, the gifts, miracles, and power of the Holy Ghost; quite right in affirming the gospel in all its primitive beauty and power, in all its meekness and lowliness of heart: to wit:—

"Has the day of miracles ceased? Or have angels ceased to appear unto the children of men? Or has he withheld the power of the Holy Ghost from them? Or will he, so long as time shall last, or the earth shall stand, or there shall be one man upon the face thereof to be saved? Behold I say unto you, Nay; for it is by faith that miracles are wrought: and it is by faith that angels appear and minister unto men; wherefore if these things have ceased, woe be unto the children of men; for it is because of unbelief, and all is vain; for no man can be saved, according to the words of Christ, save

they shall have faith on his name. And again, behold I say unto you, that he cannot have faith and hope, save he shall be meek and lowly of heart; and if a man be meek and lowly in heart, and confesses by the power of the Holy Ghost, that Jesus is the Christ, he must needs have charity, and charity is the true love of Christ."—Moroni 7: 4.

And again, those who obey this gospel "shall come to the *knowledge* of their Redeemer, and the very points of his doctrine, that they may know how to come unto him and be saved. And then at that day, will they not rejoice and give praise unto their everlasting God, their rock, and their salvation?"—1 Nephi 4: 3.

The reader will doubtless see and recognize the perfect agreement of the Book of Mormon with the New Testament in its doctrinal teachings, even in greater plainness and simplicity. Proofs could be multiplied, but there is no need.

The reader may now ask for the *rule* by which an intelligent judgment may be rendered. The writer knows of none better than the one laid down in the Bible. First, Isaiah states it thus, "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."—8: 20. Second, "Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son. If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed."—2 John 9: 10. See also Rom. 16: 17; 1 Cor. 5: 11; 16: 22; Gal. 1: 8, 9; 2 Tim. 3: 5. That these rules should be honestly, fairly, and thoroughly applied to the doctrinal teachings of the Book of Mormon is respectfully solicited in vindication of the book.

"The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The popular rendering of this passage by the Christian world is substantially if not actually—"the powers of darkness," "the powers of evil." To which the writer objects, unless it be made to expressly refer to *death*, and to "him that had the power of death, that is, the devil."—Heb. 2: 14. If it be held to relate to evil among men only, the power of darkness over the human mind, then most certainly is that view in error. For Christ states explicitly: "From the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."—Matt. 11: 12. This statement contradicts this *popular* view, and goes to show that in Matt. 16: 18 Christ did not mean nor intend to say what their version of the case makes him say, hence we must look elsewhere for a better explanation of this text.

The word *hell* in this text is from the Greek *hades*, and, according to Dr. Young and other scholars, means "*the unseen world.*" That being true, the question most naturally arises, What is the *gate* which leads into the unseen world? Certainly *not* the powers of darkness among men? *Not* the power of evil over the human mind? Nothing of the kind whatever; but death and death alone leads into, opens the doors into the *unseen world.* Therefore God said to Job, "Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?"—Job 38: 17. The same thought expressed by Hezekiah when the prospect of death was before him: "I said in the cuttings off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave; I am deprived of the residue of my years." The word *grave*, in this text is from the Hebrew *sheol*, and means "the *unseen state.*"

To this may be added the testimony of Dr. Campbell: "The *gates of hades* shall not not prevail against the congregation of disciples built upon the Rock—'The gates of hades' is a very natural periphrasis for *death.* We have sufficient evidence, sacred and profane, that this is its meaning. Both the *seventy* translators and the Grecian poets used it thus. Hezekiah (*equivalently*) said, 'I shall go to the gates of *hades;*' that is, I *should die, but I have* recovered. So Homer, translated by Pope—'*Who can think one thing, and another tell, my soul detests him as the gates of hell.*'"—See Critical Notes of New Testament by A. Campbell.

From the foregoing let it be premised: That when Christ said that the gates of hell should not prevail against his church, he meant what the statement implies, that *death* shall not destroy the knowledge given to his faithful followers by the Holy Ghost, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God. This is the reason why the Apostle Paul said, "I am per-

suaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers; nor things present, nor things to come; nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—Rom. 8:38, 39. To the faithful in Christ, death is abolished."—2 Tim. 1:10. This is "victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 15:57. And to all such, "to die is gain;" for "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—Rev. 14:13.

As an indication of what should befall the church of Christ as an organized body, attention is called to the star-crowned woman of Revelation twelfth chapter. This is generally admitted to be a symbol of the church, "a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." The *sun*-clothing, symbolizing the gospel light in Christ; the *moon*, the light of the law of Moses which now is under her feet; and the twelve stars, the twelve apostles of the Lamb, the crowning official glory of the church on earth. This woman flees "into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand, two hundred and three score days."

The writer is aware of the views of eminent men touching this matter, that the twelve hundred and sixty days are regarded as real days of twenty-four hours each, equaling forty-two months of thirty days each; that all this chapter has been fulfilled, namely, at the time of and subsequent to the destruction of Jerusalem; that the little church being warned of God fled to Pella and escaped the siege and its consequences. But the writer prefers the opinion that the twelve hundred and sixty days are symbols of time, and mean twelve hundred and sixty years; that the *violent* did *take the kingdom* (the church), by which she became *desolate*, "fled into the wilderness," was lost as an organized body to the world, the *other* power, symbolized by the woman on the "scarlet colored beast," ruling everything in her stead.

If this view be approximately correct, then it follows that it will be necessary for the gospel to be again committed to men *on the earth*, with necessary authority to *bind* and *loose*, the key-power of the apostolic church. Nor is it enough to say that that power is alone in the church when dealing with unruly members.—Matt. 18:18. It is in the church to do just what this and other words of Christ authorize being done, and with the apostles and other representatives, according to their calling, in preaching and administering the rights and benefits thereof; in presenting faith, repentance, baptism for the remission of sins, and laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, also the resurrection of the dead, eternal judgment, administration of the Lord's supper; by the operation of these truths the gospel law—each, individually and collectively, are authorized to *bind* and *loose*. When the star-crowned woman comes out of the wilderness at the expiration of the twelve hundred and sixty days, she will come with her crown of twelve stars—twelve apostles—and preach the same *everlasting gospel* as declared by the Revelator (14:6, 7) in all its primitive power and glory, the same as she did before she fled into the wilderness; and must present the *same* organization, else she would not be the same woman, the same original church of Christ. And this is the work of which the Book of Mormon is the evangel.

In speaking of the sacrament of the Lord's supper the Book of Mormon enjoins its observance, that in eating the bread we do it in remembrance of Christ's *body*, and in drinking the wine we "do it in remembrance of my blood, which I have shed for you, that ye may witness unto the Father that ye do always remember me. And if ye do always remember me, ye shall have my Spirit to be with you. And I give unto you a commandment that ye shall do these things. And if ye shall always do these things, blessed are ye, for ye are built upon my rock." All this commanded with prayer, "in my church, among my people who do repent and are baptized in my name."—Book of Nephi 8:6, 7.

By this, as with other passages already quoted, it will be seen that the Book of Mormon teaches and enjoins the acceptance of the three witnesses which God gave to bear record in earth, to wit: "And there are three that bear witness in earth, the Spirit, and the water, and the blood; and these three agree in one.—1 John 5:8. The writer has frequently

thought, in listening to the various emphasis, laid upon statements such as "*saved* by the blood," that parties making it saw salvation in no other way,—and others "*saved* by his Spirit,"—and others, "whereunto baptism doth now save us," "*saved* by water." But the Book of Mormon makes no distinction nor discrimination between these; but like St. John, unites the three as God's witnesses. Hence we accept salvation by the Spirit, by the water, and by the blood—born of water and of the spirit, a baptism of both.

In the cup of communion we recognize the *blood* that was shed for us, and witness to God that we do remember his Son. For full exegesis of these doctrines please read the references given from Book of Mormon, and be convinced that at every step it confesses and teaches Christ and his gospel as the only means of salvation. Also that such teachings cannot be the work of an impostor, but of the true follower of Christ.

Should the reader suggest here that Latter Day Saints are not in accord upon these matters as shown by their history, let the answer be as once before: The fault is not with the Book of Mormon, but with the *Saints*. That it contains the purest and best thought, is the nearest correct in doctrine of all revealments of this Latter Day Work, is quite certain to the writer, as already hinted; and that it was so regarded by Joseph Smith, the translator, may be seen from his own statement made before a council of the Twelve Apostles, November 28th, 1841, as follows: "I told the brethren that the Book of Mormon was the most correct of any book on earth, and the keystone of our religion; and a man would get nearer to God by abiding by its precepts, than by any other book."—History of Joseph Smith, *Millennial Star*, vol. 18 page 790.

Nephi testifies: "And the angel spake unto me, saying, Behold the twelve disciples of the Lamb, who are chosen to minister unto thy seed. And he said unto me, Thou rememberest the twelve apostles of the Lamb. Behold they are they who shall judge the twelve tribes of Israel; wherefore, the twelve ministers of thy seed shall be judged of them."—1 Nephi 3:26. This makes the Twelve apostles of New Testament the judges over the twelve witnesses in Book of Mormon, and, per consequence, *this* testimony the standard of authority even the New Testament. (See paragraph 43.) Thus again, it is a witness to the truth, a *help* to understand the Bible.

(To be continued.)

OBJECT LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. II.

BY ELEANOR.

CHAPTER V.

ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON (CONTINUED).

ON account of the extreme length of Mrs. Judson's narrative, we are obliged to omit much of interest concerning historical events and political matters of the times, when not directly connected with her own thrilling story. Continuing, she says:—

"My next object was to get a petition presented to the queen; but no person being admitted to the place who was in disgrace with his majesty, I sought to present it through the medium of her brother's wife. I had visited her in better days, and received particular marks of her favor. But now times were altered. Mr. Judson was in prison and I in distress; which was sufficient reason for giving me a cold reception. I took a present of considerable value. She was lolling on her carpet as I entered, with her attendants around her. I waited not for the usual question to a suppliant, 'What do you want?' but in a bold, earnest, yet respectful manner, stated our distresses and our wrongs, and begged her assistance. She partly raised her head, opened the present I had brought, and coolly replied,

"'Your case is not singular, all the foreigners are treated alike.'

"'But it is singular,' said I; 'the teachers are Americans; they are ministers of religion; have nothing to do with war or politics, and came to Ava in obedience to the king's command. They have never done anything to deserve such

treatment; and is it right they should be treated thus?'

"'The king does as he pleases,' said she; 'I am not the king; what can I do?'

"'You can state their case to the queen, and obtain their release,' replied I. 'Place yourself in my position; were you in America, your husband, innocent of crime, thrown into prison, in irons, and you a solitary, unprotected female, what would you do?'

"With a slight degree of feeling, she said, 'I will present your petition; come again to-morrow.'

"I returned to my house with considerable hope that the speedy release of the missionaries was at had. But the next day, Mr. Gouger's property to the amount of fifty thousand rupees, was taken and carried to the palace. The officers, on their return, politely informed me that they should *visit our house* on the morrow. I felt obliged for this information, and accordingly made preparations to receive them, by secreting as many little articles as possible, together with considerable silver, as I knew, if the war should be protracted, we should be in a state of starvation without it. But my mind was in a dreadful state of agitation, lest it should be discovered, and cause my being thrown into prison. And had it been possible to procure money from any other quarter I should not have ventured on such a step.

"The following morning, the royal treasurer, the governor of the north gate of the palace, who was in future our steady friend, and another nobleman, attended by forty or fifty followers, came to take possession of all we had. I treated them civilly, gave them chairs to sit on, tea and sweatmeats for their refreshment; and justice obliges me to say that they conducted the business of confiscation with more regard to my feelings than I should have thought it possible for Burmese officers to exhibit. The three officers, with one of the royal secretaries, alone entered the house; their attendants were ordered to remain outside. They saw I was deeply affected, and apoligized for what they were about to do by saying that it was painful for them to take possession of property not their own, but they were compelled thus to do by order of the king.

"'Where are your silver, gold, and jewels?' said the royal treasurer.

"'I have no gold or jewels; but here is the key of a trunk which contains the silver; do with it as you please.' The trunk was produced, and the silver weighed. 'This money,' said I, 'was collected in America, by the disciples of Christ, and sent here for the purpose of building a kyoung, [the name of a priest's dwelling,] and for our support while teaching the religion of Christ. Is it suitable that you should take it?'

"The Burmans are averse to taking what is offered in a religious point of view, which was the cause of my making inquiry.

"'We will state this circumstance to the king,' said one of them, 'and perhaps he will restore it. But is this all the silver you have?'

"I could not tell a falsehood. 'The house is in your possession,' I replied; 'search for yourselves.'

"'Have you not deposited silver with some person of your acquaintance?'

"'My acquaintances are all in prison; with whom should I deposit silver?' . . .

"When they had finished their search and departed, I hastened to the queen's brother, to hear what had been the fate of my petition, when, alas! all my hopes were dashed by his wife's coolly saying:—

"'I stated your case to the queen, but her majesty replied, that the teachers will not die, and to let them remain as they are.'

"My expectations had been so much excited that this sentence was like a thunderclap to my feelings. For the truth assured me that if the queen refused assistance, who would dare to intercede for me? With a heavy heart I departed, and on my way home attempted to enter the prison gate, to commmunicate the sad tidings to your brother, but was harshly refused admittance; and for the ten days following, notwithstanding my daily efforts, I was not allowed to enter. We attempted to communicate by writing, and after being successful for a few days, it was discovered; the poor fellow who carried the communications was beaten and put in the stocks, and the circumstance cost me about ten dollars, besides two or three days agony for fear of the consequence. . . . For two or three months following I was subject to con-

tinual harrassments, partly through my ignorance of police management, and partly through the insatiable desire of every petty officer to enrich himself through our misfortunes. . . . About this period I was one day summoned to the Lut-d'-han, in an official way. What new evil was before me I knew not, but I was obliged to go. When arrived I was allowed to stand at the foot of the stairs. . . . The officer who presided, in an authoritative voice began:—

"'Speak the truth in answer to the questions I shall ask. If you speak true, no evil will follow; but if not, your life will not be spared. It is reported that you have committed to the care of a Burmese officer a string of pearls, a pair of diamond earrings, and a silver teapot. Is it true?'

"'It is not,' I replied; 'and if you can produce these articles I refuse not to die?'

"The officer again urged the necessity of 'speaking true.' I told him I had nothing more to say on the subject, but begged he would use his influence to obtain Mr. Judson's release from prison.

"I returned to the house with a heart much lighter than I went, though conscious of my perpetual exposure to such harrassment. Notwithstanding the repulse I had met in my application to the queen, I could not remain without making continual effort for your brother's release, while there was the least possibility of success. Time after time, my visits to the queen's sister-in-law were repeated, till she refused to answer a question, and told me by her looks I had better keep out of her presence.

"For the seven following months, hardly a day passed that I did not visit some one of the members of the government, or branches of the royal family, in order to gain their influence in our behalf; but the only benefit resulting was, their encouraging promises preserved us from despair. . . . I ought, however, to mention that, by my repeated visits to the different members of the government, I gained several friends, who were ready to assist me with articles of food, though in a private manner, and who used their influence in the palace to destroy the impression of our being in any way engaged in the present war. But no one dared to speak a word to the king or queen in favor of a foreigner, while there was such continual reports of the success of the English arms.

"During those seven months, the continual extortions and oppressions to which your brother and the other white prisoners were subject are indescribable. Sometimes sums of money were demanded, sometimes pieces of cloth, and handkerchiefs; at other times an order would be issued that the white foreigners should not speak to each other, or have any communication with their friends without. Then, again, the servants were forbidden to carry in their food without an extra fee. Sometimes, for days and days together, I could not go into the prison till after dark, when I had two miles to walk in returning to the house. O, how many, many times have I returned from that dreary prison at nine o'clock at night, solitary and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, and thrown myself down in that same rocking-chair which you and Deacon L. provided for me in Boston, and endeavored to invent some new scheme for the release of the prisoners. Sometimes, for a moment or two, my thoughts would glance towards America, and my beloved friends there; but for nearly a year and a half, so entirely engrossed was every thought with present scenes and sufferings, that I seldom reflected on a single occurence of my former life, or recollected that I had a friend in existence out of Ava.

"You, my dear brother, who know my strong attachment to my friends, and how much pleasure I have hitherto experienced from retrospect, can judge from the above circumstances how intense were my sufferings. But the point, the acme of my distress, consisted in the awful uncertainty of our final fate. My prevailing opinion was, that my husband would suffer death, and that I should, of course, become a slave, and languish out a miserable though short existence in the tyrannical hands of some unfeeling monster. But the consolations of religion, in these trying circumstances, were neither few nor small. It taught me to look beyond this world, to that rest, that peaceful, happy rest, where Jesus reigns, and oppression never enters.

"The war was now prosecuted with all the energy the Burmese government possessed. New troops were continually raised and sent down the river; and, as

frequently, reports returned of their being all cut off. But that part of the Burmese army stationed at Arracan, under the command of Bandoola, had been more successful. Three hundred prisoners at one time were sent to the capital, as an evidence of the victory that had been gained. The king began to think that none but Bandoola understood the art of fighting with foreigners, consequently, his majesty recalled him, with the design of his taking command of the army that had been sent to Rangoon. On his arrival at Ava, he was received at court in the most flattering manner, and was the recipient of every favor in the power of the king and queen to bestow. He was, in fact, while at Ava, the acting king. I was resolved to apply to him for the release of the missionaries, though some members of the government advised me not, lest he, being reminded of their existence, should issue an immediate order for their execution. But it was my last hope, and, as it proved, my last application.

"Your brother wrote a petition privately stating every circumstance that would have a tendency to interest him in our behalf. With fear and trembling I approached him, while surrounded by a crowd of flatterers; and one of his secretaries took the petition, and read it aloud. After hearing it, he spoke to me in an obliging manner, asked several questions relative to the teachers, said he would think of the subject, and bade me come again. I ran to the prison to communicate the favorable reception to Mr. Judson; and we both had sanguine hopes that his release was at hand. But the governor of the city expressed his amazement at my temerity, and said he doubted not it would be the means of destroying all the prisoners. In a day or two, however, I went again and took a present of considerable value. Bandoola was not at home; but his lady. after ordering the the present to be taken into another room, modestly imformed me that she was ordered by her husband to make the following communication: That he was now very busily employed in making preparations for Rangoon; but that when he had taken that place, and expelled the English, he would return and release all the prisoners. Thus again were all our hopes dashed; and we felt that we could do nothing more, but sit down and submit to our lot. . . .

"Some months after your brother's imprisonment, I was permitted to make a little bamboo room in the prison enclosure, where he could be much by himself, and where I was sometimes allowed to spend two or three hours. It so happened that the two months he occupied this place were the coldest in the year, when he would have suffered much in the open shed he had previously occupied. After the birth of your little niece I was unable to visit the prison and the governor as before, and found I had lost considerable influence, previously gained; for he was not so forward to hear my petitions, when any difficulty occurred, as he formerly had been. When Maria was two months old, her father one morning sent me word that he and all the white prisoners were put into the inner prison, in five pairs of fetters each, and that his little room had been torn down, and his mat, pillow, etc., had been taken by the jailers. This was to me a dreadful shock, as I thought at once it was only the prelude to greater evils.

"I should have mentioned before this the defeat of Bandoola, his escape to Danooyboo, the complete destruction of his army and loss of ammunition, and the consternation this intelligence produced at court. The English army had left Rangoon, and were advancing towards Prome when these severe measures were taken with the prisoners.

"I went immediately to the governor's house. He was not at home, but had ordered his wife to tell me, when I came, not to ask to have the additional fetters taken off, or the prisoners released, for *it could not be done*. I went to the prison gate but was forbidden to enter. All was still as death—not a white face to be seen, or a vestige of Mr. Judson's little room remaining. I was determined to see the governor, and know the cause of this additional oppression, and for this purpose returned into town the same evening, at an hour I knew he would be at home. He was in his audience room, and, as I entered, looked up without speaking, but exhibited a mixture of shame and affected anger in his countenance. I began by saying:—

"'Your lordship has hitherto treated us with the kindness of a father. Our

obligations to you are very great. We have looked to you for protection from oppression and cruelty. You have promised me particularly that you would stand by me to the last, and though you should receive an order from the king, you would not put Mr. Judson to death. What crime has he committed to deserve such additional punishment?'

"The old man's hard heart was melted, for he wept like a child. 'I pity you, 'Tsa-yar-ga-dan,' (a name by which he always called me,) 'I knew you would make me feel; I therefore forbade your application. But you must believe me when I say I do not wish to increase the suffering of the prisoners. When I am ordered to execute them, the least I can do is to put them out of sight. 'I will now tell you,' continued he, 'what I have told you before—that three times I have received intimations from the queen's brother to assassinate all the white prisoners privately; but I would not do it. And now I repeat it, though I execute all the others, I will never execute your husband. But I cannot release him from his present confinement, and you must not ask it.'

"I had never seen him manifest so much feeling, or be so resolute in denying me a favor, which circumstance was an additional reason for thinking dreadful scenes were before us.

"The situation of the prisoners was now distressing beyond description. It was at the commencement of the hot season. There were about a hundred prisoners shut up in one room, without a breath of air excepting from the cracks in the boards. I sometimes obtained permission to go to the door for five minutes, when my heart sickened at the wretchedness exhibited. The white prisoners, from incessant perspiration and loss of appetite, looked more like the dead than the living. I made daily application to the governor, offering him money, which he refused; but all that I gained was permission for the foreigners to eat their food outside, and this continued but a short time. It was at this time that the death of Bandoola was announced at the palace. . . .

" . . . After continuing in the inner prison for more than a month, your brother was taken with a fever. I felt assured he would not live long, unless removed from the noisome place. To effect this, and in order to be near the prison, I removed from our house, and put up a small bamboo room in the governor's enclosure, which was nearly opposite the prison gate. Here I incessantly begged the governor to give me an order to take Mr. Judson out of the large prison and place him in a more comfortable situation; and the old man, being worn out with my entreaties, at length gave me the order in an official form, and also gave orders to the head jailer to allow me to go in and out, all times of the day, to administer medicines, etc. I now felt happy indeed, and had Mr. Judson instantly removed into a little bamboo hovel, so low that neither of us could stand upright—but a palace in comparison with the place he had left.

"Notwithstanding the order the governor had given for my admittance into prison, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade the under jailer to open the gate. I used to carry Mr. Judson's food myself, for the sake of getting in, and would then remain an hour or two, unless driven out. We had been in this comfortable situation but two or three days, when one morning, having carried in Mr. Judson's breakfast, which, in consequence of fever he was unable to take, I remained longer than usual, when the governor, in haste, sent for me. I promised to return as soon as I had ascertained the governor's will, Mr. Judson being much alarmed by this message. I was very agreeably disappointed when the governor informed me that he only wished to consult me about his watch, and seemed unusually pleasant and conversable. I found afterwards that his only object was to detain me until the dreadful scene about to take place in the prison was over.

"For when I left him to go to my room, one of the servants came running, and with a ghastly countenance, informed me that all the white prisoners were carried away. I would not believe the report, and instantly went back to the governor, who said he had just heard of it, but did not wish to tell me. I hastily ran into the street, hoping to get a glimpse of them before they were out of sight, but in this was disappointed. I ran first into one street, then another, inquiring of all I met; but no one would answer me. At

length an old woman told me the white prisoners had gone towards the little river; for they were to be carried to Amarapoora. I than ran to the banks of the little river, about half a mile, but saw them not, and concluded the old woman had deceived me. Some of the friends of the foreigners went to the place of execution, but found them not. I then returned to the governor, to try to discover the cause of their removal, and the probability of their future fate. The old man assured me that he was ignorant of the intention of the government to remove the foreigners till that morning; that since I went out, he had learned that the prisoners were to be sent to Amarapoora, but for what purpose he knew not.

"'I will send off a man immediately,' said he, 'to see what is to de done with them. You can do nothing more for your husband,' continued he; '*take care of yourself*.'

"With a heavy heart I went to my room, and having no hope to excite me to exertion, I sank down almost in despair. . . . It was one of the most insupportable days I ever passed. Towards night, however, I came to the determination to set off next morning for Amarapoora, and for this purpose was obliged to go to our house out of town."

(To be continued.)

PUBLIC PURITY: ITS PERILS; ITS DEFENSE.

THERE are at present in this country conditions and influences that are unfavorable to public purity, and therefore to public safety.

Democracy sets free, in a new degree, the bad as well as the good. This is a source of constant danger. Then during the past fifty years we have had an enormous infusion of foreign elements into our population, bringing with them the social ideas and personal principles of their former home, and these seldom of so wholesome a moral quality as those we inherit from our English ancestry. But especially the sudden *congestion* of our population in these closely packed communities, the cities, is having necessarily, a very profound, if partly a temporary, effect on all social questions.

Just at present we can but note with pain, offence, and anxiety the tokens of a demoralization of taste and principle, which, if it were to go on, would be deleterious to the point of destruction. That it chiefly, at present, pervades the lower strata of our population, the less educated classes, we must hope. But there is no such barrier between classes as shall confine it there; and its influence is already exerted, beyond question, upon all, and especially upon our youth. If it were radical we should have to judge that a real laxity of morals had set in among us. This is not yet the case, we know. But that a degree of tolerance is just now exercised toward public offences against decency is an obvious fact; and it is certain that such tolerance is an insidious subjective influence for evil, demoralizing those who indulge it, as its overt results in several most important departments of life are most pernicious.

The chief points at which we see the effects of this vicious tolerance are obvious. The most serious is the character of our newspapers. There are honorable exceptions in every city, and some in this. But the general standard of newspaper morals is such as to constitute a standing reproach to our communities and a menace to our future. It is not merely that our common papers teem with accounts of crimes, horrors, vicious facts of all sorts; it is that these things are treated with levity, and in such a manner as to excite an unhealthy, prurient interest in vice and crime. No incident of life is too depraved or too remote from all genuine interest to the public at large to be glaringly reflected in these "abstracts and chronicles of the time." They search every most unwholesome corner of society, wantonly to drag to light and expose before the community, indiscriminately, all that is vile, unhallowed, and debauching. Papers are sold on our streets openly which are corrupt in their whole intention, depraving in their whole influence. But not only these almost confessed ministers of corruption, but many which make a pretence to respectability, whose publishers and editors

would bristle with offence if placed in the same category with the others I have referred to, are stuffed with material intellectually most vulgar, and alike debasing to taste and injurious to fine morality.

Especially, and most unfortunately, is that true of that modern class of papers, the Sunday ones. Scan the contents of the next you take up; see how vulgar, half impure, they largely are; how full of the lowest concerns of society; how little calculated to minister to good taste, good morals, useful instruction, elevation of purpose, improvement of social life; how it hovers constantly about the border-land of vice, and is filled with an atmosphere of low suggestion. I noted the advertisement of one of the leading ones of this city yesterday. I would not here repeat its topics. I dare say that this paper lies already on some of your tables. I ask you conscientiously to scan its contents, and to confess to yourselves what sort of an influence such a paper is exerting; what principles it ministers to. How the men who make the papers can consent to make them such as they are is not less a mystery and wonder than that others can keep grog shops.

I am astonished at the indifference or thoughtlessness of the heads of families who can tolerate in their homes agencies so noxious. They would not knowingly, I presume, invite men of well-known vicious or vulgar characters into their houses; but they bring in all the influences such men could exert when they lay on the home table any one of a great number of flourishing papers. It is this tolerance, friends, I would point out, which is the dangerous thing for us. The forces for good, (to hold their own against the bad ones,) need at least be in earnest, united, and indeed aggressive. In large measure the respectable elements in our society ignore, or do not care for, these things which make for evil, which are surely leaving their mark on the character of the generation which is to follow us.

And what is true of our newspapers is true very extensively of our general literature. We have come much under the influence of foreign schools of literature, which are themselves permeated with debasing influences. It seems to be held by some, contrary to the old maxim, that, if you can give a thing a name, you justify it. In literature, what is called "realism" attempts to justify its existence by the mere fidelity and technical skill with which it depicts the incidents of social life. But there are many of those incidents which are not justly to be depicted for the contemplation of society generally.

A similar tolerance, the spirit of which is imbibed largely abroad, among people of distinctly lower moral tone than ours has yet become, is beginning to appear in respect to the products of art. The distinctions which have to be drawn here are delicate, but they are perfectly obvious and recognizable. It is a question almost, if not quite always, of treatment, of spirit, of intention. Of the things which God has made none is essentially more lovely and pure than the human form. It has been the legitimate subject of art since art began. A man commits a crime against it when he debases its portraiture to be the minister of unworthy sentiments and emotions. But its representations may either be made such as elevate and refine or such as debase and corrupt. I think they are always the latter when they do not subserve some idealistic purpose, the presentation of some ideal truth. But a school has arisen in recent years which absolves itself from all idealistic limitations and revels in what is merely physical and sensual.

Again, the term "realism" is brought forward to justify unbridled license in the choice of subjects and modes of representation. Skill in technical execution is pleaded as sufficient excuse from all discrimination or reserve. It is vain to say that any such plea has the least validity. Nothing in social life has any right to be which is injurious to morality, for morality is the very vital principle of society. He who impairs the morality of a generation strikes a blow at the existence of society. But this kind of art is as bad art as it is bad morals. For art itself declines and perishes when it loses its moral and idealistic purpose.

But I must refer to one more place where, more than elsewhere, possibly, evil influences are at work to sap the moral purity of our communities. I mean our public amusements. That some of these have within recent years dangerously advanced in the direction of immorality and impurity must be evident to every-

one. I have in mind now chiefly the quality of many of the theatrical exhibitions at present offered to the public. That they are debasing is freely acknowledged by all. It is sufficiently betokened by the character of the flaunting posters by which they are advertized.

These, by the tolerance they secure, are becoming daily more offensive, as none of us can escape observing. In themselves alone they are a public nuisance, a perpetual source of debasing ideas and sentiments in the minds of our population, who see them displayed, with a degree of license never before permitted, on every wall. Remember, friends, that such things may shock us who are mature, as a novelty of evil. But the young, our children, our youth, the thousands and thousands of half-educated, ill-restrained young men and women, are growing up among them, as the normal concomitants of their amusements the habitual associations of their daily walks.

The outcome, friends, of the observations I have made is, I think, about this: We are not yet a depraved people—far from it. But we have the beginnings of a very bad state of things among us. If the sources of evil (of which I have named only some of the most patent) are not dried up soon, there must needs result a very serious depravation of tastes and morals. Influences for good are many, certainly, but I fear that in the classes in which the more flagrant evils chiefly work the influences for good are correspondingly ineffective. The vast laboring, mechanical, and operative classes in a great city like this are seriously disconnected from the influences of the churches, schools, and other agencies of education, refinement, and religion.

What then, friends, shall we do? First of all, let me say, let us be sure, individually, that our standard and habits of thought and feeling are true and right. Free from anything that can be called vice, or any tendency to it, personally, we may yet, by that shuffling spirit of tolerance, be consenting to the upgrowth and consolidation of depraving influences all about us. We need, if not more individual sensitiveness to these, at least more frank and serious condemnation and reproof of them. We need a livelier apprehension of the injurious influences permeating our literature, our newspapers, our art, our amusements. We need more careful contemplation of the social destruction which sensual vice has brought upon the communities of former days. We need individually a more ardent love of purity, a higher reverence for the sanctities of human relations, a more generous public spirit, and a more commanding sense of individual responsibility for the public welfare.

Having these, we shall find the ways in which to work to defend our civilization from this insidious danger so plainly threatening it. I do not know that I have the wisdom to suggest any of these definitely now. Doubtless they must needs be determined by experiments, which may include many instances of failure. But I think one thing is clear —in all these matters of social welfare we are hereafter to work socially chiefly. That is, we are to accomplish the improvement of social conditions by organizations of good and earnest individual men and women, animated by unselfish devotion and aiming at specific moral results. This is the turn things are taking now, distinctively, in our country. Especially in our cities the condition of our political institutions is such that we that can get nothing from our law-makers except what we wrest from them by powerful pressure. Our executives (we may as well acknowledge it) will not at present enforce the best laws unless kept to their duty by vigilant and determined social agencies. The abettors of evil are as free citizens as ourselves, made more active and energetic by selfish interest in the promotion of a score of the forms in which vicious tendencies manifest themselves.

Our principal immediate reliance for public reform and improvement must therefore be a refined public opinion and efficient social organizations. And these, friends, we ought to be developing and promoting without delay. For the evils to which I have especially pointed you work in society like a contagion in the blood of an individual. And, indeed, it is not alone direct agencies which will arrest and cure these evils. Their existence is largely due, as I intimated, to the novelty of our conditions, as great congested populations, which have grown up so suddenly that we have not yet created our institutions.

But we could do something, we could do much, immediately, if only the respectable element in our population were properly alive to the necessities of our time and honorably resolute in meeting these. The more flagrant of present abuses could be corrected. Our streets ought to be purged, promptly, of the licentious representations by which they are so extensively defiled. The trade even of a dealer in narcotics or stimulants ought not to be suffered to do a deadlier damage by vile moral concomitants. We ought to hold our papers to a far higher standard of decency—if we can find out how to do this. We ought to rebuke our artists when they desecrate the exquisite creations of God by a profane touch. Our shop windows ought to be expurgated. We ought, without delay, to institute a censorship of public exhibitions and plays, which, while permitting every element of amusement that is not debasing, should vigorously exclude all that is immoral and indelicate.

Will you not, at least, reflect on these things, and be ready to act as good citizens, as upright men and women, with whomsoever you may, for the correction of evils which are patent?

—Unitarian. Philadelphia.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

CHAPTER X.

"Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand:
Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie!

"Spare not the stroke! Do with us as thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, Thou our God and Lord!"

WHILE at conference I resolved to make arrangements, if possible, to enter the field; and soon after it returned home to carry the resolution into effect. In this I succeeded admirably, though at a heavy loss to myself. Knowing that my partner in business was not a practical printer, and that in the event of his failing to secure a practical man to fill my place, he might suffer materially, I determined to allow him the privilege of stating the terms of my withdrawal and the amount I should receive for my interest. Approaching him I announced my desire to withdraw, and my willingness for a settlement on the above terms. Taking a short time for consideration, and finding an available, competent man, he accepted my proposition. In two weeks he brought me the papers to sign, which I did unhesitatingly; and, though losing heavily, I stepped out of business with the feeling that my motive was ample justification for the course pursued, and that God would compensate me in other ways. I now think the action was rather hasty, and the consequent loss unnecessary; but have no regrets to express. I did it because the latter day work was richer than wealth and better than position; and it was the only object of any considerable moment to me. My former ambition was subdued. Leaving home and family, I went back to London within a month from conference adjournment, and was ready for service. My object in going there was to associate myself with some traveling elder, and thereby learn more readily than otherwise. I found Bro. Robert Davis there, and he was willing to take me along as an auxiliary. So in a few days we were out in real earnest, and I was happy. After calling at Blenheim, Appledore, and Chatham, and visiting the Saints at each place, we went to Dover, and there lived for a short time among the colored Saints. They had been neglected by the ministry, and their condition demanded attention. So we made our home among them for some days, preaching and regulating according to the wisdom in Brother Davis; then returned to Appledore, where we were cared for by Elder G. W. Shaw and family. From there we moved to the residence of Sister Lively, at Prairie Siding, west of Chatham, who with her daughter, (now Sr. Roderick May, of Independence, Missouri,) were the only members of the church in that neighborhood.

Our work began in their house, and from thence extended, by invitation, to other houses in the locality. Mr. Lively

and his wife, with others, thought that the Primitive Methodist minister, Rev. Heywood, would let us have his church for preaching. We doubted it, but went one Sunday afternoon to hear the gentleman preach, (I had sat with him in Methodist conference not long before,) with the idea of having Mr. Lively, who was one of his staunch members, ask the use of the house for us at night. In his sermon the reverend gentleman, having heard of our work in the neighborhood, took occasion to refer slightingly to some points of our doctrine, and to exhibit his contempt for us. At the close of the service, just as the preacher was stepping down from the pulpit, Brother Davis arose and said:—

"Will you allow me, sir, the privilege of asking you a question regarding something stated by you?"

The answer came in thunder tones, without hesitation, "No sir; if you don't believe what we preach, you have no business here."

That settled the matter, not only with Brother Davis, but with several others who had assured us of Brother Heywood's liberality. That was no place for inquirers or truth-seekers. One must believe in the divinity of Methodism or he was not wanted there. It was an eye-opener to quite a number. One member, a Mr. Brown, quickly sized up the situation, and having a soul bigger than his church, he invited us to occupy the large room at his house that night. We accepted, and voiced our announcement, which brought out quite a large crowd.

The result of this first assault upon my old superstructure of religion was a baptism by me of four of its members, among whom were Mr. Lively and his son Henry. Others have since accepted the gospel in that neighborhood. Thence we moved into Michigan and succeeded in following up the interest that had been created in and around what is now Brown City, and in the locality of Goodland, Lapeer county, and in Burnside and Deanville. In the latter place Brother Davis held a debate with Rev. Oliphant of the Disciple order. In these places I baptized several. Leaving Brother Davis at Davison Station to go to Reese, I went with Mr. Matthew Parson to Thomas Station to fire a few gospel shots. It was a new place, and the inhabitants, with few exceptions, seemed to be either infidels or Universalists. This was my first real venture alone; but the Lord stood by me and I survived. One old atheist challenged me at the close of my first meeting to speak in tongues. I offered to accommodate him next evening publicly if we could agree as to the language I must speak and to some other preliminaries. Before leaving the hall the old gentleman hailed me again and asked me how he was to know what I said unless he could understand the language. He proposed Latin, French, or German first, but after I had agreed to any he asked how he was to know whether or not I had learned them. I told him I was only agreeing to do the work demanded—not to be responsible for his conclusions. I then proposed to speak in a language he did not understand; but he said he would not then know but it might be mere gibberish. I proposed to interpret it for him, but he was still superstitious that I might manufacture the whole thing of myself. I then told him to settle in his mind just what would satisfy him and let me know next night, and if possible I would accommodate him.

He sent word for miles around among his friends, and a large assembly greeted me that evening. The hall was packed. Approaching him privately I asked for his conclusions. He informed me that no matter which way or what language I talked he would simply have my word for the divinity that inspired it, and he didn't care to trouble me for any display whatever. I then told him that he had reached the conclusion I wanted him to from the beginning, and informed him that I did not know any language but English, and that imperfectly; nor had I the ability to grant his request if he had insisted upon it; but that I wanted him to see the absurdity of his own test, and therefore tried to give his proposition all the advantage he might ask for it. I had never done the like before, and doubt if I ever will again; but it won the old man's good will, and he acknowledged that I had the advantage of him at least. Splendid liberty was granted me, and several of the infidels came up and complimented me and the work I was engaged in. Then they asked me to remain longer, but finding that I could not, they begged me to return. I visited several families and found that a good impression had been

ade. I have never been able to visit ıem since, but perhaps others have.

Leaving there I moved on to Reese, ı Tuscola county, where I found Brother 'avis at work, and with appointments ıt for me. Brother Edward Delong and ife were also there, and I found a home nd welcome with Sister Delong's people, Vm. Stocks and wife, who were also aints. Here we aroused the ire of the Baptist and Methodist ministers, until a ocal paper near there, after describing heir conduct, wound up its editorial vith the significant statement that we had behaved ourselves creditably so far as hey knew; but allowing, for argument's ake, that our church was not orthodox or of divine origin, still the methods and spirit of our religious opponents in the above named churches was "morally damnable." They did everything to incite the people to mob violence; but I baptized either ten or eleven persons before leaving, and some of them came from the above named churches, and one from the Roman Catholic body.

From there I returned home for a short time, and afterwards joined Brother Davis again near Imlay City, Michigan, and continued laboring with him for some months.

It will be impracticable to make detailed mention of all the incidents of my travel; they are so common to the ministerial work everywhere; nor would they prove sufficiently interesting to warrant a use of magazine space for that purpose. So, having introduced my initial labor to the reader, I will briefly touch upon such main incidents hereafter as will reveal a Fatherly supervision of my life, and furnish a reason for my effort at continuance in the faith.

I attended the General Conference of April, 1877, at Plano, and there got a clearer insight into the *modus operandi* of church government and procedure. There I met with men, who untrammelled with local jealousies and unhampered with petty personalities, were able to express an unbiased judgment upon matters that had crowded themselves upon my mind and stimulated inquiry. I looked, and prayed, and asked, and learned. The Canada matters referred thereto were settled, and I found that my first ordination was approved, and that the district conference, in which I had so innocently participated, was pronounced an unwarranted and rebellious convention. I didn't like the verdict, but swallowed my share of it as gracefully as my unsubdued nature would allow, and returned to Canada a wiser if not a better member.

After a few months more labor I returned to Toronto to close up my old deferred business accounts, and to dispose of what other interests I had that prevented continuous field work. My stepfather, who had again commenced business and needing a manager, came to me and urged strongly that, for a time at least, I take hold of his business for him, as he was afraid to trust it with any other at its then critical juncture. I consented and continued with him for nearly a year, I think.

During that time I preached on Sundays at my house, and baptized some thirteen or fourteen persons, among whom was my older sister and her husband. We purchased a church building and lot not far distant and made some payments thereon. Our audiences were small, generally, but we kept up the services and did our best to give opportunity to the people to hear the word.

I sold my home property, subject to what encumbrance was upon it, freed myself from every obligation, and, after moving my family into part of my sister's house, prepared again to take the field for missionary service.

This year proved to be one of severe trial and anxiety to me, though there were occasional bright spots intervening. The enemy laid heavy siege against my faith and all but shattered it. I shall refer to the more pleasing experiences first, and allow the sombre ones to find their place in turn.

I succeeded in one thing which gave me more than ordinary pleasure, viz.: getting access to my mother's mind with the gospel story. It came about in this wise: Knowing of her honesty I was confident that if she could but hear the truth she would admire it; but, like others, her prejudice made her unwilling to listen. She believed Methodism to be the soul of divinity, and she looked with suspicion upon everything that opposed it. To secure her ear, therefore, was the main object. After studying the matter over I hit upon the following plan: A lady friend and relative, the mention of whose

name here would serve no good purpose, who was gifted with a special fondness for talk and who seemed to take delight in inquiring into everything, solely for the gratification that such indulgence afforded, visited my mother's home occasionally, and I decided to make it a point to drop in on the same day that she did, for the sake of being interviewed by her in mother's hearing.

The scheme worked admirably; for I had no sooner seated myself than she began to ply her tongue, and exhibit her skill. After allowing her to make an apparent case against me, I ventured an explanation, only to draw out a heavier fire than before. After a few dialogues in that line I discovered that my plan was a success; for, though I had no hope of impressing the visiting lady favorably, I secured mother's attention. This was followed by anxious inquiry on her part, and a request for the church books.

Many visits did I make after that time, and I sat for hours and told her the blessed story, while she listened eagerly, lest she should miss a word. I saw the tears course down her cheeks on those occasions, and heard her frequently exclaim, "Bless the Lord; I believe it is true." She came to hear me preach, and I well remember a tableau presented in our church one Sunday evening after I had finished my discourse. She waited till a few persons left; then, seeming to have exhausted her patience, she came up the aisle to the platform, and throwing her arms around me, in the presence of the people, kissed me most affectionately; and reader, I was not a bit ashamed to have it so. It was the yielding of the last vestige of prejudice against the work, and an expression of affectionate pride that her son was honored and blessed as much as he was.

At this time one of the severe trials before referred to was upon me. It seemed as if all the bad elements of my old nature were being rallied by the Devil for one determined and final siege upon my character. I prayed earnestly against it, and in going home from work each evening, would, at a certain point, turn from the main thoroughfare and take a quiet, untraveled road or path, purposely to avoid the people, and to pray. Evening after evening I followed that line, for months. Holding my hat in my hand I prayed fervently for gra to overcome this uprising of evil with me. When reaching a vacant space, would kneel on the grass and urge n plea with all the earnestness of which was capable. Frequently I have ris with a song of praise in my heart and e clamations of joy on my lips; for I thoug that power was given me to overcom But, no sooner would my thumb tou the latch of my kitchen door, than seemed as if the very blackness of Egy was turned in upon my soul again. seemed impossible to speak a civil wor If the cat crossed my track I wanted kick it away. If supper was steaming o the table, I growled because it was to hot. If not ready I stormed because my wife's tardiness. If it was waitin and cool I would not eat, because it wa not hot. If the children came toward m with outstretched arms, I had a cross r buke for them on the tip of my tongu Nothing was right for me; and my wife tears only enraged me the more, an made me feel the more demon-like tha human.

Now let the reader, untutored in suc experiences, smile at the above if he ma and say it was too childish or too trivi for a man's notice; but I will here sa that such experiences continued with m for months; and that the change at m door each evening was as literal as whe a dozen incandescent lights are sud denly turned off in a room at midnight Night after night I dreaded it and prayed against it, only to feel it a soon as I reached the threshold of m own home. Frequently I crossed the entrance room and went into the bedroom, where I knelt and prayed for power to behave myself, determined not to go into the other room and eat till I secured the needed help. Rising I have reëntered the other room and again been confronted and almost instantly mastered by that cruel spirit. Mortified and ashamed all day I would determine upon a better course at night, only to find myself comparatively powerless when night came.

One evening, while walking alone, m hat swinging in my hand, and this terrible burden on my mind, I was praying most fervently for grace to overcome thi power, and for ability to rise above it and adorn my profession of sainthood a home. I felt that I did not want to live

if I could not be at least a kind husband and father. No other ambition was in my mind than the intense desire to be good. I wept in my soul-agony as I walked along. No person was on the street or block besides myself. Just then I heard a voice—not by my physical ear, but just as distinctly, nevertheless—utter these words: "*You shall yet stand in the quorum of the Twelve.*" My inner man, or spirit, heard the words as clearly articulated as did my natural ear any words ever spoken. I stopped suddenly and looked up and around, but saw no person. There was nothing in my mind to suggest or invite such an announcement. A thought in that direction had never occurred to my mind that I am aware of. But I heard it; and to this day do not know whether it was the voice of God, angel, spirit, or demon; all I know is that I heard it. Why that sentence should have been spoken to me at such a time I am at a loss to understand; but I determined that the revelation it made, whether proving true or false, should never have the effect of feeding my vanity or of spoiling me for the humblest service. I reported it to my wife, and afterwards to some half dozen persons in different parts of the country where I traveled.

Still the adversary plied faithfully his vocation and kept his forces around me, evidently bent on my overthrow. But never for a moment did I lose my determination to conquer, if there was grace enough with God and at my disposal to give me final advantage. Shortly after hearing the voice referred to—possibly two months—we were visited by an elder from Western Canada who preached several times, and before leaving delivered a prophecy in which I was told that a trial awaited me. It was to be severe and to be introduced in ways and through channels outside of all my calculations. It would press me sorely, and its object would be to drive me into infidelity. But if in the hour of extremity I would remember and call upon God he would deliver me; and in due time I should rise higher in the Melchisedek priesthood and become an especial witness to carry the gospel to the world.

The latter part of this revelation agreeing with what I had before received made me consider it somewhat significant; for the one uttering the prophecy knew nothing of what I had heard. My wife and self agreed to make note of it. But I did not believe I could well be tried worse than I had been; and, as the burden then upon my mind began to leave, I soon allowed the matter to pass from my thoughts.

I had drafted a skeleton of the prediction, however, embodying what is set forth in the foregoing, and placed it in my pocket book. I doubted whether anything could ever make me a skeptic, and was inclined to believe that the prophecy was overdrawn. The trial which for months had been galling me so sorely had never once squinted in the direction of infidelity, and I held to the opinion that after escaping that I was proof against the adversary's attacks, with such an object in view. How far I was mistaken let the sequel show. I intended, however, to keep the facts of the prediction with me and learn its origin by the development of time. I was now about relieved of the terrible strain I had been under for months, and things, like myself, were assuming a normal condition. Our meetings were enjoyable, by reason of the Spirit's presence; and the fact of mother becoming a believer seemed to fill my cup with pleasure for a considerable time.

Elder John Shippy came and labored for a short time and reported a need for special labor where he had recently been at work, and invited me to return with him. Accordingly I started forth on a trip to Carlingford in his company. We opened fire at the house of Brother and Sister John Hartnell; then by invitation changed about with the residence of a Mr. Robert Brown, who with his family were at the head of the Baptist Church at that place. Our labor there was blessed, and nearly the entire family was baptized. Eight members entered the church at that time and others during the coming year. Elder Samuel Brown, now laboring constantly in the field, was one of the number baptized at that time by the writer. His father and mother have since proven the genuineness of their conversion to the faith by as noble and complete a consecration of means as the law provides for, and in other ways have contributed to the building up of the work.

Later on in the city of Saint Mary's, where they afterwards moved, they purchased a commodious church building and lot, and, as a result the writer had the honor of occupying its pulpit and baptizing Mr. (now Elder) Mortimore and wife, and a Mr. Rainey. May God add many such willing workers to the present list. Bro. Robert Brown and family are now residing at Blenheim, Ontario.

From Carlingford I went to London and visited some few of the Saints, among others an elder who had recently been brought in contact with some writings and people and arguments that had the effect of staggering him on the leadership question. I found him dark in mind and in no condition to listen to anything I might say. Our president was held up to stinging ridicule and biting sarcasm, and his claims were scouted as unwarranted, while the revelations of the Doctrine and Covenants were being used to prove that he was a usurper. The spirit in which this was done was torturing to me; for I knew that this same elder had been used as an instrument in working miracles, and in conferring some of the grandest blessings that I had ever heard of. I had a hundred times, in the barrenness of my experience, considered him the biggest illustration of divine power in human form I had ever met, and had thought that I did not need any greater evidence of the Christ-power in the work than was found manifest in him. Yet there he was—dark as night, and I had to attempt a defense of the very work I thought he illustrated; and that, too, against attacks made by himself. With but two or three exceptions, where communications were direct, my faith had been based upon his testimony regarding divine manifestations. I had looked upon him as being a pillar when others failed me; but there was the evidence before me that I had leaned upon a broken reed. To say that I was dazed is but to put it mildly; but I carried it and pondered it in my mind. Afterwards, when I heard the same elder speak publicly, and in unmistakable terms send the old stream of divinity into other channels of leadership, I felt like asking where there was any ground for me to stand upon, when he who had received a hundred manifestations to my one was now ready to renounce the very organization through which alone had come to him such marvelous power.

As a basis for part of his criticism he had gone outside of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and had used the following, which was given through the Seer and incorporated in a letter sent by him to W. W. Phelps in 1832:—

"And it shall come to pass that I the Lord God, will send one mighty and strong, holding the scepter of power in his hand, clothed with light for a covering, whose mouth shall utter words, eternal words, while his bowels shall be a fountain of truth, to set in order the house of God, and to arrange by lot the inheritance of the Saints, whose names are found, and the names of their fathers, and of their children, enrolled in the book of the law of God."

I was challenged to show where the "scepter" had been wielded by the present Joseph (to whom the Elder presumed I applied this clause); where had he proven himself "mighty and strong;" where had he uttered "eternal words," thereby putting down contention and false doctrine, and silencing cavilers? Where had the "house of God" been "set in order?" These, and a host of other questions were defiantly flaunted before me. I was incapable of a reply, such as would have then answered. But I have since learned that Saints often entertain thoughts regarding such promises that are by no means warranted. While I am not necessarily pledged to the application of this revelation to our esteemed president, yet I would here suggest that my idea of might and strength as therein mentioned is not what it once was. Strip it of all association with physical or carnal warfare, and it is left with a purely spiritual significance.

The mightiest and strongest man in a spiritual sense this earth ever held was Jesus Christ; and if we accept his illustration of these qualities, we find no destruction of foes, no crushing of opponents, no reviling of revilers, no resenting of insults, no silencing of cavilers by brute or muscular force; no clashing of steel or trumpets of war; no visiting of revenge upon his persecutors and murderers, but always the reverse. If twelve legions of angels awaited his bidding to defend him and destroy his foes, why did he meekly hold the reed and wear the crown of

thorns and robe of mockery? Why did he allow the angry mob to spit upon his sacred face and smite him from behind? Why did he endure so patiently the frequent banter to display his power? Why, with power to save his life, did he consent to die? Let us learn, reader, that he is mightiest by far who can possess the requisite strength to smite a foe and yet withhold the blow; whose soul is moved by loftier impulse than leads to carnal resentment. Never did the wise man write more truly than when he penned the words, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Almost any man can resent a sudden attack upon him to the extent of his strength; but how few can hold in check the rising impulse and can bless the hand that smote, and breath a final prayer for the hands made gory with his own life blood.

The mission of Jesus was to demonstrate the possibility of that diviner potency by which our spirits can be ruled. There was his "scepter of power."

In illustration further of this he spake "eternal words," and how beautifully did they harmonize with his practice. Hear him as he says, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you that ye resist not evil. Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them which despitefully use you; *that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven.*" To do all this, not only in patience but in the Christ-sense, requires more of the "mighty and strong" element than as a church we have yet exhibited. As long as I have reason to admire those qualities in Jesus I shall not fail to admire their approximate in any other. As long as they prove the Son of Man to have been "mighty and strong," will they not also prove any other possessor of them to be near the standard required in the above revelation. If any claimant to the office referred to in the prophecy shall speak "words" differing in sentiment or wield a "scepter" of "power" diverse from this, can he help us by so doing to "become the children of our Father which is in heaven, unless Jesus was woefully mistaken? Allow me to here state that the best evidence I have ever had supportive of the possibility of our beloved President being the "one" provided for, has been in the fact that my long and intimate acquaintance with him has proven him nearest the standard above referred to.

Whoever may eventually prove to be the "one" must bring and employ weapons, not carnal, but spiritual, and we need look for no more startling results from his speaking "eternal words" and holding a "scepter of power" than followed in the wake of Jesus Christ when he did like work. It is possible the sad blunder of the Jews may be repeated among us. They refused Jesus because his "scepter" did not fill their carnal expectations, and we in our eager straining to catch the sound of "eternal words" to be yet spoken, may ignore the divinity of those above quoted; and, in consequence, may lose title to the "inheritance of the Saints," which the expected "one" is to "arrange by lot."

This learn and know, that he who can
  Hold power to crush and yet restrain
Its exercise—whose love for man
  Forbids him lower to the plane
Where grace to nature yields its sway,
  And self-wreaked vengeance is the height
And span of honor.—he whose way
  Well chosen and pursued, the light
Of heaven commands.—whose constant care
  Subdues uprising self and spurns
Resentment, though the circling air
  With slanderous invective burns,
Is mightier and hath truer claim
  To hero's place and fame unfurled,
Than he whose dead-strewn track proclaims
  Him conqueror of a world.

The spirit—poised in righteousness
  And training for celestial spheres,
Though housed in mortal tenement,
  And vexed with myriad cares—
Which climbs o'er clam'ring self and crucifies
  Its carnal impulse.—that can bless
The tongue that cursed it and, without parade,
  Relieve a foe's self-earned distress.—
Can feed an enemy and nurse the hand
  That smote.—that hastes to clasp
In fond embrace and e'en unsought
  Forgive the life pledged to its ruin.—
That o'er the sepulchre of buried self
  Erects no monument, but lives to extol
Another's virtue, and in silence shed
  A holy luster o'er the lives of all,
Is strength-possessed and fortified,
  In likeness of the model given.—
Earth's king—man's hope—the Crucified.—
  God's ideal in earth or heaven.

To be reviled and not in kind return

Revilement.—in the Son of God
Was princely attribute. It was the crest
Or pinnacle of lofty bearing—better still:
'Twas the sublime towering of the divine
Above. yet through. the human—the resplendent
Luster of the Infinite (like diamond setting
In the character of finite life)—"Thy will.
Not mine. Father. be done." 'Twas yielding flesh
To make God manifest: and. while I stand
Transfixed before this scene. let my fond heart
Admire. yet not in empty forms of praise:
But "likewise" doing—lost to selfish pride—
Submerge my soul in the Christ principle—
Be ever moved by love and still abide
In virtue.—finding shield and staff
Therein—and bear within this character
My Master's photograph.

I may here state that the elder referred to above came out of his season of darkness and doubt in due time, and with probably better assurance regarding the Reorganization than ever before. His work since that time has proven his worth and I am of the opinion that the genuineness of his metal and the excellence of his service for Christ and the church had brought upon him the jealous rage of the adversary to such an overwhelming extent as I have testified of. It was his time of heavy trial; but God overruled it all to his own glory and the brother's permanent good. So I now view it, but not so at that time, for though I did not publish it abroad, my faith was wounded sore and I returned home nursing my bitterness and apprehension. Upon my arrival home my wife was taken sick and called for administration at my hands. I observed the rite as required in James 5: 14, and she revived for an hour, then relapsed. Again she called, and again I administered to her, with the same results. This was several times repeated, until I refused to proceed further. With streaming eyes and broken heart I pleaded for recognition at the hands of God, until, wearied with constant effort, oppressed with the doubt that had already sprang up in my heart, and disgusted with what seemed to be the mockery of the affair, I abandoned myself almost to despair. I went for a physician and committed my wife's case to him; but still, for her sake, because it pleased her, I prayed on, but with fast waning faith. After a few weeks my wife's health was restored, and I tried to cheer myself again. Her sister, Mary, already referred to, and Elizabeth (now Sister Allen Bailey, of Independence, Missouri) were stopping at our home. We kept up the family altar and the branch meetings, regularly, and not a soul knew of the battle that was raging within me. I did not want to hurt my wife's faith, nor rob her of any of the comfort I knew it brought her.

Meanwhile her parents had moved from London to Independence, and her mother had written for the two sisters to come west to her. They had delayed in order to provide several things before going, and to earn sufficient to pay the cost of the long journey. Their delay caused their mother some uneasiness, and she wrote me a very pathetic letter, asking me to use my influence to induce them to start quickly and promising to send financial help to them if they required it. She stated twice in the letter that she knew by the Spirit that they should come to her, but could not tell why.

Upon receipt of this letter we wrote at once, and promised that they would start immediately upon receiving such an amount of money as would complete their railroad fare. After sending this word we waited for a letter, bringing the amount required. The letter came, but not with the expected message. Instead thereof, it brought tidings of an accident, by which their mother had been thrown from a wagon, down a hill and onto a railroad track, crushing her face, and causing her death in about five hours.

This was a terrible blow. Need I tell that our house was filled with a grief that seemed inconsolable? Need I add that it occurred at a time when I was in the worst condition of mind possible to bear it? It was simply crushing; and I felt as though I cared neither for God nor religion; nor for aught that my eyes could not rest on and understand. Still I tried to comfort the rest, and to keep up the form of worship for the sake of others, until, a month or two later, I reached a condition of mind where I abhorred myself for acting the hypocrite, and determined to take all risks in renouncing the entire religious fabric.

One night I entered my chamber alone and knelt down, determined to make a final effort to secure recognition at the hands of God, if such a being really existed. Mortal never prayed more de-

vontly. I pleaded, and reasoned, and wept, that some token of even God's existence might be given; but everything was denied me. Rising from my knees, after a long siege, I flung the chair away from me and resolved to abandon myself to whatever might be my fate and cease to pray. In this state of mind, bordering on frenzy—a hell indeed—I got into bed and tried to silence my remnant of conscience by arguing my case in justification. I traced the long series of trials that for half a year had borne down upon me so heavily, the vain appeals I had made for deliverance, the ease with which one a thousand times more blessed than myself could renounce the church, the repeated and useless administrations to my wife, the refusal of heaven to even notice my agony of distress, the cruelly sudden death of my mother-in-law who was one of the truest Saints I ever knew, and at such a critical time, and the long siege of cruel abandonment to such fiendish influences as had oppressed me without just cause, and that too right in the face of my most tender and loyal devotion to the work of the church. All this and more I argued, and felt wicked and full of resentment. O the impenetrable blackness of that period when I felt fully justified in shaking my puny fist in the face of the Deity and daring him to do his worst, if he had any power at all. I tremble now as I think about it.

While lying on the bed in this horrible condition of mind, there stole gently and sweetly over me a sensation akin to that which had visited me shortly after my entrance into the church, and suddenly the question was forced into my thoughts, "Did I not forewarn you?" I instantly remembered the revelation that had been given, its prediction of peculiar trials, and its remarkable statement that the object would be to drive me into infidelity. There I was on the verge of the very precipice referred to; and, as the fact and the warning stood together as if in vision before me, my whole nature changed. An unutterable gladness filled my heart; and my soul magnified the Lord. My freed spirit seemed to really float in an atmosphere of divine peace, and my feelings found vent in tears, and songs, and prayers. I slept the first peaceful sleep that I had for months. No language can ever describe the contrast of feelings that was experienced that night. And if it were possible to write it, only those who had passed through a like ordeal and transition could appreciate it.

(To be continued.)

THE PROMISE AND THE PROMISER.

BY BRO. WILLIAM STREET.

"My album is the summer's breast,
Where tempests rage and darkness reigns,
Without one ray of light.
To write the love of Jesus there,
And point to worlds so bright and fair;
To see saints and sinners bowed in prayer,
Is my extreme delight."

"God hath at hand swift messengers in answers in return to prayer."

"Let us pray for one another."

JESUS sat at the well of Samaria. His disciples had gone for food, and he was faint and weary. But a woman came to draw water, and so there was another opportunity of doing good. If he had been as selfish as hundreds and thousands of our day and age he might have excused himself by saying, "I am tired, faint, and weary, and want a vacation to some seaside resort, to an excursion across the ocean, or to be refreshed at some expensive hotel." But no selfish theme entered his mind. The opportunity presented itself, and he did good. "Come and see a man that told me all things that ever I did." And the people came out unto him. That was glorious news from a Syrian well to the woman's neighbors. Don't you think it was?

It is said that John B. Gough once lectured to about eighteen hundred wretched, miserable outcasts of one of the large cities in an upper room, and his audience was quiet for one hour, because there was a loaf of bread promised to each one on that condition. And shall we turn away anyone from our doors without giving them a cup of cold water or a piece of bread? And shall we not do good when opportunity presents itself,

we who have tasted of the Spirit's power and of the gospel food?

Elisha prayed for sight for his servant to be comforted and strengthened, and now he prays for blindness to fall on his enemies to confound them. Immediately his prayers are answered, "and the Lord smote them with blindness according to to the word of Elisha." Here we have an enemy seeking to hinder the Lord's servant, and no sooner does he call upon his God to smite them than God does it for his servants' protection.

The men of Sodom would have injured Lot, but the heavenly host smote the people with blindness, both small and great. In the very same way David prays to the Lord to turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness, and God answered him. (2 Samuel 15:31.) When a strong enemy comes against us we are apt to forget that it is just as easy for the Lord to destroy either an intellectual foe or a wily one as it is for us to destroy a grasshopper.

Elisha prayed open their eyes, and the men who were blinded at the prayer of the man of God, at his intercession received their sight; or the Lord opened their eyes and they saw, not the host of angel chariots and horses and warriors that encompassed the man of God, but they saw the noble generosity of the captive whom they would have slain, and who now defended them from prison and death and sent them to their own country with food and drink.

"If ye love them which love you what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same? If thine enemy hunger give him bread to eat; if he be thirsty give him water to drink; for in so doing thou shall heap coals of fire upon his head."

There are no difficulties with God. His reasources are infinite; and with the Mediator is combined wisdom, power, defense, for all the weak children of God.

There was once a great famine in the land of Samaria. There were no outlets, for visible means of deliverance, and the people were ready to die. Then the prophet of the Lord said: "Thus saith the Lord: To-morrow about this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel in the gate of Samaria," and because a man would not believe it, the people trod upon him and he died. For the Lord had made the host of the Syrians to hear a noise of chariots of horses, even the noise of a great host; and they said one to another, "Lo, the king of Israel hath hired against us the king of the Hittites and the king of the Egyptians to come upon us," Wherefore they arose and fled, in the twilight left their tents and their horses, and their other property, even the camp as it was, and fled for their lives. Who but the Lord could have influenced the nerves and the fears of a host of armed men and caused to leave their all and flee from a city which was besieged.

When the Moabites went up to fight against the kings of Israel and Judah the water which the Lord had commanded to fill the trenches for the use of the army, the cattle, and the beasts, was the means of refreshing to his people. The Moabites could see a field of blood in the bright water that flowed in the trenches, and thus taken in the snare it caused their defeat.

Did not the Lord cause Joseph Smith to see and know his enemies by the Spirit and by the Urim and Thummim? Certainly he did. And the work of that Spirit on the hearts of those whom Joseph Smith loved and who loved him, is one of the most convincing evidences of the great work of God in these last days, at least to those who will open their eyes and not be blinded by the unbelievers of the present day.

Many of the Saints are more competent to speak of the Spirit's operations than I am. But have we not continually to declare the wondrous ways and power of God, and his deliverances in time of danger. And in this particular vein are we not to blame for keeping back our testimonies? For two months I was an attendant at the Delaware state hospital, at Farnhurst, and came in contact with the most vicious of cases and saw people with all manner of diseases and in every degree of degradation. Yet, by obedience to God's commands, and by living properly, as a saint ought to do, God delivered me from all harm, while others were hurt or else would not come within twenty feet of some of the inmates. I found the love of God, combined with firmness, duty, and kindness, to be worth more to me than all other things on earth.

When the Lord said to Samuel, "Fill

thine horn with oil and I will send thee to Jesse." The prophet exclaimed, "How can I go? If Saul hear it he will kill me." Yet the Lord commanded: and it was just as easy to protect him as to command him to walk in the way. But the gracious Master did not upbraid him for his careless fear. Appointing the manner that he should go he meets the timidity of his chosen servant by telling him to take a heifer with him to the sacrifice, to go peaceably. O Lord, how wondrous are thy works! How mysterious are thy ways! And what a loving and merciful friend thou art to all thy children!

If circumstances and condition in life were our guide we should be like ships without a rudder or a helm, tossed about by every wind of doctrine. In the sweet security of our Father's house we can count up the promises that shine forth like stars in the blue, ethereal sky, in the midnight watch; golden lights that make our hearts rejoice along the shore of time. That the God of the hills was the God of the valleys, and that it is the same God who protected Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, and his servants and children in all ages we are sure. And in the presence of the faithful Promiser we shall sing the praises of the ransomed host that have gone before.

The Lord did not choose us for our goodness, or for our faith. He did not choose Israel for their goodness, or for their faith. They became a despised nation, distinct from any other nation, but the Lord has not cast them away forever. O no. "There failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken unto the house of Israel; all came to pass."—Joshua 21:45.

OVER THE RANGE.—No. I.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

THE transient visitor, who spends but a brief time in a country, or in any region thereof, can realize only a few of either the beauties or the defects of the land he travels in; therefore he is not able to speak as intelligently of the situation as he would be if he remained a longer time. Yet he may observe many things and may be able to tell something about what he has seen.

And if, while traveling to and fro, he has been interested in other matters, or in people and in ideas more than he has been in surroundings that are temporal, still he may gather some notes and may not as greatly misjudge those surroundings as may one who goes solely to see and to discuss, perhaps with bias of mind, the merits and demerits of the country, the manners and customs of the people, and their labors, pastimes, admitted intentions and expectations.

I believe that I came to California without prejudice of mind or preconceived notions except one. And this was that I believed that I should neither like the country nor the climate well enough to desire to dwell on the Pacific Slope permanently. My idea was that a brief visit would be agreeable, or at least pleasant, and that then in returning east there would be entire satisfation in staying there. But I am at the end of the third month and cannot yet say that I have had enough of it. However, possibly six months or a year, or a longer time, might bring me to that conclusion. Or the winter season might bring changes that would give me a great dislike to the climate and the country.

Yet the majority of the people, and especially visitors from the eastern states, seem to be more pleased with the winters than with the summers, if indeed they can make a choice between the two. For, while the summers on the coast are not sultry, like so much of the summer weather is in the east, yet, on the other hand, the winters are so extremely mild that the contrast between this country and the east in the weather from November to April is so great that nearly everyone enjoys it, even though some bracing, frosty air would often be agreeable to an eastern or northern man. Many town and country houses here are not plastered at all, and such houses are disagreeable to people from the east who are used to

having their houses well built and kept warm all the time. But those who have plastered houses can easily keep them warm with a small amount of fuel for morning and evening use, and on rainy or really cool days of winter and spring.

One difficulty has been that of having good fuel, wood being scarce and high priced, the willow costing $5 per cord, in or near Los Angeles. Live oak and other varieties better than willow are brought from distant canyons, and these kinds cost much more. But the blue gum is now being planted for fuel, and quite large groves of these trees may be seen in places. This is a variety of the eucalyptus tree, a native of Australia. Many farmers are growing enough of these to supply themselves with fuel from year to year. It is a rapid grower and quite durable in burning. Like the willow, the blue gum tree may be cut off six or eight feet above the ground, and then new branches start out and grow so well that in two or three years they become large enough to make good wood again. In this way a small area planted with them will produce indefinitely and satisfactorily, and without irrigation. Even with the present railway facilities soft coal is sold at ten dollars per ton in the summer season and for more in fall and winter. However, when the anticipated road to Southern Utah is built these prices will be lessened.

But I write this in the season when we have entered and are now passing through the most unpleasant time of year, in some respects, the time of drought, the later summer when vegetables, berries, flowers, grass, and grain all gradually (or rapidly) wither and die except they are irrigated more or less frequently and with regularity. The orange and lemon would not grow without this artificial watering. Along the roads, and wherever water is not so provided, much of the vegetation is becoming more and more dusty, and brown, and yellow, and nearer death. And while I do not like the dust, nor the idea of so much irrigation being absolutely necessary; yet, so far, taking all the benefits into consideration, I certainly like the country and the climate better the longer I remain here, just as thousands of others do who come to Southern California.

There is life everywhere (by effort) of that which is cared for, and very little death of anything worth saving. And, as the facilities for irrigation increase, the lakes and reservoirs being provided in the mountains, in the canyons and in the valleys, the problem of continuing life is being more and more solved, and life reigns in thousands of square miles where once to a great degree, death and barrenness existed and held almost supreme sway.

Some philosopher has said that he is a benefactor to the race who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. Hence we can appreciate what has been done by enterprising men for so much of this Southern California country, for so large an area that was included in the desert lands obtained from Mexico after the war with that country. Only parts and parcels of it were considered of any value. In places the Spaniards planted Catholic missions early in this century, and regions were used as partial grazing grounds for cattle. For, in the wet season of winter and early spring, large portions were more or less covered with a growth of wild and coarse vegetation, that grew in the sand and gravel, despite the unfavorable circumstances.

But now, in the march of humanity, the valleys and the canyons have been claimed by man, and, by the saving of water in the rainy season, and by hoarding it against a time of greater need, man has made the former barren wastes to be almost beyond price, not only in the main valleys and near the cities and towns, but also in the lateral valleys and little canyons that extend into the mountain ranges. Indeed, in the inhabited valleys and dales, within one to five miles from motor or railway trains, quite a common price for land is $300 to $500 per acre, and where there are fine orchards of oranges, walnuts, apricots, peaches, etc., it is held at much more than these figures, ofttimes double.

It should be mentioned that the deciduous (annual leaf falling) trees can all live without irrigation, such as the peach, plum, pear, apricot, fig, etc., also some of the perennial trees, as the pepper tree, etc., but all the fruit-bearers are said to do better, both in quality and in quantity, by being irrigated. The perennial trees, as the orange, lemon, and magnolia, need irrigation, or I so understand, particularly the orange and the lemon.

Corn planted in the spring usually produces a good crop without irrigation; but the scarcity of rain last winter has caused the soil to be so dry this summer that a great share of that planted cannot mature, and in some regions much of it has already been cut for feeding while small or medium, without any ears formed upon it. In other parts it promises fairly. Early vegetables, those planted from January to March, do well, but if further crops are wanted there must be a systematic water supply.

Except some blue grass and white clover, grown in lawns by repeated watering, I think that alfalfa is the only grass, or what eastern people would call grass, that is grown in Southern California. But, by frequent overflowing with water, alfalfa will produce five or six crops per year, with an average of one and a half to two tons each, to the acre, or three tons by special care.

But barley is the chief article used here for hay, it being cut late in May or early in June, before the grain is dry enough to fall out. To get one crop of barley (usually large) it needs no expense for reservoirs and pipes to irrigate, hence it is raised on all ground where nothing more profitable is planted or set out. There are broad fields of it, both in the upper and in the lower valleys, and on the bench lands, and in the canyons, and even on the tops and sides of quite high ranges of hills, the kind of stirring plows used being the side hill variety. Every foot of ground is valuable, or becoming so, and all not now in use is likely to be put to profit, in one way or another, before many years.

The popularity of the country is seen in its steady settlement, and in the growth of its cities and numerous towns and suburban places. In 1870 Los Angeles had a population of eleven thousand, in 1890 of fifty thousand, and now it is estimated at from sixty to sixty-five thousand, the former number probably being within bounds.

Since the completion of the Santa Fé road in 1885–6 there has been a great tide of travel from the east, and coming this side of the range this tide has spread out through the land, to the seashore and to the mountain sides. Not only resorts for health and recreation have been founded, but permanent establishment has been made by tens of thousands. All parts of Southern California are being developed, her resources brought out and improvements made.

There are yet left specimens of the repulsive looking wastes, where sand, gravel, sage brush, weeds, and useless things grew for unknown ages before the land began to be reclaimed. I call to mind particularly the country near Redlands, (southeast of San Bernardino). Within seven years, so Bro. W. M. Gibson informed me, much of that sandy desert has been converted, by energy and irrigation, into valuable orchard lands, where oranges, lemons, apricots, etc., etc., grow abundantly. In the mountains near there is a reservoir, of some fifteen thousand acres of surface, by which the valley is abundantly watered. In the time stated Redlands has grown to be a city of four thousand inhabitants.

I do not write this because I am infatuated with the country, or because I expect to remove to California, but simply because I like to understand the situation, and also I judge that some who read the *Leaves* may feel a like interest in knowing how things are, that is if I have learned correctly and been able to convey in language what little I have learned during my short stay in this land.

Here at Glendale last winter the mercury touched the lowest point at twenty-seven degrees above zero, and oranges upon the trees were damaged in many places; also tender trees were greatly injured by the frosts. Hence we see that the seasons are changing everywhere, and no one knows just what may take place in any region. For the prophets have foretold the times of trouble from which no part of the earth is secure, and no nation is protected. The month of May was spoken of as an uncommonly wet and cold month, for Southern California, and disasters may yet befall the fruits and evil many hereafter come upon the beauties of this land as well as upon the joys of other lands.

In the cities and large towns, such as Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Pasadena, Redlands, Santa Ana, also in many small suburbs, are seen beautiful orchards and lovely lawns, all kept green by the irrigating process repeated every few days, the water being in pipes connecting with the flumes that bring it down from

the mountain canyons, as before described. Here are orange orchards, each tree of which (in good seasons) yields from five to ten dollars worth of fruit.

Upon some of these trees are yet hanging oranges that ripened last winter, and also there are the multitudes of young green oranges of the size of marbles and walnuts, a strange sight to those unused to such a mode of doing by the fruit trees.

Again, in our travels, we come to regions where the soil is just suited to rasing English walnuts, and we see hundreds of acres devoted almost solely to orchards of these large, fine looking trees. The increase from a few acres of these is sufficient for a good living, and something more as the trees increase in size and in bearing capacity. Of the orange production, the father of Bro. C. W. Earl (living at Azusa) told me that last year he received $425 for the oranges in his orchard, the area of which is three fourths of an acre, or about seventy-five trees. The wind and the sandstorm last winter left so little fruit on the trees that this season he sold none. Near Azusa also the soil is peculiarly adapted to strawberry culture, and the chief supplies of this berry are obtained at Azusa for Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and other cities and towns in these valleys.

Elsewhere we find orchards of apricots, or of figs, or peaches, or olives, or pears. And sometimes a man has several or all these fruits, if he has the land. But, more frequently, he raises one or two kinds and devotes his attention to them alone, both because it makes less labor and because often the soil he has is better adapted to particular fruits than it is to others. For in Southern California a fourth of a mile, or even a few rods, may make a great difference in the quality of the soil. One farm, or ten acre ranch, may be so sandy that an eastern man would naturally think that nothing of value could be produced upon it, and perhaps there will be so much gravel in it that it is a wonder indeed that anything can grow, especially fine trees and delicious fruits. Then, a little farther along, the ground will be dark and have as much earth with it as to be almost like eastern soil. Particularly have I noticed this difference about Glendale, which is a part of the noted San Fernando Valley, the sand, sand and pebbles, and the dark earth succeeding each other at short intervals. But all of it will grow something valuable by the use of water and diligent attention. And, indeed, as I have before said, many crops are raised without irrigation, especially in the lower valleys.

One thing is noticeable here, that people cultivate without being compelled to do so by the weeds, and that they do not "lay by" their crops at a certain stage. But they continue to cultivate them, and thereby they get all the good out of the soil that is possible—as a rule. The land is too valuable to let the weeds choke out the things grown thereon. And, of course, it is easier to kill weeds here, between times of irrigation, than it is where rain may come any day and spoil the best efforts.

But it seems to be a wise provision that weeds should grow, lest, without them, many would utterly fail to stir the soil enough to make the crops do any good. It has often seemed so in the states I have lived in. But in California irrigation and good cultivation is practiced, whether any weeds exist or not. Land that is worth from $300 to $1,000 per acre *must* be made productive, not simply skimmed over in the first half of the season and then left to grow up a thicket of weeds for the rest of the year. This is often the case in the east, even in seasons that are favorable for the killing of weeds, cockleburs, and thistles.

Along the borders of many farms and vineyards, and also along the streets of cities and towns are seen rows of the pepper tree, which is quite a handsome tree for one of such spreading branches. It bears clusters of red berries, and makes a fine shade. On the lawns in the towns and in the yards of country houses are commonly seen the fan palm and occasionally the date palm and the Spanish bayonet. There are also magnolia trees and other ornamental trees and shrubs. And abounding almost everywhere are the orange, lemon, peach, pear, fig, apricot, loquot, walnut, and prune trees, besides hundreds of varieties of flowers, both those that are common in the east and many which are never seen there.

L S ANGELES, California, July, 1892.

A CHILD'S JOURNAL.

She wrote in her little journal,
That was hers but that New Year's Day,
And "Give me some ink, dear auntie,
That never shall fade away;
For I mean to keep this journal
Until I am old and gray."

This was her cry, my darling,
As she bent o'er the snowy page,
And turned to question her auntie,
With earnest tone and sage;
But who could look at my darling
And think of grair-haired age?

"How much may I write, dear auntie?
The whole page may I fill?"
And she toiled o'er her little journal
With eager right good will,
Till the little brain was a-weary,
And the fingers wearier still.

When the fair white page was blotted,
She viewed it with dismay:
"How nice it would be, dear auntie,
If the blots would fade away,
And the writing last forever,
Forever and for aye!"

And I thought, as I heard my darling,
How life, with its flying pen,
Since we wrote in our childish journals,
Has filled many a page since then;
And oh! could we cancel the record,
And see the page clear again!

The words of passion and folly;
The wild and reckless deeds,
Whose fruits we are sadly reaping,
Though we lightly sowed their seeds;
All these on the pages are written
To sadden the heart that reads.

Ah, my journal! whose spotless pages
I thought I would keep so fair!
The writing is blurred and hurried
And blotted, for all my care,
And the faults, though we wish them faded,
Yet, alas! they are always there.

But still in my journal is written
What I would not have decayed,
Of gladness and tender sorrow,
Bright sunshine and grateful shade;
They have all of them left their impress
In letters that never shall fade.

Where the name of a lost beloved
On the journal's page appears,
Though spoken in faltering accents,
And gazed at through blinding tears,
Yet there let it stand forever,
To hallow the lonely years.

And the love that through storm and sunshine
Has guarded me day by day—
The patient love and the goodness
That have borne with me all the way
All these in the journal are written,
And never shall fade away.

—Jetty Vogel.

THE CAPACITY FOR CONFESSION.

CONFESSION of one's faults and errors is frequently spoken of as a duty, but is seldom presented as a moral achievement—an evidence of self-mastery and self-knowledge. It is a great thing to be capable of a genuine confession. So much of just and delicate feeling for others, and so clear a conviction of one's own wrong motive and bitter spirit, are involved in a real confession, that it should not seem strange that comparatively few prove to be capable of it. The man of immovable prejudice, of unchangeable will, of blind self-conceit, is almost incapable of making confession of his wrongs, because he has so long fostered the habit of jusifying his every act and feeling, that he at last identifies his conduct and temper, whatever they may be, with the morally good, and loses all the measures by which the right and the good may be judged, except his own perverted and self-blinded conscience. To be incapable of confession, is to be the victim of pride and selfishness.

Christ and his apostles taught the duty of confession, and Christian moralists have always emphasized this teaching. Large sections of the church possess an elaborate system of confession, which provides for acknowledgment of one's sins at stated intervals, in the presence of official religious advisers. Opinions will continue to differ as to the value of this system; but it is certain that, whatever its merits, it does not supply that test or measure of right feeling toward the injured, and of genuine acknowledgment

of the wrong done, which is found in a voluntary personal confession to the injured party. In the confessional system, the fault is admitted to an official religious superior, instead of being acknowledged to the person against whom it was committed. The difference is world-wide so far as the test to which these two processes subject the character.

There are thousands of persons who daily confess their faults in a general way in their prayers, and even in quite a specific way, who would never go to a neighbor, friend, or relative toward whom their action or language had been unjust and unkind, and freely confess that definite wrong. Hence the gospel puts the hardest stress upon our natural pride and self-will in requiring us to confess our faults one to another. We can confess them to God, to some human third party, or to an official representative of religion; but except among children, or in the case of those who have so far received the kingdom of God as to become like little children, it is rare to find those who are able to make frank and full confession of a wrong to the injured or aggrieved party.

In the majority of cases, probably, the difficulty is not that people are not sensible of their own faults and injustice to others. The difficulty lies in so far humbling one's pride as to fully acknowledge the wrongs to others of which one is clearly, and even painfully, conscious. Accordingly, when a wrong is done, it is common to try to requite it, or to obscure the memory of it, by doing some act of kindness, or by other efforts to show good feeling, and to imply penitence, without, however, coming to the trying and difficult act of confession.

It would be a great moral gain for us to develop in ourselves the capacity for confession. Forgiveness is almost always easily won if its condition precedent—confession—is fulfilled. It is always easier to forgive than it is to confess. Forgiveness, except in grossly perverted natures, springs joyously from the heart when confession of a wrong done by another is made, because, in the very fact of such confession, the person whose forgiveness is sought is vindicated. To forgive upon receiving sincere confession, is an act of honor and chivalry for every noble mind. Even pride does not stand in the way of forgiveness, but, so far as it is composed of self-respect, rather facilitates it. Confession may, therefore, in all ordinary cases, be sure of securing the forgiveness it seeks, because resentment is difficult against a person who cordially and frankly agrees with the one who may have cherished it that he had deserved it. What multitudes of differences, what countless alienations, great and small, might be obviated, if people would train themselves to make confession fully and promptly to those whose feelings they had wounded!

But the securing of forgiveness is but one, though the most obvious, of the gains of confession. There are moral rewards for one's own life, reflex effects upon one's own character, which may infinitely surpass in value and importance the benefits to be derived from the possession of the pardon of those whom he may have injured. To learn to say from the heart those simple words, "I am sorry," is one of the greatest things in life. We remember that we did it with comparative ease when we were children, but with the development—almost inseparable from human nature—of a self-justifying conscience, it has grown harder to say, and, though it can be quickly and keenly felt, it rarely succeeds in struggling into expression. The result is that we often seem to be more unbending in self-will and more perverse in moral judgment than we really are, and thus suffer the penalties of courses which we do not really approve because we are too haughty to openly discard and forsake them.

The training of the capacity for confession would be the effectual preventive of all undue conceit, and would prove a wholesome discipline in self-estimation. The man who is capable of frankly and honestly acknowledging his faults, not merely to other people in general, but specifically to those whom these faults have directly affected, will not be likely to think of himself more highly than he ought, but to think very soberly.

It is this sort of confession which is most needed,—a confession which would mean reconciliation where there is alienation among those who should be, and easily might become, friends; a confession which would quickly heal long-standing animosities and replace old misunderstandings with mutual confidence

and respect; a confession which would bring harmony and happiness to thousands of homes whose air is now tainted by jealousy, suspicion, and unpleasantness, which, though apparently trifling, are effectual in destroying the choicest, sweetest elements of human happiness; a confession which would bring to him who should learn at all fitting times to make it, the consciousness of doing a deed of honor, because manliness always consists in harmony with what is true and just, never in persistent adherence to an attitude of mind, state of feeling, or course of action, which involves untruth or injustice to another. To learn to make confession is to learn much else also: it is to learn humility, self-mastery, self-knowledge; it is to learn that the individual will is not supreme—especially if ruled by prejudice and selfishness.

—Sunday School Times.

WHO'S MISSION?

BY T. S. BROWN.

"MY God I'm so thirsty!"

The lady correspondent of the San Francisco *Examiner*, writing under the *Nom de Plume* of "Annie Laurie" had been instructed to visit the dives of San Francisco, and write up her experience, and though she had intended to remain till after midnight, the hour at which the "revelry" was supposed to be at its height, she had early given up the job, becoming sickened, horrified, her very brain seared by the awful sights and soul withering language which make up the "fun," the "revelry," the recreation of the slums of that great city. Passing around among the half drunken crowd of men and women were waiters, mostly girls, some of them—God pity them—of very tender years, girls so young, many of them, that if they had been under the protection of a home worthy of the name, would still be classed as children, whose delights might yet be in dolls and broken china.

Here, having parted forever from modesty and virtue, with their child-faces, from which the look of innocence and youth is fast fading, they are carrying about wine, beer, brandy, and other liquors, and by every art and allurement inducing men to buy that they may reap the meager pittance paid them as a commission for each glass sold, and the often repeated cry, "I'm so thirsty!" is often rewarded by some of the "gentlemen" buying for them a thimbleful of fiery liquid, which they are to drink under the singular delusion that it will quench thirst.

How can such things be in our nineteenth century civilization? The reasons (if they may be called reasons) are many, the first reason being that the men who run the places known as the "dives" are licensed to do their devilish work of drunkard-making and soul-destroying; therefore until the people rise in their might and say such things shall not be, they will continue to exist, having the strong protection and sanction of so-called "law."

Again the claim made by these girls and women is, doubtless true, that their occupation is the only one left to their class, that they must have bread.

I quote the language of one of these unfortunates who put to Annie Laurie the direct question, "Would *you* take a girl out of this place and give her work? You need'nt answer; you know you would not, you nor any other woman. No, we've put a chain around our necks. It's a chain we cannot break and no one can break for us; once a dive girl, always a dive girl."

In summing up, the correspondent says, speaking of her evening's experience:—

"I had seen women who did not want to escape from their miserable slavery; women who thought they were seeing life; women who called the hideous obscenity of the dives 'wit' and the idiotic maundering of a drunken animal 'truth;' women who think everything but vulgarity and drunkenness, hypocrisy; women who think that every happy wife and mother envies them their knowledge of the world. They laugh at the idea of honor among women or faith in men." Concluding, she questions, "What is to become of them? *Who is there can help them?*

They will not brook condescending charity; they will not believe in anyone; life is horribly distorted in their dazed eyes; they can see no truth or justice anywhere."

And so she leaves the question unanswered. Shall we as the members of the body of Christ also pass them by on the other side? I am aware that I may shock the *false* modesty of some by writing on such a subject, but that does not blind me and should not blind anyone of God's people to the fact that here are souls, scores of them perishing, utterly without hope, because the effort has not been made by the right person and by right methods to save them. Christ came to *seek* and to save that which was *lost*. Is, then, the servant above his master? I trust not. Is there not here a mission for some one who is Christ's indeed? And is it not plainly a mission of women for the salvation of women?

To my mind this is a matter that demands the earnest attention of some of the working members of this church, and I venture the assertion that if it ever be taken up and successfully carried out, it will be under the direction and fostering care of some noble-hearted sister or an association of them; for without the guiding Spirit of the Master it is almost useless to attempt the work.

Annie Laurie gives them up as very difficult to reclaim, but that is because the efforts heretofore made were in two directions, and by two classes, first by the upper ten class of society, whose fine sensibilities have been shocked by the reports they get from such places. (Possibly some of their masculine friends have become habituees of such places), and the upper ten strive to break up the dives by law, not by reclaiming the inmates, but by driving them from place to place, and, naturally, the people thus driven resent the method as an attempt to deprive them of their only means of support.

The second class are the religionists represented by the Salvation Army and a few others, who have doubtless a real desire for the salvation of souls, but are irreparably divorced from the doctrine of Christ and the guidance and fellowship of his Spirit, therefore they lack wisdom, and fly at their prey while plying their vocation, not failing to inform them that they are lost forever "While we are pure and holy, saved and sanctified."

I am not much given to thus freely passing opinion upon bodies professedly engaged in religious work, but the rapid frothings I often hear called religion make me sick.

Is there then more hope for our people should they be moved to take the matter in hand?

Certainly there is. Was there hope when the Spirit of God moved men to carry the gospel thousands of miles to the Islands of the Sea, and then ploddingly, perseveringly learn the language of those people, till they could make themselves understood while they broke the bread of life to them. Did they and do they not endure many hardships, and trials, and soul-wearying discouragements, and has not God blessed that mission, thereby denoting in no uncertain way that the call to that work was from him?

Is not there infinitely more to be hoped for when the souls we seek to save are almost at our doors? Their lives have not for generations back been evil, sensuous, and then again they speak our language, they are not yet old, there is still something of the pliance of youth to work upon, and among those so young they cannot all be wholly depraved. Surely through the intoxication of this horrible slum life must come memories of the time not so very far back, when heart and soul and thought were pure, surely some longing to be out and free from the dew of iniquity. Who knows from how many childish hearts goes out the soul cry that echoes in the old song,—

"Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night."

Or how many orphan's friendless lips tremble over:—

"Mother come back from that echoless shore,
Take me again to your arms as of yore."

There are thousands of hearts breaking with tender pity; there are thousands of dollars to be cheerfully donated, provided the donors can know that it will be wisely expended for the purpose solicited.

Many things are needful, but first of all the woman who shall take up this matter and make it a life mission, calling about her an efficient corps of coworkers and then means will be forthcoming, new

methods will be speedily discovered for the Spirit of God giveth wisdom, and I firmly believe that if so taken up, and so directed that a mighty work can be accomplished, and in a few short years a mighty army of the reclaimed can be made to rejoice in God's boundless love and mercy, and praise shall go up from hearts that unless we do so reach them in those same few short years, will have drank life's bitterest cup to the dregs, and sought surcease of sorrow in laudanum, or chloral, or the dark mysterious waters of the bay, which, with a splash, shall close forever over each wrecked and ruined life.

POMONA, California, July 26th.

Editor's Corner.

IT MAY NOT BE.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field:
Nor ours to hear on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done.

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes day by day the recompense:
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

But life though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again!
And early called, how blest are they
Who wait in Heaven their harvest day!

—John G. Whittier.

A SENTENCE.

It was a tender thoughtful sentence. Simple and in a plain hand-writing, but all unassuming in wisdom or expression as it was, its suggestiveness awakened and lead us over pleasant lines of thought, which deepening, and broadening, we turned again to the original (in which centered all these little by-paths of musing) to discover the secret of the power held in a few words brought thus together: "Jesus Christ is watching the onward march of each faithful soul."

A beautiful, comforting thought which in its oft expression ought not to lose its pristine hope and power of encouragement. Can we, forgetful of the magnanimity, the greatness and almighty power of that Being who cares so much for, who loves so tenderly and has so much interest in man, not only in those nearest approaching him in character, but all who are faithfully working in the cause of progress and from whose eye we meet more approval than the combined world or legions of worlds could suggest, and who has in fact *all power:* can we allow ourself when we know that God approves, to become despondent, weary, discouraged, because our fellow man does not approve but, on the contrary, lends his influence to dampen the hope we cherish? Yes, for we do not always realize (and how much there is in this word that has in its significance the superiority of life over death to words and thoughts not realized—not lived)—we do not always, even seldom, realize the import of equally and even more sublimely beautiful thoughts which appeal to us every day and every hour. But when we do realize, what a contrast in their weight and power and what a shining pathway they leave, lighting and diffusing this light through the whole soul-being!

But what brought the reality of this encouraging watchword now? Not the form in which it was presented for we saw it as we had seen it before so often that we were many times unconscious of its presence. Surely not in this simple sentence only did all the encouragement lie. In what then did we find it? Perhaps, right here lay the magic of its verbal power, for it came to us in the letter of a friend, a coworker, enlisted in the same army and marching with just as weary feet, with garments just as rent, and sandals just as worn, but who still could cease from his exacting and absorbing toil long enough to send words of inspiration to another who perchance was less strong, less able to originate the cheer those words produced.

'Press on! The laurels will be placed upon the heads of the worthy by and by. Jesus Christ is watching the onward march of each faithful soul." With the same hope in our heart, the same desire actuating us which moved the heart of the writer, we pass the words on to each reader of our magazine and pray that you may realize their full scope, meaning, and power. May they come to you in hours of weariness and discouragement with the inspiration which will enable you to realize all they mean.

ERRATA —In our last issue on page 353, fifth and sixth line from bottom of first column, (in the article of Z. H. Gurley), instead of "eight thousand people here," it should be eighty thousand.

OWING to the sickness of Bro. Gunsolley the Correspondence Department is this month omitted. It will probably be resumed at an early day.

WE wish to assure Bro. Brown that we cannot understand how anyone professing to be a follower of Christ, can fail to be interested in the painful theme depicted by his graphic pen, and we feel that the test of fellowship with Christ which is above all other tests is that we follow him. We know that he finished the work he came to do, and that work was to seek and to save the lost. Can we follow him then while we stand aside from the fallen? Why should we esteem as hopeless the condition of one class of humanity and yet pray and labor for another? Has God ever branded as hopless any class? If so we have not so read, and if, "that which is highly esteemed among men is an abomination in the sight of God," may not the sins which men esteem as a small matter, be held as more weighty, in God's sight? How many of these outcasts of society are more sinned against than sinning? Thank God the world is moving, and men are sifting and scattering as chaff, not only the dogmas and creeds of the past, but they are comprehending more clearly the love of God which moved him to give his Son a ransom *for sinners*.

In this connection we wish to recommend to those of our readers who have not already read Professor Drummond's, "The Greatest Thing in the World" that they do so at the earliest opportunity, for we feel sure that no one can read it without being greatly benefited thereby.

ONE word in reference to your subscription. We have on our list a number of unpaid subscriptions for 1892 as well as many for previous years We need this money, and without you send it, we cannot meet our own engagements. We have sent you the magazine in good faith. Many of you requested us to do so, and we have granted the request cheerfully. Now we need money and if you can remit for 1892 we will be glad It is not our wish to press or distress anyone on account of indebtedness to us, but to those who can, we say, please send what you are owing.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

MERELY HOUSEHOLD MACHINES.

NEITHER sewing machines or washing machines, nor yet coffee mills or egg beaters, but women. Women whose lives run in such deep grooves and continuous lines that any effort to get them out threatens destruction to everything concerned. Women whose washing must be done on Monday; ironing, Tuesday; baking, Wednesday, if the skies fall. Whose floors are spotless and whose tinware is a marvel; whose weekly mending is never a day behind; who would not let one of their children go with a button off their shoe for a thousand dollars, or take time to tell them a story for two thousand. Who follow their husbands about with a mop lest they leave a track on the entry floor; whose home their children's playmates always shun, and whose own children find the barn far pleasanter than the house, yet who would be greatly aggrieved if they were not called model mothers. Mothers! Bah! Machines is far nearer the mark.

The writer was personally acquainted with one of these human machines. Her household matters went like clock-work. Everybody rose at exactly such a time, and retired on the stroke of the clock; her meals were exactly on time; her kitchen was always in order; her butter was perfect and always commanded two cents more per pound than that of her neighbors. She called herself a Christian, but if the weather, which sometimes audaciously interfered with her plans, turned warm during Saturday night, and the cream reached the proper point for churning before Monday morning, churned it must be, lest she might lose the two cents extra per pound. She never went to church Sunday evenings, because she must get the clothes picked up and soaking, and the breakfast as nearly ready as possible for Monday morning; and yet that woman would talk about "keeping the Sabbath holy!"

Her only daughter, a young married lady,

lived about six miles distant, and one bright morning when the churn dasher was dancing merrily up and down, and she was making mental calculations on having ten pounds of butter for which she would get twenty cents more than any other woman in the town, a messenger came saying that her daughter had been taken suddenly and seriously ill, and she must come at once if she wished to see her alive. She was greatly shocked and questioned the messenger closely, and decided that she would finish the churning before she started, for she knew if she left it to stand it would be spoiled. She arrived at her daughter's home just after she ceased to breathe; but then she saved her butter! That woman is living to-day, and it is doubtful if she realizes that she did anything wrong—she is too much of a machine.

Another case, though not so bad, is that of a bright, pleasant-faced young matron who has a family of five children under twelve years of age to care for, and yet imagines that her house ought to compare in order and neatness with those of her friends who have no children, and therefore nearly kills herself with overwork and worry; but she is often spoken of as that wonderful housekeeper and manager. A little three year old in the family has a paralyzed arm, and the family physician has said that gentle rubbing and manipulations of the helpless member would tend to restore it. A friend coming in one day, asked if she was treating it as directed. "I don't have time; you know I am driven to death." And yet she finds time to keep her house in almost perfect order. Strange that dust and fly specks and stained silverware could appeal to her more strongly than that helpless little arm. If that boy grows to manhood carrying that useless hand at his side and learns that his mother might have given him two to fight life's battles with if she had not been so devoted to her housekeeping, what sort of reverence, think you, will he have for "Mother's way"?

Order is Heaven's first law, and is a most excellent law for earth, and a household run without it is a cheerless spot; but don't try to run any home by cast iron rules, or try to make a merry, noisy, bounding boy or girl into an automaton; don't put the playthings off in some closet to come out once or twice a month, in order to keep the house tidy. Insist on each taking care of his own things, but do let them have a good time. Which child will have the happier recollection of his childhood—the boy whose busy mother has put aside her work and arranged a simple birthday supper for him with half a dozen playmates, or the one whose birthday occurring the following week, asked if he could invite his little friends to tea, received a sharp, "No indeed, to-morrow is my regular ironing day and I am not going to put it off to get supper for a lot of noisy boys"? Which mother, think you, will have the better influence over her boy at fifteen? If a child's birthday comes on Monday, the neighborhood will be able to stand the shock if your washing goes over to the next day, and you devote yourself to making that day one that the child will never forget. Nonsense, do you say? Very well, say it; only when the boys and girls get as far ahead of you as the East is from the West, and consider you an old fogy; when they grow to think it is not worth while to share their plans, thoughts, and ideas with mother; when you see developed in them, perhaps, faults which are wrecking their lives, blemishes that your influence could once have smoothed away, then say "Nonsense," too, and be satisfied if you can.

If you can have help enough to keep your household machinery in perfect running order without making a machine of yourself, do so by all means; white floors are lovely, shining tinware is very fine, spotless windows and highly polished silver are a delight; the mending basket, emptied every week is much to be desired, but there are things of more importance, and if it all depends on one pair of hands, one back, and one set of nerves, for heaven's sake, for your own sake, for your children's sake, Don't.—*By Mrs. M. E. Sandford in Ladies' Home Journal.*

EYE SCALES FOR LADIES

Ten common sized eggs weigh one pound.

One pint of coffee A sugar weighs twelve ounces.

Soft butter the size of an egg weighs one ounce.

One quart of sifted flour, well heaped, one pound.

Four teaspoonfuls are equal to one tablespoonful.

One pint of best brown sugar weighs thirteen ounces.

Two teacups, well heaped, of coffee A sugar weighs one pound.

Two teacups, level, of granulated sugar weighs one pound.

One and one third pints of powdered sugar weighs one pound.

One pint, heaped, of granulated sugar, weighs fourteen ounces.

One tablespoonful, well rounded, of soft butter weighs one ounce.

One tablespoonful, well heaped, granulated

coffee A, or best brown sugar, equals one ounce.

Two and one half teacups, level, of the best brown sugar weighs one pound.

Two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar or flour weighs one ounce.

Two and three fourths teacups, level, of powdered sugar weighs one pound.

One generous pint of liquid, or one pint of finely chopped meat packed solidly, weighs one pound, which it would be very convenient to remember.

Round Table.

EDITED BY SALOME.

KEEPING UP WITH THE CHILDREN.

She was a woman of middle age, thin and plain, with no claim to beauty except the eager dark eyes shining starlike from a wistful, care-lined face. Twenty years ago she had slipped her trustful hand into that of another, and counting the world well lost for the sake of her love and faith, had entered upon a life of such toil, privation, and heroic endurance as only women in frontier settlements, amid primitive conditions, know.

"I have tried my best," she said simply, "to keep up with the children. Father and I resolved when our first boy was a baby that stint and scrape and contrive as we might we'd educate all that heaven sent us. And we have done what we could. I wasn't willing that my children should get ahead of me; I've tried to study their lessons with them, and to enter into their feelings. I don't want them to outstrip me in the race."

This mother had been one of those to whom early rising and late retiring had been always essential, in order that the routine of the housework should not suffer. In that part of the country where she lived, hired help for domestic purposes was almost unheard of; women did their own work, a neighbor's daughter sometimes lending a kind hand in an exigency, and the men of the family doing their share at need. In her determined effort to keep step with her children in their intellectual development, she had in another direction builded better than she knew, for the children, boys and girls alike, had early been pressed into her service, and had, as she explained, "taken hold" of whatever was to be done. The boys could make beds and set tables as well as draw water and split wood. The girls were facile housekeepers, with a practical knowledge of cooking and laundry work—in American society as essential in the outfit for life to the richest as to the poorest. Though the living in the household was plain, it was abundant, and the ideal set before the family was something nobler than a mere strife for wealth. Everything was open and aboveboard. Books were read and prized in common, and so much was going on to interest everybody that there was no temptation to devour poisonous tid-bits in secret. So it came to pass that the keeping up with the children brought great good in its wake.

At last a day dawned when the mother felt as if the first stone had been set in a wall of separation. Two of her brood had found their wings. A daughter was going to college. A son was entering upon a business career. The little, wistful woman yearned to keep pace with them both, yearned perhaps to ordain the pathway of both, as she always had done. But it was inevitable that there should be some parting of the roads. Brave as she was, she kept down a heart ache under her cheery show of courage.

"Have comfort, dear," said an older friend, who had been through a similar experience. "The children will never outgrow you; you had a twenty years' start of them. And you have so disciplined your mind, and trained your heart, and elevated your own thoughts above the daily rut, the fret, and the stir, that you dwell in a serene atmosphere, favorable to expansion of every faculty. They may acquire *facts*, but they will fly like honey-laden bees back to the hive. The mother who has kept pace with her children from babyhood to adolescence will never lose them." — *Harper's Bazaar.*

HOME-MADE RUGS.

Those who live upon farms where sheep are raised can make rugs at a small cost. The materials required are sheep pelts well tanned and bright-colored diamond dyes One rug which is made from a very large pelt is all one color. Two packages of crimson dye were dissolved and brought to a boiling point in a very large dish pan The pelt was well washed and carded, then one end was put into the boiling dye. The corners had strings tied to them to form loops. One person held each end and the rug was very slowly passed back and forth through the boiling dye until the desired color was obtained. It was then rinsed in warm water and hung up to dry. When dry it was again carded, and you do not know how pretty it is. Another rug is made by taking a pelt cut sixteen by twenty inches and dyeing it yellow. Around this is a border six inches deep sewed on, and this is a deep orange color. The effect is very pleasing. Save all the scraps in cutting the pelts, as they can be used for rugs or mats. Another rug which has been much admired is made of six-inch squares sewed together. Half the squares are dyed pink and the other half light olive green made by adding yellow dye to green. The whole is bordered with a six-inch strip of pink. Lovely lamp mats are made by taking a square of long wool and dyeing it any pretty color. When dry separate out the wool each way from the center and gently comb it until it is fluffy. Pretty dusters can be made by twisting narrow strips of prettily dyed wool around a wooden handle and then sew a piece of ribbon or velvet to the

cover where the wool is fastened on. These dusters gather the dust without scattering it or scratching, as feather dusters are apt to do. Any girl who lives where she can get wool pelts could earn a snug sum by making any of these articles for sale.—*Farm and Home.*

CHINA-PAINTING.

In order to decorate prettily some dainty little things for Christmas, it is not at all necessary to begin in the old way, with a full china-painting outfit.

The motive of the decoration to be used being simple in design and adapted to beginners, but few materials will be required. In every instance, however, the work, if well done, must prove very pretty in result, and of much practical use.

By completely finishing one article at a time, and by investing only in such material as is necessary to the decoration of that article, you will be able to test thoroughly your ability without expending much money for an outfit which would be worse than useless to you, should you find yourself unfitted for this branch of artwork.

With a little ingenuity and careful attention to the details of each lesson, you will find that you can achieve satisfactory results, though you may possess but little artistic talent; for a china decorator needs not so much to be an artist—though of course that is important—as to be a persevering and painstaking workman.

Let us begin with cups and saucers. Such seemingly endless variety of design is to be found in these articles that you may find it difficult to decide on the prettiest shape. Select an after-dinner coffee-cup with few flutings for our first attempt. Let it have a quaint little handle, and if you are fortunate enough to find it, one with three or four little feet to stand upon.

This will cost about thirty-five cents. Then buy a bottle of bright liquid gold, costing seventy-five cents, and a camel's-hair brush costing twelve cents—one dollar and twenty-two cents in all.

It is also well to have on hand a bottle of weak alcohol, to remove stains from the hands at the close of the lesson. Now we are ready to begin.

Pour a little of the liquid gold—a brown, strange-smelling liquid—into a small, clean dish; a small butter-plate will serve the purpose. Dip in the new brush and paint, as smoothly as possible, the inside of the cup, the tiny feet underneath it, the little twisted handle, and then the circular space in the saucer where the cup rests. Then put away cup and saucer in some place entirely free from dust.

Always avoid dust as you would a contagion. If there is sweeping in any part of the house, wait until afternoon for the painting. If the ash-men are holding their usual noisy carnival in the back alley, wait until they have passed beyond hearing.

Be sure, also that the stoves and furnaces have been shaken before you settle down to work, for I have known the dust that came from a register to ruin a morning's work. If the dust is once burned into your work, its elegant smoothness is destroyed, and nothing can ever make it right.

When the cup and saucer are perfectly dry, they are ready to be fired. The firing will cost ten or fifteen cents, unless you should want the burner to put a line of gold on the edge of the saucer, which will cost a trifle more.

At times this is a great addition. The burner does it very deftly by means of a wheel; but it is too trying a piece of work for a beginner to undertake. At all events, do not try it on the first cup and saucer.

Mark your brush, "Bright gold," and never use it for anything else. Never wash it out. Each time before using, soften it in the tiny bottle of lavender-oil which now comes with every bottle of bright liquid gold; dry it carefully, and use as the first time.

Be very careful, too, that none of the liquid is on any part of your hand: for if you have the slightest particle on your fingers, a purple stain will come wherever they have touched the china. Sometimes, after firing, you can sand-paper such a stain away, but prevention is the best corrective.

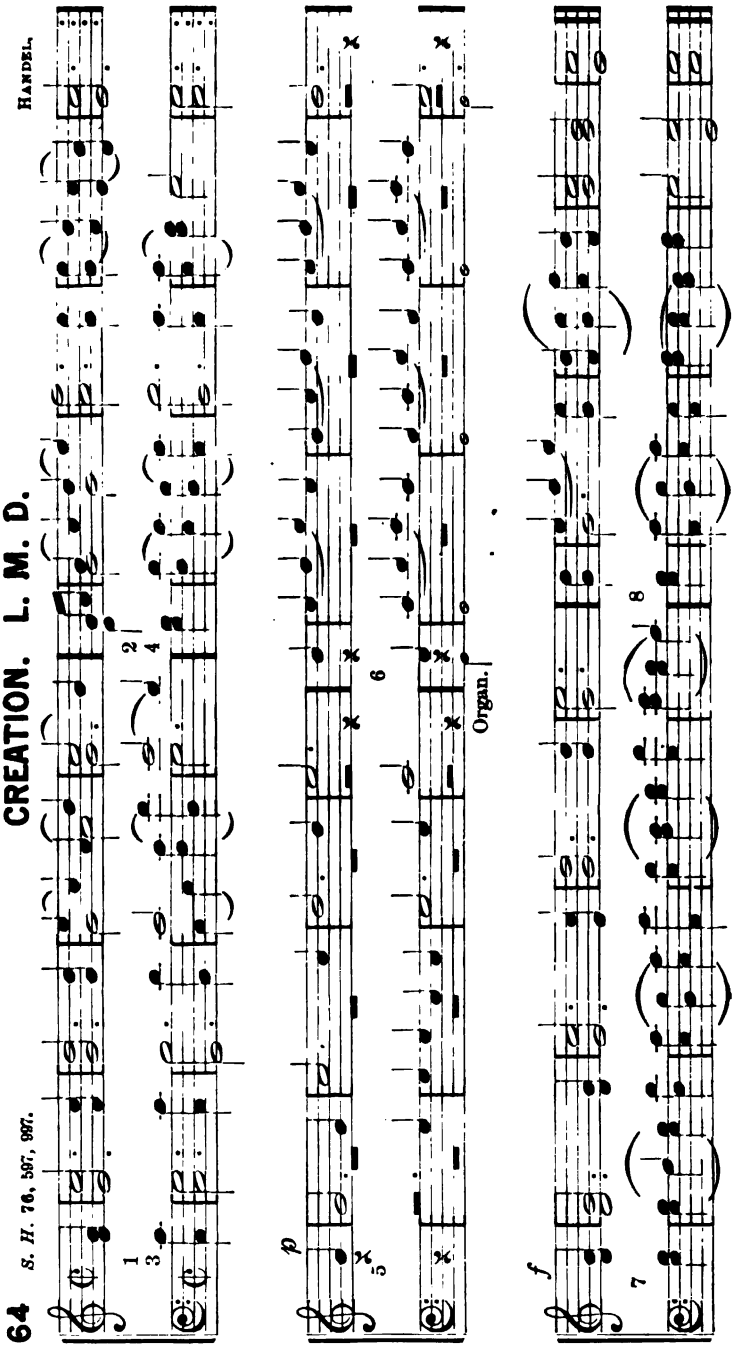
The most beautiful of all after-dinner coffee is one of the Belleck cups and saucers, with cactus handle, Trenton make, costing about a dollar each. It has to be gilded, fired, regilded, and fired again to bring to perfection, owing to its thin, shell-like texture.

You will find, however, that the result will more than repay you for all your trouble. One cup alone makes a most exquisite wedding-gift.

There is a very pretty custom now of sending a cup and saucer to a newly-engaged friend; and one of the white and gold ones would be just the thing.

If you are very ambitious, owing to the success of your venture, try making a set of six. A half-dozen, different in shape, but similar in decoration, will make a most beautiful wedding gift.

A friend, not long since, striving for originality, gilded a set of six on the outside of cup and entire surface of saucer. The result was a beautiful brownish-looking gold, owing to the reflection; but though odd and unique, they were not quite as dainty as the white and gold of our first lesson.—*Youth's Companion.*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AUTUMN LEAVES

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SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

BY ELDER J. W. WIGHT.

"FOR by grace are ye saved. . . . Not of works lest any man should boast."

This introduction of Paul to a Gentile nation, has been made to do duty for many centuries past in trying to prove an immediate change from sin into a spirtual man, until to-day it is popularly known as "conversion," and to undertake to prove to the contrary places one in an unenviable position.

"Truth is truth where'er 'tis found,
On heathen or on Christian ground."

Biology—Life through Life alone—has had both its advocates and opponents. It is pleasing to know that at least it is a demonstrated truism, and that scientists are obliged to make confession to the fact.

"I affirm that no shred of trustworthy experimental testimony exists to prove that life in our day has ever appeared independent of antecedent life."—*Tyndall Nineteenth Century*, 1878, page 507.

In his "Critiques and Addresses," Huxley informs us that the doctrine of Biogenesis is "victorious along the whole line at the present day."—Page 239.

These eminent scientists thus declare that life from life only is a fact. But what of the other side?

In his "Beginnings of life," (by Macmillan,) Dr. Bastian declared: "Both observation and experiment unmistakably testify to the fact that living matter is constantly being formed *de novo* [anew] in obedience to the same laws and tendencies which determine all the more simple chemical combinations."—Vol. 2 page 633.

This was a scientific bombshell; and had it not been exploded before doing injury it would have thrown dismay into the Christian camp. Proved, and the infidel would have only had need to point to spontaneous generation as the origin of all things, while the Christian could have made no other reply than dumb acquiescence. He would have been forced to wait for the arbitrament of time to either prove or disprove.

Such a statement coming from so eminent a source could but cause a stir in the scientific world. For if "matter is constantly being formed *de novo* [anew]," the theory of evolution in its broadest sense is a verity, and science can stand on a solid basis, needing only to point to the one fact to overthrow all the eloquence of philosophy or religion.

Bastian's experiments were simple, coming short only in the fact of conclusion reached without the proper test. "Glass vessels are three parts filled with infusion of hay or any organic matter. They are boiled to kill all germs of life, and hermetically sealed to exclude the outer air. The air inside being exposed to the boiling temperature for many hours, is supposed to be likewise dead; so that any life which may subsequently appear in the closed flasks must have sprung into being of itself. In Bastian's experiments, after every expedient to secure sterility, life did appear inside in myriad quantity. Therefore he argued that it was spontaneously generated."—Natural Law in the Spiritual World, page 62.

Feeling that he could evince that life is not dependent on antecedent life, but can come into being of its own free will and pleasure, Bastian was led to make the sweeping statement above referred to.

Professor Tyndall now stepped forward as an experimenter, only that "he manipulated his experimental vessels in an at-

mosphere which under the highest test of optical purity—the most delicate known test—was absolutely germless. He varied the experiment in every direction, but matter in the germless air never yielded life."—Ibid, page 63.

Mr. Dallinger also experimented and determined that there were animals which could live, even in a much higher temperature than that produced by Dr. Bastian. In fact there were germs that "were all but fireproof."

Here, then, was the failure of his test—the simple fact of not applying the necessary heat to the organic matter enclosed in the vessels used by him. And upon this test he made the declaration that came as a thunderbolt into the midst of Biologists. But the experiments of Tyndall and Dollinger must for ever put to silence the thought of spontaneous generation in the natural world. For the voice of a practical science speaks from the midst of material experience, declaring the falsity of the theory. It becomes once more a "theory," from the fact of like experiment driving it from the very basis upon which it was sought to portray its practicability.

Had the experiments of all these scientists been a unity on the side of the Doctor's affirmation, the hen and egg arrangement would need to be abandoned; for would not the infidel exultantly say that the first hen came from spontaneous generation?

An examination of natural law proves the existence of pro-creative germs throughout the organic world, and this of itself declares in favor of their necessity. And since they are found to thus exist they bear witness of the fact that their destruction in any specie or kind—in fact experience teaches the same—and perpetuation in that particular species or kind ceases. This thought may be easily demonstrated in various ways; but, because of a diffidence to enter into the requisite particulars to be fully understood by all, the animal kingdom is not entered for the illustration.

In the vegetable kingdom we need go no further than the melon vine. Here botanists tell us that should the pollen not be transmitted from the male blossom to that of the female no fruit will result. Should it happen then that the wind or some other agent carry it the opposite way, or that from any cause a failure of transmission ensue, our enjoyment of what otherwise might have been a luscious melon would be in the imagination rather than real. But there is a still higher thought in the fact of germ life existence, which refutes all idea of spontaneous existence: The admission that spontaneity is the author of organic life and we are forced to the conclusion that germ life could not have existed.

That is to say, there could have been only the production of likness or kind, hence spontaneity could only generate spontaneous force, or life; and the very thought of germ force, or life, would be destroyed.

Were this not a fact we might look any day, in the proper season, for cucumbers to be growing on trees or corn on the cucumber vine! But wherever we look we see kind producing kind and likeness producing likeness, so that, when the apricot sprout is grafted into the stump of the peach or apple tree, and in time matures into the productive stage, there are only apricots on the graft. But should conception result from the relationship of opposite in kind, likeness fails to be manifest on either side as a rule; so that looked at from every standpoint the only logical deducement is that germ life could only come into existence from the hand of the author in some way related thereto; and that spontaneity in the exercise of creative privileges could never produce germs.

With this conclusion reached, any further argument relating to natural law is felt to be unnecessary; and an investigation relative to the relationship borne by the spiritual law to this subject is entered into.

Viewed in the light of present belief, it seems so strange that orthodox Christianity has stumbled into the awful error of teaching spontaneous generation into a spiritual life. And yet they are teaching this error in the very popular formula: "You believe Christ died for sinners; you are a sinner; therefore Christ died for you, *and hence you are saved.*"

Of this formula Professor Drummond says: "And yet the apostles of parasitism pick a blackguard from the streets, and pass him through this plausible formula, and turn him out a convert in

the space of as many minutes as it takes to tell it."

Born a spiritual man at will! Tush and nonsense!

Were it a fact that "living matter is constantly being formed *de novo*" (anew), then there might be some reason in the use and practical application of such a formula. Since such is not the case, so far as natural law is concerned, is it reasonable to say that such is the fact when spiritual law applies?

Spontaneous generation in the natural world, as heretofore shown, destroys the necessity of a creator; would not its existence then in the spiritual set aside the need of a Giver? It surely would; and the very idea of a giver overthrows all thought of generation, either natural or spiritual, becoming voluntary on the part of the recipient. Without a giver there is no possibility of a gift, hence when we hear Paul speaking of it be ng "the gift of God" it can but destroy the idea of entering into spiritual life at will, from the fact that man is the one spoken of as the receiver.

Surely "blindness in part has happened unto Israel," or there could not be even one advocate of the doctrine of entering into the higher life with no other prerequisite than the exercise of individual will. And how fitly this thought portrays the necessity of yielding obedience to the law of spiritual birth. Just as well say that the natural birth could be effected without obedience to the law governing, as to teach such of the spiritual. And, since law does govern in the lesser, analogy proclaims its existence in the higher birth; for the law of analogy holds good either in the ascending, or descending scale. Law becomes a dead letter, hence inoperative, without being executed; and he who transgresses must reap the penalty. The one who teaches a gift obtainable without the application of the law, where law exists, virtually declares the right to receive with no exercise of legal duties; or, in other words, the privilege to obtain the rewards of the law without any obedience to or execution of such law. This of course sets law aside; and where it neither exists nor is operative chaos ensues.

Having discovered the existence of germ life in the natural, it is only essential to apply the law of analogy in the ascending scale to prove that it is in the spiritual. Besides the natural is the result or outcome of the exercise of a spiritual or all wise Creator; and, as he has seen the necessity of giving the germs to the natural, so does it prove the necessity of their existence and operation in the spiritual life.

Since they are thus shown to be in the higher or heavenly life, could it be possible to enter into a spiritual environment without that process of development known to result from the action of germ life generation? Assuredly not. Hence the statement, "Ye must be born again."

Did a birth ever result before the process of the different stages of development between embryo and its completion? Or was one ever known where conception had not taken place? Has a conception ever existed without germ life? If generation could result at will so could maturity. Has such a thing ever transpired? A negative answer can alone suffice for all these questions. Hence when the Master says that we must "be born" to enter into the spiritual life the only possible conclusion that reason and experience can reach is that germs exist in the higher as well as the lower life; and that in this higher life such a thing as birth at will cannot transpire, from the fact that germs *must* obey law.

Watching the gradation from the incipiency of the conception to the birth, so far as it is possible to do so in our natural world, analogy proclaims that so it must be in the spiritual life. When one has been "born again" they have passed from the environment governing between embryo and birth, and have entered into a spiritual development, providing they fulfill the conditions of the new sphere into which they have entered.

The germ which resulted in this spiritual embryo was planted or sown when faith was first instilled; for, by the operation of this mysterious law of faith, conception ensued. Now followed the development incident between incipiency and birth, by the operation of faith and repentance combined. At the expiration of these stages all was ready for the "new birth," and this was effected by the operation of the law of baptism, so that the new-born spiritual child was now in condition for growth.

Peter seemed to fully understand the

thought when he spoke of those who had entered the kingdom as "new-born babes," and to also realize the impossibility of full-grown men in Christ simply at will. Else he had never taught them to "grow in grace and a knowledge of the truth," from the fact that growth is the outcome of germ life.

"Thank God, I am saved!" involves the necessity of spontaneous generation, and is directly opposed to the statement of the Master, "But he that endureth to the end shall be saved;" and this statement refers only to the obedient to whom Peter said "grow in grace."

As the embryo of our first life was the result of germination, so it must be of our spiritual being; hence when we are "born again" we become "new-born babes" in Christ. To "grow in grace" implies salvation to be obtained by those who "endure to the end." As spontaneous generation simply means generation at will, there could be no necessity for germs as the origin of life, from the fact that the only law required would be the exercise of will. But as germs are required in life where growth is a necessity, it is concluded that this spontaneous generation is a myth. Hence when Huxley decared that Biogenesis is "victorious along the whole line at the present day," he might well have added that it was not so in the natural alone but in the spiritual world as well.

He then who thanks God that he is saved, knows not the first principle of salvation, and simply avers, by implication, that the Master and his apostles knew not whereof they affirmed. O the grandeur and beauty of "Ye must be born again" when understood in the light of revelation! To enter into the kingdom of God as "new-born babes," by the birth of "water and the Spirit;" to "grow in grace" on the "sincere milk of the word," finally partaking of the "strong meat" by coming to "vision and revelations in the Lord," is to come to a knowledge of the necessity of obedience to the principles of faith, repentance, baptisms, and laying on of hands, thus fitting us to pass through the resurrection, and be conditioned to stand in the presence of God at the tribunal of judgment.

Spontaneous generation, then, should pass into the oblivion of forgetfulness never to be resuscitated.

"If ye love me keep my commandments." "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

ARGENT'S HILL, Feb. 5th, 1892.

FOLLOW THOU ME.

Have ye looked for My sheep in the desert,
For those who have missed their way?
Have ye been in the wild, waste places
Where the lost and the wandering stray?
Have ye trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and darksome street?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The print of Christ's wounded feet.

Have ye folded close to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of man was among them,
He had nowhere to lay his head.

Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole?"
Have you told my fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shore of the golden land?

Have ye stood by the sad and weary,
To smooth the pillow of death,
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith?
And have ye felt, when the glory
Has streamed through the open door,
And flitted across the shadows
That I had been there before?

Have ye wept with the broken hearted,
In their agony of woe?
Ye might hear me whispering beside you,
'Tis a path I often go
My disciples, my brethren, my friends,
Can ye dare to follow me?
Then wherever the Master dwelleth,
There shall the servant be.—*Sel.*

OBJECT LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. II.

BY ELEANOR.

CHAPTER V.

AS I took up my pen this morning to continue Mrs. Judson's narrative I was reminded of the words of the apostle, when he was seeking to comfort the persecuted and distressed Hebrew disciples. He told them that they had "not yet resisted unto blood," as had their Lord. Then I thought how this woman of whom I write laid down her life for the cause she advocated—salvation through Christ; and I wondered if, in the general rewarding for deeds done in the body, there are any now in this church which claims to be so near to him who will be awarded a brighter crown than she. For the promise is not him who hath, but to him who doeth. Reader, what think you? She did what she could, according to the light given her. Have we done as much?

We now resume her story where we left it last month, when she was preparing to set out in search of the prisoners.

"Never before had I suffered so much from fear in traversing the streets of Ava. The last words of the governor, 'Take care of yourself,' made me suspect there was some design with which I was unacquainted. I saw, also, he was afraid to have me go into the streets, and advised me to wait till dark, when he would send me in a cart, and a man to open the gates. I took two or three trunks of the most valuable articles, together with the medicine chest, to deposit in the house of the governor; and after committing the house and premises to our faithful Moung Ing and a Bengalee servant, who continued with us, though we were unable to pay his wages, I took leave (as I then thought probable) of our house in Ava forever.

"On my return to the governor's I found a servant of Mr. Gouger, who happened to be near the prison when the foreigners were led out, and followed on to see the end, who informed me that the prisoners had been carried before the lamine woon, at Amarapoora, and were to be sent the next day to a village he knew not how far distant. My distress was a little relieved by the intelligence that our friend was yet alive; but still I knew not what was to become of him. The next morning I obtained a pass from government, and with my little Maria, who was then only three months old, Mary and Abby Hasseltine, two of the Burman children, and our Bengalee cook, who was the only one of the party who could afford me any assistance, I set off for Amarapoora. The day was dreadfully hot; but we obtained a covered boat, in which we were tolerably comfortable, till within two miles of the government house. I then procured a cart; but the violent motion, together with the deadful heat and dust, made me almost distracted.

"But what was my disappointment, on my arriving at the courthouse, to find that the prisoners had been sent on two hours before, and that I must go in that uncomfortable mode four miles farther with little Maria in my arms, whom I held all the way from Ava. The cartman refused to go any further, and after waiting an hour in the burning sun, I procured another, and set off for that never to be forgotten place, Oung-pen-la. I obtained a guide from the governor, and was conducted directly to the prison yard. But what a scene of wretchedness was presented to my view! The prison was an old, shattered building, without a roof; the fence was entirely destroyed; eight or ten Burmese were on top of the building, trying to make something like a shelter with leaves; while under a little, low projection outside of the prison sat the foreigners, chained together two and two, almost dead with suffering and fatigue. The first words of your brother were, 'Why have you come? I hoped you would not follow; for you cannot live here.'

"It was now dark. I had no refreshments for the prisoners, or for myself, as I had expected to procure all that was necessary at the market of Amarapoora, and I had no shelter for the night. I asked one of the jailers if I might put up a little bamboo house near the prison; he said no, it was not customary. I then begged he would procure me a shelter for the night, when on the morrow I could

find some place to live in. He took me to his house, in which there was only two small rooms—one in which he and his family lived; the other, which was then half full of grain, he offered to me; and in that little filthy place I spent the next six months of wretchedness. I procured some half-boiled water, instead of my tea, and, worn out with fatigue, laid myself down on a mat spread over the paddy, and endeavored to obtain a little refreshment from sleep. . . .

"The next morning, I arose and endeavored to find something like food. But there was no market, and nothing to be procured. One of Dr. Price's friends, however, brought some cold rice and vegetable curry from Amarapoora, which, together with a cup of tea from Mr. Lanciego, answered for the breakfast of the prisoners; and for dinner we made a curry of dried salt fish, which a servant of Mr. Gouger had bought. All the money I could command in the world I had brought with me, secreted about my person; so you may judge what our prospects were, in case the war should continue long. But our heavenly Father was better to us than our fears; for, notwithstanding the constant extortions of the jailers during the whole six months we were at Oung-pen-la, and the frequent straights to which we were brought, we never really suffered for the want of money, though frequently for the want of provisions, which were not procurable.

"Here, at this place, my personal bodily sufferings commenced. While your brother was confined in the city prison, I had been allowed to remain in our house, in which I had many conveniences left, and my health had continued good beyond all expectations. But now I had not a single article of convenience—not even a chair or seat of any kind, excepting a bamboo floor. The very morning after my arrival, Mary Hasseltine was taken with the smallpox, the natural way. She, though very young, was the only assistant I had in taking care of little Maria. But she now required all the time I could spare from Mr. Judson, whose fever still continued, in prison, and whose feet were so dreadfully mangled that for several days he was unable to move. I knew not what to do, for I could procure no assistance from the neighborhood, or medicine for the sufferers, but was all day long going backwards and forwards from the house to the prison with little Maria in my arms.

"Sometimes I was greatly relieved by leaving her for an hour, when asleep, by the side of her father, while I returned to the house to look after Mary, whose fever ran so high as to produce delirium. She was so completely covered with the smallpox, that there was no distinction in the pustules. As she was in the same little room with myself, I knew Maria would take it; I therefore inoculated her from another child, before Mary's had arrived at such a state as to be infectious. At the same time I inoculated Abby and the jailer's children, who all had it so lightly as hardly to interrupt their play. But the inoculation in the arm of my poor little Maria did not take; She caught it of Mary and had it the natural way. She was then only three and a half months old, and had been a most healthy child; but it was above three months before she perfectly recovered from the effects of this dreadful disorder. You will recollect I never had the smallpox, but was vaccinated previous to my leaving America. In consequence of being so long a time constantly exposed, I had nearly a hundred pustules formed, though no previous symptoms of fever, etc.

"The jailer's children having had the smallpox so lightly, in consequence of inoculation, my fame was spread all over the village, and every child, young and old, who had not previously had it, was brought for inoculation. And although I knew nothing about the disease, or the mode of treating it, I inoculated them all with a needle, and told them to take care of their diet—all the instruction I could give them. Mr. Judson's health was gradually restored, and he found himself much more comfortably situated than when in the city prison. . . . All the children recovered from the smallpox; but my watchings and fatigue, together with my miserable food, and more miserable lodgings, brought on one of the diseases of the country, which is almost always fatal to foreigners. My constitution seemed destroyed, and in a few days I became so weak as to be hardly able to walk to Mr. Judson's prison.

"In this debilitated state I set off in a cart for Ava, to procure medicines and some suitable food, leaving the cook to

supply my place. I reached the house in safety, and for two or three days the disorder seemed at a stand; after which it attacked me so violently that I had no hopes of recovery left; and my only anxiety now was, to return to Oung-pen-la, to die near the prison. It was with the greatest difficulty that I obtained the medicine chest from the governor, and then I had no one to administer medicine. I, however, got at the laudanum, and by taking two drops at a time for several hours, it so far checked the disorder as to enable me to get on board a boat, though so weak that I could not stand, and again set off for Oung-pen-la. The last four miles was in that painful conveyance, the cart, and in the midst of the rainy season, when the mud almost buries the oxen. You may form some idea of a Burmese cart, when I tell you their wheels are not constructed like ours, but are simply round thick planks with a hole in the midle, through which a pole, that supports the body, is thrust.

"I had just reached Oung-pen-la when my strength seemed entirely exhausted. The good Bangalee cook came out to help me into the house; but so altered and emaciated was my appearance that the poor fellow burst into tears at the first sight. I crawled onto the mat in the little room, to which I was confined for more than two months, and never perfectly recovered until I came to the English camp. At this period, when I was unable to take care of myself, or look after Mr. Judson, we must both have died, had it not been for the faithful and affectionate care of our Bengalee cook. A common Bengalee cook will do nothing but the simple business of cooking; but he seemed to forget his caste, and almost his own wants, in his efforts to serve us. He would provide, cook, and carry your brother's food, and then return to take care of me. I have frequently known him not to taste of food till near night, in consequence of having to go so far for wood and water, and in order to have Mr. Judson's dinner ready at the usual hour. He never complained, never asked for his wages, and never for a moment hesitated to go anywhere, or to perform any act we required. I take great pleasure in speaking of the faithful conduct of this servant, who is still with us, and I trust has been well rewarded for his services.

"Our dear little Maria was the greatest sufferer at this time, my illness depriving her of her usual nourishment; and neither a nurse nor a drop of milk could be procured in the village. By making presents to the jailers, I obtained leave for Mr. Judson to come out of prison, and take the emaciated creature around the the village, to beg a little nourishment from those mothers who had young children. Her cries in the night were heart-rending, when it was impossible to supply her wants.*

"I now began to think the very afflictions of Job had come upon me. When in health, I could bear the various trials and vicissitudes through which I was called to pass. But to be confined with sickness, and unable to assist those who were so dear to me, when in distress, was almost too much for me to bear; and had it not been for the consolations of religion, and an assured conviction that every additional trial was ordered by infinite love and mercy, I must have sunk under my accumulated sufferings. Sometimes our jailers seemed a little softened by our distress, and, for several days together, allowed Mr. Judson to come to the house which was to me an unspeakable consolation. Then, again, they would be as iron-hearted in their demands as though we were free from suffering, and in affluent circumstances. The annoyance, the extortions, and oppressions, to which we were subject during our six months residence in Oung-pen-la, are beyond enumeration or description.

* * * * * *

"The time at length arrived for our release from the dreary scenes of Oung-pen-la. A messenger from our friend, the governor of the north gate of the palace, informed us that an order had been given, the evening before, in the palace, for Mr. Judson's release. On the same evening an official order arrived; and, with a joyful heart, I set about preparing for our departure the following morning. But an unexpected obstacle occurred, which made us fear that I should

*NOTE.—Mr. Judson's feet were chained together, and separated only by a short iron bar; his hands also secured in a similar manner. The infant was placed in his arms, and he would thus slowly shuffle his way about the village, begging nourishment for the child.—History of Mission in Burmah.

still be retained a prisoner. The avaricious jailers, unwilling to lose their prey, insisted that, as my name was not included in the order, I should not go. In vain I urged that I was not sent there as a prisoner, and that they had no authority over me. They still determined I should not go, and forbade the villagers from letting me a cart. Mr. Judson was then taken out of prison, and brought to the jailer's house, where, by promises and threatenings, he finally gained their consent, on condition that we would leave the remaining part of our provisions we had recently received from Ava. It was noon before we were allowed to depart. When we reached Amarapoora, Mr. Judson was obliged to follow the guidance of the jailer, who conducted him to the governor of the city. Having made all necessary inquiries, the governor appointed another guard, which conveyed Mr. Judson to the courthouse in Ava, at which place he arrived sometime in the night. I took my own course, procured a boat, and reached our house before dark.

"My first object, next morning, was to go in search of your brother; and I had the mortification to meet him again in prison, though not the death prison. I went immediately to my old friend, the governor of the city, who was now raised to the rank of a woon-gyee. He informed me that Mr. Judson was to be sent to the Burmese camp, to act as translator and interpreter; and that he was put in confinement for a short time only, till his affairs were settled. Early the following morning I went to this officer again, who told me that Mr. Judson had that moment received twenty articles from the government, with orders to go immediately on board a boat for Maloun, and that *he* had given him permission to stop for a few moments at the house, it being on his way. I hastened back to the house, where Mr. Judson soon arrived, but was allowed to remain only a short time while I could prepare food and clothing for future use. . . .

"For the first fortnight after his departure, my anxiety was less than it had been at any time previously since the commencement of our difficulties. I knew the Burmese officers at the camp would feel the value of Mr. Judson's services too much to allow their using any measures threatening his life. I thought his situation, also, would be much more comfortable than it really was; hence my anxiety was less. But my health, which had never been restored since that violent attack at Oung-pen-la, now daily declined, till I was seized with the spotted fever, with all its attendant horrors. I knew the nature of the fever from its commencement; and from the shattered state of my constitution, together with the want of medical attendants, I concluded it must be fatal.

"The day I was taken with the fever, a Burmese nurse came and offered her services for Maria. This circumstance filled me with gratitude and confidence in God; for, though I had so long and so constantly made efforts to obtain a person of this description, I had never been able; when at the very time I most needed one, and without any exertion, a voluntary offer was made. My fever raged violently, and without any intermission. I began to think of settling my worldly affairs, and of committing my dear little Maria to the care of a Portuguese woman, when I lost my reason, and was insensible to all around me.

"At this dreadful period, Dr. Price was released from prison, and hearing of my illness, obtained permission to come and see me. He has since told me that my situation was the most distressing he had ever witnessed, and that he did not then think I should survive many hours. My hair was shaved, my head and feet covered with blisters, and Dr. Price ordered the Bengalee servant who took care of me to endeavor to persuade me to take a little nourishment, which I had obstinately refused for several days. One of the first things I recollect was seeing this faithful servant standing by me, trying to induce me to take a little wine and water. I was, in fact, so far gone that the Burmese neighbors, who had come in to see me expire, said, 'She is dead; and if the King of angels should come in, he could not recover her.' . . .

"I now began to recover slowly; but it was more than a month after this before I had strength to stand. While in this weak, debilitated state, the servant who had followed your brother to the Burmese camp came in, and informed me that his master had arrived, and was conducted to the courthouse in town. I sent

off a Burman to watch the movements of government, and to ascertain, if possible, in what way Mr. Judson was to be disposed of. He soon returned with the sad intelligence that he saw Mr. Judson go out of the palace yard, accompanied by two or three Burmans, who conducted him to one of the prisons; and that it was reported in town that he was to be sent back to the Oung-pen-la prison. I was too weak to bear ill tidings of any kind; but a shock so dreadful as this almost annihilated me. For some time I could hardly breathe, but at last gained sufficient composure to despatch Moung Ing to our friend, the governor of the north gate, and begged him to make *one more effort* for the release of Mr. Judson; and it was nearly dark when he found him, in the interior of an obscure prison. I had sent food early in the afternoon; but being unable to find him, the bearer had returned with it, which added another pang to my distresses, as I feared he was already sent to Oung-pen-la.

"If I ever felt the value and efficacy of prayer, I did at this time. I could not rise from my couch; I could make no efforts to secure my husband; I could only plead with that great and powerful Being who has said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and *I will hear*, and thou shalt glorify me; and who made me at this time feel so powerfully this promise that I became quite composed, feeling assured my prayers would be answered. . . . In the meantime the governor of the north gate presented a petition to the high court of the empire, offered himself as Mr. Judson's security, obtained his release, and took him to his own house, where he treated him with considerable kindness, and to which I was removed as soon as returning health would allow."

We will close Mrs. Judson's narrative with Mr. Judson's account of his return to his home, when the kind old man who had gone security for him, gave him his freedom:—

"With a step more fleet than for the last two years he had practiced, and in spite of the maimed ankles, which sometimes almost refused their office, he hurried along the street to his beloved home. The door stood invitingly open, and without having been seen by anyone, he entered. The first object which met his eyes was a fat, half-naked Burman woman, squatting in the ashes beside a pan of coals, and holding on her knees a wan baby, so begrimed with dirt that it did not occur to the father that it could be his own. He gave but one hasty look and hurried to the next room. Across the foot of the bed, as though she had fallen there, lay a human object, that at the first glance, was scarcely more recognizable than the child. The face was of a ghastly paleness, the features sharp, and the whole form shrunken almost to the last degree of emaciation. The glossy black curls had been shorn from the finely shaped head, which was now covered by a close fitting cotton cap, of the coarsest and—unlike anything usually coming in contact with that head—not the cleanest kind. The whole room presented an appearance of the extreme of wretchedness, more harrowing to the feelings than can be told. There lay the devoted wife, who had followed him so unweariedly from prison to prison, ever alleviating his distresses, without even common hireling attendance. He knew, by the very arrangement of the room, that the Bengalee cook had been her only nurse. The wearied sleeper was awakened by a breath that came too near her cheek. Perhaps a falling tear may have been added; for steady as were those eyes in difficulties, dauntless in dangers, and stern when conscience frowned, they were well used to tender tears."—*Memoir of Judson.*

Mrs. Judson's gentle modesty left out of her narrative much that has come to us from other sources. Her loving ministrations were not confined to her husband. One of the English prisoners, confined at the time with Mr. Judson, in a published account, says of her: "The overflowing of greatful feelings, on behalf of myself and fellow prisoners, compel me to add a tribute of thanks to Mrs. Judson, who, though living at a distance of two miles from our prison, without any conveyance, and very feeble in health, forgot her own comfort and infirmity, and almost every day visited us, sought out and administered to our wants, and contributed in every way to alleviate our misery. While we were left by the government destitute of food, she, with unwearied perseverance, by some means or other, obtained for us a constant supply."

Even their oppressors, when in trouble, shared her kindly ministration. With such an example before him, it is not strange that the Bengalee servant, to whose faithful care she was so grateful, should have caught the spirit of true Christianity and emulated it.

(To be continued.)

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON.

CHAPTER III.

MY FIRST ADVENTURE.

ONE bright morning, shortly after the new arrival that was spoken of in the last chapter, I was sitting in my high-chair at the breakfast table when Captain Asa Hines, a neighbor and friend of the family, and whose stature was like that of Zaccheus, entered the front gate. He stood opposite the window, with a little green rocking-chair on his head and holding up a "London Doll" so I could see it through the window. I made all haste to get down and out, knowing the doll was for me; for he had promised me a doll when he went away. He was fond of children, and at that time, having none of his own, he used frequently to stop and have a few minutes chat and good-bye kiss from what he called "his little curly-headed chatterbox."

O that lovely doll! I can see it now. I think the head was of carved wood, painted beautifully, and with red cheeks and black curling hair. The body was of white kid, and she had dainty little wooden shoes that were painted red. No wonder my little sisters coveted the treasure and envied its owner; for they too wanted a dolly, "so bad."

The chair pleased me more than the doll. Father had sent it to take the place of the cradle which I was so fond of, and so reluctantly gave up. I remember how I used to sit in the cradle and rock; but now the chair was far better. Was there ever a child so happy? I rocked in it all over the house to see if it would rock as well one place as another. Then would stand in front of it looking at the pretty flowers on the back and arms, while Sophia, my sister next older than I, pointed out every bud and counted the roses. I was quite willing to let her hold the doll while I rocked; for it took both my hands to hold to the arms of the chair. Rocking-chairs for children were not so common in those days as they are now, or perhaps the event would not have fastened itself upon my memory.

After the circumstance just narrated all things sink into oblivion, until one morning in the latter part of the month of June. The sun was not yet two hours high, but shone bright and warm in the little front entry of our cottage.

A man with a hand organ stepped up to the opened door, and, setting down the instrument, he began to turn off some lively tunes. The family had just finished breakfast, all but one little sleeper, who was awakened by the music. I remember as well as if it had been but last week of coming out into the "entry" where the rest of the children were, and standing in my little white nightgown, listening to the music. How sweet it sounded! And how bright the chrome yellow floor looked, and the sunshine was so pleasant.

Presently the man put the cover down and lifting the organ on his back, started off. Two or three voices in a chorus appealed to mother for consent to "go over to Aunt Charlott's and hear him play there."

Mother said "yes," and of course I wanted to go too. The air was so sweet and warm that mother could not resist; and, telling the older children to take hold of my hand and lead me along with them, she tied a little red silk hood on my head and gave me a piece of bread in my hand.

It was only a few steps, and we could have heard quite well to have remained in our yard; but that was not like being close to the organ. We stayed till he was ready to leave; then instead of going right back, as we had been told to do, we still followed him, with three more children added to our number. George led the juvenile band across to the next house; which was not much more than across the road, where lived another aunt of ours. Mother saw us go there; but, since it was nothing unusual for us

to go to Aunt Emily Ann's, she thought nothing of it, supposing we would come home from there in a little while. However, instead of that, three or four more cousins joined the party and all followed on to the next house.

This was kept up all through the village, whether by consent of their mothers—for very few of their fathers would be at home—I do not know. A man carrying a hand organ through any of the villages of to-day, followed by twelve or fourteen children, some of them just little tots, and one in her nightgown, would attract attention. But this village always was different from any other that I ever knew. It seemed to belong exclusively to the people who lived there. Of course the public had the privilege of passing through it when they wished; but there was very little travel through it at that time. Most of the male portion of the inhabitants followed the sea. A few however were of other occupations, forming a sort of guard to the village of women and children against an occasional "tramp" then called "straggler."

There were no liquor saloons, and the quiet of the village was seldom ever broken, even with the sound of a passing vehicle. Occasionally one of the few farmers would wend their way along with a yoke of oxen. A horse was a kind of property that very few owned. The women staid at home except when they went to meeting, or occasionally to spend a day with a neighbor; then they walked, whether the distance was long or short. So there was no danger of the little ones being run over by loaded wagons or runaway horses, or being gazed at by strangers. For that reason the mammas were not really alarmed though the children were away for a whole day. But says one, "Where vessels were coming and going, did they not bring in more or less of foreign crew?" Not at that time. The coasters were owned and manned by the fathers and sons of that neighborhood.

But to return to my story. It was near noon when we got to the outskirts of the village. The next house was over half a mile distant. George wanted to go to that one also; but I was tired and hungry and cried to go home. I can remember distinctly of standing with the little squad of children opposite Mr. Lawrance's red house. Two other boys about George's age were inclined to follow his lead and go farther, while the rest wanted to go back. The excitement and charm of the music had worn off, and the little ones wanted to get home to their mothers, and perhaps those who were old enough, began to think of future punishment, and were in a hurry to make amends. The three boys may have thought of it too, and wanted to keep it as far in the future as possible. However it was not left to the party to decide; for old Mr. Lawrance, whom all the boys feared, came out and made as though he was going to flog every one, and they all started back on the run.

But all did not go directly home. My brother had a propensity in his childhood that caused him and his mother too much trouble, and often brought severe chastisement upon him. And that propensity was to be his own master, to go when and where he chose, and stay as long as he chose. So he did not feel disposed to go directly home, but led us in to Aunt Ann's where he thought we would get some dinner and play awhile with our cousins. But Aunt would not permit us to stay and play. She gave us a piece in our hand and started us off again towards home. Still we loitered by the way, pulled rushes that grew by the brook while the boys wove them into nets to catch tadpoles.

We had left the main road now. The boys *climbed* the fence and we smaller ones *crawled through*, to follow down the little brook that ran through the field just back of the houses. In their excitement of trying to catch something that was in the brook, the boys forgot about the little girls that were left in their care and ran on so fast we could not follow. We were now about opposite Uncle Kendal's and instead of my sisters trying to keep pace with our brother, I found myself being led by them up the little green slope which led into the back yard. Uncle's wife was a Scotch woman, and very outspoken. George had ingeniously kept us away from her house on our way down, for he was sure she would send us back home. So when she saw us in the back yard, playing with her children, and me in my nightgown, she asked at once if our mother knew where we were. And when she learned that we had left home

in the early morning and had had no dinner, she soon called the boys to the house, and giving us each a piece of bread and the round scolding that such naughty children deserved, started us off again, with a charge to "go directly home, for your mother will be nearly crazy about you."

But, from some reason which I do not now remember, we did not get along very fast, temptations lay by the way. The children of the village played in the street generally, and of course liked to have company; and it is quite probable that our little party (which was getting smaller all the time) made the most of every opportunity.

While they linger we will look in at the mother and see how the day went with her. After seeing us cross the street to Aunt Emily Ann's she went about her morning's work and being busy, did not see that we went farther. She knew the presence of children never annoyed Auntie Davidson, for she was every inch a mother, so she gave herself no further thought concerning us, and was sure Auntie would send us home when she thought we ought to come. But, as the hours slipped away, she became restive, and often went out on the small green plot at the back of the house, which commanded a good view of Auntie's dooryard. Not a child was to be seen. The curve in the road shut off the view of the rest of the village, so she could not see the band of truants as they followed the music. But she was well aware that we must have followed it, and resolved to punish all except the youngest as soon as they got home, for their disobedience. Accordingly she selected a little withy switch for each one. Noon time drew near and passed by, but no children came. Though much annoyed at their disobedience, the mother-heart became anxious about the little ones, lest they should be hungry; and especially the one who had gone off with only a nightgown on and no breakfast.

As the afternoon hours wore away, a heavy black cloud was seen making up in the southern sky, every minute getting nearer and becoming more dark and threatening. A thunderstorm of more than ordinary force would soon be upon them. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon. The mother was almost frantic in her anxiety to get the children home before the storm burst. But what could she do? She could not leave her two-months babe at home alone, nor did she dare take it out now, that the storm was just upon them. She rushed out to the little gate again, for the twentieth time perhaps in the last half hour, to see if they were yet in sight.

This time she saw them within a few rods of the gate trying to hurry along: for the rain was coming. Just then a vivid flash of lightning, a heavy crash of thunder, and great pelting raindrops seemed to come all together. Mother ran down to meet us, but before she reached us, a few of the great splashes of rain, driven by a strong wind, struck, and nearly felled me to the ground. I remember it well, how I tried to struggle along against the storm. The thin nightgown no longer white blown tight against me, and the few drops of rain that struck me, seemed to go right through my body. I had only taken about three steps when mother caught me in her arms and ran back to the house, calling to the rest to run fast; and so they did. But they were drenched with the rain ere they reached the house.

Memory is indistinct concerning what took place immediately after our arrival at home. Mother was buisy getting us clothed and fed. The house seemed almost dark, so heavy was the storm, and Tamza and Sophia were crying. But it comes out bright again, as I find myself comfortably dressed and resting my weary limbs in my rocking-chair. How glad I was to be at home and in my chair again! The storm without is passing away but there is one making up within. Mother is questioning the children concerning their conduct.

Tamza spoke as follows: "George said you would not care, because you did not say for us to come right back from Aunt Charlott's."

"George!" said mother, "did you not know that I meant for you to come right back?" And when he was silent she said, "You all knew better, and I am going to punish all three of you." She took down the three rods that lay on the mantlepiece, saying, "Do you see these? I have one for each of you, and am going to whip you till I break them all up over your backs."

This she said to make an impression:

and indeed it did make an impression on all but George. Children are more observing than older people are aware of; for young as I was I knew by George's looks that he was not frightened. He probably saw that the rods were very small, and knew that his jacket, though a summer one, would keep him from being much hurt. But to the younger ones the threat of having "sticks broken up over their backs" sounded like having all their bones broken. They began to cry in good earnest, and fled into the bedroom as soon as mother began to whip George. I remember of feeling very secure and comfortable, as I rocked back and forth, touching the toes of my shoes against the low hearth of the stove, knowing I was not going to be whipped. For mother had said that I was little "and did not know any better than to go wherever the rest went."

George did not cry but only jumped and flinched, pretending he was getting hurt so that she would not get a larger rod. The withy little willow stick was soon broken up; and, as mother threw down the stump, I saw the ghost of a laugh on his face, and knew he did not care. He was then between nine and ten years old. But when it came to Tamza's turn, she screamed as if she expected to be nearly killed. Mother did not use the stick up very short over her. As soon as it broke she threw it down. When I heard the frightful cries of my sisters, I left my chair and stood looking in at the bedroom door to see what was really being done.

Poor frightened little Sophia was standing in the corner behind the door, her face buried in her hand, and both towards the wall as if to keep out the dreadful sight. When mother took the little switch that had been selected for her, and took her by the hand to lead her out from behind the door, she seemed so terrified that mother became alarmed, and instead of punishing her she spoke soothingly to her, telling her never to run away again and she would not whip her. She has said since, when speaking of the circumstance, that she did not dare strike her for fear she would go into fits, for she was so frightened.

So ended the memorable day. Perhaps whipping children may sound almost barbarous to some nowadays; but it must be remembered that forty or fifty years ago the "rod" was much more in use than it is in these modern times, and the sayings of the "wise man," "The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame," and, "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction driveth it from him," were better adhered to by parents, than at the present day; and the results bear witness that those sayings were *wise* ones.

(To be continued.)

LIVE IT DOWN.

Has your life a bitter sorrow?
Live it down.
Think about a bright to-morrow,
Live it down
You will find it never pays
Just to sit wet-eyed, and gaze
On the grave of vanished days;
Live it down.

Is disgrace your galling burden?
Live it down.
You can win a brave heart's guerdon;
Live it down.
Make your life so free from blame,
That the luster of your fame
Shall hide all the olden shame;
Live it down.

Has your heart a secret trouble?
Live it down.
Useless griefs will make it double.
Live it down.
Do not water it with tears—
Do not feed it with your fears—
Do not nurse it through the years—
Live it down.

Have you made some awful error?
Live it down.
Do not hide your face in terror;
Live it down.
Look the world square in the eyes;
Go ahead as one who tries
To be honored ere he dies;
Live it down.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in "Sunny Hours."

PRACTICAL PAPERS.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

THOUGHT II.—COURAGE.

"BE strong and of a good courage."—Joshua 1:6.

"It is not the tempest that doth show the seaman's cunning; but the field that tries the captain's courage; and we come to know best what men are, in their worst jeopardies."

Opposites may engender lawful antagonism, and conflict calls for decision. The latter is an expression yielded per force of character; this is done from existing necessity of the case, and often requires great firmness, based upon sound judgment, that right may be victorious. Yielding unto principle of the "baser sort" would be manifest weakness; this is not a legitimate outgrowth of manly trait. People are called upon nearly every day to decide in matters that involve their intellectual, moral, and spiritual interests. Exposure unto danger calls forth will power, presence of mind, and clear foresight. To yield unto the assailant without determined resistance, or to fly from him, could develop no power of manhood or womanhood at all. Resistance produces strength either way, for good or evil, according to what may be avoided. A passive condition of mind may be "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind" of expressson. We admit that a "universal joint in a man's backbone" may be an unhappy thing; but as a Russian proverb says, "A man is cursed who has a stiff backbone." We must choose between the two by being unyielding to wrong, and yet possess sufficient bending powers to accept the right, by not showing an unreasoning obstinacy. There must exist between the will, the reason, the judgment, as parts of mental capabilities deuteropathy, that is, sympathetic affection of one part with another. Without this, an equilibrium of character will neither be exercised nor maintained.

It requires more *will power* with some than others to do the right than the wrong thing. Overcoming obstacles that seek to prevent our progress in the right direction is what we may call courage. We do learn best to know what men are when they are in their worst dangers; because then is the time when real courage is needed.

The world owes a debt it ne'er can pay, it is the debt of gratitude to men and women of courage. Not so much an indebtedness to physical courage as to moral courage on the part of persons who possess mental intrepidity.

A pugilist may have physical courage to meet an opponent, yet be lamentably lacking in moral courage; and they are usually so. The list of real courageous characters is a long one. They were and are people who have made the world better, and caused multitudes to move out upon the crest of advancing waves of progress and civilization. They plunged into plots, schemes, and devices, where lay hidden the keys to unlock new possibilities of the future, while others may have held the keys in their trembling hands and been too timid to venture, lest a world, ignorant of the real design, blinded to the possibilities laying latent and only waiting to be stirred into action, should make sport of their attempts.

Bruno had the courage to announce his philosophy and to declare that there were other worlds than this, but it cost him his mortal existence. Ecclesiasticism had taught this, the only world, about a purgatory, hell, and heaven. The majestic sovereignty of God was limited to take charge of one world, the geography of which the priests were stupidly ignorant.

Ockham was killed as a result of an outburst of magnificent courage, to teach a truth denounced as a lie.

Vesalius met with transition, for he revealed man to man! Descartes and Locke were denounced. These men were each inspired by a high sense of duty which their courage led them to perform. The world to-day in many things extols what she once denounced. She holds forth as brilliant truths what her leaders once rejected as darkened falsities. And people *en masse* are yet slow to learn from past experiences and observations.

Sir Thomas Moore when going to the scaffold said to his son-in-law: "Son Roper I thank our Lord the field is won."

Won, in martyrdom! What marvelous testators this world possesses.

Martin Luther is an excellent example of courage. When we consider that in the fourth century Christianity had seen the good will of princes succeed to persecution, and a multitude of idolators entering the church bringing with them images, demigods, statues, pomps; also things of instruction from Greece, Asia, and Egypt, banishing the word of Christ from the places of worship; and all these were confirmed, and reconfirmed by successive papal decrees, think you it required any courage to proclaim against those things that had been inculcated for centuries, until the people were actually inoculated with Pagan traditions? But Luther opposed it all! And as one day he stood, memorable for his dauntless daring, before the Diet and was asked to recant, he stalwartly refused by saying: "Here stand I; I cannot do otherwise; God help me!" One time when great danger lay in the way of achieving victory, Luther filled with faith and courage wrote a hymn from which we glean the following verse:—

"With our own strength we naught can do,
Destruction yawns on every side;
He fights for us, our champion true,
Elect of God to be our guide.
What is his name? The Anointed One,
The God of armies he;
Of earth and heaven the Lord alone—
With him on field of battle won,
Abideth victory."

It is said that Luther sang the hymn. It was sung during the Diet at Augsburg, and in all the churches of Saxony. The tendency of that great hymn was to revive and inspirit dejected minds. What times of burning conflict; what days of heated battle; and times to try men's souls, were the years of Luther's "contest with the powers of death!" The battles, the victories, the laurels won and worn, have made him a famous character in the annals of history. In prison, in perils often, in tears, in opposition to garbed iniquity, and in defense of religious liberty, and of the truth as he understood it. The cloister life of monotonous monkery never would nor could have moved the world to a higher and nobler ambition such as his unimprisoned activity produced. But O! could the leaders have seen the "clouds of error diappear," and have witnessed the truth of the sublime words:—

"The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Lo! Zion's standard *is* unfurled;
The dawning of a *brighter* day,
Majestic breaks upon the world."

What ecstatic rapture might have filled their souls. Luther's work was a *grand* work and not to be despised. It was the laying of stones at the opening of a roadway leading on to something still better and truer.

Strength should grow in proportion to our difficulties. But how often it relaxes what little we may sometimes have. The former is the only means by which we can become masters of the situation. What sublimity of view to witness a person rising far above an opposing power as a conqueror, one not to be vanquished. Sir John Eliot said, as he was being led to death: "Ten thousand deaths rather than defile my conscience, the chastity and purity of which I value beyond all the world." That was an expression of courage unto death that is worthy of emulation. Note the history of Christopher Columbus. See him before the king and queen of Spain and on board the vessel, quelling the mutiny at sea. His courage rose like a tower of strength, fearing nothing. Having one object in view, he was not to be foiled in the accomplishment of his purpose.

Again, we require courage to resist the corrupting influences of our times. Courage for the right, courage to war for the unpopular, if the unpopular be deemed the right thing! Majorities may rule, but majorities are by no means always on the side of right. We are not to oppose for the mere sake of opposition, that would be unwise. But to oppose any measure, or work, or principle, because it bears upon the face of it wrong indications, those who condemn will only have to approve, if they are fair minded. When the truth, as it is in Jesus, should be told, talked of, we should not be abashed to defend it, but should have the manly courage to say in our hearts, "I had rather speak for the truth, though I suffer therefor, than that the truth should suffer for want of my speaking." Let this excellent suggestion be deeply impressed upon our minds; and "never shun to speak for the truth, though we suffer

therefor." Jesus said: "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me or of my words, of him will I be ashamed before my Father and all his holy angels." The world may claim to depend upon Jesus but it is only in appearance; for the world is *not* valiant for the testimony of Christ. He is as unpopular to-day in the coagulation of truth as in the days of the Pharisees.

The apostles were an organized band of social antagonists, contending against pride, selfishness, superstition, irreligion, obsolete customs, and the vanity of their times. The truth, as they taught it, was diametrically opposed unto all those things. There was no compromise extended, no detraction from what they were commanded to support as Christianity for conscience' sake. They "shunned not to declare the *whole* counsel of God," please or not please. The thought of pleasing the world had no place in their hearts; it could not have. They were possessed of a courage founded upon, springing out from, the divinity of what they taught. The power, assurance, inspiration thereof was a sufficient warrant for the boldness with which they preached against the corruptions of the times, as well as for the righteousness of the cause they defended. Whoever poses before the public as an instructor thereof, yet fails to denounce the pride, selfishness, irreligion, superstition, and vanities of the world, is proving recreant to his trust; he or she lacks the courage to do it. To cry "nothing but repentance unto this generation," implies a public denunciation of all forms of iniquity, sin, and wickedness, or it means nothing at all!

Take the great social antagonists of modern times, such as Clarkson, Granville, Sharpe, Matthew, Richard Cobden; inspired by singleness of purpose they have shown what high-minded social antagonism *can* effect. There are certain things in this world that "gentle zephyrs" may serve very well, but there are others that require a "gale." Some things require a "Peace be still;" others necessitate a "scourge of small cords."

People sometimes feel concerned for the welfare of Zion, and some may wonder and surmise as to her possible outcome, fearing lest all may not go well, lacking courage to brave a storm. It is written of Cæsar, that once upon a time when at sea a storm began to rage, and the captain became alarmed. Then the great captain called out, "What art thou afraid of—thy vessel carries Cæsar!" If Zion be likened unto a "ship," and Jesus is at the helm. Then, when passing through a trial storm, let us not fear—for thy vessel carries Christ.

"No water can swallow the ship where lies
The Master of earth, of air, of skies!"

Let us turn our attention to a few courageous women of history. Mrs. Fry and Miss Carpenter, of prison-visiting fame. What a commendatory work. Leaving home and its refinement, and reaching their delicate hands through prison bars, grasping the hands of hardened criminals, and others of the verdant type; looking them in the eyes, letting them feel that all the world was not turned to the coldness of steel nor stone, but that warm, humane hearts somewhere still beat in unison with human pity, compassion, mercy, and love; all had not become inexorable justice with a sternness that knew not the mollifying influence of mercy.

Although some may think it the outbursting babble of folly's voice, yet we have the courage to say that our prison methods are *not* reformatory in principle. Who, or how many, came out reformed? There's a coldness of social frigidity, an uncouth manner of silent harshness, a stoical demeanor, a looking upon "criminals" as outcasts of society, and not much to cause them to ever think anyone in this world believes otherwise. In our state prisons they never hear their names mentioned. If a hatred of disposition is manifested, there's no treatment that will soften it. They are not treated as citizens, or as having or ever to have any social rights. Their Sunday sermons are largely sentimental twaddle. I am one who believes there are few in this world but what in them may be found that:—

"Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the Tempter,
Feelings lie buried
That grace *can restore;*
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken
Will vibrate once more!"

Who says we are not right in such conclusion? Who would condemn such

thought? We have visited prisons, and observed and interrogated.

Mrs. Chisholm and Miss Rye are promoters of emigration. Miss Nightingale and Miss Garrett are apostles of hospital nursing. Any courage required in these noble, self-sacrificing causes? Ah, yes! Endangering one's self for other's good. Courage is ofttimes contagious; I wish there would be a widespread epidemic of it, don't you?

Take the Grecian philosopher, Socrates, who taught the youth of Athens the doctrine of Monotheism, and who gave an excellent description of God's wisdom in animal mechanism; when condemned to death he sent word to the rulers that nature had pronounced the same sentence on them, and that they were more afraid to pronounce his sentence than he was to receive it. He drank the hemlock and died a marty to his convictions.

Roger Bacon's courage to teach natural philosophy led to his transition. Dr. Harvey had the courage to tell his discovery of the circulation of the blood, and withstood the butt of ridicule. Now his memory is honored and his revelation endorsed! "What fools these mortals be," says cupid. Who denies it? John Hunter tried to do good to his fellow creatures, and he was so opposed in all his work that he was constrained to exclaim, "The few good things I've been enabled to do I have done with the greatest of difficulty."

It is a fact lamentably notable that every step of progress in the history of our race has been made in the face of great difficulty, and been secured by men only of intrepidity and valor. We need courageous men and women, boys and girls, that are not afraid to move out and stir stagnant waters; create a breeze from fetid atmosphere. Rivers are not still. The ocean is not always placid; fountains are not stereotyped. The world as a sphere does not rest on giant's shoulders. Light travels. All nature is active. Solon declared:—

"For vice, through Plenty fills her horn,
And virtue sinks in want and scorn;
Yet never, sure, shall Solon change
His truth for wealth's most easy rage!
Since virtue lives, and truth shall stand,
While wealth eludes the grasping hand."

He also said, as though appearing as an embodiment of justice:—

"By me the people held their native rights.
Uninjured, unoppressed. The great restrained from lawlessness,
Violence; and the poor from rapine,
By me, their mutual shield."

Pythagoras was a character, who, in some respects, lacked moral courage, for Timon wrote of him:—

"To catch applause, Pythagoras effects
A solemn air and grandeur of expression."

In conclusion of this thought upon courage let us note a certain character of the nineteenth century who, from obvious reasons, we are inclined to revere as a man of God. An extract from a document it is alleged he penned to one Bennett of New York regarding support of him politically:—

"Shall I, who have witnessed the visions of eternity, and beheld the the glories of the mansions of bliss, and the regions and the misery of the damned, shall I turn to be a Judas? Shall I, who have heard the voice of God, and communed with angels, and spake, as moved by the Holy Ghost, for the renewal of the everlasting covenant, and for the gathering of Israel in the last days; shall I worm myself into a political hypocrite? Shall I, who hold the keys of the last kingdom, in which is the dispensation of the fulness of all things spoken by the mouths of all holy prophets since the world began, under the sealing power of the Melchizedeck priesthood—shall I stoop from the sublime authority of Almighty God to be handled as a monkey's catspaw, and pettify myself into a clown to act the farce of political demagogery? No, verily no!"

A certain writer says of him:—

"His tact was great; his talents for governing men were of no mean order; and no matter how glaring his deficiencies in early life may have been, he manifested, as he grew older, an ability, both as an orator and a writer, which showed that he possessed strong natural gifts, only requiring cultivation to raise him to a high reputation among educated men. . . . In consequence of his pretensions to be a seer and prophet of God, he lived a life of continual misery and persecution. He endured every kind of hardship, contumely, and suffering. He was derided, assaulted, and imprisoned. His life was a scene of peril and distress."

Think you, friend reader, that all this

could have or would have been endured by him had there not been sterling truth in the claim he made? Was there no divinity behind the scenes, no reality to his claims, no God, no specific object, no hope but final overthrow, no expectation than ultimate exposure of fraudulency, no reward of glory, no consciousness of right? For he gained no worldly emolument, no public applause, no civil approbation, no social or religious appreciation, no wealth, no fortune! You may talk of the courage of Socrates, a David, a Saul of Tarsus, a Daniel in Babylon, but here is an example of almost, if not altogether unprecedented in any age, of a Joseph who, in declaring a truth to an opposing world, was bound for twenty-two years. Yet his energies relaxed not, his integrity never failed him, his valor never waned; but, amidst all, he effected a most wonderful work; and in going to martyrdom he said: "I am going like a lamb to the slaughter; but I am as calm as a summer's morning; I have a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward all men; I shall die innocent, and it shall be said of me, He was murdered in cold blood." Here you have one of the sublimest farewells, born of a moral courage, the equal of which the world may not have known in the annals of human history.

It may be said that not for eternity were laid the floors of the old red sandstone strata, which once stretched from the Catskills to the Massachussetts bay; not for eternity were reared the Appalachian summits, whose elevation celebrated the close of Paleozoic time; but for eternity may have been reared the names, honor, and integrity of men, whose labors crowned their day with a halo of glory, whose light streams afar and illumines the race of man—for mind always is! "Be strong and of good courage."

(To be continued.)

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

Out of the pitch-black night
And the rush of the driving rain,
Belated and fear-oppressed,
A bird to my window came;
There I found him striving to gain
The inner warmth and the light,
Cruelly beating his breast,
With cries of terror and blame,
'Gainst the wildly streaming pane.

So I went out into the night
And the cold, close-driven rain,
Wildly lashing the pane,
And took the bird in my hand
And bore to the cheerful light,
But he could not understand;
For, filled with wonder or fright
At the sudden brightness, he springs
And flashes about the room,
And circles the lamps, till again,
With the flutter of luckless wings,
He brings back midnight gloom.

Again, with the glimmering dawn,
I find my bird at the pane
Filled with fear and unrest,
Crying and striving to gain
The air, now sweetened with rain,
And cruelly beating his breast,
In eager haste to be gone.
So I take him and open the door,
And say: "Go free," as he springs
Away on his jubilant wings,
And I see my bird no more.

How like in our folly are we!
How slow to understand;
In our impatience and fright
How often we quench the ray
Given to show us the way.
And O, unspeakable light,
In the world's long, desolate night,
How we yearn and struggle for thee!
And why should we fear the hand
That carries us tenderly
And lovingly through the gloom,
And opens the door of the room
Where, prisoned in darkness, we lie,
And bids us hasten away,
And points to the brightening sky,
The dawn of the perfect day?

—Selected.

THE BOOK OF MORMON.—No. IV.

BY ELDER ZENAS H. GURLEY.

SOME MARVELOUS EVIDENCE.

AS the testimony of the eight witnesses has been referred to several times in the preceding articles, it is but proper to give their testimony here in full.

TESTIMONY OF EIGHT WITNESSES.

Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, unto whom this work shall come, that Joseph Smith, Jr., the translator of this work, has shown unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; and as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated we did handle with our hands; and we also saw the engravings thereon, all of which has the appearance of ancient work and of curious workmanship. And this we bear record with words of soberness, that the said Smith has shown unto us, for we have seen and hefted, and know of a surety that the said Smith has got the plates of which we have spoken. And we give our names unto the world, to witness unto the world that which we have seen; and we lie not, God bearing witness of it.

CHRISTIAN WHITMER,
JACOB WHITMER,
PETER WHITMER, JUN.,
JOHN WHITMER,
HIRAM PAGE,
JOSEPH SMITH, SEN.,
HYRUM SMITH,
SAMUEL H. SMITH.

These witnesses are known to be reliable, and though after publishing this *testimony* they were widely separated in the earth, and in after years somewhat divided in spiritual faith, in their convictions of the gospel, yet they never denied this testimony; nor did they ever contradict it, but iterated and reiterated the same till death; than which no better proof could be offered of their competency according to the rules of evidence.

The plates referred to and from which the Book of Mormon was translated, are described as about seven by eight inches in width and length, not quite as thick as common tin, bound together as a book by three rings running through each, and altogether near six inches thick. They were discovered on the morning of September 22, 1823, to Joseph Smith by the angel who had appeared also to him the night previous.

"He said there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source from whence they sprung. He also said that the fullness of the everlasting gospel was contained in it as delivered by the Savior to the ancient inhabitants; also that there were two stones set in silver bows; and these stones, fastened to a breastplate, constituted what is called the Urim and Thummim — deposited with the plates; and the possession and use of these stones were what constituted seers in ancient or former times; and that God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book."

These were all found in a stone box on the west side near the top of the largest hill in the neighborhood, near the village of Manchester, Ontario county, New York; but possession of them was not granted until four years from that day and date, or to give it in Joseph Smith's own language:—

"On the 22d day of September, 1827, having gone as usual at the end of another year to the place where they were deposited, the same heavenly messenger delivered them up to me, etc.; by the wisdom of God, they remained safe in my hands, until I had accomplished by them what was required at my hand; when, according to arrangements, the messenger called for them, I delivered them up to him."—History of Joseph Smith, *Millennial Star*, vol. 14 (supplement).

It would be very proper here to inquire after the *Urim* and *Thummim;* for of all instruments used in times past in the service of God, perhaps none are clothed with greater mystery and obscurity, and none endowed (if the term be permitted) with greater power. The Hebrew word THUMMIM—*Tummim*—means *perfection*, "symbolic figures in the high priest's breastplate." And the Hebrew word *Urim* means *lights*, "mentioned along with *Thummim*, as something in the high priest's breastplate that gave an oracular response."—Young's Analytical Concordance. See also Exodus 28: 30; Leviticus 8: 8; Numbers 27: 21; Deuteronomy 33: 8; 1 Samuel 28: 6; Ezra 2: 63; Nehemiah 7: 65.

Dr. Robinson in his Bible Encyclopedia says:—

"URIM AND THUMMIM, *light and perfection*, or *doctrine and judgment*, is supposed to have been an ornament in the high priest's habit, which was consulted as an oracle upon particular and difficult public questions. Some think it was the precious stones in his breastplate which made known the divine will by casting an extraordinary lustre. Others assert that they were the words of *manifestation* and *truth*, written upon two precious stones, or upon a plate of gold. Various, in fact, are the conjectures upon this subject: and Moses has nowhere spoken of the Urim and Thummim in such terms as to remove the difficulty. When the Urim and Thummim was to be consulted, the high priest put on his robes; and, going into the holy place, stood before the curtain that separated the holy place from the most holy place; and then, turning his face directly toward the ark and the mercy-seat, upon which the divine presence rested, he proposed what he wanted to be resolved upon; and directly behind him, at some distance without the holy place stood the person at whose command or entreaty God was consulted; and there, with all humility and devotion, expected the answer. According to Josephus, this oracle ceased about one hundred and twelve years before Christ."

Had the Book of Mormon been translated from "behind a blanket," as its opponents assert, it would even then be in harmony with that kind of practice among the high priests, as seen from the above quotation.

We are here assured that this oracle continued till within one hundred and twelve years of Christ, and had thus been in use with Israel for some one thousand four hundred years; and yet during *all this time*, a secret and a mystery. It was consulted upon all questions of great importance; its answers were considered correct, being made by the power of God. The *precious stones* were used to "make known the divine will, by casting an extraordinary lustre;" and yet the exact manner of using it, *how* the breastplate and stones were used, *how* worn at that particular time, are not known; perhaps were never made known to anyone except the high priest alone, as Moses has nowhere revealed it, of which we have an account, presumably for the reason as given by himself:—

"The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever."—Deut. 29:29.

All of which looks very marvelous to us, but simply proves that God's ways are not man's ways. In harmony with this rule of Moses is Joseph Smith's statement of the angel's words and instructions to him, to wit:—

"Again, he told me that when I got these plates, of which he had spoken, I should not show them to any person; neither the breastplate with the Urim and Thummim; only to those to whom I should be commanded to show them; if I did I should be destroyed." Whatever the breastplate in this case, the Urim and Thummim was attached to it. (Ibid supplement.)

Again, Dr. Robinson:—

"Breastplate, a piece of embroidery about ten inches square (Ex.28:15, seq.), of very rich work, which the high priest wore on his breast. It was made of two pieces of the same rich embroidered stuff of which the ephod was made, having a front and a lining, and forming a kind of purse, or bag, in which, according to the rabbins, the Urim and Thummim were enclosed. The front of it was set with twelve precious stones, on each of which was engraved the name of one of the tribes. This ornament was never to be severed from the priestly garments; and it was called "the memorial." (See Ex. 28:12, 29.)

It was also named the "breastplate of judgment;" probably because by it was discovered the judgment and the will of God; or because the high priest who wore it was the fountain of justice, and put on this ornament when he exercised his judicial capacity in matters of great consequence, which concerned the whole nation. Compare Urim and Thummim.

Joseph Smith declares that he soon found out why he had received such strict charges from the angel, as "every stratagem that could be invented was resorted to," to get the plates and Urim and Thummim away from him, even endangering his life, for that reason on the one hand, and still greater on the other—*that no person except permitted by command of God should view them.* That

Joseph had another stone *called seers'* stone, and "peep stone," is quite certain. This stone was frequently exhibited to different ones and helped to assuage their awful curiosity; but the Urim and Thummim *never*, unless possibly to Oliver Cowdery who, as early as September 7, 1834, in writing upon this subject testified:—

"Day after day I continued, uninterruptedly, to write from his mouth, as he translated, with the *Urim* and *Thummim*, or as the Nephites would have said, 'Interpreters,' the history, or record, called 'The Book of Mormon.'"—See Letter 1.

This agrees with Joseph Smith's account of the translation; and though Joseph lost the Urim and Thummim through transgression, the latter part of June (probably), 1828, yet they were returned to him in July of the same year; by which, according to his statement above, he accomplished by *them* what was required at his hand, when the heavenly messenger called for them, whereupon he delivered them all up.

Elder David Whitmer's idea was that the translation was made by the *seers' stone*, as he calls it, not the Interpreters, and Emma Smith's (Bidamon) statement accords with Whitmer as published in *Herald* some years since. The only discrepancy between the statements of the witnesses is that relating to the detail of the translation; and, as shown above, David and Emma, in the nature of things, did not know just how the Urim and Thummim were used, as they had never seen them. The reader will please bear in mind that *no one* was allowed to see either the plates or the Urim and Thummim, except as God commanded. The eight witnesses were allowed to see *the plates* and *handle them* as shown above; none else.

In January, 1885, the writer visited Elder David Whitmer at Richmond, Missouri, and among other questions asked: "Were the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated in Joseph Smith's possession while translating, and seen and handled by several different persons? If not, where were they? Answer: "I do not know." Question: Did you see the Urim and Thummim? Answer: "I saw the Interpreters in the holy vision; they looked like whitish stones put in the rim of a bow; looked like spectacles only much larger." Question: Had you seen the plates at any time before the angel showed them to you? Answer: "No."

Except in the holy vision referred to by Brother Whitmer, the reader may be sure that the Urim and Thummim was never shown to any person, except possibly to Oliver Cowdery, as he had desired to translate, and received permission to do so; but he lost the gift, evidently from a lack of faith. (See Supplement, page 14.)

Also, Brother Whitmer stated to the writer in 1885, that "Joseph told him" that in the translation "the original characters appeared upon parchment, and under them the translation in English, which enabled him to read it readily." While this is probably correct, or approximately so, it should be taken for just what it purports to be, and goes to show that the theory advanced above is correct, that David, and all others, must depend on Joseph's statements as to *how the translation was made.*

Now we come to the marvelous manifestation to the three witnesses of which they can properly testify of what they saw and heard:—

TESTIMONY OF THREE WITNESSES.

Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, unto whom this work shall come, that we, through the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, have seen the plates which contain this record, which is a record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites, their brethren and also of the people of Jared, who came from the tower of which hath been spoken; and we also know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice hath declared it unto us; wherefore we know of a surety that the work is true. And we also testify that we have seen the engravings which are upon the plates; and they have been shown unto us by the power of God, and not of man. And we declare, with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates and the engravings thereon; and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, that we beheld and bear record that these things are true, and it is marvelous in our eyes; nevertheless, the voice of the Lord commanded us that we should bear record of it; wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, we bear testimony of these things. And we know that if we are faithful in Christ, we shall rid our garments of the blood of all men, and be found spotless before the judgment-seat of Christ, and shall dwell with him eternally in the heavens. And the honor be to the

Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, which is one God. Amen.

OLIVER COWDERY,
DAVID WHITMER,
MARTIN HARRIS.

Joseph Smith was in company with those three at the time the manifestation was received, in the woods near Father Whitmer's house, Fayette, Seneca county, New York. And, be it remembered, that these very men years afterward became divided in their religious views, their conceptions of the gospel as contained in the Book of Mormon; David Whitmer withdrawing in 1838 with Oliver Cowdery and John Whitmer. These stood aloof from the church because of doctrinal differences, Oliver almost losing his hope entirely, but, recovering himself, bore faithful testimony to the Book of Mormon before his death, and which he had never denied, while David Whitmer never hesitated to bear his up to the time of his demise, a few years since, and never lost faith in God. Martin Harris died in Idaho some years since in the faith; and to properly *label* all the slanderous reports made against these witnesses, so that none shall be deceived by them, it is but necessary to quote the language of David Whitmer in 1887, in his Address, page eight:—

"It is recorded in the American Cyclopedia Britannica, that I, David Whitmer, have denied my testimony as one of the three witnesses to the divinity of the Book of Mormon, and that the other two witnesses, Oliver Cowdery and Martin Harris denied their testimony to that book. I will say once more, to all mankind, that I have never at any time denied that testimony, or any part thereof. I also testify to the world that neither Oliver Cowdery nor Martin Harris ever at any time denied their testimony. They both died reaffirming the truth of the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon. I was present at the deathbed of Oliver Cowdery, and his last words were, '*Brother David, be true to your testimony to the Book of Mormon.*' He died here in Richmond, Missouri, on March 3, 1850. Many witnesses yet live in Richmond, who will testify to these facts, as well as to the good character of Oliver Cowdery."

It is remarkable that, after many years of persecutions and bitterest hatreds from without, intestine broils and discords from within, in a sense hated by friend and foe, these witnesses still bear faithful testimony of the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon. Here, as late as 1887, the last of all the witnesses iterates his former testimony with his companions who testified that the translation was made "by the gift and power of God; for His voice hath declared it unto us."

This *fact in chief* has never at any time been denied in part or in whole, directly or indirectly, first made when they all were warm friends in religious views, but iterated and maintained to the death, though at that time, or had for years, been separated and estranged from each other. The writer doubts if the world can produce their equals as competent, faithful, undeviating witnesses, according to the accepted rules of evidence. The only discrepancy as noticed is in giving the detail of the manner in which the translation was made; and we have seen how easily that could be. But if the reader be not fully satisfied, then please turn and read the different statements of the evangelists about the resurrection of Christ. All agree in the *fact in chief;* but their account of the detail is different. (See Matt. 28th; Mark 16th; Luke 24th; John 20th.) And the *writing* on the cross. (Matt. 17:37; Mark 15:26; Luke 23:38; John 19:19.)

This *fact* of *difference* is usually argued as proof of *no collusion* between the witnesses; that each wrote his account of the matter as he understood it; and, though differing from each other, yet all agree upon the main fact. That which is true of the writings of New Testament witnesses is equally true of writings of Book of Mormon witnesses; and it must be so accepted.

When God was about to send a flood upon the earth he warned the inhabitants. Noah was a faithful witness, as also were his three sons with him; for with them God's *covenant* was established. (Gen. 6:18, 22.) And they builded the Ark according to commandment, and thus inherited the righteousness of faith. Jesus tells us, "And as it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man."—Luke 17:26. All things being equal then, and God no respecter of persons, should we not expect him to send the *warning voice* by some *one* as he did by *Noe*, as a preparatory work for the

coming of Christ? And why not Joseph Smith be sent as well as anyone? And why not three, (witnesses of miraculous power,) to testify to the truth with him, as well as Noah's three sons with *him?*

Many object to Joseph Smith being called, because he was so illiterate, so ignorant, and of the lowly class, being poor in this world's goods. The alleged statement of the angel to him upon this point was:—

"God has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, has God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things which are, that no flesh should glory in his presence."

As this was given as *Scripture* please see 2 Cor. 1:27, 28.

The Apostle Peter testifies:—

"We have not followed cunningly devised fables when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. For he received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with him in the holy mount."—2 Peter 1:16–18.

According to Matthew, Mark, and Luke, Peter, upon the occasion referred to, was accompanied by John and James; but neither of them has left us any testimony whatever relating the fact. Peter testifies of the *voice*, but says nothing of Moses and Elias, while Matthew, Mark, and Luke testify of *all* things; but neither of them were present. If this testimony be accepted as true, why not the testimony of the three witnesses, who with Joseph Smith declare they saw the angel and heard the *voice* of God, of which they testify as above? May we not then with equal propriety say upon this point, "We have not followed cunningly devised fables," and have not the witnesses so acquitted themselves even unto death?

Many good meaning persons frequently reject the testimony of individuals, because of some overt act on their part, either before or after they have testified. By this method many seek to reject and destroy the witnesses to the Book of Mormon; but, if this rule was right, and insisted upon, you would have greater cause to reject Peter's testimony than of the witnesses to the Book of Mormon; for, when under dire influences and distressed, Peter denied his Lord and declared he knew not the man, even after the vision in the *holy mount.* (Matt. 26: 69-75.) To Peter's honor be it said, however, that he afterward repented and proved a faithful witness for Christ until his martyrdom at Rome under Nero.

In speaking of Christ's appearing after his resurrection, St. Paul states "that, he was seen of about five hundred brethren at once; after that he was seen of James; then of all the apostles. And last of all he was seen of me also, as one born out of due season."—1 Cor. 15.

Undoubtedly this statement is true; but where is the testimony handed down to us, either of James or of the five hundred brethren upon this point? Where is the testimony of *all* the apostles that he appeared to *them* after the resurrection? We have none, only from Matthew, John, and Peter, while this of Paul's for himself (as also that which relates to *all the apostles* the nearest on *that* line). Thus you see again, *four* actual witnesses are relied upon for Christ's appearance after his resurrection; or, if we choose to take all the writers of the New Testament, we have only eight in number; while the Book of Mormon is certified to by eleven, yes twelve, unimpeached witnesses. It might be well to suggest, that when King Saul by transgression was forsaken of God it did not destroy his former testimony, made when the spirit of prophecy had been upon him. (See 1 Sam. 28: 15, 16; 10: 10, 11.) And, though David was guilty of both adultery and murder, it did not destroy his testimony of God's truth. Though God appeared unto Solomon *twice*, it did not prevent him from going into idolatry; and his abominations do not destroy the *wisdom* and truth of his writings. (See 1 Kings 3:5; 9:2, and 11th chapter.)

All this goes to prove that men may be visited of God by dream, vision, revelation, prophecy, and by Urim and Thummim, and yet *fall away;* may wander into evil and wicked ways, and frequently, as in Saul's case, God cuts them off from the earth because of their transgression. This may be regarded as a safe rule and practice, especially when the writings, the

testimonies of such individuals shall condemn their evil ways. Ezekiel in his fourteenth chapter lays down God's rule that they shall be cut off where the *idol* has been set up in their heart. And Paul admonishes, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall;" also, "But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."—1 Cor. 10:12; 9:27. And of Israel, "Well, because of unbelief they were broken off; and thou standest by faith. Be not high-minded but fear; for if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest he also spare not thee."—Rom. 11:20, 21. (See 2 Cor. 13:5, 6, and 1 Cor. 5:5.)

(To be continued.)

OVER THE RANGE.—No. II.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

IN addition to what was said in the previous number about fruit in California it may not be amiss to give some statistics upon the matter. It is interesting both as to the growth of the State and as evidence of what this part of the United States is doing to fulfill the prophecies that America should be a choice portion of the earth, that the "land of Joseph," as declared by Moses in the thirty-third chapter of Deuteronomy, should be particularly fertile and productive in "precious fruits" as well as in the "chief things of the ancient mountains," in gold, silver, and so many other valuable metals and ores.

In the report of the Southern Pacific Railway for the year 1891 I find that in 1873 this road transported out of the State only seven hundred pounds of raisins, but that in 1891 the enormous amount of nineteen thousand tons, or thirty-eight million pounds, were taken out by it to the eastern markets. Of this great yield the statistics of Fresno county show that nearly twenty-seven million pounds were produced in that county alone, the dry atmosphere there being particularly suited to grape culture. It is in the interior, away from the fogs that prevail on the coast, and its dwellers have made a special effort to have the grape cultivated for all that can be made of it.

There are said to be over fifty thousand acres of grape vines in that county alone, the most of them being raisin grapes; but also many tons of the table varieties are grown; and, as to be expected, a great amount of wine is made annually. By the kindness of Brn. Daniel Garner and George Barr I had the pleasure of riding through many vineyards in this county, mile after mile of nothing but grapes being passed, as we drove up and down the valley east of Fresno City. And the grapes are packed so solidly on the stems that they grow flattened and out of shape, being as closely set together as kernels of corn on a cob.

In the Southern Pacific statistics it is said that prior to 1880 no oranges or lemons were sent out of Southern California, but that the planting of the sandy deserts with orange trees had proven so productive that in 1891 this road carried away fifteen thousand tons of these fruits. Of vegetables this road took from Southern California in 1880 only three hundred carloads. In 1891 there were seven thousand carloads taken out. And hundreds of thousands of acres of land are yearly being reclaimed from the desert, and by irrigation made to produce a good growth of fruit and vegetables, indeed in many cases it is an astonishing growth. In 1888 one million pounds of California fruit were sold in New York City; in 1891 seven million pounds were purchased there, and this year it is expected that the amount will be not less than twenty-five million pounds, particularly as fruit is plentiful in California, while in the East it is unusually scarce, take it as a whole. The estimated value of this year's fruit crop is fifty million dollars.

Since writing the above I read (while in San Francisco, August 13) that sixty carloads of fruit were sent east from various points in California in one day, (August 10,) and that very large if not equal consignments will be sent out of

the State daily for a month to come. Also on July 19 of this year begun the shipment of fresh fruit to Europe, five carloads being sent that day. Since then two other lots of the same amount have been sent. The time to London is thirteen days. Thus another great outlet for American fruit is now provided.

During some years in the past America has imported from France, Spain, and Turkey, over one hundred million pounds of prunes and raisins, but the rapid increase in the product of those fruits in California make it probable that, unless some great calamity befalls the fruit, America will soon be supplied at home and have raisins and prunes to sell.

Also the beet sugar prospect in California is good. This year in the State the acreage of beets for the manufacture is ten thousand, and it is expected that thirty-seven million pounds of sugar will be made in these three beet sugar manufactories that are in the State, situated, I am told at Chico, San Benardino county, Watsonville, Santa Cruz county, and Alverado, Alameda county.

I do not write of these matters to boom California, but simply to show what our country is doing in improvement and increase; and I speak of this Pacific Slope as I would of any other portion that I might visit and find any degree of progess and prosperity to write of, for my own and others' information. And let no one sell out east and start for California expecting to *find* a fortune, or that everybody can make fortunes by coming here. Perhaps there is as great a percentage of poor people in California as there is in the East, and except such as happen to or are wise enough to take hold of what Shakespeare call the tide in the affairs of men "that leads on to fortune," they remain poor, or the most of them do, or else only gradually gain a competence —by good management and hard work.

Indeed it is with the majority of people here as it is with them elsewhere, namely that it takes money with which to make money. If one has ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand dollars to invest in land and improvements, and can wait for trees and vines to gow to a bearing age, and if he can stand occasional reverses and the result of the mistakes he may make, he is likely to get along well in time and to acquire a fortune. But it is chiefly the sharp, active, always-ready men who make the money here as everywhere else.

If anyone comes for health, for other conveniences, or because of the climate being so even and agreeable, then it is well, if they can afford to come and remain long enough to get rewarded; but otherwise no one should come unless they expect to work or have money to work for them, as mortgages and interest are burdens like a perpetual nightmare.

Earlier, before speculators obtained possession of so much of the public domain, many actual settlers came and obtained possession of lands at fair rates, and this has made them well off, after years of hard labor and waiting for returns on investments. Of course there are still occasional chances at fair prices, for those who have the means, whether they buy a small parcel of ground or spread over a wider area.

The San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys are magnificent regions for the golden grain, chiefly wheat, and forty or eighty acres in one of them is a valuable possession and heritage, while a few hundred (clear of debt), means wealth and ease. A view from the top of the State Capitol at Sacramento, from which city, as a center, the yellow fields spread out for a score of miles, will assure one of this, and so will a ride one the train from Benecia past Sacramento to the foothills on the east.

San Jose Valley is like them but smaller, and other equal or lesser ones are doubtless as fine. We saw the former between San Leandro and Irvington (Washington Corners), both from the train and while riding with Brn. Simeon Stivers and Hiram Davis.

Among the objects of interest that I visited in California was the State Reform School at Whittier, east of Los Angeles. The town was settled chiefly by Quakers, hence it was named for the Quaker poet —Whittier. It is handsomely located on the "bench" or rising ground up from the Santa Ana Valley. Immediately behind it is a range of hills that makes a fine background to the scene, while still further north, forty miles away, is the Sierra Madre Mountains, chief among the peaks being "Old Baldy," with his snowy crest.

It is a small village as yet, its growth being suddenly checked when the boom

in great expectations collapsed, just as it did all over Southern California some years ago when millions of people in the East did not do as promised by the boomers; that is, did not come on the wings of the wind (or by steam) to buy up all the city and village plats that were laid out and improved to catch purchasers. Nevertheless the lands and the locations are just as good as ever, and, if there is given prosperity and blessings by the Creator, all those sites will be wanted at some time, even if not until the millennium.

The State Reform School is located on a quarter section of this land, just below the village. The main building covers a half acre, being 106 by 204 feet in size. It has a basement, with kitchen, bakery, dining, bath, and wash rooms. This latter has one hundered and fifty basins or hydrants for the use of the boys, and the bath room is povided with plunge and shower baths. The play room is 58 by 36 feet. The first floor above the basement has a chapel 40 by 100 feet, reception and sitting rooms, office, pharmacy, residence rooms for superintendent, kitchen and dining room for employees and one large schoolroom. The second floor has two schoolrooms, suerintendent's and trustee's offices, and bedrooms for employees. The chapel also extends into this story and has galleries on this floor. On the third floor is a library and reading room, 35 by 39 feet, and two dormitories (large sleeping rooms), with an individual locker for the clothing of each boy, also bedrooms of employees. The fourth floor has two dormitories, a storage room for the bedding, etc., and separate rooms for the sick. The attic when completed is to be a music and band room.

Two hundred and fifty-six boys were in the school when I was there in June (1892), all being those who were or had been adjudged as beyond the control of their parents or guardians. However, many of them looked as though the discipline, schooling, and kindly care had largely reformed them, or was doing so. Nevertheless some had a very hardened look, and efforts to escape from so good a home, to return to a life of freedom, license, and crime, are by no means uncommon. Some among them make little or no secret of their intentions, and when the whistle sounds long and loud the people of village and valley know that one or more of the boys have left for the hills and the canyons. But a vigilant search usually results in bringing them back.

Unfortunate boys, they have come from homes or places where government did not exist, or if it did it was not the right kind, whether they were the children of the rich or the poor. And if they had no parents, but were outcasts of city or country, so much the worse. Probably nearly all were born under a dark sky of moral, mental, or physical trouble and derangement, perhaps under all these, and with poverty, vice, and drunkenness as their inheritance, where in many cases they might have been free-born instead of slave-born, had their parents themselves been clear from the bondage of sin and shame. As it is the veins of many of them are filled with a feverish, restless blood, and with an uneasy spirit like that of the gypsy. By occupation, schooling, and proper governmeny they will learn self-government and the true purposes of life and its demands.

Lacking this effect, and if they escape to freedom and evil associations again, their ways are likely to end in the jail or penitentiary, or in violent and bloody deaths. The times are sinful, and rioters and law-breakers of every kind are increasing in number. The pestilence, the infection of sin is in the air, and many disregard every right of their fellow men, and every law, human or divine. To reclaim the boys and girls that have started wrong, and to govern and direct our children right, both by precept and example, is the only possible hope for the future generation.

Some sixty girls are also in charge of this school, but they are in a building by themselves. These also are schooled and trained to work at various occupations, as well as are the boys. For the boys are taught various trades. There were seven boys in the blacksmith shop, nine in the carpenter shop, six in the paint shop, ten in the shoe shop, ten in the tailor shop (eight sewing machines running), eleven in the laundry, and fifteen in the engineer's department. There is a dynamo and all the buildings are lighted by electricity manufactured on the first floor of the work room. Also fifty to seventy boys are employed at certain hours of the

day in the garden and orchards of the farm. Each boy has a few hours of schooling on five days of the week. This includes the common branches and singing.

Hence the work hours in the garden or at a trade are not many, and there is no just reason for any to grow weary of either school or labor, especially when they are learning all the time that which will make them men, if they are willing to become such. So with the girls. They are, I learned, kindly treated and fitted for place and usefulness in the world, if they are willing to be restrained from ways of indolence and vice and from evil associates.

The boys also have a military drill and learn to go through the evolutions of marching and counter-marching, by column and by platoons, all of which is exercise and recreation, and it teaches them order, promptness, system, and regularity. Some of them are making good progress in the band that has been organized of their number. One day when I was there the superintendent returned from some trip away. About two hundred of the boys, commanded by a lieutenant, and with sergeants and corporals from their own number, marched down towards the station, with fife, and drum, and flag, and escorted the carriage back to the school building. Dr. Walter Lindley (the superintendent) and his wife are said to be in love with their work and with the pupils and their improvement, and to have the confidence of all the boys who are anyways manageable or appreciative of good. A dark cell and a bread and water diet for a few days punishes the rebellious or the returned runaways.

Thus, with school, work room, singing class, library privileges, drill ground, bathing pool, various recreation and leisure, together with plenty of good food and clean beds, their daily life is placed away above that of millions of boys and girls who struggle for an existence without trade or occupation, and in the midst of poverty and vice, in the greater and lesser cities throughout our land. The school may be irksome to many at first, but it is certainly a great power for moral salvation, and in aid of the forces for good in the world. It is intended to turn idle and vicious boys and girls into worthy and honorable men and women, if it be possible. Hence let honor be given to those who will righteously carry on the work to such degree of perfection as may be reached by them.

Of the cities and seaside resorts I will mention that Los Angeles is very conveniently situated near the sea, and so close that nearly always it has a breeze from off the ocean. Therefore, even in the midst of summer, there are only a few hours in the middle of the day when it may be called uncomfortably warm. Later in the day the breeze rises, and often one needs an overcoat or cloak on when riding out after five o'clock, no matter how hot it was at noon. And near the coast, even when the mercury is up to ninety and ninety-five degrees above zero, seldom or never is there that sultry, oppressive heat that overcomes us so in the East. Only in the valleys, away from the sea breeze, are the nights uncomfortable for sleeping, like in the valleys mentioned and in other regions.

The seaside resorts that are about twenty miles away are one great cause of the popularity of Los Angeles as a city to dwell in. Within one hour thousands of people can be put down at Santa Monica, Redondo, San Pedro, or Long Beach. At all these they will find bathing houses and can play in the surf as long as they please, hunt shells or seaweed, eat their lunch, and on one of the frequent trains return to the city. Further off are Newport, Laguna, San Juan-by-the-sea, San Diego, and Santa Barbara. On Saturdays and Sundays fifty cents will take one down and back to either of the first four named.

The only objectionable feature of all this is that a constant tide of seekers of recreation and pleasure go out on Sundays, when all railway and steamer excursions offer trips at about half rates. Hence the street and railway cars are usually loaded down during all the earlier and latter part of each Sunday. This rush and bustle greatly interferes with devotion in a religious sense, and they entirely destroy all quiet in the city or near any railway depot in the suburbs and villages around about. Even your home feels the influence, unless you live away in some little canyon by yourself.

In fact I do not remember being in any city or village in California, or Utah, except it may have been Washington

Corners (Irvington), where travel and traffic were not going on very much as on other days of the week. Doubtless, so far as the rest and recreation part of it are concerned, many need this change. But connected with it all is a great amount of buying and selling, and much drinking of beer, wine, and other liquors. For all is above board in California, and in San Francisco about every man who sells sugar and soap also sells several kinds of liquor, so that at about ten thousand places one or more kinds of strong drink can be had openly. That is about twice as many places as in Chicago, which is a city three times the size of San Francisco. But a great deal of the liquor sold is native wine and much of it pure, probably. Families drink it, and many saloons have a side door and a sign that it is the entrance for ladies, while many of the big stores in San Francisco have a large sign reading "Family Liquor Store," or "Pure Family Liquors." Hence Brn. Parkin and Lincoln have their letter and bill heads read, "Temperance Grocers."

Should I write another letter I will say something of the mountains and the sea, and perhaps some about our travels in the valleys, among the mountains, and of the people we met.

PRAYER IN VERSE.

BY SR. MINA PERKINS.

Dear Father, bless thy church this morning,
Let thy Spirit here abide;
Let thy love our souls adorning,
Bring us closer to thy side.

O Father, we are weak and erring,
Oft we stumble, nearly fall;
If it were not for thy caring,—
For thy tender, loving call,—

We would ne'er regain our foothold,
In the path marked out by thee;
In the gentle Shepherd's sheepfold
At the end we ne'er would be.

Father, bless, and guide, and keep us,
As our journey we pursue;
When the evil spirits seek us,
Wilt thou then our faith renew.

Take us in thy care and keeping;
Bless us in our work, and when
In death our forms are sleeping,
Save our souls in Christ. Amen.

FROM JERUSALEM TO SHILOH.

WHEN in Egypt I met some ladies who, with a party of ten, were intending to come to Palestine and travel through the country in carriages, visiting all points of interest. I may safely say they will change their plan of travel before going very far, and that they will return to New York with more knowledge of the topography of the Holy Land than they had when they left it. Climbing, climbing, climbing over great rocks, around the brow of mountains, into and out of deep valleys, along paths wide enough for only one horse, is the only way of reaching Mizpah from Jerusalem. The distance is only five miles, but the labor, though relieved by magnificent scenery, makes one feel that it must be much more. Mizpah is the highest point in the vicinity of Jerusalem, and aside from its historic associations is well worth a visit for the magnificent view it affords. From its summit the eye sweeps over a vast field of wonderful interest. On one side are the hills of Judea, the plain of Sharon and the Mediterranean Sea twenty-five miles away, the eye reaching far out over the blue waters. In the other direction is Jerusalem, Mt. Olivet, the wilderness of Judea, the Dead Sea twenty-five miles away, and the mountains of Moab beyond. Near by are a number of villages with sacred historical associations. As the eye takes in the beauty of this most sacred part of the earth's surface, one feels that this was indeed the most fitting place in all Israel to set up the throne of judgment.

Samuel judged Israel, and the national assemblies were held here during the period of the Judges. There are no ancient ruins and no modern buildings save a Mohammedan mosque. I saw here a Mohammedan funeral dance that contrasted strangely with the moral dignity of the place. It was conducted by about a dozen women who formed a circle and moved round and round, wailing and chanting as they went, often jumping up and down and striking their hands violently upon their faces at the same time.

It was in honor of a man who had been buried three weeks before, and from the way the ground was beaten down I concluded that these dances must be of frequent occurrence and long continuance.

Riding northeast from Mizpah seven miles, we came to Bethel, "the house of God." There is nothing about its appearance now to raise religious emotions or to suggest the fitness of its name. Once it was, as many an interior place has been, the house of God to the great souls that were large enough to find God anywhere. It seems to have been a favorite resort for Abraham, to which he came when he returned from Egypt, and where he had an altar over toward Ai. Lot also came with Abraham to this locality, and here arose the dispute which led to their separation, Lot choosing to go to the valley of Jordan "toward Sodom." It was on this stony hill, where stone pillows enough could be found today for a whole army, that Jacob lay down in his flight from his angry brother to sleep and to see visions of God's ministering angels that filled him with a consciousness that God was in that place. When the time came for Jacob to return to his own country, after having served his grasping old uncle for many years, God directed him to go up to Bethel and build there an altar, and thus recall the scenes and vows of that night of revelation which he spent there many years before. It is now a poor little village of mean houses, occupied by a thriftless population. We lunched at Bethel near the basin from which water is carried to the homes of the people. A number of women were doing their washing in the basin at that time. They place their clothes in the water, draw them out on the stone rim of the basin, and beat them with clubs or stones, the water from them flowing back into the basin. While this was going on, many water pots were brought and filled from the basin and carried away without a word of protest; indeed, they all make the same double use of it, defiling it then drinking its waters. Our dragoman brought us water from it, but it had an unnatural bluish tinge and I preferred an orange.

It would seem incredible if I should describe the filthy habits of these people, even in a large city like Jerusalem. As a natural consequence of their want of cleanliness, they are subject to fearful visitations of nature's retributions. Ophthalmia, leprosy, fevers, and other diseases afford a constant, though unheeded argument for cleanliness.

A half hour's walk to the east brought us to the sight of old Ai, where Joshua suffered defeat, but finally won a complete victory. The situation on the summit of a hill answers fully to the historical account and the description of the Bible. Though Joshua was assured by God that he should be victorious when he had put away the Achan offense, yet the shrewd commander thought it well to imrove on his generalship, and sent a body of soldiers by night to lie in ambush back of the city, to be ready upon a given signal to rush into and fire it. The tactics adopted by Joshua with such success, have been used by many generals since, and often with equal success. We can see how the soldiers would have to march round the mountain, and how they could come up the mountain side back of Ai, and be perfectly concealed, ready to spring upon the city when the signal was given.

Five hours' ride to the north brings us to Shiloh. The approach is through a beautiful country. The olive trees are much larger and more healthy in appearance than about Jerusalem. They rise from the valleys to the very tops of the hills, on terraces made in the rocks. I believe this condition once prevailed over all Palestine, making it a fruitful country. Wheat also is sown on these terraces of only a few feet in width, clear up the mountain side. The criticism that has been made upon Bible history that the land is too poor to sustain such a population as the Bible represents as having dwelt here, falls to the ground in presence of the method of cultivation to be seen

in the vicinity of Shiloh. One of the prettiest valleys I have seen in Palestine lies to the south and east of Shiloh. The whole situation is lovely in natural beauty, a fitting place for the important events that here transpired. Here Joshua, after the land was subdued, assembled the people and gave to the tribes the boundaries of their inheritance, and divided the land among them. The tabernacle was set up, the Ark of the Covenant, and the great religious ceremonies of the Jewish ritual were here until the days of Eli's weakness the Philistines took the ark, from which time Shiloh began to lose its preëminence. The ark never returned, and the glory of this sacred place passed away to another. Had the tabernacle and the Jewish service continued here, probaly the rival altar on Mount Gerizim would never have been set up. Shiloh is about half way between Jerusalem and Shechem, and with the tabernacle and the temple there, the continued political and religious unity of the people would have been much more probable. It is certainly not so strong or picturesque a position as Jerusalem, but we are taught that the strength of Israel was not in its mountains nor in its mighty men, but in the living God. There is no modern village at Shiloh, but very considerable ruins cover the hillside. It is very difficult to judge in such a case, but there certainly is nothing improbable in the supposition that they may date back to the time of Samuel and Eli. The graves of Eli's two unfortunate sons, are said to be here, but "of that no man knoweth." The utter ruin and desolation of the place awakened painful reflections from which I was glad to turn away. These wonderful flowers and far-spreading olives declaring, however false man may be, that "No change can attend Jehovah's love," soon recalled me to more cheerful and pleasant thoughts as I went upon my way.

—Central Christian Advocate.

THE VALUE OF READING.

THE reading of good books is of great value.

It is education. An educated man has simply read more and retained the results better than others. He may have done this in school, at college, or at home, midst favorable or unfavorable surroundings. Anyone who can read and has ambition, can educate himself to any degree he pleases.

The first good book, read intelligently, is the "open sesame" of all future knowledge; it is the key to any library. Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, one of the world's self-educated men, went so far as to say, "One needs but to know the *alphabet* to know all languages."

Plutarch says: "Books have brought some men to knowledge and some to madness." The reading of good books has brought them to knowledge.

Hugh Miller, working in the English quarries, thought upon the curious formations and fossils which he found in the rock. He wanted to know more about them: he worked and read, and at his death left an enviable record as a geologist.

C. C. Frost, a cobbler, was dyspeptic. His physician recommended outdoor exercise. He took long walks in the woods, became interested in botany, and studied Latin, French, and German, that he might read the best works on the subject. He was honored by the degree of A. M. from two New England colleges, and became a recognized authority on cryptograms.

N. E. Atwood, a fisherman's son, became interested in the fish he caught in the Atlantic. He made them a study, gained much from reading and observation, delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, and was frequently consulted by Professor Agassiz.

Henry Wilson, from the age of ten to twenty-one, went to school just twelve months. Yet during his term of bondage as a "bound-boy" he read a great many books,—some say a thousand,—and became an influential man in the councils of the nation.

Theodore Parker, whose father could not afford to lose his work from the farm, fitted himself for Harvard, and passed his examination; but instead of becoming a

student, he remained at home, working and studying. He became one of the widest readers and deepest thinkers, "the Jupiter of the pulpit."

Robert Collyer, after he was eight years old worked at the bellows and anvil thirteen hours a day. He had a hunger for books, and read while blowing the bellows or while walking, and in evenings by candlelight or firelight. He says: "Give a boy a passion like this for anything, books or business, and you give him thereby a lever to move his world and a patent of nobility, if the thing he does is noble."

This passion elevated George S. Boutwell from a grocer's clerk to the governor's chair; Henry N. Hudson from a journeyman carpenter to an eminent Shakespearean scholar; "Pig Iron Kelly" from a jeweler to a leading protectionist; Charles O'Connor from a poor boy to the leading lawyer in New York; George Wilson from a workhouse lad to a college professor; and Caleb Cushing from poverty to the Supreme Bench.

It influences life. The French historian, Michelet, was roused by reading a Virgil, and an odd volume of Racine, picked up at a stall, made the poet Toulon. Faraday's genius was awakened by the books he read while serving as an apprentice to an English bookseller. James Gordon Bennett Sr., was turned from the priesthood to America by reading Franklin's *Autobiography*. Scott's love of story-writing dates from his ownership of Percy's *Reliques*. Goethe claimed the *Vicar of Wakefield* laid the foundation of his career.

It forms character. Hazlitt has said that the intellect only is immortal; that words are the only things which last forever. The thoughts are the closest of all companions. Let them be pure. Good reading will keep them pure. It is a powerful antidote for evil. It lifts one away from the low qualities of his nature and ennobles and inspires him.

Boys and girls thus employed are furnished with the elements of healthy character, pleasant amusement, and charming companionship. Their character is disciplined not only by the sentiment of the book, but by the fact that they are usefully employed.

Robert Collyer's books kept him from the roughs and drink. Hugh Miller's geology enticed him from drink; Thomas Hood's reading kept him from the ring, the dog pit, the tavern, and the saloon. He says, "the closest associate of Pope and Addison, the mind accustomed to the noble though silent discourse of Shakespeare and Milton, will hardly seek or put up with low company and slaves."

It is the best of companionship. A good book is the best of the author's life. The poorest boys can, by reading, have as their companions the noblest men of all time; better companions than the richest man can collect around his board, closer friends than his—silent friends, who will enter their thoughts and become one with them, lifting them into purer and better lives, inspiring them to become true men.

Recently there died in Arkansas, W. M. Shelton, a hermit for many years. Disappointed in early life, he had removed to Arkansas, with his nearest neighbor thirty miles away. But he took and kept as his companions in his rude log cabin, Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Homer, Hugo, and other eminent authors. Judge Bleckley of Georgia moved from society into a lone cabin on the mountain; he took as his companions, Spencer, Gibbon, and Thoreau.

Carlyle, in his lonely lodgings in Edinburg, praised "those companions, so steadfast and unassuming, that go or come without reluctance."

Stanley always takes books into the wilds of Africa, and once, when compelled to throw away almost everything else, he kept his Shakespeare and his Bible.

Reading affords one of the best means of quiet recreation; it is better than the deadly narcotic for producing peace of mind and body.

Metternich read for an hour or half an hour before retiring, choosing discoveries, travels, and simple narratives, something apart from his business.

Plutarch tells how Brutus used to read far into the third watch, and Shakespeare depicts him as reading the evening before the fatal battle of Phillippi.

Napoleon, in all his marching, had books forwarded from Paris by his agents.

Garfield found in books a relaxation from military duties and congressional tasks. When half through his college course, he suffered from mental dyspepsia.

Moderate novel reading was prescribed as a remedy. Its recreation cured him.

Gladstone, returning home after his political decapitation, is found reading Dante under a tree.

Napoleon III. read Bulwer's *Last of the Barons* the night before his surrender to the Germans.

Dr. Holmes often reads "pillow-soothing authors" for a half hour or so before retiring, to bring in easy-going, placid thoughts.

Men value its influence. Robert Collyer thinks its value cannot be overestimated.

Gibbon "would not exchange it for the glory of the Indies."

Fenlon would not accept all the crowns of the world in its place.

Macaulay "would rather be a poor man in a garret, with plenty of books, than a king who did not love reading."

When one sees the power of books, he feels like repeating with Charles Lamb, "Grace before reading," not "Grace before eating."

—American Teacher.

THE CRIME OF SELFISHNESS.

THE world would be almost a paradise; and pain, misery, and want, the exceptions that emphasized the rule of universal happiness, were it not for the selfishness of man. That grasping spirit of heartless avarice which sacrifices the wealth of a thousand to increase the coffer of one; which holds from the poor man that fair competency which would give to the laborer the necessities and many of the comforts of life, and yet yield the capitalist a good profit; which finds the poor man in a "close corner" and hesitates not to squeeze him, though by the operation the wife and children shiver in thinly-clad garments and seldom know what it is to have all to eat that nature demands; which entices men to drink, though the enticer knows full well that in so doing, he will take the money needed for a family's wants, that he will poison and destroy the health that is required to supply the family's needs, and which in all probability will eventually end in the wreck and ruin of the victims.

All this and more is traceable to that spirit of selfishness which seems the dominant influence in the soul of a large per cent of the children of men to-day, especially they who dwell in ease and comfort. This is the sin of the hour, against which every pulpit in the land should thunder; against which every paper should cry; against which every laborer for the good of the people should work, preach, and teach at all times and in all possible ways, until the infection of the spirit of generosity becomes contagious in every district.

Moreover, it should be the one great aim, ever present in each individual mind, to think of the needy and do for them; to find out where the heavy burdens are falling, and seek to lighten them; to drive from the heart the demon of selfishness, and enthrone in its seat the angel of charity. On every hand misery, poverty, and want are peering upon us from sunken eyes and haggard faces. The miserables of the world are long-suffering; but they are not insensible to the wrongs which society is hourly inflicting upon them. In the following lines, by Margaret Holmes, there is more than pathos, there is truth, terrible truth, in the plaintive and half defiant cry of the world's miserables:—

For what are we thankful? O sages, declare.
From your high, carven pulpits, to suffering men:
We list to your sermon, your anthem, your prayer,
Your soft benediction. No answer is there
To the question we ask you; the chill autumn air
Blows the words to our faces again.

You've talked of the merchant ships sailing the seas,
And told of the treasures the harvest would yield:
Of the fruit hanging low on the o'er-burdened trees:
Of the odorous breath of the vine on the breeze:
But whence comes the mandate, the law that decrees
That we starve in the brown stubble-field?

We battled at noonday with dust and with heat:
We sang and we jested to lighten our toil:
We hoped the drear winter with plenty to greet—
Ah, the mirage to near-fainting hearts was so sweet:
But empty our hands, bare and bleeding our feet:
The labor was ours—not the spoil.

The harvests are garnered, the myriad sheaves
That piled the wild fields like gold from the mine
Fill up the great barns from the floor to the eaves:
The grapes that grew ripe amid whispering leaves
Stain red, laughing lips, while a starving one grieves
Outside for the dregs of the wine.

For what are we thankful? For prisons and pain;
For our babes murd'ring sleep with their famishing cries;
For the snow and the sleet, the wind and the rain,
Beating out the dull life from the heart and the brain;
For the grave we at last in potter's field gain:
For the stone with its deeply cut lies.

Will the heart of humanity ever melt? Will the brotherhood of man e'er be felt? Will the time ever come when selfishness and avarice will be driven into retirement and the great army of struggling, battling, toiling children of men receive that recompense that can enable them to make the name "home" mean more than a hovel? To this end let everyone earnestly, bravely, and trustingly labor, strengthened by the undeniable fact that the trend of humanity is upward—that the race is fronting the day rather than the night.

—American Spectator.

BLESSINGS.

There's nothing old or commonplace in nature,
Each day unfolds new beauties to the eye,
And each new morn, upon the ear
Bursts glorious melodies sublime, from
Feathered songsters warbling forth their praises
To a God who feeds and cares for them
And, feeling naught of fear, their joy bursts forth
In notes no human voice can utter,
Which, when we hear, our soul is filled with pleasure
Look at the verdant fields; some new rich tint
Is added day by day, and, in the groves,
The op'ning leaf gives to the lover of Dame Nature,
A pleasure full of various emotions.
The little brook which o'er its pebbly bed
Runs ever on, and, in some shady nook,
Gives life and freshness to the graceful fern,
And, where the sunbeam strikes its shining rills,
Breaks the bright shaft, it seems with utter joyousness.
Let us to whom these gifts are given
Rejoice, and render grateful thanks to God,
And let our eyes dwell on these changing scenes
Of loveliness, and note the goodness of our loving God.

ELLA J. GREEN.

ONSLOW, IOWA.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

CHAPTER XI.

He rests his hand upon the watcher's brow—
But more than that. He leaves his very breath
Upon the watcher's soul; and more than this,
He stays for holy hours where watchers pray;
And more than that. He ofttimes lifts the veils
That hide the visions of the world unseen.
—*Father Ryan.*

LIKE too many others I had brought extravagant notions with me into the church. Without stopping to consider that therein was to be found the arena on which was to be waged the "conflict of ages," and that mortals were to learn not only the wonderful works of God, but also the terrible works of Satan, I expected to find men and women moved by a single impulse and equipped by one Spirit, acting in concert, without a jarring element discernible. I did not look for absolute perfection, but I rather looked for results of church service than the details and minutiæ of service.

But I soon found that, as with myself, so with most others, the gospel had very much to do in eliminating the old Adam before the new could occupy chief place for perpetual control. I was brought into contact with people who were in the transition state, as to character, and who, like myself, were expecting more of others than they were exhibiting in themselves. I found some who were very eager to enjoy the manifest visitations of the Holy Spirit; but who were utterly unwilling to endure the scouring necessary to make their vessels fit places for the Spirit's prolonged stay. They enjoyed royal visits of the above order better than they did house cleaning for the guest's comfort.

Like boys at school, there were more attending than were likely to graduate, though all the helps and facilities necessary were at hand. The school and

text-books were all that could be desired, but scholarship calls for more than these. The church and doctrine and Spirit were commensurate with all moral necessities, but some had all these in reach and did not "abound." Some gloried in the fact that God had chosen the "base things of the world" and were keeping as "base" as they could all the way along, expecting, perhaps, to be "chosen" again in the crowning day because of fidelity to the original quality. Still the possibilities of the church were freely manifest in that others who were "base" had been transformed till the Master's nature was discernible as an admirable potency in their lives.

I found that my calling as a minister must necessarily bring me into direct contact with people in all stages of development, and it was for me to "study to show myself approved" as a workman. I early discovered that while Saints, under the Spirit, could love as could no others, Saints, after losing that Spirit, could hate as no others. It was evident that the adversary planted his forces in strength proportioned to the amount of good he had to combat and overcome, and that, finding all truth comprehended in the gospel creed, he ransacked his dominions at times to muster force sufficient for the demolition of its strongholds and defenders. The safety of the soldiery was in eternal vigilance and unceasing activity. The sleeper and the idler were easily overcome, and, being overcome, soon became hindrances rather than helps.

All this was manifest to an acute observer, and I found that Canada needed occasional visitation at the hands of the authorities of the church, that she might be "set in order." There were "wills" and "won'ts" sufficient to produce friction and prove that all were not yet of the "same mind and the same judgment." There was need of the "helps" and "governments" provided so wisely. Yet the divinity of the great work was being fully attested by what it was performing among the obedient and humble ones.

During the above year, Pres. W. W. Blair had visited Canada, and I had met him at district conference at Blenheim. His presence and counsel helped many of the Saints to a better mental and spiritual condition, but there were some old jealousies and dissatisfactions existing which were not entirely removed from the district. However, things were improving, I was told, and it is probable that the Saints, like myself, were undergoing a necessary discipline.

I had also attended the General Conference of April, 1878, at Plano, in company with Bro. J. J. Cornish. There, as before, I saw and heard many things that had a tendency to broaden my views, or, at least, to encourage me in the idea that the Church of God gave ample scope for the exercise of personal conviction, and that every good man's soul could find elbow room therein.

This was peculiarly comforting to me, because my mind had been made remarkably skeptical on some things which had found local shelter in places, and which, while I had not openly attacked or opposed, I could not conscientiously indorse.

At this conference, Brn. Joseph Smith and W. H. Kelley were appointed to visit Canada and investigate irregularities there. They attended our district conference at Corinth, shortly after, and at that session, the Kent and Elgin district was divided, the London district was formed, and over it I was elected president. The ministrations of these visiting brethren were decidedly helpful and the good effects remain to this day, though their appointment and labor were not directed towards all the hurtful forces, as, indeed, they could not possibly be in so short a time.

The coming to Canada of so great and illustrious a personage as the "Mormon Prophet" was a signal for quite a gathering, and, had he been caged and properly concealed, a considerable amount might have been realized by charging an admission fee to see him. There was not Yankee shrewdness enough in us innocent Canucks to avail ourselves of this prospective bonanza, however, and so the exhibition was made gratis to about a thousand people.

A grave suspicion was prevalent that our innocent-looking "Bro. Joseph" was a polygamist from the western hills and that he was around after more recruits for his harem. He seemed to take in the situation and rather disarmed their fears immediately upon rising to speak. After announcing himself a resident of Illinois, where the laws were strenuously monoga-

mous, he frankly admitted having taken full advantage of what show they did afford, by getting all the wife he could in one dress, hence had married a lady weighing nearly two hundred pounds.

This unexpected statement produced a kind of mirthful explosion which effectually dissipated the long-drawn expression of horror and suspicion on the faces of his auditors. He had a good-natured lot of listeners during the remainder of his discourse.

After the close of conference, he went to St. Thomas, thence to London, preaching in both places, and at the latter place I left him and hurried on to Toronto to advertise his coming.

His visit to Toronto did not produce much of a sensation. The audiences were small, but the Saints were edified. This visit occurred just a few weeks before the time referred to when I reached a final settlement of all business and property affairs and moved my family into rooms at my sister's house, preparatory to entering the field.

In this determination I was encouraged by Bro. Joseph, and he left me, having my assurance that my chief life-object was to tell the gospel story. In the course of our conversation together I heard him express the conviction that my strange experiences of the past had been disciplinary, with a view to fitting me for effective ministerial work.

Arrangements thus completed, I once more parted company with wife and babies and started forth under my appointment in the district. New official responsibilities were upon me and everywhere in the district were demands for judicious educational work as well as public preaching. My youth and comparative inexperience made me slow in either introducing private ideas or antagonizing old ones that I did not favor.

In preaching to those without, I had very fair liberty. My memory was strengthened remarkably, and the truth seemed all-sufficient for every occasion. I visited the Carlingford, Usborne, London, St. Thomas, and Corinth branches, and made some new openings, one at Walsingham Centre, where Bro. G. T. Griffiths afterwards baptized some twenty-eight persons.

My visits among the branches brought me more directly in contact with Saints of all varities and shades of peculiarity and made me more than ever sensible of the fact that the mere acts of baptism and laying on of hands did not make men and women holy. I met some of the finest and truest souls one could desire to associate with, and from that pinnacle of excellence the morals and spiritual sensibilities seemed to be graded till a much lower stratum was reached.

My ministry was unto all. All the peculiarities that characterized people without the church also characterized those within. There were the lovers of the profound and there were those whom only the smatterer could please. There were men and women who had desire and place only for the quiet, steady communications of truth, while others, and the bigger part at that, loved the sensational and boisterous presentations. There were those with whom a solitary testimony of the truth lasted forever, and others who needed a repetition every few days or they stumbled and fell.

There were those who were naturally endowed in the ordinary way with mental and moral qualities by or through which, without special or open revealments, they received steadily and continuously the helpful grace which enabled them to stand unmoved for the truth. On the other hand I found many who could hardly live from month to month without some extraordinary or supernatural manifestation.

Again I observed that, even while open manifestations abounded, to the feasting and ecstasy of some, others present at such festivals seemed to almost starve, because their souls or mentality were not reached thereby. I found myself more frequently in tune with the latter class, and found my only joy on such occasions, in witnessing the pleasure of others.

Furthermore, I discerned, or thought I did, that the enemy of souls occasionally took advantage of the susceptibility of some, and either directly supplied the demand for gifts himself or smilingly allowed the individual to overstep the line and, mistaking intense desire for Spirit authority, to supply the demand himself.

On such occasions the spectacle was painful, for I remembered that "the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." I observed, with sadness, that if a quiet testimony was being

borne or prayer offered into which was meekly injected the voicing of the Spirit, but few seemed to discern it, while a boisterous or demonstrative cry of "Thus saith the Lord" almost invariably produced a sensation upon the majority which was taken or mistaken for a "witness" that the approaching communication was from God.

I have stated that some of these discoveries pained me. Let me give my reasons. First, because I clearly discerned that some of them were *not* from God; second, because the effect of them upon the average mind was not to establish men and women in the truth that Jesus was the Christ, but they were merely a temporary gratification of the inordinate desire that clamored for them; third, because many of them communicated nothing, but were frequently a recital of oft-repeated praises, having no bearing upon the conditions existing in the localities where given; fourth, because they had no beneficial effect upon the moral characters of those most receptive to them; fifth, because some of them proved absolutely false; sixth, because in some instances when I called the attention of older ministers to the apparent abnormities, they, either from fear that a frank admission of unreliability would weaken my faith, or because they were feeding at the same stall, would try to reason me into an indorsement of the medley.

They did not know that such an indorsement would have been given at the expense of conscience and reason. I always believed that God knew more than I did and that his revealments would enlarge and expand rather than cramp and stultify the intellect and conscience of those to whom they came. But, reader, the chief burden upon my mind was caused by the lack of understanding as to how to proceed to correct the trouble.

My mission was to save, not to destroy. To move abruptly or take radical ground might put me in a position where the very good I sought to do would, with myself, be evil spoken of. Those from whom I differed in appetite and judgment were probably as honest as myself, and had been attracted to the church, because some unwise elder had put a bigger display of such matter in the shop-window of his discourses than was judicious or harmonious with the divine law that forbids such parade.

How to get at the secret by which I could take a stand for the exact right in the matter and, at the same time, hold within the body those who most needed the benefit of corrective measures, was the question of questions, and I was not equal to it. To pit my child judgmen against that of men would seem audacious. To array my inner consciousness against the conviction of a majority in localities would involve the suspicion of egotism and destroy my influence. I found that knowledge and wisdom were not alike. I often wondered why God made me so different from other men, why I knew certain things and yet had not the material with which to make a convincing case before all. In other words, why he forced upon my inner being such convictions, but did not in actual words give me that which I could use as my authority against some of the things I was compelled to witness.

Day after day I besought Him in silent prayer to show me just how to move and what to do, but I heard no voice, saw no vision, received no angel visitor, dreamed no spiritual dream, nor obtained any supernatural manifestation in open or visible form whatever. What had I, then, upon which to base my conduct in moving forward under the silent conviction of my soul?

Quietly I carried the trouble, trying at times to enter an occasional mild objection or protest, where my silence was being construed as a committal to things occurring, but rarely finding an appreciative response. I, of course, magnified the trouble, being inexperienced and fearful. While I was not susceptible to the influences referred to, I was extremely sensitive as to my fitness for the office I held, under the circumstances, and I about concluded, after some months, that the better way would be for me to go back to my old business and support the family of some good man who would be better qualified for the office of district president; but this seemed cowardly, and when reading the lectures on faith in the Book of Covenants one day, I became impressed with the idea that divine blessing comes in return for sacrifice, and I began to wonder what I could sacrifice in order to make myself more acceptable to God.

Home, business, and money had all gone—what had I left? After a time I agreed to begin a perpetual fast in a moderate sense. I entered a room at the house where I was then stopping and, upon my knees, covenanted with God that I would not use tea, coffee, nor flesh meat during the remainder of my life, if he would grant me my chief desire, wisdom as a gift, with ability to educate the Saints and preach the gospel to all.

I expressed my willingness to have all the other gifts withheld, if these were only granted. I prayed long and earnestly, but the above embodies the special object of my petition. Though I waited long, I received no reply, no communication, other than an assurance of peace, and of having done my best to get right.

Moving on from thence, I continued laboring, and, though I got no special answer to my plea, I began to observe my part of the covenant, which, though made under the impulse that arose from deep anxiety and possible ignorance, I felt was made in candor and honesty, and that I was under moral obligation to observe it. Wise or unwise, I did it, and was ready for the consequences. In a short time I returned to Toronto, to look after home and branch interests there, and upon returning, found a letter awaiting me. It had the Plano postmark and was from President Joseph Smith, in answer to my inquiry about a matter of interest in the branch there.

At the conclusion of the matter under consideration, he wrote as follows: (I give it verbatim, for the letter is before me, bearing date, August, 1878.) "Concerning yourself, Bro. Luff, this is the voice of the Spirit to me: 'Say unto my servant Joseph Luff, that his sacrifices are accepted of me; he shall receive wisdom to act for the good of my cause in his ministry, and I will bless him in preaching to the Saints and in declaring the gospel to them that are without. Other manifestations are withheld from him that he may be tried and sanctified. Let him labor diligently as he may be directed, being not impatient or overhasty, and he shall reap a goodly harvest. He shall become an excellent counsellor to the church and to the ministry, for unto this is he called. His heart shall be made glad in the truth. Amen.'"

Upon a first reading of this I felt unusually glad. The covenant I made had been acknowledged, my sacrifices accepted, and the special qualifications I had sought for were promised. But the statements that "other manifestations are withheld from him that he may be tried and sanctified," was not so reliable. I have since learned, however, from careful observation, that while God designs to "sanctify" all, he proceeds differently in separate cases. There are "differences of administration and diversities of operations." One man is to be sanctified by a liberal outpouring of certain gifts upon him, while another is to be "sanctified" by their being "withheld." The conferring is to occur from necessity, but divine wisdom alone must decide as to the necessity and its degrees.

While this discovery may have forced me into an attitude which has been misinterpreted by many at first sight and hearing, it nevertheless has strengthened my confidence in God and my hope for humanity. I see one Saint's faith kept alive and active by frequent open revealments, while another's is preserved by and manifest through severe trials and divine denials. Elisha's faith was great when he secured a withdrawal and afterwards a return of the rain; but Job's faith was greater when he suffered the loss of all he possessed and even health itself, yet in prospect of death from loathsome disease and with his wife advising a surrender of integrity, cried, "*Though he slay me yet will I trust him.*"

One man's faith was manifest in working miracles, the other's in patient endurance under denial and severe affliction. Christ's faith was manifest in both, for in one instance we find him setting death at nought and delivering its captive, in another we find him pleading that a certain cup might pass from him, if it could be possible, yet upon the discovery that it was his Father's will that it should be otherwise, he temporarily surrendered the exercise of his power over death and meekly drank and died.

If the eleventh chapter of Hebrews be carefully read, it will be found that by faith kingdoms were subdued, lions' mouths were stopped, the violence of fire was quenched, armies were put to flight, dead were raised, the sword was turned away from saints and all manner of wonders were achieved; but it will be

well for all who call this alone the "faith once delivered to the saints," to read further and learn that "others had trial of cruel mockings, yea moreover of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they were tempted, were slain with the sword, wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being afflicted, destitute, tormented." "They wandered in deserts and in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth."

They had not the power or kind of faith to change their conditions. There were no miracles wrought to deliver them. There were no open manifestations of divine power in answer to their prayers for deliverance. But, remember, reader, that these ALL "received a good report, THROUGH FAITH," and the Inspired Translation finishes this chapter better than does the King James' with the remarkable statement that God had "provided some better things for them, *through their sufferings*, for without sufferings they could not be made perfect.

These strange truths stared me in the face when I read the revelation sent to me, and I naturally expected that others would rejoice and be "sanctified" by receiving much, while probably I would have to undergo a sanctifying process which involved many refusals and repeated withholdings. I vaguely surmised it then, I *know* it now. At that time it was faintly anticipated, but since then it has been painfully realized.

We preach abroad that the gospel's mission is not to bring God down to men, but men up to God; yet, in our practices within, we too often show a determination to have him come below his own appointments in the matter of spiritual communications and meet us on the plane of self-gratification. Hence we too often get, not what is absolutely best for us, but what we choose for ourselves and steadily importuned for, determined to "take no denial" when we prayed.

Many a Saint has stood well in adversity but perished when prosperity came. Many a minister has proven valiant and faithful when alone and away, battling for the truth under God's direction, but has wilted and waned after leaving the lonesomeness of such a life and moving into large branches where he hoped to have his desire for Saint association gratified.

It is better, always, to abide the seemingly slow and unpretentious methods of divine arrangement, even though we smart under them, than to draw a line for ourselves and insist that the Eternal shall walk by it. At least, the writer has so concluded after more than a dozen years of observation and experience.

One point in the revelation, contained in Bro. Joseph's letter, surprised me. It was the promise made towards its close. I could not fathom it nor realize its probability. I could not exactly doubt it; but it seemed too large to be real. However, I resolved that if it did fail of fulfillment it should not be because of my neglect to try and abide cheerfully such conditions as should obtain in my life, nor because of my breaking the covenant I had made.

Upon the first promises therein made, I have hundreds of times since planted myself, when worn out and mentally perplexed, and when I seemed to have not a single word to say from the platform when suddenly called thereto or when I had seemingly exhausted every resource of thought or argument. I can solemnly declare that the divinity of that portion of the revelation has been attested in every instance of the kind.

Following out the suggestions that frequently occurred to my mind thereafter, I learned the truth of another statement contained elsewhere in Bro. Jeseph's letter; viz., that the Spirit would be with me in shaping my thoughts in times and cases of exigency to the work. In short, I learned that if I would but prove faithful in my conduct and in reporting myself for duty, God would take care of the credit of the work intrusted to me and would give me the experience most essential to my spiritual well-being. I tried from thenceforward to study human character in its varied phases, and to learn, if possible, just what attitude Jesus would be likely to assume in view of such conditions as confronted me that I might, by such acquaintance, be better able to carry into effect the counsel he gave: "Occupy till I come."

While I am painfully conscious of sad defects and deplorable failures, and have been a thousand times mortified over my misrepresentation of his character, in my practice, I nevertheless believe myself

much nearer the mark aimed at, than had I not covenanted and received the revelation referred to; hence that covenant is as much delighted in to-day as when over thirteen years ago it was so innocently and enthusiastically made. Trying to act upon the advice, "Let him labor diligently as he may be directed, being not impatient or overhasty," I have become convinced that no exigency ever takes the Lord by surprise, and that no labor thus performed is ever wasted.

The revelation thus given did more for me than had it come directly to myself. It made me feel more than ever that we were members of a family and our Father knew nothing of the difficulties of distance. Though Bro. Joseph was six hundred miles away from me when I prayed and covenanted, yet the Spirit that heard me in Canada answered in Illinois. It undoubtedly gave to Bro. Joseph an insight into my character, condition, and needs, that he could not question, and by which he could the better "size me up" and counsel me at any future time. It proved to me that God still respected the organization he had effected, and honored Bro. Joseph as its earthly head. It disarmed the enemy of all power to afterwards persuade me that I had wrought myself up to a pitch of enthusiasm which made it easy for me to imagine anything comprehended in my desire. It was impossible to human skill. It was contrary to satanic practice, having no sensational display attending it. *It was divine* and carried the impress of its author.

(To be continued.)

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, EDITOR, LAMONI.

LAMONI, Iowa, Sept., 1892.

Dear Readers:—I come before you this morning to tell you that I have decided to sever my connection with the Department as editor. Whether the department will be continued is a question not yet fully decided upon. The interest manifested and the support received at present and for some months past do not seem to warrant its continuance. Many who have promised faithfully to contribute to its columns have not appeared at all, and very many others have come just once and then relapsed into silence again. Regular monthly contributors could be secured; but if it is a department for the young in general and is to be supported by just a few, those few could just as well write for some other department, and doubtless would willingly do so.

It is not because my interest in the work of entertaining and educating the young is growing less, that I give up this work, but that my time is well taken up with other duties equally important to that of editing the Department, and I could engage in work more productive of good. I desire to express my gratitude to the few who have done well in aiding the work, and to those who were going to do so but were not just ready yet, I would say that the cause of Christ needs many, many faithful laborers, who are ready and willing to do all in their power to further on the work of spreading the gospel of peace.

Should the Department be continued, it will be in good hands and will suffer none by the change, and I trust that it may be liberally supported, as it ought to be; and while I shall be no longer connected with it as editor, I hope to be able to enter its columns occasionally as correspondent.

May we all be accounted worthy to abide in peace till Christ comes.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., Aug., 1892.

Dear Readers:—As I read a little sketch in the Editor's Corner of August number, about receiving so few letters, I resolved to write. I think, however short our letter, there may be some little thing mentioned that would strengthen some one.

I enjoy reading the letters in the Department, and I think that a few social letters would be a very good thing, especially for the Saints who do not have the privilege of meeting together often.

I should like to say in regard to the Word of Wisdom, that I think it should be practiced by all the Saints, old and young. I have practiced it for over a year, and I can say my health

has never been better. We as young Saints should observe all the laws and requirements that God may enjoin upon us.

And as we are living so near that glorious day when we shall meet our Redeemer face to face, we should ask ourselves the question, Are we ready with oil in our lamps waiting for the bridegroom, when he shall call? Are we numbered among the wise or the foolish virgins? My prayer is that we may all be among the wise.

Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, I remain,

Your sister in the gospel bonds,

M. E. BEECROFT.

PLANO, Ill., July, 1892.

Dear Readers:—I realize more and more the necessity of our young people forming their friendship within the limits of our own church. It is seldom the case that we influence our associates toward our religion, but within the field of my observation, and I may add experience, the young people of the Latter Day Saint belief have a strong tendency toward the world, and will, even though their principles are firm, conform their actions to the beliefs and prejudices of their outside friends.

To a great extent this is done to make ourselves agreeable and prevent the reputation of "secularity" which so large a majority of the Saints have. But let us stop and consider. Is it right? I have found one of the most difficult tasks of my life is to advocate my religion to the young people of the world, or even "talk religion" on any subject except the general standards adopted by the sectarian world at large. As we have no young unmarried Saints in Plano, I have been forced by circumstances, and perhaps inclination, to choose my circle of friends from the other denominations. Although I am not opposed to the mingling with the world, I am quite sure we could enjoy greater spiritual blessings if we could master this worldly pride, abandon our worldly pursuits and associations, and adhere strictly to our duty in the church and among the Saints. Were it not for these outside convictions and influences, the pride that is creeping into the church would never find breathing room. Our young people are bringing more of this damaging article to the altar every day. There is, to be sure, a pride and self-respect that is as necessary to the spirituality of God's people, as sunlight is to the plant, but it is our pride concerning our general appearance and position in the world and worldly societies that is killing the spirit of love, which we are commanded to have one for another.

Among all classes of people of education and refinement there is a certain amount of pride, but if our interests are all centered within the society of Saints, the pride does no harm, but rather leads us up and inspires us to better and holier things; but when this pride is turned to the advantage of the world, how mean, narrow, and selfish it becomes—a trait in human nature not deserving even a name!

I wish that among our young people there were some congenial societies in which all could be interested. In the larger branches there are. I know good societies, but they exclude all young people living at a distance. The Department has been a pleasure to me, but the various writers do no more than introduce themselves, and that is the last we hear from them.

I am, and always have been, a firm advocate of education in science, art, literature, and kindred branches. All these fine arts only teach us more of God and the beauties of heaven It is the positive duty of each one of us to improve every talent with which we have been intrusted, and make all the progress possible in this life, and thus gain greater and truer appreciation for the glory and happiness of the world to come. Some inspired writer has said, "We'll catch the broken thread again, and finish what we have begun." If this be true, it admonishes us to make all the advance we can while we are permitted to occupy this small part of the Lord's creation. It is an undisputed fact that the more cultivated the mind is in the finer branches of education, the more quickly it receives and absorbs the pure and beautiful in religion and the keener is that mind's appreciation of God's love and kindness. But while we are gaining this advanced stage of mental training, we must never forget the Sou ce whence flows the beautiful ideas we are striving to grasp. As the capabilities and powers of the mind increase, so must the love for God increase, the daily life become more pure and humble, prayer not forgotten, and then we have a mind educated to the honor of the church and the glory of God.

The more I endeavor to educate my mind, the more I realize my duties, and the greater becomes my responsibilities. If we accomplish nothing in the present life, we will have the more to accomplish in the life to come, and we will begin that stage of existence exactly where we began the present. I believe that what we call "natural" and "instinct" are

merely qualities we had acquired or with which we have become acquainted in some previous existence. And we will carry these same qualities with us to the next life, with whatever we have added to, or diminished from in the present. I sincerely hope we will neglect none of the opportunities of progress, and that we may make some advance in the present life, that we may be more able to catch the broken threads in the life to come, and still move ever onward till the perfect day.

AGNES WHITE.

PARSONS, Kan., July, 1892.

Readers of the Department:—The traveler on entering Kansas City from the north beholds some mighty piers in the midst of the Missouri River, built in the most substantial manner known to the present age. On the north side of the river, extending back for a half mile or more, is a heavy trestle constructed to be used as an approach to the bridge. The bridge is sufficiently strong to support most any weight within the bounds of reason, but without the approach whereby the pedestrian can go up step by step onto the bridge, it would be of little use. So it is with the gospel of Jesus Christ, sufficient, we are told, to "save to the uttermost" yet without some means of approach, mankind would reap meagre benefit therefrom. For this purpose various plans have been adopted of which the most prominent is the church; then comes the Sunday school, and various other organizations which have been instituted with the same end in view.

Most every church extant at present has some sort of an organization within its jurisdiction known as a Young People's Society. With a view of effecting a similar organization to be conducted under the auspices of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ, a little band assembled in the church at Independence, April 9, 1892. This idea, like most all others whether good or bad, met with opposition. The substance of the first objection being that the church was already overtaxed, as it were, with organizations. While we do not doubt but that this objection was raised with all due candor, it seems very strange that a body of people who claim the closing scene of the present state of affairs is so close at hand, would worry over doing too much for the salvation of human souls. In immediate connection with this point, the question was brought forth as to whether this society was to be used as a means of proselyting. This, I do not think is the prime object of the society, although being organized for the promulgation of the good cause, should some honest soul be induced through the influence of the society to enter the fold, who could well object?

The idea of uniting the Sunday school and society under one organization was strongly advocated, and while it may seem plausible to some, those who have been intimately connected with both were apparently of the opinion that it would not work successfully. Our Sunday school is certainly making rapid improvement and doing a wonderful good, but a Sunday school is more especially adapted to children, in fact it was founded for this purpose. It is true all could reap rich benefits therefrom, but will they? Take the average young person verging from his "teens" and he is inclined to assume an independent attitude regarding such matters, and the outcome in a majority of cases is, his seat is vacant in the Sunday school. This, in reality, is the most critical period in one's life, as habits now formed are not easily uprooted. It is not a difficult matter to cite to instances of everyday life, where children have been regular attendants at Sunday school all through their childhood and have been taught to walk in the straight pathway, yet when they reach this life's danger lines they topple over and start on the pathway inclined in a different direction from the one upon which they had been taught to travel. On the other hand, take those with whom circumstances have been less favorable through early life, with the proper influence thrown round them at this age, they are induced to change their course for the better. Take man ten years later in life, and the zenith of his ambitions having been attained or his aspirations curtailed by failure, he begins to look upon life as something serious, and will doubtless consider a step earnestly before taking it, hence less liable to err. If he has worthily worn the name Christian up to this time, the danger is over; but from the time he leaves the Sunday school until this time, there is a missing link right in this very important period of his existence. In this opening is where we desire to lay the foundation for the society, as it will doubtless come nearer answering the demand than anything else at present attainable.

I do not believe in general organization simply because it is the "order of the age," but for several reasons. First, there are a vast number of branches of the church, perfectly able to sustain a good society where one would never be originated except by this means. Second, if the various societies work mutually it will be a great benefit to all. Third, experience teaches

that similar bodies have prospered under such organization in other churches, why not in ours? There are also a number of other reasons of perhaps as much importance, some of which I hardly feel at liberty to mention here.

The good that may be accomplished through the medium of a society of this nature can hardly be overestimated, not only in a spiritual sense, but also socially and mentally. Good society is half the battle in Christian warfare, and were we to traverse the world over, I hardly think it would be possible to find better society than that found with a little band of enthusiastic Latter Day Saints. While there are comparatively very few, yet it is a sad fact that there are instances wherein duty demands that some name be blotted from the branch records. In a majority of cases I think you will find these in the age referred to above, and could we see the cause written, it would doubtless be bad society. Take a young man starting on the downward road, perchance we meet him on the street, give him a good hearty greeting with a pressing invitation to call at "our next society meeting," and if he is not too far down the incline, you may rest assured of having his presence at the next meeting. If the society is properly conducted he will feel at home and very probably will become interested. Some may say we could just as well invite him to attend church, and even so; but he has lost all interest in sermons, and has long since turned his back upon the Sunday school. The society is something new, and its character such as will cause it to prove more effective than a sermon.

If proper subjects are selected each week, it will prove a great help to those who are anxious to learn more about the teachings of the Bible, as well as many other things pertaining to the gospel which we are striving to obey who lack the will power to ferret it out for themselves. All are willing to admit that the Bible does not receive the attention at the hands of the average young person it justly merits.

It would be useless to attempt to enumerate the good that could be obtained through the medium of a society of this nature. The great meeting of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor which has just taken place in the East is an evidence of what is being done in other denominations; are we to sit with our arms folded, when the Lord has permitted us to see the gospel in its broad sense? Ask yourself this question, and in answering it resolve yourself into a committee of one to work for the success of this move.

Trusting and praying that ere another year has elapsed, the object of the meeting held at Independence, April 9, will be a reality, I remain,

Respectfully,

J. C. HITCHCOCK.

BRITISH HOLLOW, Wis., July, 1892

Dear Readers:—I have been intending to write to the *Leaves* for a long while, but have put it off so often that I am almost ashamed to write now, especially since Sr. Izatt gave us such a "waking up." I enjoy reading the letters in all the church papers very much, but especially in the *Leaves*. Being out in the world preaching all the time, I am strengthened more by the letters than anything else save the Spirit of the Master. It sometimes happens that I do not see any of the church papers for weeks; then I realize the statement of Bro. Luff as true, which he made at the last conference, when he said "he had often felt as though he would give five hundred dollars even to see a Latter Day Saint's dog."

I do not remember the date of the last *Autumn Leaves* I saw. Suppose one or two have been issued since. However, I remember one letter, I think from a young brother in England writing upon the "Word of Wisdom;" and, as I see it so sadly neglected by so many in the church and observe the results so deleterious to the church. I desire to add a few words of personal testimony. I have at times been a very close observer of the Word of Wisdom and at times have neglected it altogether save in the drinking of liquor, for liquor I never drank and beer I have never even tasted. Having had experience then both in observing and not observing it I ought to be able to speak from knowledge. Most of the Saints are very zealous in keeping a part of the Word of Wisdom and quite as zealous in ignoring a part.

Many times I have been taken by the hand and had the effects of liquor told to me by some mother or father in Israel, and I have heard the elders denounce it from the pulpit. I know of Saints who have been expelled for drunkenness, but never do I remember of hearing of anyone who had been expelled for eating meat in summer. Seldom have I heard this part of the Word of Wisdom discoursed upon, and if some mother or father in Israel had only told me the effect of meat on the brain, yes, on the entire body, it would have saved me many a sad experience. So sadly has this been neglected by so many Saints that one is readily called a crank for even saying one part of the Word of Wisdom is as binding as the rest. Ofttimes I have failed after eating

a hearty meal of meat. I have seen other elders fail, and then say I did not have much of the Spirit to-night, when a little investigation would have revealed the fact that they had had a little too much hog. And the same is many times true of a failure to have a good prayer meeting—a little too much hog in the congregation. This is ofttimes true when we give way to our evil passions—a little too much hog in our natures so that we could not resist a little bit of meat that chanced to be on the table. And I observed too that should I try to fast when used to meat or even tea or coffee it invariably gave me a headache. I have seen it work so on others too. The Lord has whipped me so often for eating meat, I pray I may never do so again except in extreme cold weather or famine, and then sparingly.

Once while in St. Joseph my work called me to various parts of the city I remember entering one house to collect a small bill and was informed one of the family was sick and they could not pay it then. The next day a card on the door and several men around the house announced the fact that they had the smallpox there. I had entered the very room where the patient lay, yet the Lord true to his promise caused the destroying angel to pass by because I was observing the Word of Wisdom. I had two similar experiences with the scarlet fever.

I wish I had the ability to impress this matter of the Word of Wisdom upon the hearts of the young so that they would shun meat as a viver, yes, worse, as a flame of fire stirring up your evil passions to an abnormal condition, and at the same time deadening the brain and slackening the intellect, thus causing sin to abound as no other instrument of the evil one.

I have already perhaps written too much. I would like to hear from others Perhaps I may write again in the future on the other parts of the Word of Wisdom.

Yours very truly,

J. W. PETERSON.

BIRD'S EYE, Ind., July, 1892.

Dear Readers:—While scanning the pages of the May issue of the *Leaves*, my attention was especially challenged by an appeal in behalf of the Correspondence Department by Sr Etta M. Izatt, which reminded me of the fact that a portion of the responsibility to support said department devolves upon me. To day being our nation's birthday I consider it an opportune time to write.

I am somewhat at a loss upon what to write. I might add a few thoughts upon several subjects which have been discussed in the columns of this department, but will forbear.

I have heard some affirm that a Saint can live a spiritual life just as well in an isolated condition as when living in a community of Saints; but experience sometimes teaches to the contrary. A physical life's advancement is limited After reaching a certain stature all physical beings cease growing; but with a spiritual life it is not the case. It does not reach the maximum of its development in this life, but will continue developing until it reaches the stature of perfect manhood in Jesus Christ, which will not occur, while sojourning in flesh and blood. No man by taking thought can add a cubit to his physical stature; but every pure thought, kind word, and good deed forms an important addition to his spiritual stature. In most cases the spiritual condition of the isolated Saints is owing to the community in which they live, some being under conditions more congenial to advancement than others. A spiritual life must of necessity sustain growth; for if it does not, it cannot retain a fullness of life. Many isolated Saints are denied the privilege they so much desire of spiritual advancement, and this being the case, it is very difficult, if not almost impossible, to retain a fullness of life. Because of this many fret and worry over their condition, instead of endeavoring to make the best of their circumstances. To the last charge the writer pleads guilty. Trials and tribulations have always been characteristics of God's people, yet a great many of them are borrowed. It appears to me that, as the gospel is the "glad tidings of good things," its adherents should be the happiest people on earth. Let us who are isolated remember this: Magnifying imaginary evils, or, even those that are real, is the parent of discontentment. In view of this, would not a great many of our trials be avoided were we to lay aside all trivial matters and confidentially bank upon God's immutable promises? During my religious experience I have never been afforded the happy privilege of association with Saints of like age and experience as myself; but have been surrounded by a class of young people, whose sole aim and ambition is to gratify the sensual desires of the carnal man. Consequently the following statement of the Apostle Peter has been verified in my experience: "Wherein they think it strange that ye run not with them to the same excess in riot, speaking evil of you." It is a well-authenticated fact that a plant which has existed under unfavorable conditions will more readily absorb

nourishment when tran-ferred and placed under conditions more congenial to advancement. Thus it is with God's people. By reason of their difficulties they learn to embrace opportunities for development when afforded.

Trials and tribulations are stepping stones to a full realization of the gospel hope. Isolated Saints glean many valuable lessons from their difficulties, and thereby learn to cling to the rod of iron with great tenacity. Upon investigation of this matter, we discover that, although the isolated Saints have great difficulties in living spiritual lives, yet by virtue of having absorbed life nourishment from Jesus, the gospel vine under difficulties, their advancement thereafter is faster and more substantial than otherwise; hence, they, as well as others, will ultimately reach the stature of perfect manhood in Jesus Christ. For this purpose God permits his Saints to have trials, and allows Satan to tempt them as he did the patriarch Job. Very few of God's people are compelled to always maintain the faith alone; for their condition is alleviated sooner or later, and it is then that they reap the benefits accruing from their bitter experiences. In conclusion, will say to the young Saints: Let us be active in the service of our Master, and although the great work we so dearly love is unappreciated and treated with indifference by the cold, cold world, let us not become di couraged, but comfort ourselves with the consoling thought that our efforts will receive due appreciation and remuneration "when the mists have rolled away."

In hope of ultimate triumph,

ALMA C. BARMORE.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves—a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

CHAPTER VII.

LESSONS LEARNED FROM COUSIN JO.

MYRTLE had come to like mending days and the long pleasant talks with Cousin Jo, who patiently showed her the neatest way of darning, or of setting in a piece with the threads, stripes, or checks so exactly matched as hardly to be noticed when done.

When Grace came in from school, she joined them in their work, learning to darn her own stockings. Sometimes she thought darning rather irksome, and then if she tried to hurry, the threads went crooked and spoiled the looks of her work.

Cousin Jo encouraged her to be patient, laying the first threads across the hole close together, one drawn as tightly as another and worked in smoothly at the edges; then carefully to weave in the cross threads, taking up but one thread at a time and leaving one down, and coming back, to take up only the ones which before she had left down. At first she tried to do it well for the sake of pleasing Cousin Jo, but afterwards because she had learned to like the looks of the work well done, and because she could see that a good smooth darn would be more comfortable to the foot than a rough one.

"Soon after I was married," Cousin Jo told them, "Mr. Holister said to me that he never could wear stockings after they were darned; his feet were so tender that the darning made them sore. So he wore them until there were medium sized holes in them and then laid them aside. He continued doing this for some time, until one day I saw some of the darning that he had tried to wear, and observing that it was done very unevenly, with very heavy cotton, I concluded that while he could not wear such as that, mine might give him no discomfort. I prepared him some to try, and since then his preference is for darning instead of holes, however small."

"How did you come to be such a good housekeeper?" inquired Myrtle of Mrs. Hollister; "and with it all, how can you be so cheerful and contented? I feel a little like getting discouraged and cross at times, as I begin to realize something of the responsibility of a housekeeper, and find how many things there are to learn and to be done. It seems such an endless work and one that requires so much perseverance."

"Yes, it is an endless work," replied Cousin Jo, "and one over which I have had many struggles with myself. I was the oldest of a large family of children and of necessity performed a large share of the work of the house. My mother was an excellent housekeeper and gave me good instruction in household matters.

But I have not always been cheerful and contented, as you say.

"I had a great love for reading and study, which never was satisfied in the little time I could take for indulging it. I thought we ought to be permitted to occupy our powers in this life with something grand and exalted, and I rebelled against the fate which made it necessary to follow the routine of everyday household work. I hated the dishes that had to be cleared away, washed, and put in their places only to be taken down a few hours later, used on the table, and made ready for washing again, while between times there were but different parts of the ceaseless round in the cooking and sweeping, washing and ironing, making beds and scrubbing, with all that fills in the time in a busy household.

"It was distasteful to me because I could see in it only a hindrance in the way to something better. And I felt dissatisfied, not for myself alone, but for others; for even supposing that I might be excused from the care and drudgery of this kind of work, it must still be done by some one. Each day brought bitterness of spirit, and refusing to find pleasure where I might have done so, I thought life not worth living, and that it was cruel we should be given such cravings for higher things and then be bound down with so little opportunity to satisfy them.

"But in the course of time I learned to look at things differently. I was forced to conclude that it is for a wise purpose we live. If so, it must be possible to accomplish that purpose under existing circumstances. And since, whatever worthy aims there may be outside the home, it is still upon its homes that the whole world is dependent, it follows that it is not misspent time or effort which are required for their keeping.

"With this reasoning I became satisfied to make the best of life in whatever circumstances I might be placed; to read and study all I could, keeping my thoughts above my daily tasks, without neglecting them.

"I agree with a writer who said that any work well done is uplifting, and when we consider the lack of comfort in homes that are not well kept, where disorder, uncleanliness, and poorly cooked food are to be found, we must recognize that it is for a worthy object a woman works when she strives to make her home the opposite of this.

"Then when we add to this her power of influence for good in moral and spiritual matters all those within the family circle, while she hereself may be growing toward perfection in the exercise of patience, faith, and love, we find it true that 'there is no more ennobling work in life than that of homekeeping.'

'Our aspirations for that which is noble and exalting are not in vain, and it is right to seek gratification for them in this life, but the only way to secure it for eternity is in being faithful over the few things which may be in our trust while here.

"I do not mean to say that by this way of thinking I find my duties always pleasant and easy, but I find in it an incentive to endure without fretting. There must be trials in every way of life, but our very trials are opportunities to prove how we will acquit ourselves. And when we might be disposed to think our home life narrow, we may question whether we are faithful to every obligation there. Do we bring into our lives all the love and patience, the kindly helpfulness, the charitable forbearance, the heavenly wisdom which by the help of the Lord we might have? Do we make the best use of our time and means, not living selfishly, but seeking the good of others in the family as well as those outside whom we may be able to benefit? If so, we can have no need to complain of narrowness"

DRINK WATER BEFORE BREAKFAST.

According to Dr. Leuf, when water is taken into the full, or partly full stomach, it does not mingle with the food, as we are generally taught, but passes along quickly between the food and the lesser curvature, towards the pylorus, through which it passes into the intestine. The secretion of mucus by the lining membrane is constant, and during the night a considerable amount accumulates in the stomach; some of this liquid portion is absorbed and that which remains is thick and tenacious. If food is taken into the stomach when in this condition, it becomes coated with this mucus, and the secretion of the gastric juice and its actions are delayed. These facts show the value of a goblet of water before breakfast. This washes out the tenacious mucus and stimulates the gastric glands of secretion. In old and feeble persons water should not be taken cold, but it may be with great advantage then taken warm or hot. This removal of the accumulated mucus from the stomach is probably one of the reasons why taking soup at the beginning of a meal has always been found so beneficial.—*Sel.*

Editor's Corner.

AUTUMN.

The ripened corn its silken plumes is waving,
  The partridge beats his drum among the trees,
The red verbena lifts its fair head braving
  October's chilling breeze.

The clear, warm noon succeeds the frosty morning,
  The summer's warmth returns to bless the day;
But in the night the north wind sounds a warning
  Of autumn's harsher sway.

From harvest fields the groaning wagons wending
  Their homeward way, and laden deep with corn;
The peach its fair face to the light is bending—
  Its hues of sunshine born.

I mind me of a distant, dim September,
  When life was young and happiness was new,
When there was never sorrow to remember,
  And passing griefs were few.

I stood, as now I stand, within the meadow,
  And heard the twittering of the whippoorwill,
When faint suggestions of the evening's shadow
  Crept slowly o'er the hill.

I stood, but not alone. Her face uplifted,
  Was close to mine; and, gazing in her eyes—
Deep, wondrous eyes—my willing fancy drifted
  Beyond September skies.

I saw the future like a scroll before me;
  And love had set its seal and signet there,
And sweet content and peace were brooding o'er me,
  And life was very fair.

To-night I stand alone within the meadow,
  Beside the brook in which the oxen lave,
And oh! beyond the brook the evening shadow
  Is cast upon a grave.

— *Waterloo Observer.*

AGAIN the summer has faded and the cycling seasons have brought us to the mellow days of autumn, and soon, beneath the touch of October's frosty fingers, the boughs of our forest trees will be robing themselves for the high carnival of the year.

Appropriate to the season, and, since reunions seem to be the order of the day, to the occasion, also, we make an extract from an article prepared for one of our Eastern reunions, which will be found pertinent to all such occasions, and the wise will find in it hints of possible danger to such as shall attend, unless duly upon their guard.

"The reunion as a means of disseminating truth and attaining to a higher standard of life has its peculiar drawbacks as well as its facilities.

"You know in Job's day when the sons of God came together the devil came also, and, whether it was on account of his success on that occasion or not, he has ever since made it a point to 'get there' when the rest go. And although this sociable devil is not quite so bad as some other kinds, yet he is a devil all the same, and the worst feature in it is that to be really sociable he must bring all his family and stay until after tea I can imagine Master 'Ludicrous' now perched upon the back of a seat with one eye over the shoulder of some one who is trying to sing and don't know how, and squinting with the other to a seat full of young people whose irrepressibles are already aching to break forth over the event of the awkward imp's sitting down upon the dude's hat. O yes, he will try to attend every meeting So will the jealous imp, trying to knock out somebody's teeth, because they are even and white, or dig out somebody's eyes, because they are bright and clear, or tear off somebody's bonnet, because it happens to become the wearer and she looks well in it; also Sanctimonium with a peeled onion and a boathook to draw down the corners of the mouth of the well-to-do fellow who forgets to take his pocketbook when he goes to reunions.

"Yes and there is the pun and conundrum devil, a harmless little imp if you have a string to him, but when he gets you on the string he is all right, and he is all over. He don't go into meeting very often, but when he does, he always wants to preach. He generally hangs around the door until they come out, then he gets in his work, and not only then but at the table, and in the halls, the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning the same good-natured, persistent, time-eating devil. Beside these there is the smart devil and the political devil and the back-biting devil and a host of others that like to go to such places, all of which do hurt, in their own peculiar way.

"There is another little creature that often attends such places. They say he has soft gauzy wings and carries a bow and arrow. Not a bad sort of creature at all and I have nothing to say against him. I don't know but what he has as good a right to go to reunions as anybody else, provided that he goes alone. But the trouble with him is that he is apt to get in league with one of that sociable family that we have not named, and just as sure as he does, then trouble begins, and has been in the past the great source of unpleasant comment and even just censure. Yes, while gathering together has

the effect of producing harmony and union and diffusing new life and energy into gospel work, it also has the effect to promote hilarity, mirthfulness and even vice, if the spirit of watchfulness, is not present. But with the Spirit, the Comforter present, there is no good reason why the good should not largely preponderate."

CHRISTMAS IS COMING and we are preparing for it. You will many of you wish to remember your loved ones at the holiday season, and what token of remembrance is more suitable than a good book? We are preparing to issue a holiday volume of original and selected poetry for the purpose of aiding the "Gospel Boat Fund," and trust that each one who contemplates giving a gift at this Christmas time, will remember the needs of our missionaries, and spend at least a part of your holiday money where all the profits will go to aid God's work. We will shortly make a full announcement through the *Herald*. In the meantime don't forget to be ready to order one volume if not more.

THE sweet singer, the strong, true, and noble man, the dauntless defender of the people's rights, the gentle, aged poet, Whittier, has passed from earth to enter upon a higher, broader, nobler sphere of existence. Not dead! Nay, for such as he there is no death. Earth life, even, is not ended, never can end; for while his freed spirit passes on to new labors, new victories and conquests, his words—words permeated and animated by that spirit which imprisoned a part of itself in them—still abide with us, and, while time itself endures, they shall live—live and inspire the hearts of unborn thousands to emulate his virtues. Oh what a thought this is! Applied to the life and writings of Whittier, what a grand thought it becomes. His poems are a storehouse of purity and love and if, as he has written,

> "The tissues of the life to be
> We weave with colors all our own,
> And in the field of destiny
> We reap as we have sown."

how great must be his joy in contemplating the span of time allotted him on earth, which stands forth filled to repletion with acts and words pure, peaceable, and true.

Whittier, name beloved and revered, a nation mourns for thee! Not to the heights didst thou ascend, neither to the depths didst thy plummet fall, but, like "the angel of patience," thou didst come to our fireside with words of sweetest hope, comfort, and cheer, responding to every emotion of the soul seeking closer communion with its Maker and lending a charm to all the sweet domestic duties and homely virtues. Thy name and thy memory will ever be enshrined in the hearts of the thousands thou hast helped and cheered.

WE are pleased to be able to state to the readers of AUTUMN LEAVES that Highland Park Normal College, Des Moines, Iowa, has opened this year with very largely increased attendance, there being between six and seven hundred students present the first day. This institution is in every respect one of the most solid, substantial, and remarkable schools in the country A person can find there almost any branch he desires to study, taught by the very best teachers the country affords, and everything that is needed in the way of apparatus is at hand. The institution is also provided with the most excellent accommodations for at least twelve hundred students. We are glad to announce to the public the prosperous opening of the school this year and we are in position to vouch for the school in every particular as being everything that is claimed for it. O H. Longwell, the president of the school, informs us that he expects fully eleven hundred students in daily attendance by the holidays.

ON the cover of our magazine this issue will be found the advertisement of B F. Ordway and Company, Peoria, Illinois, offering employment by way of selling their bed springs and other household necessities. We cheerfully recommend Bro. Ordway as being reliable and prompt in his business transactions. Those desiring employment of that nature will do well to correspond with him.

Round Table.

EDITED BY SALOME.

ARTISTIC WORK ON LINEN.

Another style of fancywork has been devised. It is painting on linen.

If the artist does not use either turpentine or mixing oil with the colors there will be no difficulty about the oil's running. And the linen will wash. Of course it cannot be given over to the laundress, scrubbed on a wash board, rubbed in the hands, wrung out, blued, boiled, and the like. Instead, the painted linen must be laid on a flat surface and lightly rubbed with a large, soft nailbrush which has been dipped in tepid water and rubbed on Castile soap. To rinse the work of art, dip it up and down in a bucket of fresh water and then shake lightly until nearly dry. Iron on the wrong side and on a board covered with soft flannel.

All sorts of dainy things may be made in this way A set of doylies, square, hemstitched and painted inside the hem in pale wild roses, a petal or two from which has fallen on to the hem itself, is exquisite. Scattered violets are easily done. Apple blossoms, forget-me-nots and the like are pretty. For larger things, such as scarfs, bolder designs of poppies, tulips, orchids, hollyhocks and the like are effective. For work on linen a fine camel's hair brush is best, and for painting on cloth, felt and such materials, a stiff hog's hair brush should be used.—*Post Dispatch.*

WHAT TO DO WITH THREADBARE CARPETS AND OLD PIECES.

Old carpets worn threadbare by little pattering feet, bedroom carpets, and in fact, all carpetings but ingrain, are made into extremely artistic rugs by a firm in Chicago, by sending them all your old pieces by freight. They are not woven as rag carpeting, but in some way quite their own. They make them at all prices and of any size. I have, at present, one which covers my entire floor, and which cost but twelve dollars, expressage included. It is a perfect mystery to the uninitiated when they see how artistically the colors blend. I hailed with delight this "new idea," given me last summer by an artist friend, and I hope your readers may have the same success as I.—*The Priscilla.*

NURSERY PIN BOOK.

This is a pretty little addition to the other conveniences of a baby's basket. Take a piece of stiff paper or Bristol board, eight by five inches, and fold over twice in the manner of folding a sheet of note paper, about one third turned up, leaving about one third at the other end to turn down. Round off the corners of the second fold something like the flap of an envelope. Now cover this and line it neatly (having an interlining of flannel or some soft goods) with a dainty, tinted silk, and ornament the outside, near the edge, all around, with cat stitches or feather stitches of twist or embroidery silk to contrast or correspond with the color of the cover. On the middle fold, fasten together inside with a bow of ribbon the color of the fancy stitches, three white flannel leaves of graduated sizes, pinked or pointed with the scissors, around the edges. On the largest leaf place evenly half a dozen or so of large nursery pins, and on the smaller leaves, smaller pins to correspond Have a bit of ribbon fastened on the outside somewhere that will tie the book together with a bow when it is closed. A little perfume powder in the interlining adds to the dainty effect of the whole.—*The Priscilla.*

THE WAY TO MAKE AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

Of very thin cedar, pine or other so't wood, make a box five or six inches deep, seven or eight inches wide, and of length just equal to the length of the window in which it is to be placed. Across the top, near each end, glue a strip of wood half an inch high, and a quarter of an inch thick for bridges. Into the ends of the box insert wooden pins, like those of a violin, to wind strings around—two pins in each end. Make a sound-hole in the middle of the top, and string the box with small catgut or blue first fiddle strings Fasten one end of each string to a metallic pin in one end of the box, and carrying it over the bridges, wind it round the tuning pin in the opposite end of the box. The ends of the box should be increased in thickness where the wooden pins enter, by a piece of wood glued upon the inside.

Tune the strings in unison, and place the box in the window. It is better to have four strings as described, but a harp with a single string produces an exceedingly sweet melody of notes, which vary with the force of the wind.

M. E. S.

CARRIAGE BAND.

A dainty gift for the baby is a baby-carriage band to fasten at either side and keep the little robes and blankets smooth and secure.

A very pretty one is made of a deep cream shade of gros-grain ribbon with a picot edge, lined with golden-brown velvet and finished at either end with ribbons to secure it to the carriage, the tyings being concealed by large rosettes to match the band.

To make this band especially pretty, embroider in colored silks with a continuous garland of blue forget-me-nots. A pale blue band is very pretty worked with a vine of pink rosebuds with delicate foliage.

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AUTUMN LEAVES

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THOUGHTS ON THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

BY MARGARET.

"NOT many years ago men would have laughed had they been told to dig for the rays of the sun in the darkness of the earth. But we strike a match, and discover that the black heart of coal is the treasury of sunbeams." Thus writes Newman Smyth, and we add that this is not the only truth against which the ignorance of man levels the shafts of ridicule. In all the ages of the past truth has suffered; in the present and in the time to come, it will continue to suffer just in the degree that ignorance flourishes, and the historian, who, after contemplating the race of man from the beginning, offers the comment that universal education is one of the forces which is to bring in and glorify the future of all lands, strikes a true note.

We are thinking to-day of the

"Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock;
Our own green land forever!"

And we are thinking of the great gathering soon to be in the Garden City of the Prairie State, of the World's Columbian Exposition, where will be shown the natural resources, the progress, the culture, not only of America but of the world. Some men would have laughed fifty years ago at the suggestion that Chicago might occupy the position that it does to-day; some men laughed four centuries ago at the suggestion that there might be land where the continent of America now lies; but the few daring men who stood out against the ridicule and ignorance of the age taught the world "to be humble in the presence of facts." The world has discoveries still to make, lessons still to learn, facts still to admit; some of God's sunbeams are still treasured up in their earthen caskets to come forth in the time that he wills that truth shall spring forth from the earth, until the time that science, history, and revelation shall join hands and together lift up the voice and declare the wondrous works of God.

The wondrous works of God! His wondrous, silent works! The puny mind of man can understand so little, the divine character is so infinitely above the human, the great plans are worked out so noiselessly that man is ready to declare there is no God, because no sound comes to his ear from the great machinery of the universe, no sound comes from the great unseen battle between good and evil.

One writing with this thought in view has said, "Nations obey these silently operating laws of God. In accordance with them Assyria, Egypt, Rome rise, become dominant, and retire. God silently girded Cyrus as the head of a nation for his work. Consciously or unconsciously, nations must carry out the designs of God."

Many will gather to our shores at this time, among them the kings and titled ones of earth. They will journey in swift steamers; they will have every convenience, every luxury that money and the wisdom of our time can provide. One of the departments of the great fair will be devoted to transportation exhibits, and here will be shown the "origin, growth, and development of the various modes of transportation used in all ages and in all parts of the world." Water craft, from the rudest forms to the modern giant steamship will be shown, and "wheeled vehicles, from the first incep-

tion of the idea to the luxurious palace car."

How many who look upon the marks of man's progress during the period that authentic history covers, how many who look upon the achievements of man in this department of transportation exhibits, how many of them will have the knowledge that will cause them to reflect that the first voyagers who crossed the waters to these shores came, guided by the hand of Omnipotence, and that if modern craft come with all the luxury of the day, those former ones came lighted by the glory of the Lord in the gleaming stones that his finger had touched.

How many, when the story of the Mayflower and the Speedwell and the rise of the present great American nations are recounted, will have the knowledge that before Columbus startled the world with his discovery, before the Son of God came to the world to visit the sheepfold of Israel and to tell that he had other sheep not of their fold whom also he must bring, before Assyria and Egypt had retired and before Rome rose, on this same continent that now we appropriate to ourselves as "our own green land" other nations "obeyed these silently operating laws of God," consciously or unconsciously carried out his designs, and fulfilled the words spoken through his servants?

How many will know that the Pilgrim Fathers could not rest in Holland, because they were among the Gentiles upon whom the "Spirit of God wrought and moved them to go forth out of captivity and gather upon the land of promise"? Holland was not the land of promise, though it offered them a home.

How many know that when the untrained farmer soldiers of American colonies successfully withstood the trained forces of Great Britain, it was because God had ordained that this should be a land of liberty unto the Gentiles and had said that he would fortify it against all other nations, and how many know that when Napoleon III. tried to place Maximilian upon the throne of Mexico, the attempt ended in failure, because it is written that on this land there shall be no kings and "he that raiseth up a king shall perish?"

How many know these things? Not many, because men are ready to ridicule the channel through which the knowledge of these things has come to the world, because prejudice in the nineteenth century is just as ready to shake its ignorant head as it was in the fifteenth century, in the first century, in any age of the world. To be sure it does not shake its head at the same things now as in former ages for the reason that it is too late to oppose the things that stand in the grandeur of established facts, but still the few who stand apart from the mass, beholding a light that the darkness comprehendeth not, have reason to know that he spoke truly who said, "Every age has been a Czar and every reformer is threatened with Siberia."

In this great exposition there will be a department of ethnology and archæology. Will the student find there that which will satisfy him as to the origin of America's native tribes and solve the problems that lie among her ancient ruins? If this department shall prove to us that American antiquities betoken the existence of wealth, power, and civilization of a high degree, will it be asserting more than the word of revelation has already given us and that, too, in advance of the research of man?

When men in their own wisdom discover from these ruins, from the styles of architecture, from the hieroglyphics of the stones, from the languages and traditions of the people found here that there have been two distinct peoples upon this land, when they find evidence of high civilization, when they trace that civilized race from our northern country down through Mexico and Central America to the elevated table-lands of Peru, when there they stop and say the region is "lost in the mists of fable," we open a book that says, "Jared came forth with his brother and their families, with some others and their families, from the great tower, at the time that the Lord confounded the language of the people, and swear in his wrath that they should be scattered upon all the face of the earth; and according to the word of the Lord the people were scattered. . . . And it did come to pass that they did travel in the wilderness, and did build barges, in which they did cross many waters, being directed continually by the hand of the Lord. And the Lord would not suffer that they should stop beyond the sea in

the wilderness, but he would that they should come forth even unto the land of promise, which was choice above all other lands which the Lord God had preserved for a righteous people; and he had sworn in his wrath unto the brother of Jared, that whoso should possess this land of promise, from that time henceforth and forever, should serve him, the true and only God, or they should be swept off when the fullness of his wrath should come upon them."

Mr. Baldwin writes: "It may be true that all the aboriginal peoples found in North and South America (excepting the Esquimaux) belonged originally to the same race; but, if so, time and development, under different conditions of life, had divided this race into at least two extremely unlike branches. . . . There are some considerations in favor of this hypothesis which have been used by writers who are entitled to great respect."

Will the same book to which we referred before tell us of those two distinct peoples, and whether they are of the same race as supposed by those writers who, from their wisdom, research, and good judgment, are entitled to respect?

We open the book again and let it answer the question. "I [Nephi know that the record which I make is true; and I make it with mine own hand; and I make it according to my knowledge. For it came to pass, in the commencement of the first year of the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah, (my father Lehi having dwelt at Jerusalem in all his days;) . . .

"And it came to pass that the Lord commanded my father, even in a dream, that he should take his family and depart into the wilderness. And it came to pass that he was obedient unto the word of the Lord, wherefore he did as the Lord commanded him. . . .

"And it came to pass that the Lord spake unto me, saying, Blessed art thou, Nephi, because of thy faith, for thou hast sought me diligently, with lowliness of heart. And inasmuch as ye shall keep my commandments, ye shall prosper, and shall be led to a land of promise; yea, a land which is choice above all other lands. . . .

"And it came to pass that after we had sailed for the space of many days, we did arrive to the promised land; and we went forth upon the land, and did pitch our tents; and we did call it the promised land. . . .

"Behold, it came to pass that I, Nephi, did cry much unto the Lord my God, because of the anger of my brethren. But behold, their anger did increase against me; insomuch that they did seek to take away my life. . . . And it came to pass that the Lord did warn me, that I, Nephi, should depart from them, and flee into the wilderness, and all those who would go with me. . . . And all those who were with me, did take upon them to call themselves the people of Nephi. . . . And I, Nephi, did take the sword of Laban, and after the manner of it did make many swords, lest by any means the people who were now called Lamanites, should come upon us and destroy us: for I knew their hatred toward me and my children and those who were called my people."

Of that branch called the Lamanites, the writer of the record says: "The Lord God did cause a skin of blackness to come upon them" and "they did become an idle people full of mischief and subtlety, and did seek in the wilderness for beasts of prey."

Of the other branch, the Nephites, it is recorded that they "worked in all manner of wood, and of iron, and of copper, and of brass, and of steel, and of gold, and of silver, and of precions ores, which were in great abundance." Nephi says that he built a temple which was constructed "after the manner of the temple of Solomon, save it were not built of so many precious things: for they were not to be found upon the land; wherefore it could not be built like unto Solomon's temple. But the manner of construction was like unto the temple of Solomon; and the workmanship thereof was exceeding fine."

The book we appealed to has not only answered concerning the two distinct peoples but accounts for the marks of a former civilization found in Peru at the time of the conquest.

We read that in Cuzco, the Holy City of the Incas, the Temple of the Sun was "probably unsurpassed in the costliness of its decorations by any building in the Old World."

Prescott tells us of the beauty and grandeur of the royal palaces which were not confined to the capital city but were scattered throughout the empire. He

says that the apartments were lavishly decorated with gold and silver ornaments and with images of plants and animals wrought from the same. He mentions, too, the "richly colored stuffs of the delicate manufacture of the Peruvian wool, which were of so beautiful a texture that the Spanish sovereigns with all the luxury of Europe and Asia at their command did not disdain to use them." Think of such exhibitions of industrial skill, think of blocks of stone thirty-eight feet long by eighteen feet broad and six feet thick, laid with such accuracy in building that a knife-blade could not be introduced between them, and answer whence came these people with such conceptions of beauty, such ability in execution, such understanding of architecture, how can we better account for these things than to accept the statement of the record given in that book from which we have been quoting.

A plain story simply told. A story of faith and miracles, a story of a patient and all-wise God working in silence while the world resounded with the din of contending armies, leading his little chosen band out from among men, unnoticed as they departed, laying the foundation of that marvelous work, designed to come forth in his own time to witness of him that his dealings with men, his attitude toward them, his principles of government do not vary, that men and nations may use or abuse the power they hold and yet

> "Behind the dim unknown
> Standeth God within the shadow,
> Keeping watch above his own"

And still this story, so simply told, while it may reach and touch the child-like heart and lift it by faith to commune with the great Father, may fall with unmeaning sound upon the cold ear of science when, after it has traced those aboriginal tribes back to the shores of the great Pacific that tells no tales, it stands baffled by "the mists of fable."

Most astonishing is it to some that at this great world-gathering there is to be a religious congress, in which not only all the branches of the Christian church shall be represented — "Catholics from everywhere, Protestants of all denominations, Holy Orthodox Greeks from Constantinople and Alexandria and Moscow, Copts and Armenians and members of the other Oriental churches—but also Jewish rabbis, representatives of Buddhism from India and Japan, Confucian teachers from China, and Mohammedan doctors from Cairo. The congress is to seek for the things that are common in the faith and philosophy of the great cults of the civilized world, and to promote harmony and good understanding." The writer of this item adds, and we think rightly, that "the fact that representative religious leaders of many different creeds have actually consented to support such a congress is the best evidence that could be asked of a practical growth in the world of that real religious life which makes men charitable and broad in their sympathies."

A noted divine in a recent address expresses himself as looking upon this religious congress as the "crowning thought of this tremenduous enterprise." Amid all the display of wealth, of intellectual progress, and industrial attainments, he recognizes the fact that it is well that we make the effort to discover what man is becoming spiritually, whether his advancement in that line is in keeping with the general progress of the race.

He says, "What are the clay feet, the limbs and thighs of iron, and the shoulders of brass in our idol, if all these do not bear the head of gold and the diamond crown of the intellect and the soul?"

Truly indeed does he speak of the great need that our nation should bear aloft above all the standards of education and religion; in them, indeed, is our strength and our shield, our crown of glory—but does he intentionally make that beautiful misapplication of the central figure of the illustration by which was taught to Daniel what should come to pass "in the latter days"? Will anyone in that notable, that strange assemblage of conflicting creeds, speak of the stone cut out of the mountain without hands, will anyone say that it has begun to roll forth, and will they tell us where, when, and how, or is it more probable that this and kindred themes will be carefully avoided by the congress since "these representatives are to meet in peace and in mutual sympathy and respect"?

Among the religious sects in that congress represented, how many are there who do not claim to be the peculiar peo-

ple of the Lord, and what shall be the outcome of the meeting of these rival claims? Are courtesy and mutual respect and the desire for peace strong enough to suppress the expression of the deepest, strongest, most stirring sentiments of human hearts, their religious beliefs?

One commenting says, "It is easy enough for a company of theologians, sitting in a library or in the secluded retreats of Westminster, from which the world is shut out, amid dusty and pulseless volumes of the antique, to formulate judgments hard and heartless; but to look in the living faces of living and devout men and say these things requires a different kind of nerve."

And yet Jesus whom the same writer recognizes to be "the fairest soul of all" had the kind of nerve that enabled him in every instance to brush aside the popular fallacies and delusions and speak the principles of truth by which only shall any man of any age or clime approach unto that God we all claim to worship.

While this congress, meeting as it does in America, the home of Freedom, must necessarily be free from any predominance of creed arising from power of state, we think that were it possible to stand in the presence of these representatives of the world's various religions, with the privilege of speaking our heartfelt convictions, it would not require any superior quality of nerve to look "in the living faces of living and devout men" and tell them how God rewards sincerity, tell them the story of his great love and perfect justice that measure out to each soul its due reward.

We think it would not require a great courage or necessitate the possession of a hard heart to tell to devout men the judgments that God himself could formulate, to tell to "honorable men of the earth" that God loves and rewards honor, even though such men shall finish life on earth without having known the laws of the heavenly kingdom, to tell that for those lower in the scale of humanity he has blessings and a state of existence the glory of which surpasses all human understanding, to tell that his matchless love reaches down to the lowest whose sin is not deliberate, conscious choice of evil rather than good, that he is willing to teach man, to cultivate every good propensity in him, and to give to him all the blessings that are calculated to work out in him a final complete development of character. Men who "formulate judgements" in harmony with those of God have no severe things to say except against deliberate, willful sin.

"In my Father's house are many mansions" said the merciful One, but "Except a man be born of water and the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God" said the same who is also the just One. Beautiful generosity is extended to all, wise provision made for all, and *perfect obedience* required of all.

This great world-gathering! What will it reveal? Its massive buildings will rise and show in their structure wealth, skill, and grandeur, the various exhibits will show the achievements of industry, art, and science, but what will that cyclopædia of modern advancement that is "to remain as the most important permanent result of the Columbian anniversary" show to us the progress of thought, of scientific knowledge, and human culture?

Another congress to assemble at this time is the Psychical Science Congress which will, as their circular states, look into the history of psychical research, details of phenomena, mesmerism, premonition, apparitions of the living or dead, clairvoyance, automatic speech or writing, raps, and other spiritual manifestations and things of kindred nature together with the question of future life. An advisory council of this congress includes some forty eminent men and women of this country and Europe. One, in a letter of acceptance of the invitation to act on this council, writes that he is, with all his heart, with those who seek to penetrate a little farther into the mysteries of the unknown.

Ah well! We turn with a sigh of relief and read, "Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like a star new born, that drops into its place, and which, once circling in its placid round, not all the tumults of the earth can shake."

Let them seek to peer into the mysteries of the unknown, let them seek to understand the phenomena of occult science, let them take up the question of a future life, let human wisdom benefit man, if it can, by such investigation, we are glad that the gospel of salvation has again been uttered to man by the angel having that everlasting gospel to preach,

and that the truth is circling in its own placid round, quietly, noiselessly amid the great tumult and bustle of the world's activity.

When in fancy we find ourselves among Chicago's visitors at her great fair, we gaze with wonder on the mammoth proportions of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, the largest of all; in humble silence we look upon the Electrical Building and strive to imagine it in the splendor of its grand illumination; we wander in delight through the beautiful courts of the Horticultural Building amid its shrubs and flowers; we note that unique building of the Naval Exhibit which, "to all outward appearance, is a faithful, full-sized model of one of the new coast-line battle-ships. So perfect is the representation of the ship lying there in the water of the lake that involuntarily the words will come,

"Thou, too, sail on, O, Ship of State,
Sail on, O, Union, strong and great!"

In the Hall of Mines and Mining, we learn of what earth "hides in her treasure-caves and cells, and in another, the Agricultural Building, of which it is said that such a building was never before erected at any exposition, we may learn many things of interest connected with agriculture and its allied interests. On a beautiful site stands the daintily designed Woman's Building. The historian, Ridpath, says: "An auxiliary in the forward movement of our age will be found in *the emancipation of woman*," and he adds that the present age "having discovered that human rights are not deducible from physiological distinctions seeks to make her as free as man."

The building was designed by a lady, Miss Sophia G. Hayden, of Boston, and for her design she received a prize of one thousand dollars, two other young ladies of Chicago receiving second and third prizes. Miss Hayden personally made the plans and elevations for the building. Let it stand as a monument that woman deserves to be "on the high dais of perfect equality with man."

The best men, the wisest men accord her that position freely. Ignorance, as usual, stands back and shakes his head and says, "She can't carry a gun into the field, or follow a plow. She has not the muscle of man; she is not his equal."

We accord freely to the men who have fought for the preservation of our national existence the gratitude, the reverence of warm American hearts; we have honest sympathy with, we are proud of our brown sons of toil, the bone and sinew of our land, our working-men, our "tin bucket and willow basket brigade," but we ask how long will muscle alone carry our nation onward, we ask whether it is muscle that carries it onward or whether muscle is but the subservient agent in executing the plans of controlling intelligence, the mind.

The Woman's Building says as it stands there in its artistic beauty, "If woman's muscle did not lay my stones and beams and fit my columns in their places, woman's mind erected me, created me, and skilled hands and strong muscles worked out the design.

In the Literary Congress, to meet also at the World's Fair, and to be presided over by King Oscar of Sweden, will it be found, in the field of letters, that women can stand by the side of man?

There are peaceable and peace-loving women, almost unknown beyond the precincts of home, who, as they rock the cradles of earth's sons, realize in the fear of God that

"The spirit that lies there sleeping now
May rise like a giant and make men bow
As one Heaven chosen among his peers,"

and, feeling the responsibility of the trust, such women are willing to give themselves to the faithful discharge of the duties resting upon them, the proper education and guidance of their children.

But there are women with hearts as true and tender, called to other duties, of whom, too, we might say, "Heaven-chosen among their peers, than their brethren higher and taller."

On the first floor of the Woman's Building, we find, on the left, a model hospital, and on the right, a model kindergarten. They represent two great departments of woman's work, in one of which she may stand as man's equal, while the other is almost exclusively her own.

We will not pursue this theme farther than to say that whenever, in times of famine, distress, and war, the hearts of nations express their throbs of tenderness in action, then you find woman present; wherever, in times of peace, efforts are

made to help the weak, to lift the fallen, to care for helpless childhood, to reclaim rash youth, to alleviate the sufferings and destroy the evils of society, there you find woman the active worker.

You will find her in heathen lands, a teacher; you will find her in the heart of the dark continent, an explorer; you will find her amid Siberian snows, an angel of mercy.

Think of a young English woman, Miss Kate Marsden, poor, by no means robust, who, having never ridden a horse before, made a journey of two thousand miles on horseback, her fare being black bread, tea, and sugar. Think of her beginning that long and perilous journey, just one year ago, to find at her journey's end the poor, suffering, outcast lepers of Siberia.

Let us say in few words that she traveled among them, saw their heart-rending condition, determined to better it by forming a leper settlement for the poor, returned to her country receiving applause from the sovereigns of Russia and England, having succeeded in enlisting many in the enterprise she had begun. She has now set about the task of collecting money by lecturing and by the publication of her book.

Miss Marsden is a notable member and yet she is but one of a society of women formed with the avowed object of giving themselves to the aid of humanity. It is an American society, the King's Daughters.

We may not begin to enumerate the various societies, active in working for the world's greatest good of which women are the life and soul. We leave the subject.

Most conspicuous among the objects that attract the attention of visitors upon the Exposition grounds is the gilded dome of the Administration Building, said to be, by popular verdict, the gem and crown of the magnificent buildings there, some of which we have not been able to mention. Fittingly is it so, representative of our mighty republic!

How many thoughts come surging up, thoughts of our country's past, so little understood by many, of her present and her future, the great part she is to act in working out those grand, silent purposes of God. Silent to the world, because they hear not the words, spoken by the Lord through those he has, in his wisdom, chosen from America's humble sons.

The poet says of her:—

"We know what masters laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel;
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat:
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope."

Who know better than Latter Day Saints what Master has made this great Ship of State his special care? Who know better than they that it was by no accident that the Italian navigator made known to Europe the existence of this land, reserved for its great and noble work, "to be a land of liberty unto the Gentiles"? Who know better than they the source of the wisdom that framed the Constitution; who can recognize more clearly the arm that has fought this nation's battles?

Bismarck says, "A people that gives up God is like a people that gives up a territory; it is a lost people."

In the early ages God brought a people to this land; they grew in number and prospered until they turned from him; then they were swept from its face.

Again, in the meridian of time, with signs, and wonders, and miracles, did he lead a little band to this chosen land of promise. They, as their predecessors, flourished until, in consequence of iniquity, they, too, were destroyed, leaving but a remnant of all their hosts to verify and fulfill God's word.

And now, the mighty nation, seen by Nephi in vision, is upon the land, brought here and established by the Lord of the universe, a mighty Gentile nation, whereas their predecessors were of the house of Israel. And of this nation it was said by Jesus Christ himself, "For my sake shall the Father work a work, which shall be a great and a marvelous work among them; and there shall be among them those who will not believe it, although a man shall declare it unto them. . . . Yea, wo be unto the Gentiles, except they repent, for it shall come to pass in that day saith the Father, that I will cut off thy horses out of the midst of thee, and I will destroy thy chariots, and I will cut off the cities of thy land, and throw down all thy strong holds; and I will cut off witchcrafts out of thy land, and thou shalt have no more soothsayers: thy graven images I will also cut off, and thy standing images out of the midst of

thee; and thou shalt no more worship the works of thy hands; and I will pluck up thy groves out of the midst of thee; so will I destroy thy cities. And it shall come to pass that all lyings, and deceivings, and envyings, and strifes, and priestcrafts and whoredoms, shall be done away . . . and I will execute vengeance and fury upon them, even as upon the heathen, such as they have not heard.

"But if they will repent, and hearken unto my words, and harden not their hearts, I will establish my church among them, and they shall come in unto the covenant, and be numbered among this remnant of Jacob, unto whom I shall give this land for their inheritance, and they shall assist my people, the remnant of Jacob; and, also, as many of the house of Israel as shall come, that they may build a city, which shall be called the New Jerusalem; and then shall they assist my people that they may be gathered in, who are scattered upon all the face of the land, in unto the New Jerusalem. And then shall the power of heaven come down among them. . . .

"Therefore give heed to my words; write the things which I have told you, and according to the time and will of the Father, they shall go forth unto the Gentiles. And whosoever will hearken unto my words, and repenteth, and is baptized, the same shall be saved. Search the prophets, for many there be that testify of these things."

Americans are sometimes charged with boasting of their land, its resources and its advancement in the arts and industries of civilization, but we may speak of the greatness of our country, and know that we are not boasting, are not saying more than God himself said of it, that upon it there should be a mighty and a free nation, destined to work a great revolution in the world.

After lying for centuries apart from its sister continent, after its nations had risen, flourished, and fallen, when, by the will of God, it was brought to the knowledge of the Eastern World, well might it have been exclaimed of her, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

The light rose upon America and the beams from her free institutions are penetrating the dark places, and despotism is retiring and the theory of universal freedom and equal rights for all men is advancing.

We know not what part she may take in the last great events, but we do know that, in harmony with all the history of the dealings of God with his people, in the midst of all her greatness, she must have a heart of humility, her people must be lovers of truth and workers of righteousness, with patience and justice must she listen to the claims of her humblest sons, with the greatness of wisdom must she accept all that is true and defend and cherish all that is right; and we know that if she reject not the truth that has sprung from her own bosom—lo! from heaven the light shall come that shall fill the earth with its glory and this nation shall build up the glorious city of prophecy. And we say to her, "Search the prophets, for many there are that testify of these things."

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold.
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time.
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime.
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name.
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame!"

BEDTIME.

'Tis bedtime; say your hymn, and bid "Good night"
"God bless Mamma, Papa, and dear ones all."
Your half-shut eyes beneath your eye-lids fall,
Another minute you will shut them quite.
Yes, I will carry you, put out the light,
And tuck you up, altho' you are so tall!
What will you give, Sleepy One, and call
My wages, if I settle you all right?
I laid her golden curls upon my arms,
I drew her little feet within my hand,
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful bliss.
Her heart next mine beat gently, soft, and warm,
She nestled to me, and, by Love's command,
Paid me my precious wages—"Baby's kiss!"

—Selected.

OBJECT LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG.—No. II.

BY ELEANOR.

CHAPTER VI.

ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON (CONTINUED).

SOON after the events last narrated, a treaty of peace was concluded between the English and Burmese, one condition of which was that all the prisoners of whatever nationality, who desired to leave, should be delivered up. After some demurring on the part of the Burmans in regard to Mr. Judson, whose value they had come to appreciate, the demand was complied with, and Mr. and Mrs. Judson were at last free. I will make but few more extracts from Mrs. Judson's journal.

"It was a cool moonlight evening, in the month of March, that with hearts filled with gratitude to God, and overflowing with joy at our prospects, we passed down the Irrawadi, surrounded by six or eight golden boats, and accompanied by all we had on earth. The thought that we had still to pass the Burman camp would sometimes occur to damp our joy, for we feared that some obstacle might there arise to retard our progress. Nor were we mistaken. We reached the camp about midnight, where we were detained two hours; the woon-gyee and high officers insisting that *we* should wait at the camp, while Dr. Price should go on with the money, and first ascertain whether peace would be made. The Burmese government still entertained the idea that as soon as the English had received the money and prisoners, they would continue their march, and yet destroy the capital. We knew not but some circumstance might occur to break off the negotiations. Mr. Judson therefore strenuously insisted that he would not remain, but go on immediately. The officers were finally prevailed on to consent, hoping much from Mr. Judson's assistance in making peace.

"We now, for the first time for more than a year and a half, felt that we were free, and no longer subject to the yoke of the Burmese. And with what sensations of delight, on the next morning, did I behold the masts of the steamboat, the sure presage of being within the bounds of civilized life! . . . I presume to say that no persons on earth were ever happier than we were during the fortnight we passed at the English camp. For several days this single idea wholly occupied my mind—that we were out of the power of the Burmese government, and once more under the protection of the English. Our feelings continually dictated expressions like this: "*What shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits towards us?* . . . We left Yandabo, after a fortnight's residence, and safely reached the missionhouse in Rangoon."

I have given Mrs. Judson's story in her own words, because no one else could tell it so well. I will now but briefly allude to the few intervening incidents before the closing scene.

They found the church, which they had established in Rangoon, broken up and the disciples had fled, which caused the missionaries to decide on selecting a new place to begin anew their work. A large portion of Burman territory had been ceded to the English, who selected a site for the capital of their new acquisition, and named it Amherst, in honor of Governor General Amherst. Another tower named Maulmain finally became the capital. As soon as the site of Amherst was selected, Mr. and Mrs. Judson determined to remove the mission station to that place, where they arrived on the 2d of July, 1826, and took up a temporary residence in a building belonging to the military officer of the station, which he vacated for her use.

The English having to make secondary treaties with the Burman Court at Ava, solicited the assistance of Mr. Judson as translator and interpreter, and prevailed on him to accompany them to that place, much against his wish, being anxious to resume missionary work, particularly the translation of the Scriptures, which had so long been interrupted by his imprisonment. After seeing Mrs. Judson and family comfortably settled at Amherst, he left them on the 5th of July to embark for Rangoon on his way to Ava in the suite of Mr. Crawford, the British envoy.

After his departure Mrs. Judson set about building a small house for their own occupancy, desiring to have all

things in readiness to prosecute the mission on the return of her husband, lamenting that two years of precious time had been lost to the work that lay so near her heart. But it soon became evident that *her* mission on earth was fulfilled. She moved into the new house three weeks before she was taken ill, and on that occasion she wrote to her husband, "May God preserve and bless you, and restore you in safety to *your old and new home.*" The old home, the heart where he had lived so long, the new one, the home she had just finished for him; but when he came it was to find the new home only. She who had so unweariedly ministered to his wants, died among strangers. Her attendants were a few native Christian women, and the English physician from the military station. Her death occurred on October 24, 1826; the mournful details of which are best given in the letters of Mr. Judson to Mrs. Hasseltine, of Bradford, Massachusetts.

"AVA, December 7, 1826.

"*Dear Mother Hasseltine*:—This letter, though intended for the whole family, I address particularly to you; for it is a mother's heart that will be most deeply interested in its melancholy details. I propose to give you, at different times, some account of my great irreparable loss, of which you will have heard before receiving this letter.

"I left your daughter, my beloved wife, at Amherst, the 5th of July last, in good health, comfortably situated, happy in being out of reach of our savage oppressors, and animated in prospect of a field of missionary labor opening under the auspices of British protection. It affords me some comfort that she not only consented to my leaving her, for the purpose of joining the present embassy to Ava, but uniformly gave her advice in favor of the measure, whenever I hesitated concerning my duty. Accordingly I left her. On the 5th of July I saw her for the last time. Our parting was much less painful than many others had been. We had been preserved through so many trials and vicissitudes, that a separation of three or four months, attended with no hazards to either party, seemed a light thing. We parted, therefore, with cheerful hearts, confident of a speedy reunion, and indulging fond anticipations of future years of domestic happiness. After my return to Rangoon, and subsequent arrival at Ava, I received several letters from her, written in her usual style, and exhibiting no subject of regret or apprehension, except the declining health of our little daughter, Maria. Her last was dated the 14th of September. She says:—

"'I have this day moved into the new house; and, for the first time since we were broken up at Ava, feel myself at home. The house is large and convenient, and if you were here I should feel quite happy. The native population is increasing very fast, and things wear rather a favorable aspect. Moung Ing's school has commenced with ten scholars, and more are expected. Poor little Maria is feeble. I sometimes hope she is getting better; then again she declines to her former weakness. When I asked her where papa is, she always starts up, and points towards the sea. The servants behave very well, and I have no trouble about anything, excepting you and Maria. Pray take care of yourself, particularly as it regards the intermittent fever at Ava. May God preserve and bless you, and restore you to your old and new home, is the prayer of your affectionate Ann.'

"On the 3d of October, Captain F., civil superintendent of Amherst, writes, 'Mrs. Judson is extremely well.' Why she did not herself write by the same opportunity, I know not. On the 18th, the same gentleman writes, 'I can hardly think it right to tell you that Mrs. Judson has had an attack of fever, as before this reaches you she will, I trust, be quite well, as it has not been so severe as to reduce her. This was occasioned by too close attendance on the child. However, her cares have been rewarded in a most extraordinary manner, as the poor babe at one time was so reduced that no rational hope could be entertained of its recovery; but at present a most favorable change has taken place, and she has improved wonderfully. Mrs. Judson had no fever last night, so that the intermission is now complete.'

"The tenor of this letter was such as to make my mind quite easy, both as it regarded the mother and the child. My next communication was a letter with a black seal, handed me by a person, saying he was sorry to have to inform me of the death of the child. I knew not

whether this was a mistake on his part, or kindly intended to prepare my mind for the real intelligence. I went into my room, and opened the letter with feelings of gratitude and joy, that at any rate the mother was spared. It was from Mr. B., assistant superintendent of Amherst, dated the 26th of October, and began thus:—

"'*My Dear Sir:* To one who has suffered so much, and with such exemplary fortitude, there needs but little preface to tell a tale of distress. It were cruel indeed to torture you with doubt and suspense. To sum up the unhappy tidings in a few words, *Mrs. Judson is no more.*'

"At intervals I got through with the dreadful letter, and proceed to give you the substance as indelibly engraven on my heart:—

"'Early in the month she was attacked with a most violent fever. From the first she felt a strong presentiment that she would not recover, and on the 24th, about eight in the evening, she expired. Dr. R. was quite assiduous in his attentions, both as friend and physician. Captain F. procured her the services of a European woman from the 45th regiment; and be assured all was done that could be done to comfort her in her sufferings, and to smooth the passage to the grave. We all deeply feel the loss of this excellent lady, whose shortness of residence among us was yet sfficiently long to impress us with a deep sense of her worth and virtues. It was not until about the 20th that Dr. R. began seriously to suspect danger. Before that period the fever had abated at intervals; but its last approach baffled all medical skill. On the morning of the 23d, Mrs. Judson spoke for the last time. The disease had then completed its conquest, and from that time up to the moment of dissolution, she lay motionless, and apparently quite insensible. Yesterday morning I assisted in the last melancholy office of putting her mortal remains in the coffin, and in the evening her funeral was attended by all the European officers now resident here. We have buried her near the spot where she first landed, and I have put up a small, rude fence around the grave, to protect it from incautious intrusion. Your little girl is much better. Mrs. W. has taken charge of her.'

". . . I will not trouble you, my dear mother, with an account of my own private fellings—the bitter, heart-rending anguish, which for some days would admit of no mitigation, and the comfort which the gospel subsequently afforded —the gospel of Jesus Christ, which brings life and immortality to light."

Mr. Judson returned to Amherst January 24, 1827. As he passed from the landing to the house, the native Christians came out to meet him, that he might not miss a welcome home. But tears flowed down the dusky cheeks as they grasped his hand; and their voice of lamentation joined his for their own great loss, as well as his. Another letter to Mrs. Hasseltine gives some further information concerning the departed.

"AMHERST, February 4, 1827.

"Amid the desolation that death has made, I take my pen once more to address the mother of my beloved Ann. I am sitting in the house she built, in the room where she breathed her last, and at a window from which I see the tree that stands at the head of her grave, and the top of the 'small, rude fence' which they have put up to protect it from 'incautious intrusion.'

"Mr. and Mrs. Wade are living in the house, hav ng arrived here about a month after Ann's death. And Mrs. Wade has taken charge of my poor motherless Maria. I was unable to get any accounts of the child at Rangoon; and it was only on my arriving here that I learned she was still alive. Mr. Wade met me at the landing place, and as I passed on to the house, one and another of the native Christians came out, and when they saw me they began to weep. At length we reached the house, and I almost expected to see my love coming out to meet me as usual. But no; I saw only in the arms of Mrs. Wade a poor little puny child, who could not recognize her weeping father, and from whose infant mind had long been erased all recollections of the mother who loved her so much. She turned away from me in alarm, and I, obliged to seek comfort elsewhere, found my way to the grave. But who ever obtained comfort there? Thence I went to the house, in which I left her, and looked at the spot where we last knelt in prayer, and where we exchanged the parting kiss. The doctor who at-

tended her has removed to another section, and the only information I can obtain is such as the native Christians are able to communicate.

"It seems that her head was much affected during her last days, and she said but little. She sometimes complained thus: 'The teacher is long in coming; and the new missionaries are long in coming; I must die alone, and leave my little one; but it is the will of God; I acquiesce in his will. I am not afraid of death, but I am afraid I shall not be able to bear these pains. Tell the teacher that the disease was most violent, and I could not write; tell him how I suffered and died; tell him all that you see; and take care of the house and things until he returns.'

"When she was unable to notice anything else, she would still call the child to her, and charge the nurse to be kind to it, and indulge it in everything, until its father shall return. The last day or two she lay almost senseless and motionless on one side, her head reclining on her arm, her eyes closed; and, at eight in the evening, with one exclamation of distress in the Burman language, she ceased to breathe.

"February 7. I have been on a visit to the physician who attended her in her illness. He has the character of a kind, attentive, and skillful practicioner; and his communications to me have been rather consoling. . . . He is decidedly of opinion that the fatal termination of the disease is not to be ascribed to the localities of the new settlement, but chiefly to the weakness of her constitution, occasioned by the severe privations and protracted sufferings she endured at Ava.

"O, with what meekness, patience, magnanimity, and Christian fortitude, she bore those sufferings! And can I wish they had been less? Can I sacrilegiously wish to rob her crown of a single gem? Much she saw and suffered of the evil of this evil world, and eminently was she qualified to relish and enjoy the pure and holy rest into which she has entered. True, she has been taken from a sphere in which she was singularly qualified, by her natural disposition, and her winning manners, her devoted zeal, and her perfect acquaintance with the language, to be extensively serviceable to the cause of Christ; true she has been torn from her husband's bleeding heart, and from her darling babe; but infinite wisdom and love have presided, as ever, in this most afflicting dispensation. Faith decides that it is all right; and the decision of faith eternity will soon confirm. . . .

"I remain, my dear mother.

"Yours in the deepest sorrow.

"A. JUDSON."

Memoir of Judson.

Mrs. Judson's little daughter, Maria, passed away six months after her mother, and was buried by her mother's side. Together they rest under the hope tree (hopia) which stands at the head of their graves. Peace to their ashes!

And now, dear reader, what are we to learn from this sad, true history, we to whom has been committed the fullness of the gospel for which the subject of this sketch suffered and died, without knowing that fullness? We are apt to look upon ourselves as a favored people, and so we are; but think you that if we do not live up to our exalted privileges, that we shall receive an equal high reward with her who had but little of the light we enjoy, but who glorified Christ in that little?

We cannot all go to foreign lands to labor for the gospel, but we may all show our faith and zeal in the work by keeping the commandments concerning tithes and offerings, in order that He may send forth his ministers with the light which we profess to love so much, and in which we profess to walk. I tremble for ourselves as a people, if we do not put forth every energy to complete the work of Christ in the redemption of the world. The very knowledge that God has given to us, and in which we rejoice so much, will be our condemnation in the day of final rewards, if we have not used our means to make known the truth.

The Spirit of God is moving upon the hearts of the people, causing a strang unrest that even they cannot explain. They only know that there is a light somewhere, in which, if they could find it, they could discern the way whereby the world may be redeemed from the evils that beset it. We claim to be the possessors of that very light which the world needs. Why have they not seen it? Because we have kept it hidden under a bushel—have not given practical demonstration to them that it is the light for which they are seeking. Shall we continue to hide its soul-cheering rays and see them go on

striving about their old religious systems, and turning the social world upside down, in their seach for that very system, which we conceal while pretending to walk in the light?

There never was a more favorable time in the world's history in which to present the fullness of the gospel of Jesus Christ than there is now, while the people are dissatisfied with the old systems of human invention. God is overturning, overturning, and he will continue to overturn, until the truth and light shall be made manifest; and we must fall with every untrue system, if we hold the truth in unrighteousness, or fail to let its beams enlighten the world.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY J. D. AYRES.

"Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festival season,
When nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystical splendor,
That rivals the brightness of spring,
Aglow with a beauty more tender, than
Aught which fair summer can bring.

"Some spirit akin to the rainbow,
Then borrows its magical dies,
And mantles the far spreading landscape,
In hues that bewilder the eyes.
The sun from its cloud-pillowed chambers,
Smiles soft, on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children,
The flowers, have not yet passed away.

"There is a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light azure haze in the air,
As if angels, while heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright robes floating there.
The breeze, so soft, so caressing,
Seems a mute token of love, and
Floats to the heart like a blessing,
From some sweet spirit above.

"These days, so serene and so charming,
Awaken a dreamy delight,
A tremulous, tearful enjoyment,
Like strains of sweet music at night.
We know they are fading and fleeting,
That quickly, too quickly they'll end,
And we watch them with yearning affection,
As parting, we watch a dear friend."

THE PRESENT MIRACLE.

EGYPT, Assyria, Palestine! Great threefold witness to the truth of God! Reserved as final world-vouchers for the infallibility of the written Word, latest evidence of earliest fact, they move, mantled and dusky forms of eld, into the arena of history, just as the closing conflicts of the great struggles of Truth and Falsehood are waxing most fearful and final.

Long have these nations stood on the far horizons of Time, shadowed and dim, silent as the Sphinx. To-day they are moving toward us, and they raise the finger of silence from the long-closed lips. No ear that listens can fail to hear the mysterious whisper,—a message that antedates by an eternity even the birth of History,—"Yea, let God be true and every man a liar!"

Nothing so sublime in its effect on the imagination has occurred in these latter days, when so many are throwing aside all belief in revelation, ostensibly for want of credible evidence, as the sudden unrolling of these parchments long since sealed, but reading like parallel versions of the facts of Old Testament histories, and the laying bare of myriads of cylinders and tablets written all over with names and deeds as familiar to us as the pages of our Bibles, and corroborating that Bible with an emphasis that is at once a proof of its veracity and a warning to unbelief.

"The very stones have indeed cried out," since so many have held their peace, and have refused to suscribe to what God has affirmed. And these majestic witnesses for God have but begun to utter

their testimony! We may expect that the next decade will bring to light facts of still greater emphasis, revelations of still more astounding importance, imperial truths that have not perished, and that cannot perish, though like the double evidence, both sealed and open, of Jeremiah's purchase, they have been "put in an earthen vessel, that they might continue many days."

The age-old "Book of the Dead" becomes a living record, full of interest for the present. Dead and buried treasure cities are indeed full of treasure for the student of secular history, as well as for the believer in that recorded story which runs far back of man's attempted research. And it is the fitting in of history to the prophecies of the Bible that in this day challenges the thought not only, but the outspoken acknowledgement and admiration of those who believe that God has planned history, and conducted it, and is making it serve his purposes, and will ultimately bring all society, all races and kingdoms, to their consummation in the kingdom of his Son. As one has said: "Most marvelous of all, succeeding centuries, as they have rolled over the world, have only fitted the events of history into the framework of prophetic chronology. This chronology is marked by features which link it in entire harmony with much that we know of the works and of the word of God, and it leaves us no room to doubt that the end of the present phase of God's providential government of the world is close at hand, and that the Jews and the Gentiles and the Christian Church are all three about to enter on entirely new experiences."

Already the literature of exploration societies, both general and private, is far in excess of our ability to read it, and perhaps it is not possible as yet to know how directly it bears upon the great theme of the veracity of Bible statements. The coördinating and arranging of this vast mass of knowledge is still largely to be done, and still it will then remain to bring it into the current of widely diffused knowledge, in order that its weight as evidence may be understood by the many who cannot make it a special study; and, after that is done, it will still remain to bring it before the eyes of an unbelieving world, in the hope that they too may see and acknowledge the living presence of God in the world.

Yet should it provoke, as of old, greater unbelief, still the miracle is there, daily confronting the agnosticism which says we can know nothing of God by a testimony most minute in its corroborations of what God has done in past ages, and by a witness of facts themselves, which science must be obliged to admit into the category of evidence according to its own inductive principles.

It is a significant fact that, just at the time when so many of these Old World records are held up for our reading; when, in Egypt, mummied hands relax their hold on scrolls which God himself had given them for safe keeping; when layer after layer is removed from above cities in Assyria that reveal traces of succeeding dynasties and nationalities in plainest superscriptions — that just at this time the third of that great triple argument for God, Palestine, moves again, with a subdued and inarticulate, but vital breathing. A wave of life is passing over her stiffened form. The far-off movements of the world affect her, and it will not be long before she will call to her scattered children to come back and inhabit the land which is called "the sanctuary." Such, at least, would seem to be the presage of the hour. We cannot foresee the movements of the Turkish power: but certainly God's word is to be vindicated, and history must correspond to prophecy. Even now a strange blast of persecution is bringing the sons and daughters of Palestine, rightful heirs, though dispossessed these hundreds of centuries, to the thought of returning to the land of their birthright.

Faithful students of the Bible, who know that there is exact correspondence between the events of the world, as they fall out in time, and the same events as they are foreshadowed in Scripture, must watch current history with absorbing interest.

At all times of culminating crisis in history it is not difficult to trace converging streams of influence tending towards the critical point. All things fall in marvelously, and lead to the same culminating acme. It is not otherwise now. It is not only men whose religious zeal might impel them to these researches in Oriental lands,—the cradle-lands of the

race, and the earliest scene of God's unfolding plan for the world,—but men of science, geographers, archæologists, and those whose object in the pursuit may be quite remote from a religious one, are all uniting in tearing away the cerements from the shrouded forms as they rise from the stony sarcophagus of lifeless centuries, and all unite in bidding the stiffly moving lips to speak. Perhaps not all will catch the true import of the message.

One cannot escape the conviction forced upon us in proportion as we study the times in which we live, that we are swiftly approaching one of those eras of crisis which visit the world when many convergent lines of action and influence meet. Such was the Reformation period. Such the Revolutionary era of France, and the widespread revolutions of 1848. Tides then arose which changed the configuration of the land—decuman waves of prodigious power which so arrested or developed old currents, or set in motion new ones, that society has never since been the same, nor ever will be.

Can we doubt that some, at least, of the mighty promises of God, are about to be fulfilled, especially in reference to his ancient people? Onward the nations must ever march, keeping time to a refrain played in an unseen sphere. The world must move, for God is in it. Whether it be by gradual and slow processes towards a rapid culmination, or by a sudden intervention and a decided innovation on the old order, as at the time of the flood, we must believe that God is immanent in his own world.

"The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.
For life shall on and upward go,
The eternal step of progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats!"

The evidence of the spiritual is often in the material, and a material age cannot ask for stronger material evidence than the discoveries in the East daily produce. To the spiritual mind, longing for the speedy regeneration of the whole world, they betoken the time, and that perhaps not a remote one, when God shall make manifest, even to the dullest sense, a hand that can subdue all things to himself.

—Mrs. Merrill E. Gates, in S. S. Times.

TRUST.

A picture memory brings to me;
I look across the years and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known,
My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight
A child still groping for the light
To read his works and ways aright.

I bow myself beneath his hand:
That pain itself for good was planned
I trust, but cannot understand.

I fondly dream it needs must be
That, as my mother dealt with me,
So with his children dealeth he.

I wait, and trust the end will prove
That here and there, below, above,
The chastening heals, the pain is love!

—John G. Whittier.

IMMENSE GLACIAL FIELD IN IDAHO.—J. Schormerhern, geologist and mineralogist, who is working in the interest of Idaho's exhibit at the World's Fair, has discovered an immense glacial field in Central Idaho, beneath which is a series of glacial lakes. The field probably covers an area nearly as great though not so thick as the great glacial field of the Alps. He had examined sixteen terminal morains, eleven of which were receding, four were stationary, and one was advancing. None of them extended more than 2,000 feet below the snow line. Glaciers are located about twenty-five miles southwest of Shoup, amid a number of high peaks not down on the maps.

PRACTICAL PAPERS.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

THOUGHT III.—SELF-CONTROL.

"I see a youth whom God has crowned with power
And cursed with poverty With bravest heart
He struggles with his lot, through toilsome years,—
Kept to his task by daily want of bread,
And kept to virtue by his daily task,—
Till, gaining manhood in the manly strife,—
The fire that fills him smitten from a flint—
The strength that armes him wrested from a fiend—
He stands, at last, a master of himself,
And, in that grace, a master of his kind."
—Holland.

"A SOFT answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger. Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established. He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. An evil man seeketh rebellion. A fool's lips enter into contention, and his mouth calleth for strokes. Every purpose is established by counsel. He that handleth a matter wisely shall find good: and whoso trusteth in the Lord shall be happy. He that goeth about as a talebearer revealeth secrets; therefore meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips. Say not thou, I will recompense evil; but wait on the Lord, and he shall save thee."—Solomon.

Fred Perthes wrote: "The government of one's self is the only true freedom for the individual." Self-goverment forms the basis for all goodness of life. Moral chaos is the inevitable result of its absence. Individuals giving rise to communities, and communities forming states and nations call for self-government as a means unto a most desirable end; peace, safety, progress, loyalty; without which no people can abide securely.

Self-control is at the root of all virtue. Vice is strewn along the pathway, where the gateways have been opened unto untrammeled license, and self-control ignored as a principle that would thwart the freedom of the will, forgetting that the human will is a creature froward, ofttimes, and requiring prudential training. Vice contains no essence of liberty, and its claim to unbridled liberty is but the vain expression of unwarranted license.

"No liberty without a law
That freedom to sustain;"

is true in principle and in practice. Liberty is an exemplification of self-control in principle. It is manifest in practice through the correct conduct of the individual.

Herbet Spencer wrote: "In the supremacy of self-control, consists one of the perfections of the ideal man; and we are inclined to think the idealistic specie has not become extinct.

Self-control calls for stability of character made up of a well-balanced will, and fixedness of right purpose. One's aim in life should be high, necessarily honorable, and all the mental, moral, and social elements thoroughly energized unto the consummating of some noteworthy object, not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost in mind without regard for results; for if the *thought* of to-day influences the *act* of to-morrow, of course self-control becomes a thing of absolute expediency. No one can safely act in any matter without taking first into consideration the probable and possible results. Action may be deemed an antecedent, the product the consequent. And in this question of self-control it may be wisely asked: Is there such a thing as an antecedent minus consequence? Thought minus action, action minus result? is the point. If not, then self-control cannot be ignored without disastrous outcome in some sense. Mental fluctuation cannot attain unto any favorable end. Steadiness of nerve, true aim, certain shot brings the thing desired.

Incompatibility of temper is a great proof of the lack of self-control. People of "high-strung nerve" have great need to exercise the will power in a channel well guarded. A person with the power of self-control small in development is like unto a kite with a broken string, or "brevity of narrative," likely to be dashed to the ground with unmistakable and destructive force. It is the great

balance wheel to the machinery of human experience. Human life should run with as little friction as possible, for its own good. Friction wears and excites, and developes abnormal conditions ofttimes. It is only of use in certain cases; and then must be restrained.

Dr. Johnson, though given to melancholy said: "A man's being in a good or bad humor very much depends upon his will." A person can in most cases, possibly, be what they absolutely *will* to be. Many people become victims of petty miseries by giving way to them, often burdening themselves with imaginary ills, accidents, the improbable, impossible things. Again, you will find persons who appear the same "day by day." Yet they are not; they possess in a large degree, and a most enviable one, the power of self-control. They do not allow every perplexity, disturbance, diappointment, reverse, to manifest their ill tokens in countenance, or word, or action. Some people of irritability of temper are always (?) telling their woes, rehearsing their anxieties, parading their adversities, whilst the other is silent, and would seem to say, "Then let the world wag as it will, I'll be gay and happy still." It is said of Jay Gould that he possesses this admirable quality of life's forces, so that, be he upon the verge of gaining a "cool million" by some financial scheme of his projecting, you cannot discover upon his features any indication of his expectancy or fear. And so as regards any slipping from his hold any amount of money. Many others would signify these feelings in some manner, if to no one else than a friend; but he not so.

The best regulated home is where discipline is most perfect. The home is where self-control can be used to excellent advantage. The parents exercising this power in themselves can best teach it to those over whom they at home preside. To some it may be "natural," unto others it is to be acquired as a thing dependent upon daily training. A family in which self-control has but little sway, if any; can have but chaos, and that means "everybody their own boss, and boss over everybody." Confusion is the happy (?) condition thereof. Parents devoid its power are ill calculated to assist in controlling their offspring. It is a matter so very requisite for the correcting of child errors, and directing their course aright, to avoid misrepresentation of anything they should know, to fail not to keep every promise made, being first careful what is promised; to execute every threat, careful as to the passing of such, that an impression may not obtain that the parent is a kind of falsifier.

Clarendon wrote of Hampden: "No man ever had greater power over himself. He was temperate in his diet, and a supreme governor over all his passions and appetites." A man of such control over self was a most exemplary one—worthy of all emulation. It is well to teach the young of this essential element of human nature; it aids so largely in the formation of character, which gives rise to reputation. Parents should never correct their children for a thing of which they themselves may be justly culpable. Parent, control thyself! Young man, young woman, who may yet assume the parental *role*, mark this well-chosen virtue and avoid it not.

We learn of Cromwell that, when a boy, he was wayward; of violent temper; but when he became a man he subjected his strong nature to the iron discipline of Calvinism. This gave rise to a new course for the display and test of his energy of temperament; and history relates the story of his great dominating influence in England for most a score of years. In this one incident of his life the youth are taught the lesson of what the will power of man *can* do when properly governed and wisely used. Self-control is an admirable thing! It has been said of the Duke of Wellington that he had an irritable temper, like Napoleon, who could only master his by watchful control. When inclined to become impassioned he would throw the cooling, quenching water of discreet judgment upon it, and slacken the glow of consuming fire.

Evidently Jesus referred to self-control when he admonished his disciples to "watch and pray." Most assuredly. "Watch!" Be careful; guard yourselves; be on the alert; resist, desist, persist—temptation, from wrong, in doing right. Control thyself! The matter might be summed up in the pertinent saying of Dr. Martin: "To *get* good, is animal; to *do* good, is human; to *be* good, is divine." Insomuch as all baptized believers should

"put on the new man, Christ Jesus, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil it in the lusts thereof," unto that extent is it to be reasonably expected that they will assume in conduct of life the divine; hence seek not alone to get good, to do good, but also "*be* good." Robert Burns was a man quite lacking in the point of self-control, if he is termed the "Scottish Bard." His immoral writings did more harm than his purer writings have done good.

Coming to our day, the pen is simply turned loose, with scarcely any regard as to the result. Greed of gain is the controlling policy of the times, and "literature" is flung to the breeze, carrying with it the elements of moral pollution for the sake of money. Money, blessed money, thou hidest a multitude of sinners! Who shall stay the tide, who shall cry to the cheap novelist, Control thyself! If we cannot succeed in causing them to hear, let us cry to all readers, Control yourselves! Why should the intellect be so debauched! Why should the mental powers be polluted, darkened, damned! It is nobler far to be the reverse. Can it be possible that people have forgotten and are forgetting that any high standard exists, and that it is attainable? Is there no more a thing of merit? Is morality at a discount, with a premium upon its opposite?

When he was a boy, the great missionary, Henry Martyn, was petulant, and impatient, but he turned and mastered his temper by self-control, calling into use his reason, his judgment, and his will. He finally came into possession of that much coveted gift—patience. Men have to bear and forbear. So many things to be borne; and that requires a summoning of all our powers. Yet how good a thing it is to do; how blessed the outcome; how cheering the result. It creates strength for us; and everyone requires mental strength as well as muscular; and each is developed by practice, and only attainable by frequent repetition. Mind strength comes no more spontaneously to us than the muscular. Processes for either, and to be used.

Self-control has to do with every department of life. If properly adhered to it saves a man morally, physically, socially, religiously, financially, and even in a political sense as well. Without it a person is simply a wreck. He is like a vessel without a rudder, like an engine with a broken balance wheel. The courage of self-control is manifest no plainer than in honest living. Men unduly in debt, with no fair show of payment, amassing indebtedness without considering the likelihood or ability for payment is a bad thing. General Sheridan became unpopular from indiscreet indebtedness. There are women who live beyond the limit of their husband's income, incurring shameful indebtedness; ofttimes causing the "sterner sex" to resort to very questionable means in order to supply their unreasonable demands. More than one man owes his downfall not alone to his own mistake, but to the bon-ton appetite of a flippant wife or daughter. Control in dress, food, furniture, etc., is all necessary to be thought of. Josh Billings once wrote: "A man should live within his income if he has to run in debt to do it." A great many people do so, to their entire dissatisfaction. What is the sense of people earning forty dollars a month and living in a style of eighty dollars? What is the advantage of living at the rate of two hundred dollars, on a salary of one hundred? Men have committed treason in order to obtain money to supply the demand of a wife's (?) wardrobe. While in some instances men may be spendthrifts to their own hurt, there are legions who resort to dishonest methods for the sake of a darling woman! Thousands of young men refuse to marry because they feel unable to keep up extravagant wardrobes.

Control of one's habits of life is an essential work. In dress of the fair sex, laying aside the unnatural shoe of the Chinee, they assume the unnatural method of "tight lacing," impairing their physical forces; unfitting and endangering themselves for the honorable position of possible maternity. Not only so, but with the married there is a decided lack of self-control in ordering aright the higher principles of the natural instinctiveness of the mind. Feeling an aversion to the duties, obligations, and glory of a maternal position they, too often, have recourse to fearful means of an unnatural act labeled, "Without natural affection." Fœticide is a glaring crime of our day. What do such advertisements taken from a Boston esthetic, cultured, daily paper

mean? "Ladies in trouble try Mrs. Dr. Forrest's powerful remedy; relieve in two to five days; no prostration; warranted safe; sent secure from observation; strictly private." "Private room, skilled nursing; *no publicity;* Mrs. A. A. Thomas." "Ladies in trouble; certain relief; luxurious accommodations; delicacy, private; *secrecy warranted,*" etc., etc. Abhorrence for offspring in the marital state is utterly improper, shall we say—inhuman? Is there any place for exercise of self-control here? Control of thought and action?

It is also necessary in buying and selling. Undue advantage taken in business transactions; misrepresenting goods, stock, etc., for pecuniary gain, all leads to the commission of greater evils. It is fraudulent practice, deceptive work, unprincipled, selfish, ensnaring, alarming.

Self-control is essential in living, in religion, in everything. Where in religious living it may be lacking, a person is liable to become hypocritical, unbearable, fanatical, imposing, egotistical, self-righteous. There are so many advantages to be taken and used for ignoble purposes; so much of loud pretension with small possession. Long prayers from empty hearts; long faces with irritable temper; solemn air with hatefulness of disposition; regular attendance upon church services with irregularities at home; visitors of the sick but betrayers of confidence. Self-control all along the line! Harmony, correspondency, unifying of nature's designs. Seek to do to others as we would that others should do to us. If this principle was practiced more than it is what a radical change there would be in society, and in the church more than we find. Help the needy, care for the dependent, regard the sufferer, pray for the afflicted; be benevolent, hospitable, kind, trustful, loving, and lovable. Do all this, be all this, when and as often as we can.

"Think gently of the erring,
Lord, let us not forget,
However sinful he may be
He is our brother yet;
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the selfsame God,
He has but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod."

Control unto the yielding of sweet charity; unto rescuing others from whence we would not wish to fall. Courage for the work, strength for the testing trial.

(To be continued.)

TO THOSE WHO FAIL.

Courage, brave heart; nor in thy purpose falter;
Go on, and win the fight at any cost.
Though sick and weary after heavy conflict,
Rejoice to know the battle is not lost.

The field is open still to those brave spirits
Who nobly struggle till the strife is done,
Through sun and storm with courage all undaunted,
Working and waiting till the battle's won.

The fairest pearls are found in deepest waters,
The brightest jewels in the darkest mine;
And through the very blackest hour of midnight
The star of hope doth ever brightly shine.

Press on! Press on! the path is steep and rugged,
And storm clouds almost hide Hope's light from view;
But you can pass where other feet have trodden;
A few more steps may bring you safely though.

The battle o'er, a victor crowned with honors;
By patient toil, each difficulty past,
You then may see these days of bitter failure
But spurred you on to greater deeds at last.

—Selected.

THE LATEST DISCOVERY IN PALESTINE.

BY PROF. A. H. SAYCE.

SOME time ago I gave the readers of the *Sunday School Times* an account of the work that had been done in Southern Palestine for the palestine Exploration Fund by the prince of living excavators, Dr. Flinders Petrie. He had commenced excavations at a lofty *tell* or mound called Tell el-Hesy; and although the time at his disposal had been short, he had succeeded not only in determining the name of the city of which the tell is the last record, but also in founding the science of Palestinian archæology. He showed that Tell el-Hesy must represent the site of Lachish, one of the most important of the Jewish fortresses; and he further showed, by means of the pottery he had discovered in his Egyptian excavations, what seem to be the relative ages of the various strata of which the mound was composed.

As at Hissarlik or Troy, the several strata are the remains of the successive cities which rose one above the other on the same site. Each stratum or city was characterized by a particular kind of pottery, and one of the kinds Dr. Petrie had already met with in Egypt in situations where its date could be ascertained. He thus obtained a starting point for fixing the approximate ages of the different strata of the tell, and for arranging them in chronological order. The lowest stratum, that on the top of which all the later towns had been built, went back to pre-Israelitish days, if his calculations were correct; and in the massive walls of brick by which it was surrounded he accordingly saw a structure of the Amorite period.

If Tell el-Hesy were Lachish, and if the ruins at the bottom of the mounds were the relics of the Amorite city which had been stormed and taken by the Israelites, it followed that these ruins ought to contain monuments of the age which preceded the Israelitish invasion of Canaan. Now, it so happened, that, when, Dr. Petrie began his work at Tell el-Hesy, the cuneiform tablets found at Tell el-Amarna in Egypt, and now preserved in the museums of Gizeh and Berlin, had just been published. Among them were letters sent to the Egyptian Pharaohs, in the closing years of the eighteenth dynasty, by the vassal kings and governors of Southern Palestine. These letters gave us a good deal of information about Lachish. Two of them, in fact, were written by governors of that city, one of whom was named Zimridi, or Zimrida, and the other Yabni-el. The latter name is substantially the same as the biblical Jabin.*

A letter from the king of Jerusalem informs us that Zimrida was murdered at Lachish by "the servants of the [Egyptian] king." It is therefore possible, if not probable, that Yabni-el was his successor. It is, however, with Zimrida, and not with Yabni-el, that we are at present engaged.

Dr. Petrie left Tell el-Hesy at the beginning of the summer of 1890, and did not return to it again. The committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund was therefore disinclined at first to continue the excavations there. I pleaded, however, on behalf of their continuance, and promised that, when the "Amorite" stratum was reached, cuneiform tablets would be found in it. The committee allowed itself to be persuaded; and Mr. Bliss, the son of the well-known principal of the American college at Beyrout, undertook to carry on the work of excavating.

My promise may seem to have been a rash one. But Dr. Petrie had made it clear that he had discovered the site of Lachish, and that considerable remains of the pre-Israelitish city still existed on the spot. Moreover, the letters sent to Egypt by the governors of Lachish showed that an official correspondence was kept up between them and the Egyptian court. There must therefore have been an archive chamber in the palace of Lachish, in which that correspondence was preserved. As the letters were written upon imperishable clay, I felt confident that sooner or later they would be found. I had long believed that libraries of clay tablets, similar to those of Baby-

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* NOTE.—Professor Dr. Hilprecht regards these two names as substantially different—*Yabni-el* meaning "God creates;" the biblical Jabin meaning "He [that is, the chief] is intelligent."—THE EDITOR.

lonia and Assyria, once existed in Palestine,—Kirjath-Sepher or "Book-town," † for example, being one of the places where they were established; and the discovery of the Tell el-Amarna tablets raised my belief almost to a certainty. Hence my anxiety that the excavations begun at Lachish should not be allowed to lapse.

But for a long while the persevering labors of Mr. Bliss bore no fruit. A considerable amount of money and time was spent, with little or no result. The committee of the fund began to despair. But just at the last moment, when the work was being suspended for the summer season of 1892, and Mr. Bliss's health was demanding his instant return to Beyrout, the workmen found their way to the remains of the Amorite Lachish. First of all, Egyptian beads and scarabs and Babylonian seal-cylinders were disinterred, and then came the crowning discovery of all. Unfortunately, it came on the very morning when the workmen were being dismissed, and their tools stored away, and so afforded but a Pisgah glance into the promised land.

The scarabs and beads belong to the age of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty; and on one of the beads is the name and royal title of Queen Teie, the wife of Amenophis III., and the mother of Amenophis IV., to whom most of the Tell el-Amarna correspondence is addressed. The discovery proves the correctness of Dr. Petrie's arrangement of the pottery found in the tell. Among the beads, it may be mentioned, are two of amber, which testify to trade with the Baltic as far back as the century before the exodus.

Some of the cylinders came from Babylonia, and their style indicates that they belong to the period B.C. 2,000 1,500. One of them is of Egyptian procelain, and must have been manufactured in Egypt in imitation of some Babylonian original, thus affording a fresh testimony to the intercourse which existed between the valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile. Others, again, are rude copies of Babylonian cylinders, many examples of which have already been found in the prehistoric tombs of Cyprus, as well as in Phœnicia. Hitherto, it has been impossible to assign a date to them and the various objects with which they are associated; the discoveries at Lachish now tell us to which age they must be referred. The fact is a striking illustration of the way in which one archæological discovery throws light on another, as well as of the closeness of the ties which bound together the nations of the ancient Oriental world.

I have said that the last morning of work at Tell el-Hesy was productive of a crowning discovery. A clay tablet covered with cuneiform characters was brought to light. As it was claimed by the Turkish government under the firman which permitted excavations to be made, casts only of it could be sent to England. The arrival of these casts I awaited with considerable anxiety. Cuneiform inscriptions on large slabs of stone have been forged, of recent years, in Palestine, and the telegram which announced the discovery of the tablet left me in doubt as to whether it might not be one of these slabs of stone. When the casts arrived, however, a glance at them was sufficient to dispel all doubts. Not only was the tablets like the larger part of the Tell el-Amarna tablets in size and shape, but the forms of the characters inscribed upon it resembled those of the Tell el-Amarna letters, which had been sent from Southern Palestine.

When I began to copy the text, I found that the grammer and formula were also those to which the correspondence of the kings and governors of Southern Palestine found in Egypt had already accustomed us. But this was not all. The name of Zimrida twice occurred in the text, thus proving that Dr. Petrie had been right in identifying Tell el-Hesy with the ancient Lachish.

No cast, however good, can be as clear as the original, and consequently there are one or two characters about which I am not certain. Moreover, some words occur in the letter, for such it is, the meaning of which I do not know. The following translation of the tablet, accordingly, is offered only tentatively, doubtful words being marked by a query: "[To the governor Bal . . . , I . . . abi prostrate myself at thy feet. Verily thou knowest that Baya and Zimrida have *brought the spoil* [?] of the city; and Dan-Hadad says to Zimrida my father, The city of Yarami has sent to me [and

† NOTE.—While this interpretation of Kirjath-Sepher is the ordinary one, there are Semitic scholars who deem it an improbable, or indeed an impossible, one.—THE EDITOR.

has] given me three pieces of . . . wood and three slings and three falchions, since I am appointed over the country of the king; but it has acted against me; but unto my death do I remain. As regards thy *mul* which I have *brought* [?] from the enemy, I . . . , and I have despatched Bel [?]-banilu; and . . . rabi-ilu-yu-ma [khir] has sent his brother to this country to [defend it]."

The city of Yarami may be the biblical Jarmuth, since the latter word is merely a plural of which Yarami would be the singular.‡

It is difficult at first to realize the full importance of the discovery which Mr. Bliss has made; but the romantic side of it cannot fail to srike everyone. The archælogical world has hardly as yet recovered from the astonishment caused by the discovery at Tell el-Amarna, in Upper Egypt, of cuneiform tablets which contain the correspondence carried on between Asia and Egypt more than three thousand years ago. Among them is a letter from a certain Zimrida, the governor of Lachish, in the South of Canaan. Scarcely have the letters been published and read, when excavations carried on in Southern Palestine, on a site ingeniously identified by Dr. Petrie with that of Lachish, bring to light a cuneiform tablet similar to those found in Egypt, and belonging to the same age. When it is copied and deciphered, it turns out to contain the name of the very Zimrida whose acquaintance we had just made. Since the days of Moses, the letter sent by Zimrida to the Pharaoh, and the letter which had been stored in the archive chamber of his own Canaanitish city, had been lying buried beneath the ground. But scarcely has the one been disinterred from its long resting place, before the other also is discovered, and the two halves of a correspondence which was already past in the time of the exodus are again joined together.

The importance of the discovery is far-reaching. It is clear that Mr. Bliss has at length made his way to the governor's palace in the Amorite city of Lachish, and is already at the entrance to its ancient archive chamber. The discovery of one tablet is a guarantee for the discovery of others. Doubtless the majority of them will be letters; but the analogy of the Tell el-Amarna collection leads us to believe that letters will not be the only form of literature which we shall find. The readers of the *Sunday School Times* have learned from Dr. Zimmern's article on "An Old Babylonian Legend from Egypt" that mythological texts were also included among the archives of the Egyptian Pharaohs; and the fact that one of the cities of Southern Canaan was called Kirjath-Sepher indicates that the libraries of Canaan, like the libraries of Babylonia, were stocked with veritable books. Who knows what is in store for us, during the next few years, if only sufficient funds can be provided for carrying on the costly work of excavation? Histories of the patriarchs, records of Melchizedek and his dynasty, old hymns and religious legends, may be among the archælogical treasures that are about to be exhibited to the wondering eyes of the present generation. A few years ago such a possibility could not have been dreamed of by the wildest imagination; now it is not only a possibility, but even a probability. To dig up the sources of Genesis is a better occupation than to spin theories and dissect the spiritual narrative in the name of the "higher criticism." A single blow of the excavator's pick has before now shattered the most ingenious conclusions of the Western critic; if the Palestine Exploration Fund is sufficiently supported by the public to enable it to continue the work it has begun, we doubt not that theory will soon be replaced by fact, and that the stories of the Old Testament which we are now being told are but myths and fictions will prove to be based on a solid foundation of truth.

—Sunday School Times.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

‡ NOTE.—Professor Sayce apparently reads the Hebrew consonants as *Jarmoth* (plural), not, as commonly read, *Jarmuth* (singular).—THE EDITOR.

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON.

CHAPTER IV.

MARY'S VISIT.

ABOUT a year from the time of the adventure related in the last chapter I was put on my best behavior one bright, sunny morning, by being told that "Mary" was coming to spend the day. I was very willing to be washed, and to have my hair combed and curled; and I was anxious to be dressed in the much admired pink dress and white pinafore, which were only worn when company came. When all was done I waited in joyful anticipation, but I fear not very patiently, for her to come. I remembered well her former visits, one especially, and how I had run to meet her at the gate in the same dress and white apron, and with little short curls made all over my head. My mother was very fond of those little curls and took great pains with them, as I was the first curly-head in the family. And how Mary caught me up and held me at arm's length above her upturned face, which was all rippling with good-natured smiles. She gave me two or three round shakes, and said that she was going to shake some of the curls off. She kissed and poised me on her arm and carried me into the house.

But it had seemed to me a very long time since that visit, and I was very anxious to see her again. The unwelcome baby, who had taken my place and my cradle, was now more than a year old; still most of my mother's fond words and caresses were bestowed upon her, while Mary had always lavished her caresses upon me. Consequently I turned to the one who supplied the demonstrative love that the heart of even a child craves for; and I thought there was no one in the world like my Mary. I loved to sit on her lap and pass my hand back and forth over her plump, white arm, which I thought was so pretty.

She had been married shortly after her stay at my mother's; but I knew nothing about that. Her husband was a sea captain, like most of the other men who had homes in or near the village; and, being away most of his time, I never remember seeing him with her; so to me she was still *my* Mary.

Presently I heard her voice and merry laugh at the gate in return for some lively sallies with which mother was greeting her from the open front door. I made my way towards her, in the path leading from the back door, so called, though it too was on the front side of the house, fully expecting to be greeted as before. But what a disappointment! In my haste to get to her I only observed her form and heard her voice. But now I had reached the front path, just by the door, and stood looking up at her in blank astonishment. How my eyes must have stood out when they took in the scene before me; for it was indelibly stamped on my memory. There was Mary real enough, with the same good face, looking even better than ever; but in her arms was a tiny babe, with a long cloak and white handkerchief over its face. And, without even noticing me, as I stood there looking so intently upon her, she passed on and went into the house.

Who would think that a little child's heart could feel so big and so heavy as mine did? But I followed her though it seemed to be as one "afar off."

She was now seated in a low rocking-chair. Mother was bending over her in a hurry to see the "wonderful baby," as she called it. So, before taking off her own bonnet, Mary unfastened the baby's cloak and let it fall open, as the little one lay on her lap; then removed the soft, white handkerchief from its head, at the same time talking and laughing with my mother as she uncovered the head and face of the "wee one." She bent over and kissed it with all the fondness of a young mother, calling it her "precious darling." But how my baby heart swelled with jealous anger! I wondered what there was about that red baby, with such a wry face, to make such a fuss about. I did not think it was pretty, neither did I like it. Mother took her bonnet and put it away, after they had had their talk about the baby. I was standing a few steps from her, looking, I suppose, rather crestfallen. My heart was swelling bigger and bigger, and a great lump was rising in my throat, when she looked up and said:—

"Why there is my little Beatrice, just ready to cry! Come here dear and see my baby."

Her words and tone stopped the cry, and the invitation was just what I wanted. Still I hung my head and stepped very slowly. She put out her hand and drew me towards her, till I stood leaning against her, while she patted my shoulders and kissed my forehead. The baby was in her lap, so I could not sit there, but I could "smooth her arm." The large flowing sleeve revealed it, from the elbow down, in all its plumpness. I fancy I can see it now just as it looked then. It was white and smooth, and felt so soft, as I passed my hand back and forth over its surface, which act was smoothing the lump from my throat and the hubby places out of my heart.

She coaxed me to kiss the baby. It's little soft face took all the naughty feeling out of my heart; and when I drew my rocking-chair up in front of her, she held the baby in my lap, which act made the "plaster as big as the wound." Though my idol was thrown down, I was made quite happy again, and began to love babies and want to hold them on my lap.

That must have been Mary's last visit at our house. I believe she moved some distance away; and I do not remember seeing her again for many years.

After this memorable morning, oblivion folds her shadowy curtains for a season over all the definite events of life.

CHAPTER V.

THE TIN KITCHEN.

Three years have flown since the events recorded in the last chapter. It is early spring; and, though the sun is bright and warm, the ground is quite wet from the melting snow that still lingers in places where it was most deep in winter, or less exposed to the sun.

It comes in this chapter of my story to write some unpleasant phases that are common to humanity. It is sad that I cannot tell my readers that my brother and sister and myself were like the children I used to read about in the Sunday school books,—that we were always doing exactly right, always loving and kind to each other, and obedient to our parents. But such was not the case. We were literal descendants of Adam and Eve, and we inherited some of the disobedient and rebellious propensities of our "first parents," which propensities often cropped out in our everyday life. And, since this is a true story, our faults must needs be set forth as well as our virtues, when connected with the events which are written. So I will take up the thread of my story and go on.

Father was home from sea again. He and mother and the baby (there were two girls younger than I), were going to spend the day at Aunt Mary's, who lived about two miles away, while I was to go part of the way with them and spend the day with my Cousin Woodbury.

I do not know as I was a favorite with any of the children when little. I know I was not with my Brother George. He had not then forgiven me for being the cause of his being so often called from his play to pick poppy leaves to keep me asleep when I was a baby. Besides, the poppies constituted his flower garden. And the taking of the leaves prematurely robbed it of its beauty. But hardest of all, he was often kept at home to rock the cradle, when the other boys were off to the creek to catch fish. Or down to the beach to watch the incoming of some vessel belonging to the village. So he grew to regard me as his natural enemy. And when I was old enough to play with the children he used to tease, worry, and provoke me. Therefore I thought little girls must be happy who had no big brother to bother them by tearing down their playhouse, which consisted of a few bits of broken dishes (but in imagination were whole sets of china) laid on a board that was placed between two poles in a corner of the fence, (which corner was in imagination a well-furnished house and the board was my china closet,) and make fun of them when they were playing women, and had company, imaginary company, and were talking aloud to them in all earnestness about her father (husband) who was away in a ship. I thought a big brother was only a bother, and was just as ready to enter complaints against him, as he was to tease me, and so the breach widened.

At the time of which I write I was more than usually unpopular not only with George, but also with the two girls.

Father had brought each a little present when he came home. That of my sister's

was a tiny open-work pewter basket, in the form of a market basket with a lid that lifted and fell on either side. Mine was a miniature rocking-chair painted red, all upholstered and finished off with gilt bands. The chair was far the nicest present. Why it fell to me I do not know unless because I was just the age to enjoy such a present, and old enough to be careful of it. However, the chair increased their ill feeling toward me. They thought that I was unduly favored. Looking back I am of the opinion that they had just cause for so feeling; for I had had a *rocking-chair* and a *doll* more than the rest. And now to go off with father and mother in the wagon was too much, they thought, to let pass without manifesting due resentment.

We were going to have grandfather's "old Dick" and the wagon. There was not many horses owned in the village, consequently it was a rare treat for the children to have a ride in a wagon or sleigh. Indeed I believe it was a keener enjoyment to me *then*, to ride down to grandfather's in his horse-cart than *now* to go half across the continent in one of "Naaman's chariots." So it was no wonder when the children who were to stay at home, saw me being got ready, pointed at me, when mother could not see, and called me the "humored baby."

I had had the promise of spending the day with Woodbury for some time, and now that the opportunity had come, how delighted I was. And especially that no one was going to be there with me. A whole day without anybody to bother or interfere was a treat indeed. Woodbury was about my age, and though not a favorite with the children generally, *we* could play together any length of time without "falling out." But the great charm of spending the day with him was because of the variety of genuine toys which he possessed, that no other child in the neighborhood had. He had been an only child, till within a few months a baby sister had come. And his father always brought him something pretty when he came home from sea. The voyages, being only short trips to New York or Boston, the toys accumulated fast. Woodbury was very careful of those presents, far too careful the schoolboys thought; for he would not let them have his big boat, a sloop-rig about two feet in length, to sail on the pond in summer, nor his handsome little Boston-made sled to ride down hill on in winter, so they called him "The Miser."

Of late our curiosity concerning his possessions, had been thoroughly aroused. His mother, Aunt Marcia, called at our house, and when going away said to me:—

"Beatrice, you must get your mother to let you come up and spend the day soon with Woodbury and see what his father brought him when he came home the last time."

Of course we all plied her with questions to know what it was; but she only answered, "You will see when you come, and you will be pleased too."

Now that the day had really come, I cared little for the grimaces that greeted me, or for the taunting words of, "She thinks herself very big," while I was flitting about the house in a very excited state getting ready. The road was very muddy, the hill was long, and for the most part pretty steep, and "old Dick" was very slow; but we reached the summit at last, and stopped opposite Aunt Marcia's house. I got out, and father and mother drove along. How eagerly I rushed into the house, and was soon lost to all past annoyances in the present delight of being permitted to handle and play with so many wonderful and beautiful toys.

Woodbury's father had not limited his selection of toys to those calculated only for boys. For, besides his dapple gray rocking-horse, his two large spotted china dogs, that sat on each end of the mantlepiece, his fullrigged ship which occupied the center of the same, his top, ball, marbles, sloop, sled, and various other articles for amusement, he had a tea set, a doll (that was beginning to show signs of old age), and the last and most wonderful of all was a "tin kitchen," large size, with a little iron stove all equipped with cooking utensils. Whether Woodbury knew it by that name or not I do not know. I did not, so called it a "whole playhouse." It was the first tin kitchen ever brought into the village; nor do I remember of seeing another while I was a child.

This isolated "tin kitchen" affected my life in an unpleasant way for many years after. But I must not anticipate.

I was all unconscious of it then, and enjoyed the day intensely.

Aunt allowed us one half of her spacious kitchen in which to arrange our playhouse. After all was set forth in what we deemed proper places, the rest of the day was spent in one round of tea-parties, and making preparations for the same; ourselves and the doll being the guests. I played the part of chief cook, and Woodbury as butler. He brought me flour, water, sugar, milk, butter, or whatever I suggested, and he could reach. Biscuits were made with flour and water, rolled with the miniature rolling-pin on the tiny bread board, cut with a thimble, and baked on the little stove—and were dark enough for graham gems, by the time they were prepared. The little teakettle was filled with water, and something must be fried in the little frying pan. The tea set was arranged on the top of a box. We filled the little sugar bowl with sugar, put butter on one of the tiny plates, and tea in the teapot. But when aunt discovered the trails of flour over the floor, slops of milk, daubs of butter, and scattered sugar, she volunteered to provide us with food ready cooked for the rest of our parties.

All too soon I was told that father and mother were waiting for me at the gate, and we reached home in much less time than it took to go. This may have been fortunate for me, for I had so many things to tell the children that I could not possibly have kept still very long. Most of all, to tell what it was that Uncle George had brought for Woodbury, knowing that they had never seen anything like it, and thinking they would be so eager to know. I had forgotten the unpleasantness of the morning in the intense enjoyment of the day. But with those who remained at home it was different. A family of children often represent a city and even a nation. I soon learned to my sorrow that there was a price set on extra favors, that the children were in a conspiracy against me, and that I was more unpopular than ever. But it took days to realize the full extent of my isolation.

Being too full of the interesting events of the day to notice any difference as I entered the house I at once commenced a very glowing account of all the nice toys that Woodbury's father had bought for him, which to me were very wonderful possessions, going over nearly the whole catalogue in a breath. But I was stopped short by George saying,—

"I don't believe it!"

"Neither do I," said Tamza.

"Nor I," said Sophia, who only repeated the words she heard the others say.

She was never inclined to be quarrelsome, but was won over to a party feeling during the day, and made to believe that I had no right to be allowed to go away and spend the day when the rest were left at home. Then George led off in a sort of cross-examination:—

"What did you say it was that Wood's father had brought him?"

Unfortunately for me I did not know the name of it. So I said, "A playhouse."

"What kind of a playhouse? Has it got doors and windows in it?"

"No! He has got a house with doors and windows in it, but they won't open."

"O, I've seen that; it is only a piece of wood made like a house, with green windows and doors painted on it, and a red chimney."

"But" I persisted, "this playhouse ain't *anything* like that. It is a little iron room, with a little stove, and a little sink, and a little teakettle, and a little frying pan, and everything to play house with."

Instead of being convinced, they were all the more incredulous.

"What a lie!" said George; "whoever heard tell of bringing a 'room' from New York, with a stove, and sink, and all them kind of things in it?"

I had no one to plead my case. I could not appeal to mother, for she had not gone in the house, and did not see it. So I was tried for falsehood and condemned by circumstantial evidence. Mother was busy with the younger children, and with looking after the things about the house, so she did not hear when they said that I lied. But, although she had not seen the object of our discussion, it was natural to appeal to her when wronged. So to her I went with my side of the question, and they with theirs. But both were mixed and indefinite; and, without stopping to learn the merits or demerits of the case, she dismissed us all, with the ejaculation:—

"How I wish you children were not always quarrelling! I am tired to death of hearing complaints. How do I know whether Woodbury had an iron room or not? Go away with such nonsense."

That last sentence seemed to decide the case against me; and it was not lost on my opponents. Their look and manner indicated their triumph. Thus that happy day was all clouded over. I went in the dark closet under the stairs and had a good long cry, heartily wishing that I was Woodbury and that I did not have any brothers or sisters.

For a few days I was utterly miserable, being branded with falsehood and shunned by the children, for they had agreed among themselves the day we were away not to let me play with them when I came home. They would keep in a little body together and apart from me, talk in a low tone, and cast meaning glances at me. If I went where they were they fled to another place, or repeating some of my own words, such as, "A little sto-o-o-ve and a little te-e-e-akettle," elongating the words till I would cry from vexation and helplessness. From that time on there was nothing that distressed me so much as to hear the rehearsal of those little cooking implements, which occurred occasionally for several years, especially when I chanced to be the bearer of any remarkable communication, not always ill-naturedly, but as a quiet reminder that they had had reasons to doubt my glowing accounts. I suppose I affirmed my innocence while it was fresh in my mind, but I dreaded any allusion to the subject so much that I never referred to it, or thought of it, if I could help myself.

We moved away from the neighborhood within the year, and new scenes and occupations chased away the distinct memory of old ones. As I grew out of the years of childhood the "iron room," with its curious contents, began to get vague and misty, and at length it became blended (in thought) with many other things that I had enjoyed in my playday life, but which were only "airy nothingness," to which I had given "a local habitation and a name." Circumstances had forced me to draw largely on my imagination to supply deficiencies in dollhouse requirements, and then draw as largely on my credulity to make myself believe that the imaginary things or people (as the case might be) were genuine, and I had felt very happy in the delusion.

Since it so happened that this complete little playhouse had never been seen by anyone else, to our knowledge, my statements had never been confirmed. My brother and sisters held firmly to their position, that there never was such a thing. It simply had been a tale of fancy I had made up. So in time, as I grew into ripening girlhood, when my thoughts were perforce turned to the circumstance, I began to wonder if I really had told the truth, if the little stove and its cooking implements had been *real*, or if we had made a fire in some little iron box and "played" it was a stove, and substituted other things in like manner. True, I could still see them in my mind's eye, but how could I be certain that such was not only fancy; for, had I not in fancy seen many things that were not real? So I gradually yielded to the conclusion that those things must have been among the happy delusions.

But this much *was* real: The circumstance had, like "Poe's Raven," cast a shadow "from which my soul was lifted —never more."

The children did not mean anything more than child's play in teasing me about it. But the knowledge of not being believed, grew into my life like a "thorn in the flesh."

How much a child's life is in the hands of those with whom they associate, to mold as they will. It was not until I had lived out more than half my three score years, that I was set right. Being again in the same village, and in company with Aunt Marcia, we were enjoying a retrospect. Among other things I asked her if she remembered my spending a day with Woodbury in the early spring when we had to play in the house?

"Yes," she said, "I remember it quite well, and was just this moment thinking about it."

"And do you remember," I continued, "what toys Woodbury had at that time? Was there a little stove and a teakettle among them?"

"Yes, it was a Tin Kitchen," she answered.

"A Tin Kitchen!" I exclaimed. "I did

not know that there were such things in those days."

"Yes, that was the first one your Uncle George ever saw. He thought Maria would be old enough to play with it. She was a baby then, and he brought it home."

"Well!" I exclaimed with a feeling of relief, "I did not tell a lie about it after all."

"About what?" inquired aunt.

"Why, when I went home that day and told the children about those little cooking implements they did not believe me and have stoutly maintained their position ever since; and for years I have not disputed but what they were right."

Aunt laughed heartily to think I was made to believe that I told a falsehood. She then rehearsed the day's doings, refreshing my memory in many things that I had lost sight of till recalled.

"But how was it, aunt," I said, "that the other children did not see it as well as I?"

"I do not know," she answered. "It was not very often that anyone came to play with Woodbury, unless they were boys who only played while out of doors. But, if I remember right, I took a trip to New York with your uncle soon after that, and the Tin Kitchen, with many other things, were stored away. And when we came back Woodbury went to school. He was getting too big to play with such things, and that was never brought out again till Maria was old enough to play with it. I think, too, that it was only the next spring that your father moved to Cornwallis."

Thus my case was vindicated after so long a time.

(To be continued.)

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

The time for toil is past, and night has come—
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Least of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain—
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless—yet their trifling weight,
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves,
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late—
Yet these are all my sheaves!

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat—
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves,
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value of utility—
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

—Elizabeth Akers.

HAVE YOU A BOY?

YOU do not know what is in him. Bear with him; be patient; wait. Feed him, clothe him, love him. He is a boy and most boys are bad. You think him so light-hearted, and fear he is light-headed as well. Remember, he calls you father. When he played in your lap you fondly hoped he would some day be a great and useful man. Now that he has grown larger, and his young blood drives him into gleeful sport and makes him impatient of serious things, rattling, playful, thoughtless, you almost despair. But don't be snappish and snarlish, and make him feel you are disappointed in him. He inherits your fortune and fame.

and is to transmit them to generations to come.

It may be difficult to govern him, but be patient. He may seem averse to everything useful and good, but wait. No one can tell what is in a boy. He may surprise you some day. Hope. Let him grow. While his body grows larger and stronger, his mental and moral nature may expand and improve.

Educate your boy. You may think money spent in that way is money spent in vain. There is nothing in him; he has no pride, no ambition. You don't know. No one can tell what there is in a boy. Besides, there may be an unkindled spark, an unfanned flame, a smoldering fire, a latent energy and determination that no power on earth could stop him short of the topmost round in the ladder of fame.

If you cannot educate him, let him educate himself. That will make him strong, a giant with whom none dare interfere. Such are the best men in the world. The greatest benefactors of the race have stooped their shoulders to bear burdens, have carried hands hardened with rough labor, have endured the fatigue of toil. Many such are in our minds now. Labor conquers all things. No boy ever became to be a man, the noblest work of God, without labor. This is God's great law; there is a divine philosophy in it. Let your boy work; if he will not work, make him. There is no progress, no developement, no outcome, no true manhood without it. We must work.

Father, be kind to your boy. We know what a mother will do. Thank God! A mother's love, a mother's prayers follow us still; and the memory of her anxious tears shall never fade out during the succession of years.

Finally, but not least, pray for your boy. God hears prayer. Do the best you can; commit all you cannot do to God, and hope. Never despair, for no one knows what is in a boy.—*Sel.*

THE BOOK OF MORMON.—No. V.

BY ELDER ZENAS H. GURLEY.

SOME MARVELOUS EVIDENCE.

IT is but proper now to introduce the main proposition, that the Book of Mormon is sustained by miracles! Just as God confirmed the word with signs following the believer in the early days of Christianity, so in like manner is this book confirmed in this our day. And it cannot be more plainly expressed than by giving the words of the angel to Joseph Smith upon this point, as found in Cowdery Letters, number eight. Remember, it required four years of proper training and education, by the power of God, before Joseph Smith was worthy and qualified to receive in trust the sacred records. He was shown, as stated by the angel:—

"That if ever these sacred things are obtained they must be by prayer and faithfulness in obeying the Lord. They are not deposited here for the sake of accumulating gain and wealth for the glory of this world; they were sealed by the prayer of faith; and because of the knowledge which they contain they are of no worth among the children of men, only for their knowledge. On them is contained the fulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ, as it was given to his people on this land; and when it shall be brought forth by the power of God it shall be carried to the Gentiles, of whom many will receive it; and after will the seed of Israel be brought into the fold by their Redeemer by obeying it also. Those who kept the commandments of the Lord on this land, desired this at his hand, and through the prayer of faith obtained the promise, that if their descendents should transgress and fall away, that a record might be kept, and in the last days come to their children.

"These things are sacred, and must be kept so; for the promise of the Lord concerning them, must be fulfilled. No man can obtain them if his heart is impure, because they contain that which is sacred; and besides, should they be entrusted in unholy hands the knowledge would not come to the world; because they cannot be interpreted by the learning of this generation, consequently, they would be

considered of no worth, only as precious metal. Therefore, remember, that they are to be translated by the gift and power of God. By them will the Lord work a great and marvelous work; the wisdom of the wise shall become as naught, and the understanding of the prudent shall be hid; and because the power of God shall be displayed those who profess to know the truth but walk in deceit, shall tremble with anger; but with signs and with wonders, with gifts and with healings, with the manifestations of the power of God, and with the Holy Ghost shall the hearts of the faithful be comforted.

"Again, when they are interpreted the Lord will give the holy priesthood to some, and they shall begin to proclaim this gospel and baptize by water; and after that they shall have power to give the Holy Ghost by the laying on of their hands. Then will persecution rage more and more; for the iniquities of men shall be revealed, and those who are not built upon the rock will seek to overthrow this church."

It may be submitted here that in the nature of things, and according to all known rules of judgment, the foregoing could not be the language of an impostor; for, if the Book of Mormon was a fraud and Joseph Smith an impostor, as alleged by our opponents, then in that case there is no method nor test that could be invented which would so quickly and so completely expose the fraud as the above promise and prediction of the angel. This fact so self-evident, should be visible to every reasoning, thinking mind. This book, and its gospel, has been taught throughout the whole world; and, wherever honest, faithful converts have been made, unto them the Holy Ghost has witnessed as promised by the angel. This did not prove everthing true which Latter Day Saints have taught and practiced, not by any means whatever; but it proved the gospel and Book of Mormon true, just as the angel promised. Tens of thousands of good, honest, intelligent men and women can testify to the truth of this statement, that, no matter in what part of the earth they may have heard and obeyed the gospel, the same Spirit which witnessed to one has also witnessed to the others of gifts, of healing, and of manifestations of God's power, in exact fulfillment of the words of the angel, as quoted above; proving beyond question that the Book of Mormon is of divine authenticity.

One fact is remarkable in the history of the *Mormons:* While thousands of them have let go the church, losing confidence in its leaders, because of wickedness, and because of erroneous doctrines, yet even these, in many, if not in the majority of cases, still retain a knowledge of their former testimony, given them by the Spirit of the living God; and, though aloof, and skeptical, and wrapped in worldly affairs, yet at times they will still bear testimony to its truth. They are exceedingly few, in the opinion of the writer, who can flatly deny it. Some will make shipwreck to-day, as in former times; but this cannot be argued as against the book, no more than it could be against the New Testament; no, certainly not. For, if Joseph Smith, and all of us who are called Latter Day Saints, should be lost, it cannot be charged against the Book of Mormon; because it plainly teaches us to follow Christ, the Lamb of God, and none else. So, "let God be true though every man be found a liar."

Many years ago the *Millennial Star*, a church paper, published in England, gave through its columns a number of testimonies relating miraculous cures and miracles, performed in answer to holy, prayerful faith by the members and elders of the Church of Jesus Christ. These were also reprinted by Elder O. Pratt; and it is deemed expedient to give them place here, as they have been in print for more than forty years; and they have never been successfully controverted nor denied, though presented in oral debate and from the pulpit throughout Europe, right where they occurred. And these with thousands more of the demonstrations of God's Spirit and power following the believer, may well be regarded as chief cause for so many intelligent converts from England, Scotland, Wales, Denmark, Norway, and other parts of the world.

And this witness of God's Spirit is that which has kept them through all their trials and wanderings, from foes and tempests within, from foes and tempests without. Even in their backslidings, it has been the still voice, calling them back to the gospel, the Book of Mormon; to Israel's God and his Christ.

They have verified, in their experiences, the truth of Christ's words, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture."—John 10:9. But to the testimonies:—

A GREAT MIRACLE; NARRATIVE OF REUBEN BRINKWORTH.

"On the 2d of July, 1839, I entered on board the Terror, Commodore Sir J. Franklin, being then about to set out on a voyage of discovery for a northwest passage to India. Upon returning to England, we landed at Bermuda on the 16th of July, 1843; and in the afternoon of the same day a terrible thunderstorm occurred, in which I was suddenly deprived of my hearing and speech. At the same time five of my comrades, viz., John Ennis, William Collins, John Rogers, Richard King, and William Simons were summoned into eternity. I remained insensible fifteen days, perfectly unconscious of all that was passing around me; but, upon the return of reason, came the dreadful conviction that I was deprived of two of my faculties.

"I well remember the period; and shall forever continue to do so. Language cannot describe the awful sensations that pervaded my mind when I became fully sensible of the reality of my condition. I will here remark that the subject of religion had never troubled my mind; nor did the calamity I was called to suffer awaken any feeling akin to it; nevertheless I felt a certain feeeling of gratitude that I had not met with the same fate as my more unfortunate companions; yet I must, to my shame, confess that it was not directed to the great Disposer of all events, who could have taken my life as those of my companions, had he willed it. But it was not his design. I was spared, and am now a living witness of his loving kindness to the most abandoned sinners, if they will turn and seek his face. At that time I was about nineteen years old.

"After remaining at Bermuda for about three weeks, we again set sail for England, and reached Chatham on the 14th of December. I remained there only fourteen days, after which I went to London, and, by the kind assistance of some gentlemen, entered the deaf and dumb school in Old Kent Road, where I remained for ten weeks. But, not liking the confinement, and being from home, I became dissatisfied and unhappy, and resolved to leave it; and accordingly did so. I then went to George Lock's, Oxford Arm, Silver Street, Reading, with whom I lived eighteen months, supporting myself the whole of that period upon the wages I earned on board the Terror. I afterwards went to Rugby, not to remain there but on my way to my mother at Stroud, Gloucestershire. . . . I then went to Newport, Monmouthshire, and occupied my time in teaching the deaf and dumb alphabet for about three years, at the end of which I became acquainted with the Latter Day Saints.

"At that time I was lodging at a public house, kept by James Durbin, sign of the 'Golden Lion,' Pentonville. One of the customers of this house became acquainted with me and prevailed upon me to go to live with him and his brother, who was a member of the Latter Day Saints' Church. There I first became acquainted with the doctrines taught by this people, by reading and by means of the finger alphabet. I continued to investigate them for about three months, when I felt convinced of the truth of those doctrines, which have since become so beneficial to my temporal and eternal welfare. On the 22d of September I had been, by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet, conversing freely with some of the Saints, and had fully determined to be baptized that evening; therefore I expressed my desire to receive the ordinance of baptism, and was taken to the canal early on the morning of the 23d, and baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and upon my head emerging from the water, I heard the voices of persons upon the towing path, and this was the first sound I had heard since my deprivation upon the Island of Bermuda, in 1843.

"With my hearing came also my speech, and the first words that I uttered were, 'Thank the Lord, I can speak and hear again as well as any of you.' I scarcely need state my own surprise at the moment; but such it was; and it appears marvellous in my own eyes; not that God is possessed of such power, but that he should manifest it in my behalf. I have much cause to praise him and glorify his holy name; for, in obedience to his di-

vine commands, I not only received the remission of my sins, which I esteem above all earthly blessings, by also the removal of my deafness and dumbness; and now I can hear as distinctly and speak as fluently as I ever did, although I had been deprived of both these faculties for upwards of five years, not being able to hear the loundest noise, nor to use my tongue in speech. 'The following individuals are witnesses to my baptism: Henry Naish, John Roberts, John Walden, members of the church; Jane Dunbin, Thomas Jones, Jacob Naish, non-members.'"

Another:—

THE BLIND HEALED.

"Berrien, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, May 23, 1849. I feel it my bounden duty to make the following narrative known to the authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ, to show that the manifestations of the power of God attend this church in the last days, as it did the church of the early apostles. My daughter Sophia Matilda, aged eight years, was, in the month of May, 1848, afflicted in her eyes. She soon lost the sight of her left eye; and, on applying to medical aid, instead of the sight being restored she immediately lost the other, the surgeon stating that the pupils were closed, and he feared she could never be restored to her sight. I was advised to try an eminent surgeon in Shrewsbury, in the county of Salop, where in June, 1848, I sent her and her mother, as she was now quite blind, and the poor little creature's sufferings were indescribable though the Lord enabled her to be patient in her afflictions. She remained at Shrewsbury a fortnight, but found no benefit; and, as the last resource to human aid, I was advised to send her to an eminent oculist in Liverpool (Dr. Neile), under whose treatment she was relieved, and a gradual improvement took place, to our great joy, until the autumn of the same year. I corresponded with Dr. Neile, who desired me to continue the treatment he had prescribed, but it was all to no purpose; for she relapsed into the same state as before and was in total darkness the whole of the winter, suffering acutely; and by February of the present year, 1849, she had wasted to a mere skeleton.

"Then my brother-in-law paid me a visit, previous to his embarkation for California, and told me that if I would have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and call for the elders of the church, he believed she would be healed. I also soon was enabled to believe and obeyed the command of St. James. The church put up their prayers for us; and I found, thanks to the Giver of all good, some improvement ere the ordinance was performed. On the following Sabbath, Elders Dudly and Richards, from Pool Quay, came to my house, performed the ordinance upon my child, the pain soon left her, and she was soon, by the power of God and the prayers of the faithful, restored to sight and health; and, thanks be to almighty God, she is still in the enjoyment of these great blessings. Trusting you will rejoice in the Lord with me, for his great mercies manifested to me, I remain, etc., Henry Pugh."

Another testimony: "London, June 9, 1849. Not only has the power of healing been manifest upon one; but I can say, although we have not been organized into a branch one year, many have been healed. I will take the liberty of naming a few cases out of the many: Sister Emma Spiring met with an accident while frying some meat. The pan was overturned, and the boiling fat went into her eye and on her face; and from the Friday to the Sunday she could not see with the eye. I, in the name of the Lord, anointed her with oil, and laid my hands on her, and the moment I took my hands off her head, she, in the presence of a large assembly, said she could see; and all pain was gone. Another case was of a man by the name of Grenham, who had lost the sight of one eye. I anointed him, and he received his sight, and has since come into the church, and is a good member of the same. W. Booth."

Again: "No. 68 Devonshire Lane, Sheffield, July 10, 1849. On April 20 President Dunn and I were requested to attend to the ordinance of anointing with oil and laying on of hands by Brother Jackson, who had sore eyes. He had lost the sight of one eye completely, and the other was dangerously affected; but, after we had attended to the ordinance, his sight was restored immediately, and the same hour he walked through the town looking about him. He was afflicted with the same disease before he became a Latter Day Saint, and was down sixteen

weeks; but at the last attack he was restored the third day. J. V. Long, Presiding Elder."

Another case addressed to Elder Pratt, was the "HEALING OF ONE BORN BLIND."

"Bristol, November 25, 1849. You were so kind as to publish the letter I sent, dated July 9, 1849, containing an account of the miraculous power of God, displayed in the healing of Elizabeth Ann Borensell, which made quite a stir amongst the pious Christians of this city. I now venture to write again, and say that the above circumstance caused many to call at the house to see if it were true. And upon seeing, many rejoiced, others remarked, saying, 'She would have got well if the elders had not laid their hands upon her.' Amongst the latter was one *would-be* great man, by the name of Charles Smith, who said it was not enough to satisfy him. So the mother took another of her daughters, and put her upon his knee, and said:—

"'Sir, is that child blind?'

"After he had examined her eyes, he said, '*She is.*'

"'Well,' said the mother, 'She was *born blind.* She is now four years old; and I am going to take her to the elders of our church. for them to anoint her with oil, and lay their hands upon her; and you can call again, when you have time, and see her with her eyes opened; for I know the Lord will heal her, and she will see.'

"'Well,' said he, 'if she does ever see, it will be a great proof.'

"Accordingly the mother brought the child to the elders, and Elder John Hackwell anointed her eyes, and laid hands upon her, only once; and the Lord heard his prayer, so that the child can now see with both of her eyes, as well as any other person. For which we all feel thankful to our heavenly Father, and are willing to bear testimony of it to all the world. Yours in the kingdom of God, George Halliday. P. S.—We, the father and mother of the child, do here sign our names to the above, as being true. William Bounsell, Elizabeth Bounsell."

As it will prove too voluminous for my purpose to give all the testimonies *verbatim*, I will quote in brief from several others:—

"BONES SET THROUGH FAITH."

Dated, "*Rumford*, May 1, 1849." A dislocated thigh was set in answer to prayer first having been anointed with oil. Signed, James S. Low.

Another case dated at Leamington, August 4, 1849, is that of "Sister Sarah Gorde," sick and unable to walk from September, 1839, till April, 1847, when she was baptized and confirmed by Elder W. Bransall, and healed within one month. Signed, "Alfred Cordon."

Another given by "William Phillips," dated, "Merthyr Tydfil, September 10, 1850." D. Richards was working in a coal mine, and a stone fell upon him of some two hundred weight; carried home, and the doctor said he could not set the bones, but said "the backbone was broken." But Elder Phillips came and anointed, and laying on hands "commanded the bones, in the name of Jesus Christ, to come together, and they came together, making a noise like the crushing of an old basket. My strength returned, and now I am able to go some miles to bear my testimony to this great miracle. Signed, "D. Richards, Morgan Mills, Thomas Reese, John Thomas, Henry Evans, witnesses."

To these names may be added that of Elder A. W. Reese, of Pleasanton, Decatur county, Iowa, who was personally acquainted with these parties, as also with Mr. and Mrs. Bounsell, whose child was born blind and healed, and with some others whose names appear here as witnesses. The readers can address him if they choose. Many others are still living who have knowledge of these facts, and can be found with little effort.

The next case is that of,

"LEPROSY HEALED."

"No. 9 Guardian street, Springfield Lane, Salford, May 19, 1849." Described as a fearful case, a boy "eight and a half years of age," healed, sound, and well, by laying on of hands and prayer; signed, "John Watts." Another of *leprosy* at Borland, Fifeshire, Scotland, afflicted from 1837 to 1843, and healed after baptism; signed, "Jenet Ridd, William McFarland, James Crystal, Alexander Ridd, witnesses."

Another case, dated "Derby, September 17, 1849," is given of Sister Cumberland, who was severely afflicted inwardly, and her body covered with sores for eleven years. Hearing the gospel she believed

and obeyed it, and was healed. "As a witness of the same, I subscribe myself, Yours truly, John Wheeler." Another case similar to the above: Head covered with sores, was healed in June, 1848; signed, "Yours in the gospel, William Heywood."

Again:—

"RUPTURES HEALED."

Dated "Clackmanan, May 29, 1849." Two boys healed in previous year; witnesses, John Hunter, John Russell, Margaret Hunter, David Russell, Ann Hunter. Another of rupture healed in December, 1849; signed, "James Bell. Witnesses, Mary Bolland, Sarah Hutchemce, Olivia Saters." Then follows three bad cases of fever at Wood Mill street, Dunfermline, Fifeshire, Scotland. "Witnesses, William Athole Maxmaster, William McFarland, Mrs. McFarland." Next, Sheffield, June 28, 1849; witness, "Hezekiah Mitchell." Next, 68 Devonshire Lane, Sheffield, May 18, 1849; witness, "J. V. Long, Presiding Elder." All these cases of fever rebuked by the prayer of faith, the anointing with oil, and laying on of hands.

Another case was that of "Mary Baliss, who was very violently seized with the black fever, so that she was not expected to live." But the parents sent for Elder George Curtiss, who came and laid hands upon her, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and she was healed. This occurred June 17, 1848. A young man not a member of the church in that immediate neighborhood was also taken dangerously sick with that fearful *black fever*, and to him Elder Curtiss administered, and he was healed; dated "Cheltenham, August 5, 1849; witness, John Alder." A brother Feron's child had strong fever also, and was healed by administering the ordinance; "witnesses, John Feron, Theresa Feron; St. Heliess, August 5."

The next:—

"A CASE OF MIRACULOUS HEALING.

"Dundee, February 8, 1850." A little girl three years old had convulsive fits for eighteen months, being "severely afflicted, to the loss of all bodily powers," until "on the 25th of December last, Elder Hugh Findlay called and anointed her with oil, in the name of the Lord, and prayed over her; and from that day until now she has never had a fit; but has increased daily in strength of body and mind. For the truth of which witness our hands, James Davidson, Maria Davidson, Hugh Findlay."

The last cases that need be mentioned here are of "CHOLERA HEALED: Macclesfield, September 28, 1850. Many are dying in this town of cholera. Many of the Saints have been seized with the destroying pestilence; but all have been restored to health and strength, by the power of the priesthood. Sister Jane Batty was seized with Asiatic Cholera, in the month of August. When I was called to administer to her, she was taken with cramp, which was followed with great pain. I laid hands on her, and by the authority of the holy priesthood rebuked the disease in the name of Jesus Christ. The cramp and pain immediately left her, and she was restored to health and strength. The next was Brother George Galley: He had a violent attack of the same disease. Elder James Galley and myself laid hands on him, and administerd oil, and he was immediately restored. The next is Sister Caroline Parker, who was attacked violently with the same disease, of Asiatic Cholera. Elders Boyle and James Thirt laid their hands on her and she recovered. Sister Ann Markland was next attacked by the same disease. I laid hands on her in the name of Jesus Christ, and rebuked the disease, and she was immediately restored. Her mother, Margaret, was next taken with the disorder. I administered to her in the usual way; and she was immediately restored. The next was Sister Ann Stubbs, who was violently taken with the same complaint on the 17th of September. Elder Francis Sherratt and myself administered to her, and she is restored to health and strength. There are but a few cases where the power of God has been manifested in this conference; for there are many others that are equally signalized by the divine power and blessing of God. Joseph Clements, President of the Macclesfield Conference; James Galley, Secretary."

From the foregoing evidence the promise of the angel as given above is proven true; God could, as with John Baptist, work a wonderful work without a miracle; but this work is a "great and marvelous work," being confirmed "with signs, and with wonders, with gifts and with healings, with the manifestations of

the power of God, and with the Holy Ghost." This *work* is being wrought "by them," the Nephite records, and all these gifts and marvelous evidence given of God, prove and demonstrate with the faithful that the Book of Mormon is of divine authenticity; that it contains the unchangeable gospel, *all* that is required of us for faith and obedience.

It also proves the gospel everlasting, as John the Revelator expressed it in 14: 6, 7. And that to-day, as in the days when Christ commanded it taught "to every creature," "signs shall follow them that believe." "They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover"; and to-day, in establishing the same gospel truth as then, they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following."—Mark 16. When any were sick among them they did just what God had commanded, sent for the elders of the church; who prayed over them "anointing them with oil in the name of the Lord."—James 5; Mark 6: 18.

The angel's promise was made in 1823 7, our only authority upon this line—published to the world in 1834; its fulfillment proves he came from God. These miracles wrought in a foreign country years afterward, and from four to six years after the death of the Smiths goes to prove that God's hand was in the work, in the fulfilling of that which he had promised, and that human connivance could not possibly enter as a factor.

It is now more than sixty years since the Book of Mormon came forth; and if the signs and gifts which were promised in its proof had not been received, would the scores of thousands who accept and believe it continue as they have year after year? Had they found this promise of the angel void of fulfillment, then there would not be found as many as a corporal's guard to-day who would believe in it. But, having proven and tested its truth, they still cling to it, however weak their faith. For their enjoyments, and their spiritual blessings, depend solely on their faith and a holy life before God. The revealment of this Book of Mormon, according to the angel, was not for the sake of *gain*, not for the purpose of accumulating wealth; but for the sake of the *knowledge* of truth which it contains; and this, together with those wonderful miracles of healing both blind and deaf, is in literal fulfillment of what the prophet Isaiah predicted of it:—

"And in that day shall the deaf hear the words of the book; and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity, and out of darkness. The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."—29: 18, 19.

Much more might be written, but lest the reader be wearied, forbearance is deemed advisable.

SOWING IN HOPE.

"My words are poor and weak," I said; "they pass
Like summer wind above the summer grass.

"To utter them seems idle and in vain:
I cannot hope to gather them again.

"And yet, impelled by some deep inward voice,
I must work on—I have no other choice.

"But, O my words are poor and weak," I said:
"The truth is quick; the utterance cold and dead."

"Nay, nay, not so," he answered, "sow thy seed
Unquestioning—God knoweth there is need.

"For every grain of truth in weakness sown,
He watches over, who protects his own.

"Though buried long, it shall spring up at length,
And shake, like Lebanon, its fruitful strength,"

He said, and left me, while I pondered o'er
The holy fruits, so often heard before.

And, while I pondered unawares there stole
A strange, sweet, subtle strength through all my soul.

I rose and went my way; I asked no more,
If words of mine had any fruit in store;

Content to drop my patient seed, although
My hands shall never gather where they strew;

Leaving the harvest, be it great or small,
In his dear keeping, who is Lord of all.

—Selected.

WHY I NEVER TASTED LIQUOR.

FIRST of all, I never did so because I seemed to possess an inborn hatred of all intoxicants. Although brought up with wine on the table, I could never be induced to taste of it, when, as a child, some light wine would be placed to my mouth to sip. To some good mothers this may seem an unwise thing for my parents to have done, but it must be remembered that I was born and brought up until my sixth year in Holland,—a country where drunkenness is never seen, but whose people, high and low, believe in a moderate use of light wines, and have been brought up for years in that belief.

But as I grew older I began to apply reasoning to my principles. Being early thrown into business life, and among men older than myself, I naturally matured quickly. I was about sixteen years old, if I remember rightly, when I began attending public dinners and assemblages in the capacity of a newspaper reporter. Wines were more freely used then at dinners than now, and I soon saw that I must make up my mind whether, at these gatherings, I should partake of wines or decline them. I had been trained to the belief that it was always best to err on the safe side, and, as I sat down to the first public dinner I ever attended,—a New England dinner in Brooklyn,—I turned down all the wine-glasses set before my plate; and this I have followed ever since.

At first, my principle never to touch liquor or spirits of any kind directed to me the chaffings of my friends. I was told it looked "babyish;" that I could not expect to go out much and keep to my principle; that I would often find it considered as discourteous to refuse a simple glass of wine tendered me by my hostess. But I made up my mind that there was no use of having a principle unless one stuck to it. And I soon saw that people respected me the more for it. And just let me say right here to all my young readers who may see these words, I never lost one friend by my refusals, but I made scores of friendships: of men, from one who has occupied the Presidential chair, down; of women, among whom are the best and most famous in our land to-day.

I honestly believe that a young man who starts out in this life with a fixed principle, whether it be that he will not drink, smoke, or indulge in anything which in his heart he feels is not good for him, or in which he does not conscientiously believe, and adheres to that principle, no matter under what circumstances he may be placed, holds in his hand one of the most powerful elements of success in the world to-day. There is a great deal of common sense abroad in this world of ours, and a young man with a good principle is always safe to depend upon it. The men and women in this world whose friendships are worth having are the men and women who have principles themselves, and respect them in others, especially when they find them in a young man.

Another thing which led me to make up my mind never to touch liquor was the damage which I saw wrought by it upon some of the finest minds with which it was ever my privilege to come into contact, and I concluded that what had resulted injuriously to others might prove so to me. I have seen, even in my few years of professional life, some of the smartest, yea, brilliant, literary men dethroned from splendid positions, owing to nothing else but their indulgence in wine. I have known men with salaries of thousands of dollars per year, occupying positions which hundreds would strive a lifetime to attain, come to beggary from drink. Only recently there applied to me, for any position I could offer him, one of the most brilliant editorial writers in the newspaper profession,—a man who two years ago easily commanded one hundred dollars for a single editorial in his special field. That man became so unreliable from drink that editors are now afraid of his articles, and, although he can to-day write as forcible editorials as at any time during his life, he sits in a cellar in one of our cities writing newspaper wrappers for one dollar per thousand. And that is only one instance of several I could recite here. I do not hold my friend up as "a terrible example;" he is but one of a type of men who convinced me, and may convince others, that a clear mind and liquor do not go together.

I know it is said when one brings up such an instance as this: "Oh, well, that man drank to excess. One glass will hurt no one." How do these people know that it won't? One drop of kerosene has been known to throw into flame an almost hopeless fire, and one glass of liquor may fan into flame a smoldering spark hidden away where we never thought it existed. The spark may be there, and it may not. Why take the risk? Liquor to a healthy boy or young man will never do him the least particle of good; it may do him harm. The man for whom I have absolutely no use in this world is the man who is continually asking a young man "just to have a little. One glass, you know." A man who will wittingly urge a young man whom he knows has a principle against liquor, is a man for whom a halter is too good.

Then, as I looked around and came to know more of people and things, I found the always unmistakable argument in favor of a young man's abstinence; that is, that the most successful men in America to-day are those who never lift a wine-glass to their lips. Becoming interested in this fact, I had the curiosity to personally inquire into it, and of twenty-eight of the leading business men in the country whose names I selected at random, twenty-two never touch a drop of wine of any sort. I made up my mind that there was some reason for this. If liquor brought safe pleasures, why did these men abstain from it? If, as some say, it is a stimulant to a busy man, why did not these men, directing the largest business interests in this country, resort to it? And when I saw that these were the men whose opinions in great business matters were accepted by the leading concerns of the world, I concluded that their judgment in the use of liquor would satisfy me. If their judgment in business matters could command the respect and attention of the leaders of trade on both sides of the sea, their decision as to the use of liquor was not apt to be wrong.

And as opportunities come to me to go round in homes and at public places, I find that I do not occupy a solitary position. The tendency to abstain from liquors is growing more and more among young men of to-day. The brightest young men I know, young men who are filling positions of power and promise, never touch a drop of beer, wines, or intoxicants of any sort. And the young man who to-day makes up his mind that he will be on the safe side and adhere to strict abstinence will find that he is not alone. He has now the very best element in business and social life in the largest cities of our land with him.

He will not be chided for his principle, but through it will command respect.

It will not retard him in commercial success, but prove his surest help.

It will win him no enemies, but bring him the friendships of upright men and good women.

It will win him surer favor than aught else in eyes which he will some time in his life think are the sweetest he has ever looked into.

It will ensure him the highest commercial esteem and the brightest social position.

And as it molds his character in youth, so will it develop him into a successful man and a good citizen.

Try it, my young friend, and see!

—Edward W. Bok, Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, in The Young Crusader.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again
My duties wait for me,
They ever come in monotonous round,—
Breakfast and dinner and tea,
Smoothing the snow-white clothes,
Sweeping and dusting with care
There is ever some task in my little home
To brighten it everywhere.
What may I claim for my duties' fee?
Are these endless rounds of tasks to be
Naught but a dull monotony,
Over and over again?

Over and over again
The sun sinks low in the west,
And always over and over again
The birds come back to the nest.
The robin sings to his loving mate,
Close, close to my cottage door.
The same glad song I have heard him sing
For many a day before.
What does the robin say to me?
If the heart is tuned to love's glad key,
No task can be dull monotony,
Though over and over again.

—Good Housekeeping.

WHAT IS INSIDE OF THE EARTH?

MANY scientific men are devoting their lives to finding out all that can be learned about the interior of this wonderful globe of ours. One of the interesting problems on which they are engaged is the depth and geological limits of the permanently frozen soil. The British Association has collected a large amount of data on this question. It has already told us some curious things, such as the fact that excellent wheat lands north of Manitoba overlie frozen earth that never thaws. Some geologists find strata of rock that they are able to show must have been buried at a remote age 10,000 feet under the surface. These upturned edges of rock, which some terrible convulsion lifted to the air, give us a glimpse of the condition of the interior some way below the greatest depth to which we can attain. The workmen in the deepest mines in Europe swelter in almost intolerable heat, and yet they have never penetrated over one-seven-thousandth part of the distance from the surface to the center of the earth. In the lower levels of some of the Comstock mines the men fought scalding water, and could labor only three or four hours at a time until the Sutro tunnel pierced the mines and drew off some of the terrible heat which had been 120°. The deepest boring ever made—that at Sparenberg, near Berlin—penetrates only 4,172 feet, about 1,000 feet deeper than the famous artesian well at St. Louis. The result of this imperfect knowledge is that there are more theories and disputes among scientific men with regard to the interior of the earth than about any other problem of physical science. Some eminent physicists, for instance, like Sir William Thompson, have believed that the crust of the earth is at least 100 miles thick. The majority adduce good reasons for believing that the crust is only twenty-five to fifty miles thick. All agree that the temperature within the earth continues to increase as it does near the surface—at the rate of 1° Fahrenheit for about every fifty-five feet of descent. All igneous rocks must be fused at no great depth. In fact, at this rate of increase the temperature at 200 miles is 28,000° Fahrenheit, which is Prof. Rosseti's estimate of the probable temperature of the sun. It is improbable, however, that this rate of increase is maintained for a great distance, and many physicists believe that at some unknown but not very great depth the increase in temperature ceases. One of the most wonderful things in the study of science is the fact that the mysteries of one science are sometimes completely or partially explained by knowledge gleaned in some other department of study. It is thus that the naturalists who have investigated the fauna and flora of scores of Pacific islands have learned how far south Asiatic types prevail, and have added great weight to the conclusions of geologists that these islands were once a part of the big continent north of them.

—Goldwaite's Geological Magazine.

FOR TROUBLE BORROWERS.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the water of the Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor,
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and the heartache can cure.

Resolve to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget,
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel that life has much that is worth living for yet.—*Sel.*

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. LOUIS, MO., September, 1892.

Dear Readers:—While I so much appreciate the thoughts expressed by others through your columns, I have come to look upon it as somewhat selfish to always be receiving and never giving; hence have concluded to give the old rule its traditional application, and see how it works the other way.

In the last *Leaves* there appears a lettter from the pen of one with whom I am well acquainted, and which to my mind fully covers the ground as to the bridge which must be erected over the yawning chasm between childhood and manhood, and my heart goes forth in a chorus of "amens," and I trust that the keynote therein sounded shall bring back the echo from every clime, from those who "have sought to remember their Creator in the days of their youth." "We are prepared to engage in the warfare"

Those who have been endeavoring to further the interests of the Sabbath school and church should not, cannot consistently, neglect the interests of the youth. In that period of life when the will of the child becomes separate and distinct from the will of the parent, if like the Master the youth can be found reasoning with the doctors and lawyers, asking and answering questions, and receive that wisdom from above which makes wise the simple, how glad will the heart of the parent be when apprised of the fact that the child has been "about his Father's business." Mary and Joseph had no complaint to make because Jesus had tarried in Jerusalem, but the statement is made, "Mary kept all these sayings, and pondered them in her heart." Mothers! never complain when your son or daughter is out at night in the service of the Master,—but be sure such is their service.

I have been connected with the movement of the Young People's Societies, and know the want which these meetings supplied in my nature, and it shall be my purpose to in every way assist in the effort that has been made to accomplish an organization throughout the church.

We have organized a society in St. Louis, and though yet in its infancy, with the number of young people here who are of the proper age to take hold of this work, I trust they may be wrought upon by the Spirit to that extent that these meetings shall be felt as an important factor of the church interest here. Our meetings thus far have been very encouraging, and with the Master's help we are confident the interest will increase. May God assist the young in their endeavors to keep these hallowed associations.

Of late much has come to my notice in regard to the Word of Wisdom, and the article appearing in the October *Leaves* would seem to give rise to the expression of a difference of of opinion. I am well acquainted with its author and know well the integrity of his purposes, but I cannot in the face of the revealed word place the construction upon this revelation which he has.

We heard it presented in very terse terms that the revelations of God in one age never contradict those of another, and we cannot accept the statement to be otherwise than true. We have been taught to compare the revelations of the present with those of the past, and have been told if they do not harmonize we are not under obligations to receive them. I do not wish anyone to think I am apostatizing, but I shall be only too well pleased to have the revelations of the past and present in this regard reconciled.

In 1 Timothy 4:1–4 we have a statement made by the Apostle Paul which to my mind brings the question of eating meat to a focus, and until this statement can be proven to be untrue I would not wish to class myself with those therein spoken of who "Forbid to marry and to *abstain from meats.*" And in the commencement of this scripture the Apostle Paul is very careful and explains it thus: "Now the spirit speaketh *expressly*," and the time referred to when these things should transpire is in *the latter days.* We believe we are living in the latter days, many not of our faith believe likewise, and it has always seemed to me that we weaken our fortifications when we place ourselves in this position. I have been met with this passage of scripture and the Word of Wisdom in contradistinction, and to my mind the preponderance of evidence is in favor of the Apostle Paul. I can readily indorse abstaining from intoxicating liquors, tobaccos, and such like They are forbidden in the revealed word of former days; but never yet have I seen where man was forbidden to eat meat, and this very statement of the Apostle Paul would seem to convey the thought that he was fear-

ful such a command would be given and thus warns us against it.

Man's make-up is such that plainly tells that he was in the creation prepared to subsist on meats as well as vegetables. Some have argued with me that the teeth may have become such as are possessed by the carnivorous animals through the race for centuries back having eaten flesh, but to my mind it is just as reasonable to assume that if the teeth can be thus changed from the herbivorous to the carnivorous, that man may have been evolved from the monkey. We accept the statement as made, "Everything brings forth its kind." So far as personal experience is concerned I have never yet been taught that meat has in any way injured me, but our personal experiences differ so that it is a fruitless task to discuss them. Be these matters as they may, I am desirous of living by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God, but I wish first to be confident of the fact that God is their author. As before stated I shall only be too well pleased to have these statements reconciled. What I have said has not been to oppose the arguments of another, but merely to call attention to a fact which to me has seemed to be overlooked. I am willing to be corrected. May God assist us to understand his will and keep his commands is my desire.

Yours for the truth,

RUSSELL ARCHIBALD.

HOWARDSVILLE, Mich., Aug., 1892.

Dear Readers:—I have appeared in your columns before, but as we all know that past work never lessens future duty, I will again take pleasure in writing.

I have just been reading some of the back numbers of *Autumn Leaves*. I believe I enjoyed them better than at first reading. The thoughts presented themselves so forcibly, and as I read the different letters, I could not refrain from wishing I could have language to express ideas as some do; but perhaps while they enjoy that gift, I possess another equally as beneficial.

I think it would be very nice to have an association organized for the young. I think it would have a tendency to encourage the young, and by uniting many things could be accomplished.

I have attended several associations for the young of late, and I find them very interesting. Their literary productions are especially good, and, if heeded, would certainly raise the morality in society. I wish the isolated ones could also be connected with them, if organized, but of course that would be impossible.

I do not think that I can add anything of interest to the different topics written upon of late. We are probably all convinced of the injurious effect of the different stimulants and narcotics upon the system. There can be but few of our church who do not abhor the habit of using liquor and tobacco. Those who do use it, perhaps, think it does not harm them individually, and as it does not, it should not concern others. But we should not leave so much room for selfishness to be cultivated. We should reflect seriously upon the influences we are imparting to others, and avoided all these things that are hindrances to morality. As I have written as much as I ought, I will close.

SR. JESSIE CAVE.

RIVER SIOUX, Iowa, May, 1892.

Dear Readers:—I heard the cry of Sister Etta to awake and see if we could'nt do something for Bro. Gunsolley, or if we could not make some work for him. Fill his room with letters we might do, if we would all write at once; that is, if his room is not too large I feel that I need to be aroused by some one, or I will not be found one of those faithful ones, at that great and notable day of the Lord.

My desire is to be one of them, but not being like one of those saved ones I cannot know, as they say they do, that I will reach that celestial glory. But there is one thing I do know, that if I do my part, God will do his. We have but a short time to study on what we ought to do, for in Doc. and Cov. 68:1 it says, "Unto you it shall be given to know the signs of the coming of the Son of Man." We see those signs, and not we alone, but others see as well as we. You have all seen what Prof. Totten thinks of this. There is another as well, Rev. Dr. Savage, who says he believes that the time will come in about seven years, or in 1899. He takes prophecy to prove his claim. It shows to me that the time is near, even at the doors. So let us awake and see if we can do anything for this cause in which we have for a lifetime enlisted, and by which we expect to gain an inheritance with Christ our elder brother, if we live humble and prayerful before God

But there are conditions to the promise of eternal life, and if we expect to get the greatest blessings, we will have to do some of the hardest work we ever did in all our lives before; and to do this we must pray for help, and ask in faith, believing we will receive that for

which we ask We may not get an answer in just the way we are looking for it, and so may think it has done no good; but that will never do. Let us keep on, though we may not see that it does any good. If we do not receive an answer to prayer it is because we are not doing as we should. We have one thing left us, if we do not reach that highest standard, and that is a lesser one; so let us be comforted by this thought, and not lose courage and go back deeper than we were in the first place; but let us strive for the best and maybe we will get closer to it than if we did not. I will not ask you to excuse me, for you have asked me to write, and if my letter is not worth reading just stop when you get weary.

HERBERT LYTLE.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"Set forth the feast! God's gifts shall raise
Our hearts to him in thankful praise."

LESSONS LEARNED FROM COUSIN JO.

CHAPTER VIII.

"We will have hash for breakfast," said Cousin Jo, as she and Myrtle cleared the table after dinner one day. "Some of this stewed beef will be good for it. I thought of it when I was getting the potatoes, and cooked more than enough purposely."

"They were so good, it is a wonder we hadn't eaten all of them." said Myrtle. "It seems to me even your boiled potatoes taste better than other people's."

"These are very good potatoes," Cousin Jo replied, "but I do think the way of cooking makes a difference in them. I know that science is quoted to show that the least heat that will keep water boiling is sufficient for the cooking of vegetables, but experience has proven to me that potatoes are much lighter and better if kept boiling just as hard as possible. Keep them bubbling and dancing if you want them to be the best. Then of course they must not boil too long, and it improves them to leave off the cover after they are drained, and lay a folded cloth over the kettle for a few minutes before serving, letting them stand where they will keep hot but not stick to the bottom of the kettle."

"Is stewed meat the only kind that is good for hash?" inquired Myrtle.

"Almost any kind of good, lean meat will do," Cousin Jo answered. "I often use pieces of beef roast or steak, but unless very tender it is best to stew them awhile"

"I am anxious to be able to make good hash," said Myrtle. We all like it so well. Papa is very fond of it, as you and mamma make it, but he says that as a usual thing he does not care for it away from home. His favorite breakfast in cold weather is hash and toast, apple sauce or other fruit, doughnuts and chocolate or coffee."

"Then it would be nice if you could become expert in making all these things."

While Grace and Myrtle were washing the dishes that evening, Mrs. Holister brought out the meat and the chopping bowl and began selecting meat for the hash.

"That solid piece of meat will be nice to slice cold and the smaller ones will do as well for the hash. I use only the lean meat, though perhaps a trifle of good, tender fat does no harm, and I am careful not to get in any bits of bone or hard gristle. There should be about half as much meat as potatoes. Now, Myrtle, I suppose you would like me to wipe the dishes and let you chop this."

Myrtle willingly exchanged the dish towel for the chopping knife, and seating herself with the bowl in her lap commenced to work. She chopped until her arm ached and she had to rest, several times, before Mrs. Holister said that it would do.

She said that she liked to have the meat almost as fine as for mince-meat, before putting in the potatoes. These she added at last, and when they were finely chopped and thoroughly mixed with the meat she took the bowl and emptied the contents into the potato dish.

"It would do no harm," she said, for it to stand in the bowl, but since we are washing dishes, it will be good to have the bowl washed and the knife scoured to-night. If we were to let it stand so, we would need to take out the knife and scrape it, as it would get very black in the meat and potatoes."

In the morning the first thing that she did towards getting breakfast was to put the hash on to cook, for she said it needed from half

to three quarters of an hour, and sometimes even an hour—according to the quantity—to do it well.

"I use beef grease, if I have it, or else butter to fry it with."

Myrtle watched her as she put the grease in an iron skillet and when it was melted put in the hash with enough water from the teakettle to make it like mush.

"I put in some salt, for even if both meat and potatoes have been salted in cooking it will need a little more. After awhile I will taste it and add more if necessary. Now I cover it and let it boil for fifteen or twenty minutes, until the taste of the meat and potatoes is thoroughly blended, stirring or rather scraping from the bottom with a knife often enough to keep it from burning. At the end of this time I remove the cover and let it cook until almost dry.

The success in frying hash depends greatly upon the care in keeping it scraped up from the bottom. There should be enough grease so that when it browns it can be all loosened with the knife and none left sticking fast to burn. This needs attending to very often, as it would easily burn if left too long."

When Myrtle had seen Cousin Jo attend to the hash several times, she thought she could manage it after that. She was watchful and did very well, except that she found it easy to scatter particles over on the stove, and these, burning, made a disagreeable odor and spoiled the polish of her nicely blackened stove; but this she soon learned to avoid.

While Myrtle was busy at this Cousin Jo was toasting some bread. As each slice was finished she buttered it before doing another, first, however, scraping any edges or corners that were browned too much. She then laid it on a plate in the oven, turning a tin basin over it, that it might keep hot without getting too dry.

When this was done she said that the hash was about ready, and bringing the pitcher of cream she turned some in the skillet and mixed it well through the hash

"Do you put cream in it?" exclaimed Myrtle in a surprised tone.

"Yes. That is something I learned only lately, and while it is good without, I think this is still an improvement. A little milk will do when one has no cream, and when neither is used the hash should not be cooked quite so dry. For a change it is good to cook a little chopped onion or celery with it."

Grace had asked that they might have chocolate that morning, but there being none in the house they used cocoa instead. This was quickly prepared, it only requiring to have boiling water poured over it in the cups, and cream and sugar added.

While they were at breakfast Myrtle asked how chocolate is prepared, and Cousin Jo told her:—

"You grate the needed quantity, dissolve it in a little boiling water, heat enough milk to fill the required number of cups and stir while pouring it in with the dissolved chocolate. Some people use part or all water, but the more milk used the better it is. I prefer to let each one sweeten it to taste, though many put in sugar before taking from the stove.

"You ought to learn how to make good coffee, even though you never drink it yourself. I am glad your mother was sensible enough not to allow you children to form the habit of drinking tea or coffee. Now you are free from it and will probably be wise enough to remain so, while if you had commenced using them when younger you might have kept on or found it a trial to give them up (as I did) when you would really wish to do so.

"I always feel sorry to see parents giving tea and coffee to little children, and even to babies as they sometimes do, often giving as a reason for it that they are not willing to deny their children what they themselves indulge in. At the same time many who thus speak consider them unwholesome and wish themselves free from the habit, but cannot see that they are doing their children no favor in thus indulging them.

"However, for those who do drink it, one should be able to make good coffee, and I will give you my rule Allow one tablespoonful of ground coffee for each cup, (or more if desired very strong). Add to this, after it is in the coffee pot, part of the white of an egg or some clean egg shells, then a little cold water and shake or stir it well. To this add the full amount of hot water needed. It is better to measure in a coffee cup at first until you learn to judge of the quantity in the coffee pot. Let it boil for a few minutes, then set it back where it will not boil A short time before needed for use set it in front, let it come to a boil again, turn in a little cold water and set it back to settle.

This method will make good coffee every time; provided the coffee pot is kept clean, which is of the first importance. Each time that it is used, empty it, wash and rinse and wipe it dry, having drained off, in an earthen

bowl, any coffee that may be left. It is better not to have any left, for it is never so good warmed over; but saved in this way it is much better than if left standing on the grounds."

After breakfast Mrs. Holister told Myrtle she might prepare some apples for sauce, telling her to be careful not to leave the least particle of skin or core or decayed matter on them. When they were pared and quartered she washed them and put them in a granite kettle.

"Now put just a little water with them," she said. "Some apples need more than others. These are very juicy and are better with only a little. Cover them and set the kettle where they will cook quickly. If apples cook slowly, or longer than is necessary, it gives them a dark color. To be real nice they should be very light colored, not only for the looks but the flavor is better. Just as soon as they are tender we will add the sugar, let it scald in for a few minutes, and then take them from the stove. Some apples break to pieces easily, and if one wishes to keep the quarters whole, adding the sugar when they are put on to cook will help to do so."

"We will not make doughnuts to-day, but you may try the cookies we spoke of. Here is the recipe" Myrtle read:—

"Loie's Cookies.—One cupful of butter, two of sugar, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sour milk, five cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda and half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar."

"Get the butter and sugar in a crock, and rub them together with a spoon Then beat the eggs and add them. Dissolve the cream of tartar with the sour milk and the soda in a little cold water. Add these and then stir in the flour. If the eggs are large more flour will be needed. Stir in the five cupfuls and if too soft then to roll, work in more with your hands. The softer the dough, the better, just so it can be handled. Grease the dripping pans This is not really necessary, but the cookies are apt to stick some, if the pans are left without greasing.

Have a hot oven and watch the cookies well. They should be lightly browned, but no one ever likes a cooky that is too brown. Be sure to watch the last panful. It is with this as with most other cooking; it is never safe to have it out of your mind until it is done, and the last pan of cookies is especially apt to be forgotten.

(To be continued.)

Editor's Corner.

We have just laid aside the proof sheets of an article which will appear in our present issue, entitled, "Thoughts upon the Columbian Exposition," the reading of which has awakened a train of thought, perhaps in a dissimilar vein, yet certainly related to some of the sentiments therein expressed.

At this mighty convocation of the nations, it is expected that much which is finest in art, exquisite in color, design, and workmanship will be shown. The useful will not be overlooked, governments will be fully represented, and the beautiful will come in for a large share of attention; but towering above all, grandest and fairest of all which shall there be gathered from all the nations of the earth, is to be the combined intellectual power of man—man whose hands have fashioned many of these things, and who for the others has compassed sea and land, fathomed the depths of the ocean and dug beneath the everlasting hills to bring to light. Here are to be brought face to face the mighty and renowned men of the earth whose combined wisdom is to apply itself to the expounding and unraveling of many, if not all, the perplexing problems of the age. Grander task was never assigned to men of nobler minds or greater mental caliber. Will they rise equal to the demands made upon them? Will they declare that henceforth the nations of the earth shall learn war no more, but that justice shall weigh in her balance the claims of each, and all shall submit to her mandates. Will they declare that reason shall be enthroned above brute force and arbitration take the place of war, the hum of council displace the roar? Will they do this?

Will this mighty convocation of learned and wise men adjust the relation of capital to labor? Will they penetrate below the surface sufficiently to see that this general uprising of employees means more than an ordinary conflict? Will they see that it is among the throes by which the world is moving forward to emancipate mankind from thraldom, and the oppression of tyrants? Will they see in it an evolution in the success of which all mankind is interested, and will they in their wisdom advise the framing of such laws by governments as shall restrain the rapacious greed of the

inhuman and protect the heplessness of downtrodden women and children? Will they point the finger of scorn at that government which stands idly by and sees the few hoarding up immense fortunes which combined capital has wrung from the toiling millions, and not only from their toil, but their life blood and their virtue? Will they, dare they do this, when they stand side by side and face to face with the potentates of the old world and the monied kings of this? The answer is in the womb of the future.

Two mighty evils closely related to this greed of gain—the one its legitimate offspring and the other nourished by the two are stalking gaunt and ghastly through our land. And not ours only but through the native realms of all those who will come to our shores to take part in pageant, council ,or deliberation. Intemperance and the Social Evil. These no longer hide themselves from the light as snarling wolves which shun the approach of men, but unblushingly, hand in hand walk forth in the light of day plying their legalized, lawful (?) occupations, while the moan of the widow and orphan, the tears which blister their cheeks, the flutter of their rags in the blasts of winter, their fever and plague-smitten bodies borne from basement and garret to fill the potter's field, have no voice, no pitiful silent eloquence strong enough to stay it, but rather:—

"Do not our laws confess that men are brutes
Incapable of noble self-restraint,
By licensing the brutish and the base
In human nature, making our great sins
Simply a little costlier than our less?"

In view of the fact that human government exists only for the welfare and protection of the governed, might we not expect that Christian nations through their rulers would come to the rescue? But will they? Will this convocation of wisdom and talent be equal to the emergency? God grant they may! But if not let no one whose soul is moved by the pitiful spectacle of the world as it is to-day, whose heart aches at beholding the wrongs inflicted by the strong upon the weak, be discouraged, for God is not forgetful of our race, but is silently, slowly, and surely marshalling his forces for the final conflict of good against evil, and of the result no one need entertain a doubt. Never since the morning of creation has the Holy One of Israel levied such strong contribution upon the forces of both animate and inanimate nature, as he is levying to-day, and never were the diverse powers of heaven, earth, and hell marching on so steadily, so resistlessly to the final conflict. A recent writer has said:—

"All social schemes, like embryo infants, lie
In the vast evolution of the world.
Beneath its mighty heart, whose thunder-throbs
Are the world-shaking centuries. Let them grow.
Unfolding slowly, ripening to their hour.
To force them to their birth is certain death.
But nourish the great mother with the wine
Pressed from the fruit of ripe experience;
Make her blood rich with wisdom, let the sun
Of science shine upon her, let her breathe
The calm, pure air of reason, till at last
Unimportuned she will present the world
With its sublimest social dream fulfilled."

What may have been the thought in the mind of the writer, we know not, but recognizing the fact that God is moving steadily forward to the accomplishment of his purposes, that in the working out of his grand designs he levies upon even the wrath of man, turning it into praise, surely it calls for no great stretch of faith to believe that he is in, over, around, and above every reform, every movement which, however far it may fall short of being wrought out according to his perfect pattern, is yet brought into being by the great heart throbs of those who like Ben Adhem are entitled to have their names written, "*As one who loves his fellow men.*" Should it be a question troubling the minds of any as to the correctness of the poet's assertion that upon the roll of names "Whom love of God had blessed . . . Ben Adhem's name led all the rest"? let them not forget the words of inspiration, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

"Nor is he far astray, who deems
That every hope, which rises and grows broad
In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams
From the great heart of God."

We wish to call special attention to the article found in this issue from the pen of Mrs. Merrill E. Gates, entitled, "The Present Miracle," for it is not only an ably written article, but its contents are timely and the pen of the writer is moved by an earnestness and depth of feeling calculated to incite the thoughtful to investigation. Should it enter the mind of any to say, "This digging among the buried ruins of Egypt and Palestine is but the work of man," let us ask if since the morning of creation, the time in which man became a living soul, God has ever worked without man's agency. And while we marvel that the world pass by the strongest confirmatory proof of the divinity of the Bible, the Book of Mormon, let us not follow the example they set us and pass by the wonderful manner in which God is working among the children of men to accomplish his designs. Truth is springing out

of the earth, not only from Cumorah's hill, but from tombs which were buried and lost to the knowledge of man before she received her trust, and let us notice that the conviction is gaining ground in the minds of men and women who think, that we are fast approaching a crisis in the history of the world.

PLEASE do not overlook the announcement of our holiday volume, "Afterglow," in the *Herald*. Surely the request that you spend a few dollars of your Christmas money with us is very reasonable, for we will give you full value received for every penny, and you will be helping the work of God at the same time. Just a little more effort, one strong united pull, and the Gospel Boat is won.

HAVE the young fully appreciated the value of Bro. McDowell's Practical Papers, the third number of which appears in this issue? We trust they have, for they are rich in noble and elevating thoughts, and we sincerely hope this series may be indefinitely continued. It is the practical things of life which challenge our attention and demand our care Our doctrine, being the gospel of Christ, is necessarily perfect, and it follows therefore, that if our practice is conformed to our doctrine, we will, indeed, each one of us, be preachers of righteousness, but if not conformed, we are but "a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

MANY letters have reached us in regard to the Department of Correspondence, and strong protests are entered against its discontinuance. To such an extent does it seem to have taken hold upon the hearts of many that we question if Bro. Gunsolley was altogether right in asserting, "and I could engage in work more productive of good." It is a very difficult matter this balancing of results, for often we find ourselves disappointed, often utterly baffled in our estimates.

For the present we deem it best to continue the Department We are sorry that Bro. Gunsolley finds it necessary to sever his connection with the Department as editor, but we realize that from the nature of the Department itself, more depends upon contributors than upon the editor. For this reason, if those in whose interest it is continued will only feel their responsibility in the matter, the sphere of its usefulness may be largely increased, and as a contributor Bro. Gunsolley may, and we expect will, do much to help in building it up.

Round Table.

EDITED BY SALOME.

HOME ECONOMIES.

I have a neighbor whose children's knees are continually peeping out through their stockings, and she told me she thought me very extravagant, because my children wore such good stockings. I smilingly told her, excepting their best, the most of my children's stockings were made over.

"Made over!" she exclaimed, "I never made over a pair of stockings in my life."

"I will teach you how, any time," I said.

She professed that she would like to learn, but the days and months have gone by, and she has not claimed the promise yet.

The first of my making over stockings began like this: One evening a friend ran in to spend the evening with me, bringing her crocheting with her. I said, "As you have your fancy work, I will get mine," and I brought out a basket of stockings to mend.

The first pair I drew over my hand brought forth an exclamation from my friend, "Can you mend that?"

I said, "I must. This is a new pair of stockings. The first time Willie wore them he fell down on the concrete pavement, and this is the result. I do believe that concrete was invented to wear out children's shoes and stockings;" and with a desparing look at that big hole, I added, "I believe that I could make a stocking easier than I can mend that. My mother used to make over stockings for us when we were children.

"Well," said my friend, laughingly, "if you want contributions from outside, I will contribute. Sister asked me to-day if I did not want to go halves with her on a box of stockings We buy them by the box, for we can get them cheaper by so doing. I will contribute all of sister's and my old stockings, if you say so."

"Do!" I exclaimed.

Ten pairs of worn stockings came the next day.

I had never made over a pair but I knew I could. I took an old stocking that was a good fit, carefully cut out the foot, which was woven in, pressed out the stocking so it would lie flat, with the woven seam on the outer edge, then cut an exact pattern of it. This pattern I laid on another piece of paper, and cut a pattern

allowing for seam, then did the same by the foot; next pressed out one of the old stockings, laid the patterns on and cut it out and basted it. Calling Willie to me I tried it on, and found that in my anxiety to allow seam enough, I had allowed too much, and it was rather loose around the ankle I took it off, rebasted it, taking up the superfluous fullness, and, lo, it set as trig and neat as a boughten one. I then cut off the superfluity on both stocking and pattern, and proceeded to cut out four pairs of stockings, threaded my machine with loose tension, stitched the long seams, then opening the heel seams cat-stitched them down with fine silk, then sewed in the foot by hand thinking I could make a softer seam, and cut off all superfluous corners, so there need be no bunches to hurt the tender feet. This was two years ago I cannot tell you how many dollars have been saved in this one way.

Now, there are many dear, sensible women who could not for their lives ask even a dear friend for their cast-off clothing, but would gladly accept it were it offered them, but that does not absolve a person from helping. So to childless and single women I say, save your old stockings, and don't cut off the feet as one woman I knew, did, so that the receiver need not see how poorly she had darned them. If one must cut off the darns, do that, but do not cut off the top of the foot, for that is often needed. And when you visit or call on some old friend who is now the mother of a little family, tell her of this article and kindly offer your contribution. You may get snubbed sometimes for your pains, but don't let that discourage you. Wait until another opportunity presents itself, then try again. When you hit the right one, she will be greatly benefited, and you will be happier, in that you have, even in a little, helped another.

There are none of us so poor that we cannot help others in some way. And to help others is to help ourselves, for we get the warm kindling of the heart that comes from kindly, generous thoughts.—*The Household.*

CRINKLED TISSUE PAPER

May now be bought by the yard and is devoted to a great variety of uses. I have heard of its serving for window drapery in a room not much used. It is very durable and will bear vigorous dusting, so I see no reason why it should not serve such a purpose if it suits one's taste. It certainly makes lovely lamp shades and here is one way of making them: Buy a wire frame at any notion store and for a bracket lamp of medium size you will need sixteen sheets of tissue paper, eight of white and eight of rose color. Take each sheet singly in the hand and fold loosely until only about an inch wide; then stroke downward until it is well creased, then open and refold and stroke again, and repeat the process until it is a mass of crimps. When all are crimped paste the pink ones together for the outside of the shade and the white ones for the lining; they are then placed upon the wire frame and brought closely and evenly to the neck of the wire frame where it is secured by a silk thread which is wound tightly above it several times.

Leave enough margin at the top to draw into a double ruffle which shall reach almost to the top of the chimney On the lower edge a little double ruffle is made by creasing the paper all around, about three inches from the edge, and afterwards stretching the crimps out a little with the finger below the line. Tie a wide ribbon of rose color about the "neck" of the shade, finishing with a bow.—*Housekeeper.*

TABLE MATS.

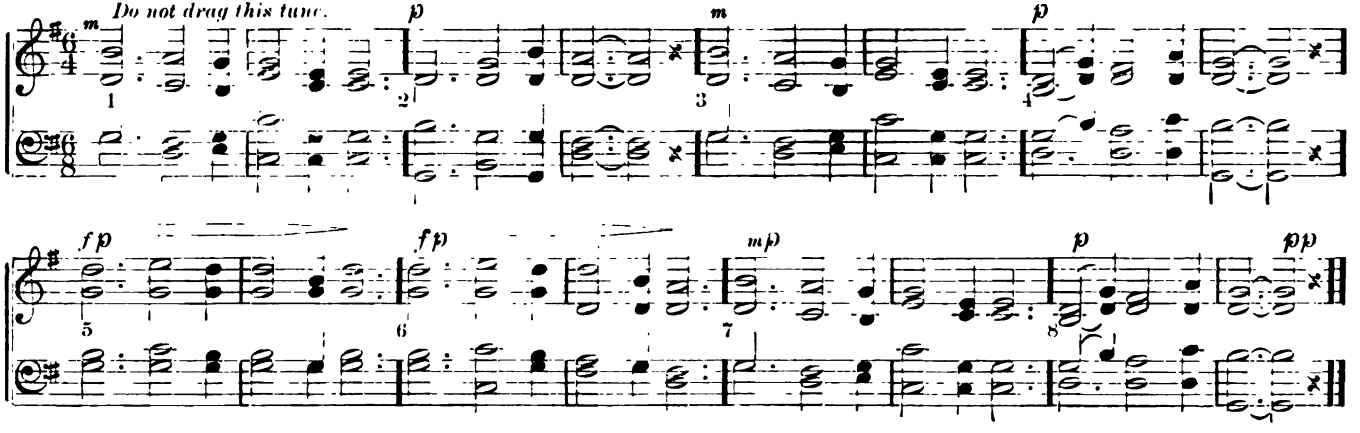
Very beautiful and useful articles may be made for the table of plain or bird's-eye linen, and shades of washable silk Cut the linen in fancy designs, as of pansies, six inches across, oak or maple leaves, or of pretty shells. These should be simply outlined, at first, and if the linen is plain, it may be put over blotting paper and slightly stained about the outlines in "proof" dyes. That is, if a pansy, lightly outlined about the leaves and center with a pencil; then with a pen and black dye, trace the pencilings, and mark the middle slightly in its radiations, and about its center. About the edges of the upper leaves stain lightly, with a soft camel's-hair brush, a purple, shading off until, an inch and a half from the edge of the leaf, the coloring is hardly perceptible. The lower leaves may be stained in the same way a pansy yellow. The blotting paper will absorb the stain to a certain extent, but this should be gone over on both sides, allowing one side to dry before attempting the other. When fully dry, buttonhole around the leaves in soft embroidery silk to match the shading. Six or twelve are considered a set. Bird's eye linen does not take shades well, and should simply be embroidered. Nice pieces of a fine old tablecloth are very pretty made into mats. Some of these may be square, round, or oval, with a pretty edge buttonholed around them in cream or white silk, and a single spray of snowdrops or cowslips at one corner, or in the center, if round or oval.

An old-fashioned, short tablecloth may be gotten out, fringed about the edge with an inch-wide fringe, a pretty design outlined in center and corners, and used to cover a tea service when it is necessary to leave it upon the table for a late comer. An unworn end of an old fine cloth may be fringed along the sides and ends, and a delicate spray outlined on it in French cotton, or washable silk, and laid across the center of the table, used as a table scarf. One of the prettiest designs I have seen is a bunch of strawberries on stems, and with the foliage, the stems tied about with a floating bow of ribbon; almost anyone can mark out so simple a thing. These mats, cloths, and scarfs take little time, cost little, and are worth something when they are done. A nice drawer of pretty table linen is a joy to the heart of any housekeeper.—*Housekeeper.*

24 S. H. 31. *Do not drag this tune.*

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

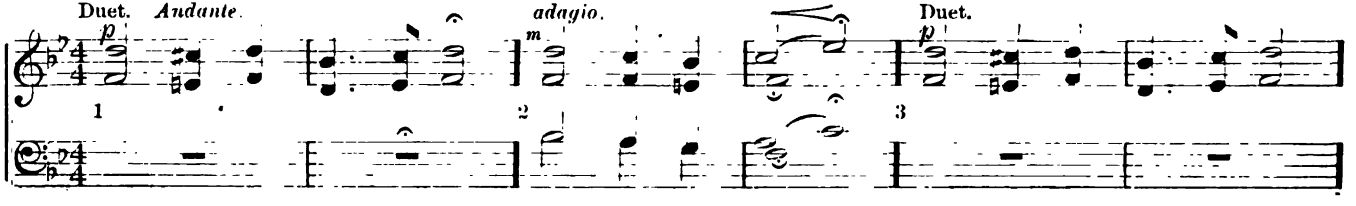
DR. L. MASON.

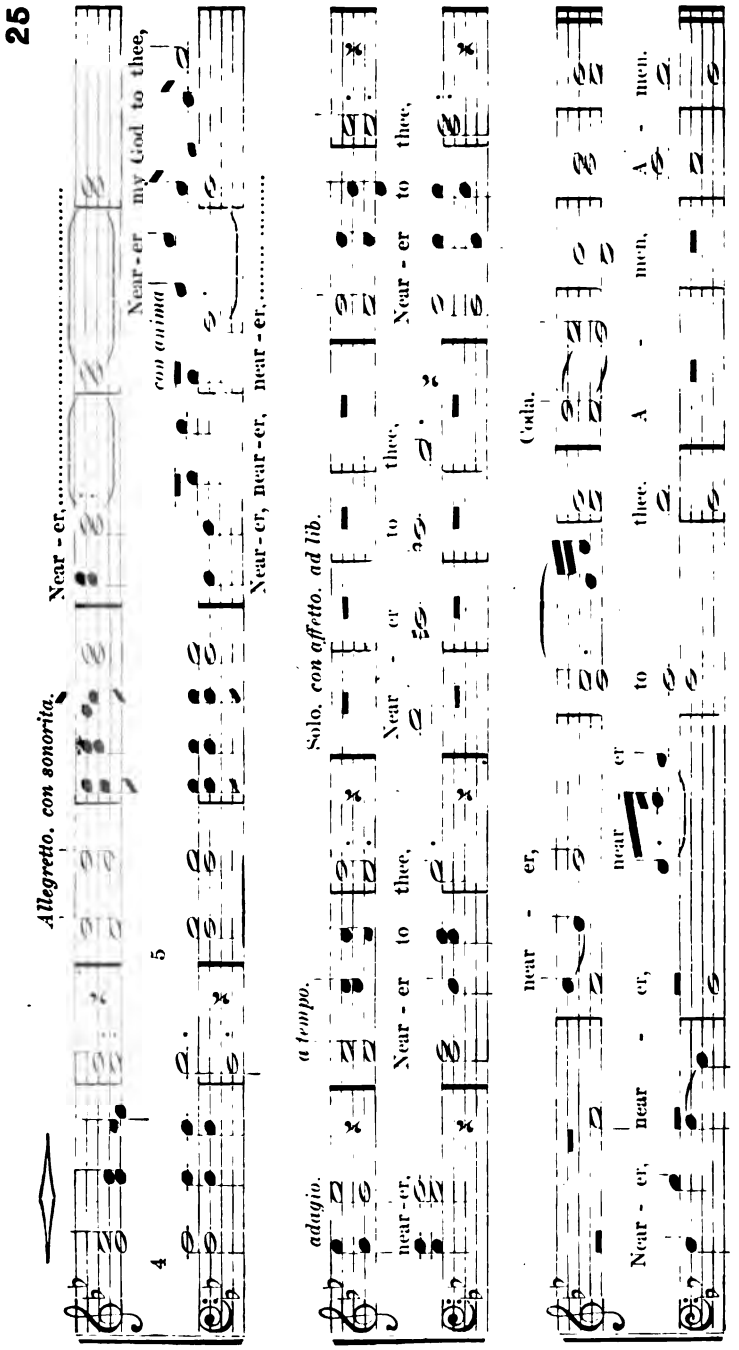


S. H. 31. For Quartette or Double Quartette.

NEARER TO THEE.

M. H. FORSCUTT.




25
Allegretto, con sonorita.
Near - er, ...
con anima
Near - er my God to thee,
Near - er, near - er, near - er, ...
adagio.
a tempo.
near - er,
Near - er to thee,
Solo, con affetto, ad lib.
Near - er to thee,
Near - er to thee,
Coda.
Near - er, near - er, near - er, near - er to thee. A - men. A - men.

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ELDER F. M. SHEEHY.

AUTUMN LEAVES

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[Reported by G. R. Wells]

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE REPUBLIC.

BY ELDER F. M. SHEEHY.

THE American Republic is and has been the wonder of the age; its progress and accomplishment in so short a period, in the face of so much unfavorable comment and opposition, is still an anomaly, judged from the standpoint of eastern monarchies.

In 1876 the French government sent to our Centenial Exhibition at Philadelphia a commission for the purpose of studying the methods and principles which have so elevated us before the wondering gaze of the world. Thinkers look for causes when they see unusual effects, hence these French savants sought the cause of our prosperity.

Two years later the commission published its report saying, "The Sunday school is not an accessory in the normal economy of the American education; it does not add a superfluity; it is an absolute necessity for the child. Its aim is to fill, by itself, the complex mission which elsewhere is, in a large measure, assigned to the family, the school, and the church. All things unite to assign to this institution a grand part in American life. Most divers circumstances coöperate to give it amplitude, a solidity, and a popularity which are quite unique."

Prof. Emile de Lavelye, of Belgium, in his work on popular education, says: "The Sunday school is one of the strongest foundations of the republican institutions of the United States." H. Clay Trumbull, probably the highest living authority on the subject of Sunday school says: "Nearly as many teachers and scholars are in the Protestant Sunday school of the United States to-day as are in all the rest of the Protestant world beside, although the Sunday school has its recognized place and power in every quarter of the globe. The circumstances under which it was developed in this country gave to the Sunday school here a distinctive character . . . which makes it, in a peculiar sense, a pattern for imitation elsewhere. Hence it is that the American Sunday school, as an institution, has found a foothold in most of the countries of Europe and is gaining in membership and confidence there."

Statistics gathered by E. Payson Porter, of Philadelphia, in 1887, show for the United States one million teachers and eight million scholars, and for the rest of the world one million teachers and eight and one half million scholars. We are not peculiar in the bare fact of instructing the young, for all nations have had methods and have engaged in the work of instructing the young. As far back as history informs us, such is the case. I remember the historian, Rollin's, account of the ancient Persians wherein he mentions that "the education of children was looked upon as the most important duty and the most esential part of the government; it was not left to the care of fathers and mothers whose blind affection and fondness often render them incapable of that office, but the state took it upon itself, boys were all brought up in common," etc. In Greece, both Sparta and Athens, where men sought and obtained the highest mental culture of their age, fade in comparison with our modern republic. Mighty Rome and its subdivisions have also tried their hand. The nations of the Orient have had and used their peculiar methods. They are now largely matters of the past and it needs no comment here, that they are in stages

of degeneracy and are now reaching out to partake of our western civilization. The matter then depends not upon the bare fact of trying to teach the young, but *upon what is taught them.* Our success is because we have approximated towards the correct standard of morals, which is emphasized in the fact that the Bible is the basis. The desire of all nations and, I add, the need of all nations has come to us largly through this medium of the Sunday school.

The Sunday school is not the product of any sect as such, but is a wholesome movement of human benevolence, stimulated by the Divine. A layman, Robert Raikes, is the father of the movement in England, and he was opposed by the creed-bound clergy. Sir Charles Reed tells us that "when Sunday schools were first instituted in this country (England) they were fiercely attacted by the prelates in the pulpit. The Bishop of Rochester notably denounced it and urged the clergy not to support it, and the Archbishop of Canterbury was the first man in that day to call the Bishops together to consider whether something could not be done to stop this great enterprise."

Later the Presbyterians of Scotland and the Congregationalists of New England were represented among the opponents of the Sunday school as it battled its way into deserved favor. Trumbull tells of an incident in Norwich, Connecticut, where a young lady tried to start a Sunday school. The church authorities considered it a desecration of the place and day (it being Sunday). They would not allow her the use of the galleries in the church, so she moved to the public school building. The pastor had her turned out of that. She persisted in her work, and, for a while, held forth on the church steps, until finally she obtained the use of the gallery again.

An amusing incident is told of the old pastor's passing by the schoolhouse while the Sunday school was in session, shaking his ivory-headed cane toward the building and exclaiming, "You imps of Satan, doing the Devil's work!"

This brings forward the fact that woman has been an important factor in the work for which she is by nature so admirably adapted. Where is there a better field for her to employ her powers? Let the hand that rocks the cradle, also take hold of the great lever that moves the morals, the power that preserves the world. Is not our Sunday school work bringing out the latent talents and to some extent unusual power in the females of the church? Witness the excellent essay just rendered by my young coworker, Miss Fantie Walker.

One of the points of failure, and by no means an inconsiderable one, of the nations of the past, was their neglect to give the girls equal privileges with the boys. The Sunday school has done more towards that than any other one thing in our country. Our public schools are a noble second in this matter, altough they are still in the rear. Most of our leading colleges have not opened their doors to women yet. By teaching the young the Bible, wherein is found the basis of true morals, it also enables them to develop the power of discrimination, for the Bible faithfully portrays the good and bad among its characters. "To prove all things and hold fast that which is good," is a maxim that individualizes us, and ripens our judgement which makes us fit to govern and be governed. It leads towards fitness for the inestimable power gathered in our republic of the elective franchise. Every citizen here is a sovereign within himself more richly endowed than the crowned head of an eastern monarch.

One thing troubling our statesmen at the present is the vexed question of foreign immigration, as many of these later additions to our shores are of an undesirable quality, as well as quantity. Let the Sunday schools teach their young the proper use of life and being, from the Bible point of morals; they would sooner be able to assimilate and appreciate us. We can thus through the children modify the evil tendencies of the parents.

The Sunday school has stimulated the study of the Bible until to-day there is a literature as a result that is immense, as extensive as the globe itself. The leading scholars of the world's universities are engaged in it. The Sunday school youth to-day is better informed in regard to Biblical subjects, than were the divines of a few years back. The study of the Bible and subjects akin thereto, has given us a vast army of noble men sacrificing time and money in the study and development of archæology. Look where

you will and you discover the beneficial effects to mankind, from this touch upon the moral chord which now vibrates to earth's remote bounds. Politics are a necessary part of American life, but political economy is distinct from true morals. Withdraw the moral element from our institutions and our national glory will soon ebb away.

The Sunday school in its work of instructing young and old in true morals as found in the Bible, does a noble work. No wonder the learned European says as I have already quoted, "The Sunday school is one of the strongest foundations of the republican institutions of the United States." Greece, Rome, and others had their ethical codes. The valor of the Spartan boy, the patriotism of the Athenian youth is admirable as far as it goes, but it is narrow, confined as it was to their standard of ethics. To be true to the state, to appease the national gods, with their crude conception of state and gods, was as far as they could reach, the height of religion and politics with them. Compare them with the sentiment, "All men are created free and equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, such as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

There is no true happiness detached from godliness. True godliness is revealed in the righteousness of God found in the Bible taught in the Sunday school.

The Sunday school movement is superior to the spirit and work of the nominal church, in that its work is one of love and unselfishness. It is not a salaried work subject to "calls" for an increase of pay, pandering to sordid and selfish natures.

It is said by some writer that the political modification going on in England of late years has been influenced much by the Sunday school. John Bright in a public address said: "In my mind the Sunday schools have been the foundation of much of what is good amongst the millions of our people. I am myself of the opinion that—I will not say no attempt has been made but—no attempt has been at all successful to show the enormous gain which our people have received from the institutions of the Sunday school and from the zeal and continuity by which they have been supported. I believe there is no field of labor, no field of Christian benevolence, which has yielded a greater harvest to our national interest and national character than the great institution of the Sunday school."

There was a time in England, when morals were at an exceeding low ebb; it was just previous to the awakening of the Sunday school work. It was the same to some extent in New England previous to the later Sunday school revival. When the early Christians began to evangelize the world, proper attention was given to the pastoral development, which is certainly incomplete without the training of the young in the word of God. One of the reasons why the dark ages were possible was that the people departed from the word of God. When the Roman Emperor, Julian, called the "Apostate," determined to destroy the Christian religion, he issued an edict against Sunday schools. Celsus, the pagan, in an earlier period saw the force of the Sunday school upon the young pagans, and accused Origen of propagating his views that way which the eminent Christian did not deny but rather justified himself in doing. When the Protestant reformation began to make its onward march, it was only checked by the efforts of Loyola, and Francis Xavier, reaching after the Catholic children, and it is said that the lines at that time drawn between Catholic and Protestant remain to-day, virtually as they left them.

Xavier is responsible, I believe, for the saying, "Give me the child until he is seven years old and I care not who takes him afterward." On the other hand, Luther and compeers maintained their work by giving attention to the Sunday school. Our special part as a people, begins to look hopeful on this line. Those of us who have given attention to it, realize how much of the spirit of God has attended it. The Lamoni revelation strongly suggests it under the heading of pastoral work. The church is enlarging her borders; we must care for what we have as well as seek for more. We, of all people under the sun, are under obligation for our conditions, they are not due entirely to ourselves, as we did not make them. We are in a sense the product of the influence of national institutions. I believe it is Kate Field who has said ours is "America's brand new religion." We

ought then to be intensely American, responding to our enviornments, adding our zeal, born of the vigor of newness to the great work of Sunday schools.

There can be no truer patriots than those who take Jesus Christ for their example, the infallible standard of right. As far as our republic has approximated towards that standard we have been and will continue to be successful. Our Sunday schools aim in that direction; hence it is a potent factor in our national life.

OBSERVATIONS.—NO. XIII.

THE SEARCH.

I went to seek for Christ,
  And Nature seemed so fair
That first the woods and fields my youth enticed,
  And I was sure to find him there:
    The temple I forsook,
    And to the solitude
Allegiance paid; but Winter came and shook
  The crown and purple from my wood;
His snows, like desert sands, with scornful drift,
  Besieged the columned aisles and palace gate;
My Thebes, cut deep with many a solemn rift;
  But epitaphed her own sepulchred state:
Then I remembered whom I went to seek,
And blessed blunt Winter for his counsel bleak,

Back to the world I turned,
  For Christ, I said is King;
So the cramped alley and the hut I spurned,
  As far beneath his sojourning:
    Mid power and wealth I sought,
    But found no trace of him.
And all the costly offerings I had brought
  With sudden must and mould grew dim:
I found his tomb, indeed, where, by their laws,
  All must on stated days themselves imprison,
Mocking with bread a dead creed's grinning jaws,
  Witless how long the life had thence arisen;
Due sacrifice to this they set apart,
Prizing it more than Christ's own living heart.

So from my feet the dust
  Of the proud world I shook:
Then came dear Love and shared with me his crust,
  And half my sorrow's burden took.
    After the World's soft bed,
    Its rich and dainty fare,
Like down seemed Love's coarse pillow to my head,
  His cheap food seemed like manna rare;
Fresh-trodden prints of bare and bleeding feet,
  Turned to the heedless city whence I came,
Hard by I saw, and springs of worship sweet
  Gushed from my cleft heart smitten by the same;
Love looked me in the face and spake no words,
But straight I knew those footprints were the Lord's.

I followed where they led,
  And in a hovel rude,
With naught to fence the weather from his head,
  The King I sought for meekly stood;
    A naked, hungry child
    Clung round his gracious knee,
And a poor hunted slave looked up and smiled
  To bless the smile that set him free;
New miracles I saw his presence do.—
  No more I knew the hovel bare and poor.
The gathered chips into a woodpile grew
  The broken morsel swelled to goodly store;
I knelt and wept: my Christ no more I seek,
His throne is with the outcast and the weak.

LOWELL.

Reading the above, we find that we do not occupy the field of observation alone, and more, we gain that it is neither a barren nor unfruitful field, but will yield rich treasures of knowledge to all who search diligently. The search, however, must be diligent and unbiased and the seeker after truth must bear in mind that conclusions should be no more strongly held than the actual evidence warrants. Patience also must have her perfect work, not forgetting the injunction, "Prove all things."

The search of the poet for Christ is but in other words the search for truth. Christ and truth are one and indivisible, and as Christ was found by the seeker, in the hovel of poverty, surrounded by the outcast and down-trodden of humanity, so, too, as again he has written:—

"O Truth! O Freedom! how are ye still born
  In the rude stable, in the manger nursed!
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
  Through which the splendors of the new day burst!"

Humble hands truly! and, because of this, rejected by the men of their own generation only to be honored when they have passed from the stage of action, for, "Men slay the prophets; fagot, rack, and cross make up the groaning record of the past;" we find ourself closing the volume over the burning words of Lowell and wondering if the poet was himself a *lover* of the truth of which he wrote in such glowing terms? Was it with him one thing to sing of its beauties, its final triumph, while he, himself, moved in the midst of admiring throngs, the many times center of all eyes, faring sumptuously, and never knowing what it meant to want for the comforts of home and friends; or would he, like the prophets and martyrs of whom he wrote, have chanted its praises with equal strength and fervor while the fagots cast their lurid blaze around him or his limbs were torn and twisted upon the rack?

We ask the question reverently, for we honor the man who can think the thoughts of Lowell, or write the words which he has written, and yet it is an open question whether the very truth, the truth of the everlasting gospel, would have found favor in his sight despite his sublime utterance:—

"No power can die that ever wrought for truth;
Thereby a law of nature it became,
And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
When he who called it forth is but a name."

The question has its origin as it shapes itself in our mind, in our own experience. Not with reference to Lowell himself, but to one equally known to fame, one whom we believe to be in every respect as noble, and who has at all times been the defender and champion of the oppressed and defenseless. We refer to W. T. Stead, editor of the London edition of the *Review of Reviews.*

In the October number, 1891, of this magazine, appeared a character sketch written by the editor, of Mrs. Annie Besant, in which he portrayed in the most graphic and touching language the struggles of this woman with doubt, which finally led her to materialism and from that to atheism, her rebellion under the chastening hand of affliction laid upon her infant child, her picturing to herself what hell might be, full of the sufferings of the beloved, how her whole nature revolted from the unutterable cruelty of a creating and destroying God and her saying, "No one who has not felt it knows the fearful agony caused by doubt to the earnestly religious mind. There is in this life no other pain so horrible. The doubt seems to shipwreck everything, to destroy the one steady gleam of happiness 'on the other side' which no earthly storm could obscure; to make all life gloomy with the horror of despair, a darkness that may verily be felt. Fools talk of atheism as the outcome of foul life and vicious thought. They, in their shallow heartlessness, their brainless stupidity, cannot even dimly imagine the anguish of the mere penumbra of eclipse, much less of the great darkness in which the orphaned soul cries out into the infinite emptiness: Is it a devil who has made the world? Are we the sentient toys of an Almighty Power, who sports with our agony and whose peals of awful, mocking, laughter echo the wailings of our despair?"

It is not our purpose to follow her in her desperate struggle to find the truth and her last appeal to the "blind leaders of the blind" for help in her dire extremity; but, to say that to such an extent was our soul moved in reading of this woman's struggles and her failure to obtain any help from man, her dark plunge into infidelity and the final turning of her hungry soul to the shadowy straw of Theosophy for comfort that we could not refrain from writing to Mr. Stead, and, after thanking him for the many helpful things we had gleaned from his writings, we presented the claims of the gospel of Christ, asking him if he thought it would have been possible for Mrs. Besant to have turned for the support of an immortal soul to such a broken reed as Theosophy, if one had, in her extremity, said to her, One far greater than the Rev. Pusey or than Dean Stanley has said, "If any man will do his will he *shall know* of the doctrine"! You have no need to search the writings of men, no need to appeal to human authority, for God has pledged his word to give you the knowledge, whether his Son spake of himself, or communicated to man the words the Father commanded him to speak. To this and some brief information in regard to the work of these last days we added the question, if, among all the claims he had investigated and endeavored to vindicate to the world, he had ever considered the claims of Joseph Smith?

Was there anything in this to attract the attention of this man? We answer unhesitatingly there was. When in her extremity Mrs. Besant made a long pilgrimage in order to consult the Rev. Dr. Pusey of Oxford, she was told, "It is not your duty to ascertain the truth. It is your duty to accept and believe the truth as laid down by the church; at your peril you reject it; the responsiblity is not yours so long as you dutifully accept what the church has laid down for your acceptance."

From Dean Stanley she obtained the verdict that he regarded all as "Christians" who recognized and tried to follow the moral law. As to the divinity of Christ, he accepted it in a *certain sense*, but held it to be of not the least importance.

Does the reader find in the gospel nothing superior to these views? Nothing to challenge the attention of thinking men and women in the fact that God is pledged to confirm his truth to man? That it is certainly a very high-handed fraud, an unmatched deception which pledges God as a party to the transaction; unless, peradventure, it be not a deception, but the truth.

And if the truth, is it not what the world is seeking to day? Is it not what Mrs. Besant and thousands upon thousands just as desperately earnest and sincere in their search as was this woman upon whom the mantle of Madam Blavatsky fell and who is now the acknowledged leader of Theosophy are seeking? And just here let us say, should these lines chance to meet the notice of one who is seeking the truth, we ask, Can you afford to pass this declaration of Jesus by, without putting it to the test?

In due course of time, we received the following answer:—

Mowbray House,
Norfolk St. Strand, LONDON,
November 21, 1891.

M. WALKER, *Autumn Leaves*, LAMONI, Iowa, U. S. A.

Dear Mrs. Walker:—I have to thank you for your very kind letter of November 9. I am very glad if anything that I have written has been in any way helpful to you.

In regard to the question which you ask as to whether or not I have studied the evidence as to the inspiration of Joseph Smith, I must confess, perhaps to my shame, that I have never had an opportunity of taking his claims into serious consideration. Of course, I have known of his work in a general sort of way as the founder of the Latter Day Saints, but I confess, the founder of Mormonism does not seem to have in his handiwork, credentials which tend to commend his claims to divine inspiration, but, of course, I may be wrong. This is the outside view of a man at a great distance.

Again thanking you for your kind letter,
I am, yours truly,
W. T. STEAD.

In reply to this we wrote a plain, unvarnished statement of facts in relation to the church, its rise and the power accompanying it, the apostasy and the reorganization, also its faith and practices, and offering to furnish free of charge all needful books for the study of its rise and progress. But as yet this man who has ever been found upon the side of the wronged and oppressed has expressed no desire to investigate any further the claims of the latter day work.

"What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
Through which the splendors of the new day burst!"

Humble indeed were the hands of the farmer lad who fearlessly threw open the gates through which the divine rays of truth poured in; rays which to-day are flooding the earth with their splendor and before which error is fleeing and the clouds of superstition are being lifted from the minds of men, and to the light of which the honest seekers after truth are coming.

Dismissing Mr. Stead (whom we sincerely hope may yet be led to investigate the evidence upon which the claims of Joseph Smith to inspiration are founded) we pass to notice the position assumed towards his work by one, scarcely less notable as a writer and reformer, than the Editor of the *Review of Reviews*. We refer to Prof. J. R. Buchanan.

It may be remembered by our readers that about the time Prof. B——'s article, "The Coming Cataclysm" was receiving considerable attention both in and out of the church, we wrote to him, presenting the claims of Joseph Smith and asking if he had ever seen his predictions in regard to the War of the Rebellion. He replied that he had not, and asked if we could furnish him a copy of the revelation. This we did most cheerfully, sending it to him by return mail.

In replying to this, Prof. Buchanan wrote: "I think the prophecy of Smith remarkable as to our war and he was a man of remarkable endowment. I am not interested to investigate any system of belief, having my own views fully developed, but I think your church fully equal to the old churches in its claims to our respect and in some respects decidedly superior, and more faithful to the Bible, hence, more likely to make good citizens. But I do not agree with those who attach more importance to ancient and doubtful manuscripts than to modern revelation and science."

At the time we thought this fair, and regarded Prof. Buchanan as a liberal-minded man and one disposed to render to others the justice due them. Unfortunately, however, for the favorable opinion we had formed of him, not long after the receipt of his letter we came across an article from his pen in the *American*

Spectator (a paper published in Boston) in which under the title of "Bogus Religion and Philosophy," after having treated at length of Madam Blavatsky, Oliphant, and others, he says:—

"Oliphant's life is a forcible warning against that sympneumata which he thinks is to save the world, but which in fact impairs moral stability and prepares a host of credulous dupes to be led by bold impostors like Blavatsky, Harris, Schweinfurth, Joseph Smith the Mormon Prophet, and our Boston occult Butler and Ohmart."

The above needs no comment, for, placed side by side with his letter, they show plainly the character of the man, and it does not need the utter failure of his recent predictions to enable those who are at all familiar with human nature to know just where to classify such characters.

"The nimble lie
Is like the second-hand upon a clock;
We see it fly; while the hour-hand of truth
Seems to stand still and yet it moves unseen
And wins at last for the clock will not strike
Till it has reached the goal."

So wrote Longfellow, and if the truth never was verified before, surely it has been in the case of Prof. Buchanan.

It has been said truly, however, "The value of a bad name depends first upon its power to disturb those to whom it is applied, and then upon the accuracy of its application. Arguments being feeble and unmanageable, indiscreet disputants resort to calling each other bad names." In the light of the above it will never disturb Joseph Smith nor those who have been so blessed as to hear the message delivered from heaven through him, to be called "credulous dupes of a bold impostor;" for they can afford to say to the world, he is indeed a bold deceiver, who pledges the power of the Infinite God to *confirm* the truth of the message he brings. And again we repeat:—

"What humble hands unbar[red] those gates of morn
Through which the splendors of the new day burst."

A youth unlettered and unknown, poor and of humble parentage was chosen as the instrument in the hands of God for restoring to the world that story which has transformed it when told only in part and shorn of its power and which now, in its fullness and power, is to bind up the law and seal up the testimony and prepare a people for the coming of Christ whose reign shall extend from sea to sea and from the river to the end of the earth.

Oh, that the youth of Zion might arise in the might and power of their Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel, and, shaking themselves from the dust and ashes of their lethargy and indifference, gird on the armor of truth and fit themselves to fight the battle of the Lord! How long, oh, how long, will the sons and daughters of Zion turn a deaf ear to the cry of souls who are perishing for the bread of life! The grim destroyer is walking through the land and thousands upon thousands are perishing for the bread of life. The famine which the prophet foretold—not of bread but for hearing the word of God—is sweeping through the world. Men talk of Truth, erect to her name costly edifices, and enthrone her upon magnificent altars, and yet they know her not, but deny and crucify her whenever she comes in the name of the Father.

Christ said, "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," and who may say, who may fathom the comprehensiveness, the depths of meaning embraced in those few words! Let anyone stand upon the watchtower of observation for a brief period with this one thought in mind, and he may be able to faintly comprehend all that it embraces, for they will see that

"The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

CHAPTER XI.

Oh what a scale of miracles is here!
Its lowest round high planted on the skies;
Its towering summit, lost beyond the thought
Of man or angel. —*Young.*

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight.
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers.
We grasp the weapons he has given.—
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven.
—*Whittier.*

AFTER receiving this encouragement I resolved to continue and do my best. The fall district conference convened at which I was sustained as president and my work thereafter was performed with more confidence and hope. I feel it but just to here mention that, during these initial stages of my development, I was greatly helped and stimulated by the timely counsel and ministrations of some good sisters, who as mothers in Israel seemed to consider the young and unexperienced ministry the objects of their jealous watchcare.

Among them I will name Sr. Harriet Harrington, wife of Bro. Edgar Harrington, of London, (now of Kansas City, Kansas,) Srs. Janet and Rebecca Pearson, of Corinth, the two latter having been over a score of years in the work. When about discouraged or feeling downcast and almost spiritless, these sisters would invariably have a timely word of cheer or testimony of experience which never failed to buoy up the sinking spirit and arouse the flagging zeal. As memory brings back those days and scenes, the lips instinctively pronounce a "God bless you" upon each of them and many others whom they represented.

My dairy to which I have not referred for data in this writing, contains several entries of healings and blessings which marked the course of my ministrations, but they are so common in the experience of nearly all Saints that I will not attempt to detail them. Suffice it that I mention an occasional instance. Others have been more remarkably blessed in this direction than I. May God add unto them a hundredfold more, if it please him, and let them dwell more particularly upon such themes when they write for your information and profit.

One Sunday morning while preaching in the church at London, I noticed a stranger present, and, in the evening, I saw him again with a woman by his side. Doubtless there were several visitors present, but to these strangers my attention was drawn because of the changing posture of the man as my discourse continued. On the next Sunday evening I was informed that this man (whose name was Rae) desired me to call on him. He had, while working in the cooper shop of the oil refinery, fallen backward into a large chaldron of boiling glue, and had been terribly burned. Taking some oil, I started for his house, in company with Elder George Mottashed, Edgar Harrington, and others. Upon entering and ascending the stairs, we found it almost impossible to indure the stench occasioned by the glue and putrid flesh.

The accident had occurred on Friday, and the doctor had bandaged the poor sufferer in cotton and applied such lotions as were common in medical practice. We found the poor man with his elbows and the lower portion of his arms resting upon pillows, so, also, his limbs from the knees down and his chin propped with cushions. His back which was upward, was one mass of blackened and blistered flesh, extending around under and unto his breast and stomach, also down his limbs and up to his neck, then over his arms.

It was most sickening to behold. Going up to the bedside, I told him who we were and that we had come at his bidding. He then informed us that his name was William Rae, that he had been an ignorant persecutor of the Saints, but had been influenced to go and hear us the Sunday before, that what he heard had so suprised and pleased him that he took his wife out at night, that he was of the opinion that we had the truth, and would like to know if we were willing to give him the benefit of our prayers and faith.

At his request for administration, we took all the bandages off and poured the consecrated oil upon his festering flesh and brushed it around with a feather, then

wrapped clean cloths around him and in prayer committed him and our work to God, while our hands rested upon his head. He told us that the severity of the pain ceased with the annointing, and that he was determined to trust God.

After arranging with Bro. Wm. Burch to stay and nurse him, we left, returning in the morning with a larger quantity of oil. After anointing him freely in the morning and again praying, his wife asked us regarding how she should proceed when the doctor arrived. Instantly her husband called out that they would dismiss the doctor and trust in God. I told her to act their own pleasure in the matter, but I did not believe in mixing the treatments. The doctor came in less than an hour afterwards, and when informed that his services were no longer required, and the reason explained, he grew angry and going down stairs warned Mrs. Rae against the extreme fanaticism which would result in her husband's death in all probability. He told that the ninth day would settle the matter, and, though he was evidently much better now, he would never tide over the ninth day unless skillfully treated by a physician. Mrs. Rae was troubled and inclined to yield, but her husband was inflexible, and so the doctor left. Next day the *Free Press* contained the following article:—

LONDON, Ont., Feb. 22, 1879.

The leading spirits of the Latter Day Saints in this village claim to have performed a miracle. It will be remembered that a man named Wm. Rae was badly scalded at the Victor oil works several days ago. Dr. DeLom was called in and attended the man for four days, getting him, by skillful treatment, out of danger. At this stage the chief Saints of the above mentioned sect put in an appearance, and informed the doctor his services would be no longer required, as they wished to "anoint the injured man, and heal him by a miracle." They took the precaution, however, to ask the doctor if he would resume his treatment in case the miracle failed. He very naturally replied in the negative. Nothing daunted, they set to work, removed all the dressing, anointed their subject and went through the ceremony incident to the performance of their miracles. Strange to say the miracle did not in any way interfere with the previous action of Dr. DeLom's treatment, and Rae continued to progress favorably. It seem a trifle strange, however, that these economical healers did not "perform" on the injured man previous to the time mentioned, but they evidently had "a method in their madness."

This drew forth from me the following reply:—

TRUTH *vs.* RUMOR.

Editor Free Press:—In your issue for Saturday evening last, under the head of "London East Notes," a paragraph appears containing many misstatements. Now, inasmuch as you have published the matter referred to, and it is calculated to create a false impression upon the mind of the public, to the injury, perhaps, of the Latter Day Saints in London, will you kindly allow us, through your columns, the privilege of presenting the facts as they occurred, and which may be abundantly proven. When Rae was badly scalded, on Friday morning, Dr. DeLom came at the request of others, and against the expressed wish of Mr. Rae. He attended him three days (not four), and on the fourth morning was informed by Mr. Rae that his services were no longer required, and he has not attended him since. If his skillful treatment brought the man out of danger, then the praise is for him; but he informed Mrs. Rea to the contrary, and told her to watch him about the ninth day, etc. The "chief Saints" referred to *never saw* the doctor at all, hence the statement that "*they* informed him that his services were no longer required, as they were going to annoint the injured man and heal him by a miracle," also that they "took the precaution to ask a resumption of the doctor's treatment in case the miracle failed," is a glaring falsehood. The Saints referred to never heard of the accident until Sunday, when they were *specially requested by Mr. Rae* (through his messenger) to come up and administer to him according to the direction given in James 5: 14, 15, which they did that evening. This statement will perhaps remove the cause for wonder "why these economical healers did not perform before." They never mentioned "miracle," nor do they now "claim that a miracle has been wrought." Whatever conversation was had with the doctor in the house was by Mr. and Mrs. Rae them-

selves, not the "chief Saints." Mr. Rae is still alive, and willing to answer any questions put to him. It would be well, therefore, before the result of his injury is finally decided, for interested parties to visit the house and inquire of him or his wife as to the truth of either of the contrary statements. Truth, being scarce, is precious, and sometimes found where not expected, as well as *vice versa*.

Respectfully yours,
JOSEPH LUFF.

LONDON East, Feb. 24, 1879.

We noticed in a couple of days that the old flesh was fast dropping off and that under it there were patches all over his body, looking like pools of blood at first, covered with a fine transparent skin. I had occasion to leave the city just then, but on returning after some days, called again at the house and found several Saints, and Mr. Rae seated in a corner of the room with the company. It was peculiarly gratifying, and I felt to praise God more than ever before.

As I started to leave, he rose, and coming over to me, stretched out his hand saying: "These signs shall follow them that believe." Together we rejoiced and praised the kind Father who had acknowledged us so graciously.

On another occasion after laboring steadily in a new field I reached London, desiring to get to Toronto, one hundred and twenty miles away, to fill appointments for Sunday. This was on Friday and I had left an appointment for the following Tuesday at the place of my recent labor, expecting to return in time to fill it. I had about three dollars in my pocket, and the fare to Toronto and back was six dollars and forty cents. I knew there was no financial help for me in Toronto even though I got there. Not knowing what to do, I went to God in prayer, but received no light, except that the revelation before referred to came to my mind, and especially the part where God had promised me "wisdom to act for the good of his cause in my ministry."

I rose and, after thinking for a few minutes as to what would be the wisest thing to do, decided to go up town and telegraph to the Toronto Saints that I could not get there, so that they could cancel the appointments. Telling Bro. Edgar Harrington of my conclusion, he agreed with me that it was best and started up town with me to the telegraph office, arranging by the way that I should spend Sunday in London.

There were two telegraph companies in Canada, the Montreal and the Dominion, and never having done any business except with the former, I determined to go to its office on this occasion. In doing so, we had to pass the office of the Dominion company. After walking a number of steps past, an impression seized me to stop, which we did, and laughing at the fogyism that was taking us some blocks further than was necessary, simply to keep up an old custom, we turned around and I walked back to the office we had passed, leaving Bro. Harrington outside.

Seizing the tablet containing blank spaces for writing messages, I dropped my head thoughtfully upon my hand and sought to reduce the communication to as few words as possible, before writing. While thus in thought, I espied a handbill lying on the counter, with the words, "Excursion to Toronto" in large letters thereon. Picking it up, I read, in addition to the above, "Tickets good for return till Tuesday. Fare, $2.00. Train leaves at five p. m. to-day."

Rushing out to where Bro. Harrington stood, I read it aloud to him. There was but one hour before train-leaving time, so, hurrying along, we secured my satchel and by quick motion got to the depot in time. I never saw another copy of that handbill till the depot was reached. I learned that the excursion had been determined upon suddenly, to connect with certain excursion trains leaving Toronto for Montreal.

Paying my two dollars and receiving a *return ticket* therefor, I boarded the train and rolled into Toronto a little after midnight and found my wife quite sick and the branch in a poor condition. There was much to be done the following day and three meetings for Sunday, besides extra work, necessitated by the condition referred to. My coming was opportune, the branch was helped into shape again and after visiting and administering and doing home chores on Monday, I was tired out and threw myself upon a lounge to rest. My mind was worried over my wife's sickness, as she was worse than on my arrival.

Three times she went down stairs to iron the clothes she had washed for me on Saturday, and as many times she had returned to rest. On coming into the room where I was, she aroused me from the half stupor into which I had fallen by dropping on her knees before the couch, and exclaimed, "I can't live long this way, for I am nearly dead now."

Dropping her head upon my breast, she moaned and seemed to be suffering considerably. I do not remember uttering a word, but, lifting my left arm, which hung down to the floor, I brought it around her head and placed my hand upon her forehead. I then lifted my heart to God in one earnest mental prayer, asking that, if my work was accepted and should be continued as per appointments made, he would then and there instantly heal my wife.

It was a brief petition, but at that moment I seemed to have hold upon the promises of the word, and there was a necessity that I should prevail. I was physically exhausted and dropped off into a doze almost instantly afterwards, only to be awakened by a movement on the part of my wife. Upon expressing my grief over her condition, she smiled and looked up, exclaiming, "I never felt better in my life."

I affected surprise at hearing such a statement after what she had uttered not five minutes before, but she looked into my face and asked, "Haven't you been praying for me?" She then rose and actually skipped with glee before me, then hurried down stairs to finish her ironing. That night I rested well, and at seven a. m. next day I was aboard the train and whirling away to fill my appointments two hundred and more miles away.

Perhaps there was nothing remarkable in all this from first to last, but as I boarded that train and thought over the parting that had just taken place between myself and wife and the two little treasurers God had given us, and while my heart was sad to a degree, there came stealing over me a something that brought the prayer in London, the telegraph office, the handbill, the unusually low-rate excursion, the branch troubles, and the sick and suffering wife in panorama before me, and, as I thought that I was now leaving her in health, and able to go on with my work for God and humanity, something said, "There is a divinity in it all."

I know some may reason it all away and consider it a happening merely; but, dear readers, I *prefer* to believe these mere evidences that the angels were interested in me and mine. The thought comforts me; hence my will to indulge it.

Soon after this I moved my family to London where I located them, after they had spent a time in visiting Saints at Carlingford. We rented a couple of rooms in a small house and continued to occupy them till our removal from Canada.

About the close of March, 1879, I started westward, to attend General Conference, leaving my family behind and expecting to return after a few weeks. Upon reaching Plano I found that one of the brethren employed in the Herald Office was about to go off on a vacation for his health's sake, and needed a "sub" to fill his place. I volunteered my services, and, after conference, began to work as a "typo" on the *Herald*. My stay in the office was prolonged unexpectedly, until about the time for holding the fall conference at Galland's Grove, Iowa, during which time I did considerable preaching at Plano, Catville, Mission, Sandwich, and Shabbona Grove on Sundays and at vacation intervals.

About two months after leaving home, our third child was born, and in less than a month thereafter my family moved to Plano, Illinois, where they remained till my return from the fall conference.

Early during the sessions of conference my name, together with the names of W. W. Blair, Chas. Derry, R. J. Anthony, G. E. Deuel, and E. W. Tullidge were presented for appointment to the Utah mission. Action upon the recommendation was deferred for a couple of days, during which time I heard a considerable amount of earnest talk over the advisability of sending one so young as me on such an important mission and among such people as the Utah Mormons.

Several persons told me they felt apprehensive and would not vote for it. Brn. Z. H. Gurley, W. H. Kelley, and a number of others in authority, informed me of their intention to oppose my appointment out of regard for me. To each and all I made answer that I was in the hands of God and the church, and wanted to go only where the Spirit directed.

While the case thus rested, I repaired a number of times to quiet places of seclusion and committed myself to God, urging that, in this important matter, he would manifest his will, and turn or overthrow if necessary, so that I might be able to accept the final action of conference in the matter as an expression of his purpose regarding me.

Thus I rested the matter, feeling assured my prayer would be answered, but not knowing just where it would leave me. Before time for voting came many privately remarked that it was too bad to sacrifice me in such a way, and I heard them refer to the bad effects of that mission upon several whom they named.

The day for action at last came, and to my more than surprise, not a word in opposition was uttered, not a question as to making an exception in my case was asked, but the motion to appoint was adopted by a unanimous vote, so far as could be judged. I took it for granted that all was right and determined to abide the conclusion.

A few hours later, during recess, I asked some of the brethren who had decided to oppose the matter why they had kept silent and then voted contrary to their statements to me. The answer was in each case, about like this: "I don't know, but somehow I changed my mind about it." Two or three persons stated, however, that while they could not oppose it, they nevertheless felt apprehensive, because of my youth and inexperience.

Bro. A. H. Smith was sitting on a bench at the end of the rostrum and I stood by him at the time. Turning to the brethren speaking, I thanked them for their interest in me, but submitted two questions to them in order, asking for direct answers. First, I desired to know whether, according to their calculation, the missions under this church's appointment were to be conducted in the wisdom and strength of men or of God. They instantly answered "That of God, certainly." Then my second question was, "Is it any harder for God to keep and use a young man than an old one, simply on the ground of age?"

I remember just how Bro. Alexander punched me on the shoulder and laughingly called on them to "Chew on that!"

I then added that, so far as I had observed, it was the older men who fell in such cases. While they were young, they had humbly trusted in God and were preserved; but, when older, they had trusted to their experience, and past conquests, forgetting where their safety and strength lay, and had fallen.

A great many matters were discussed and decided at that conference, but my appointment was of most importance to me. I was to make my first long trip and stay from home and to work among a people, who, according to my idea, had forgotten more than I then knew. It was a solemn affair for one who was only three years old in the church, and, the more I thought about it, the nearer it became a case of heart failure, till one day, just after a meeting had closed and Bro. Joseph was still standing upon the platform, I climbed up at the rear end of it and, being quite close to him, told him of the apprehensions expressed by some, and asked him how he felt about it.

I shall never forget his answer. Turning partly around and looking me full in the eyes, he held forth his hand, which I took in mine, and as the tears started from his own eyes, he said, "Bro. Luff, you are one of the men whom I can trust anywhere on God's green earth. It is all right; go, and God go with you." Welling up from within me, I felt just then, a something rise that swept before it all my apprehensions and left nothing but a sense of rest.

A few minutes later, when entering the tent of Bro. George Hawley, I was about passing Bro. Joseph who was standing at the door in conversation with Bro. John T. Kinnaman when he stopped me and repeated the above words, with slight variations, calling Bro. Kinnaman's attention to the fact that he had before uttered them. I was not affected to dizziness nor carried off my *terra firma* by the compliment thus paid; but thought then, have thought a number of times since, and still think, that I would sooner lose my head than betray that confidence. I had had reason long before for believing that he "spiritually discerned" me, and was not without reason then for thinking that my heart's integrity rather than my brain competency was the basis upon which he and the Spirit figured in that utterance. I did not feel flattered then nor do I feel any measure of vanity now

in writing it, but it made me resolve never to betray or lessen the confidence it expressed.

Returning from conference I found my wife anxious to move to Independence, Missouri. Her father, stepmother, four sisters, and brother were all there or near by. She believed she could make her permanent home there with more contentment than anywhere else, if I was to be abroad the rest of my life. Hence we packed up once more and started, leaving Plano on the 31st day of October, 1879 (my 27th birthday), and arrived at Independence on the following day.

We put up at the house of my father-in-law, Bro. John Parker, for a few days then secured a small house in the north end of town, into which we moved. After patching up the old fences and barn and doing inside repair work for a couple of weeks, I once more packed my trunk and satchels, gave and received the parting words, looks, and embraces, and started away on the longest term of separation from family I had yet known.

Let others dwell on these scenes of parting, if they can. With me, the least said as nearly describes the real experience as could a volume. Words cannot reach it. Language is inadequate; nor is there need for an attempted description, if success were possible. If, reader, you have tried to make your home, though humble it may be, your earthly paradise, look once into the faces and listen to the words of those who have furnished its chief enchantment and have made it above all places on earth the one desirable and hallowed spot, then think of separation for long months, and resting only on faith for a return, and try to say, "Good-bye." Your heart will then furnish, better than can the writer's pen, all that is of advantage to know.

At Council Bluffs I met Brn. Blair, Anthony, and Deuel, with whom I remained over Sunday, preaching once, and started early the following week. We were joined at Columbus, Nebraska (I think) by Bro. Derry and from thence continued our journey till we reached the Mecca of Utah Mormonism, Salt Lake City.

The scenery along the route was grand and majestic. Pens with better descriptive skill than mine have staggered in the attempt to do justice to the sublimity and magnificence of that panorama; hence I shall not commit my imbecile quill to the task for which it is so inadequate.

While tarrying at Council Bluffs, true to my boyish instinct I ran to a fire one cold night, and took cold in my face. The drafts from the train windows tanned the original deposit, so that by the time we arrived at Salt Lake City I was ready to ornament any pedestal and pose as a model "swell head."

I was assigned a home with Brother and Sister Joseph O. Clark, in the tenth ward, where, under the motherly care and treatment of "mine hostess" my superfluous bloat and ill-humor were soon disposed of and I was again ready to look a good-humored man in the face. I made my home with Brother and Sister Clark for a couple of months or more and was entertained royally, when they left the city on a visit to their daughter in Cache Valley.

I then moved to the home of Brother and Sister Thomas Hudson, where I made my headquarters during the remainder of my stay in the territory. They were father and mother to me and never can I forget the loving, pleasant spirit Bro. Hudson always exhibited, and how he anxiously guarded and cared for me as his own. He has since been taken to his rest in the paradise of God. May the good Lord reward, as he only can, their kindness to the writer when he so much needed their ministrations.

Brn. Blair and Derry preached on the first Sunday after our arrival, in the old Seventies' hall, after which the Liberal Institute was secured and a series of meetings was announced.

A missionary council was held and our several divisons of the territory agreed upon. I was assigned a field south of the city, with Provo for my headquarters. It was arranged that we all remain and finish the series of meetings before separating and that a letter be drawn up addressed to President John Taylor of the Utah Church, announcing our arrival and purpose, as also our readiness for a private or public interview and discussion of the questions involved in our antagonistic work.

This letter was afterwards prepared by Bro. Blair and indorsed by the other missionaries, when it was mailed to President Taylor, but provoked no acknowl-

edgement or reply. It was published in the *Salt Lake Tribune* and *Saints' Advocate*, and thus the people of Utah were apprised of our arrival and design.

The first discource of the series referred to was delivered by Bro. Derry, and my name was published for the second. After hearing Bro. Derry's effort, together with the two Sunday sermons preceding it, I concluded that there was nothing left to be said, or, at least, if there was it was outside of the realm of my knowledge. Next day I thought and read and prayed; but it seemed as if there was not even a nail left for me to hang a sermon on. Feeling thus badly, I shut myself up in the room and wept, wondering whether, after all, I was not mistaken in believing God sent me there. Night came, and with it the time for meeting. While walking to the hall I earnestly prayed that God would give me undoubted assurance of his will concerning my stay, by imparting a special qualification to me when rising to speak. There was quite a large turnout, and there were several ministers and prominent men on the big platform besides our own missionaries.

During the preliminary series my knees knocked together and I groaned in spirit, but the revelation sent through Bro. Joseph to me over a year before, came to my mind, and against its promises I braced my trembling confidence. Rising to speak, the picture of David and Goliath came before my mind and in few words I referred to it and expressed my opinion of its resemblance to the present situation.

I had scarcely done so, when I became conscious of the descent of something, (which I have since described as feeling like a mantle) that rested on me and encircled me. Instantly my brain seemed fired, my tongue loosed, and my range of vision and thought extended. The Book of Mormon and the Book of Doctrine and Covenants seemed to unfold their meaning and suggest their introduction, while many of the passages therein, which I at one time had looked upon as being at least unnecessary or unimportant, took on a special significance and a divine potency, and for an hour and a half I traversed that long platform and, without interruption, talked on the living issues of the campaign we had inaugurated. There was no room for self-congratulation, for what was there used was given of God, and the ability to apply it came with each argument. To God alone be the praise.

So remarkable was the manifestation on this occasion that it was immediately decided to change the programme we had arranged, and the brethren determined that I should remain for some time in the city. For five months Bro. Blair and myself kept the work moving there, holding four meetings a week most of the time, and occasionally visiting other points convenient thereto.

Never in my life before or since, have I experienced a more marvelous ministration of the Spirit in preaching than during this, my first mission in Utah. No condition or exigency seemed to find me unprepared. Never had my trust in God been so complete, and never was my satisfaction more perfect. Weak of myself, I committed all to the Master and he strengthened me throughout.

At the expiration of about five months, it was thought best that I should go south as far as Provo and the towns convenient thereto. I therefore started and began operations in the Methodist church in Provo. Prior to starting south for continuous work however, I visited Union Fort and preached in the schoolhouse for two nights by the permission of Bishop Ishmael Phillips. At the end of the second nights discourse, the Bishop, as soon as the benediction was pronounced, called the people to order and requested them to stay a few minutes to hear him. He then took the stand and poured his vials of wrath upon my devoted head for twenty minutes, not noticing the points or arguments by me submitted, however, but simply abusing me and the nasty Josephites in general.

During his harangue he insinuatingly referred to the risk I was taking by such a course in the hive of Deseret. The bees were numerous and might get angry and I should remember it was their country and they had just cause for provocation, etc. I asked for five minutes to answer him, but he refused one. I then notified the people that a bluff game would not work with me. I had come to visit, but was now resolved to stay till they heard me out and would preach at the home of Bro. Wm. P. Smith close by.

At the time appointed, quite a number came, and I notified them, in the course of the service, of my intention to stay in that region till they recognized me. I urged them to send to Salt Lake City and import talent to defend them if they had not sufficient in the locality. Waxing more bold than wise perhaps, I told them we expected to be able to preach there when some of them dare not do so.

The result of my persistence or obstinacy was that a debate was finally arranged for between Elder Rupert Brown and myself on the polygamy question. He left me to choose the place, and he was to arrange the time. He agreed publicly that it should be a fair issue, he to represent authoritatively the Brighamite and I, the Josephite Church. Salt Lake City was then named as the place and we left him to set the time. He agreed to come to the city in a couple of days to select a hall and publish the time.

After waiting some days, without getting word from him, I wrote to him for explanations and learned that President John Taylor had forbidden him the liberty of representing their church and of holding a debate in Salt Lake City. He expressed his willingness to meet me in the country schoolhouse fifteen miles away, and agreed to afterwards come and repeat it in Salt Lake City within thirty days on his own responsibility, *should I desire it.*

With the last item, over his own signature, in my possession I agreed to go and meet him. We held for two nights, when he seemed to have run out of matter, or to have discovered that his stock-in-trade was valueless, and he announced a close of the discussion.

I then rose and challenged him to meet me the following Saturday and commence on the subject again in Salt Lake City, producing his letter to prove his promise. He admitted the promise but declined to fulfill, assigning as a reason that it might sour his employer's feelings to go off again so soon, and the expense of hall, travel, etc., were more than he could stand. I then agreed to extend the time for two months, to provide a hall and meet all the expenses, but he would not consent to again discuss with me, and the matter so ended.

I was satisfied with the result of the short contest. Brn. Anthony and Deuel were present and said it was a pronounced victory, but there was not much credit attaching to a victory for vanquishing an enemy so poorly equipped as was Elder Brown. He understood the use of his weapons well enough, but they were not calculated for a conflict with a "Josephiter." [On my last trip to Utah, in 1885, I went to Union Fort and preached in the absence of Bishop Phillips, he having taken a vacation to escape the clutches of the deputy marshalls. I called the attention of those present to what I had told them years before, about my preaching there some time when they dare not. A few of them winced when we remarked that the tables were turning and the "Josephites" were getting on top.]

Calling on the Methodist minister at Provo, the use of his church was asked for. He offered it conditionally; was willing that I should fight Brighamism hard and steady, knock it into fragments, so that there would not be enough left to sweep up, but did not want me to present those "peculiarly distinguishing features" of our faith, by which any "orthodox" body would be antagonized. He did not wish the Book of Mormon or Joseph Smith and like questions to be ventilated.

In reply I told him that the English of all that, as I interpreted it, was that I was to denounce heresy and sin, not because they *were* heresy and sin, but simply because they happened to have lodgment in the Brighamite Church, that, if I happened in my preaching to run across the like anywhere outside of that church, I must not notice it. It was the location of the wrong and not the wrong itself I was to antagonize. I added that he might keep his building closed till the day of judgment, if those were the conditions, for my liberty was worth more than his house. If I went in, my liberty must go in with me.

This sudden change in the appearance of his visitor from the attitude of a humble applicant to that of an independent preacher of a truth he esteemed bigger than a Methodist chapel, rather took him by surprise, and, as I rose to leave, he intimated that he was anxious to be liberal and guessed I could have the church anyhow.

Thus I entered untrammeled and preached without regard to the proximity of either Mormons or Methodists as such.

So unexpectedly successful was the effort in securing large audiences, that the minister requested me to fill his Sunday appointments, which I did, continuing until compelled to send for Bro. Blair to come to my aid, as I was wearing out from constant preaching every night and twice on Sundays.

Springville was my next point, where Bro. Blair came to relieve me again, and in each of these places we kept up running appointments for some time. At each place I baptized several persons and thus continued until the fall of 1880. Bro. Blair was in charge of the mission, and I found him to be what I had always believed and still believe of him, a man of sterling integrity and one whose love for the gospel overreached every other consideration and made him a willing toiler and endurer for its sake. He was a splendid president, companion, counselor, and coworker.

My preaching during this misssion was rather of the radical stripe, and many persons feared that I would meet foul play at the hands of some reckless dupe of priestcraft, but fear on that score never troubled me. One evening a young man, answering closely to my description, was stabbed, when passing the alley next the Salt Lake theater. It was on the evening of my regular appointment and on the line of my regular home journey.

When reading the account next morning in the paper, it struck me that possibly the aim was for me, and on the following Sunday I was quietly approached by a gray-bearded gentleman, who called my attention to the circumstance, and informed me that it was intended for me. He said he knew whereof he affirmed but was not in a position to tell anything. He wished us prosperity in our work but would not openly avow it. He warned me against going out alone after dark, and advised that I always take the road rather than the tree-shaded sidewalks. I thanked him for his interest but told him to rest easy for no harm would come to me. I don't know how much or little of truth there was in his statement; but one thing I believed; namely, that I would return to the church in the East in safety. One reason for this was because I accepted the following vision given to a sister, as being from God:—

She saw a large building and just in front of it a large deep pool, like a cesspool. The corruption seemed to have worked into the basement of the building. While looking at it and wondering what it meant, she saw me enter the building and go over to a table and write my name in clear characters on a sheet of clean paper which was lying there. I then went outside and stood by the side of the pool, surveying it for a moment; then I stepped down into it and started for the opposite side. She trembled for me as she saw me go down deeper and deeper, yet fearlessly until I could barely hold my chin up out of the filthy flood. I then, as I passed the midle, began to step up, the pool becoming shallower as I neared the other side. As my shoulders, arms, body, and finally my limbs and feet came up, she noticed to her astonishment that my clothes were as clean as when I stepped into the pool.

Just as I reached the shore or solid landing on the other side, a most beautiful woman, arrayed in neat and becoming attire, and with joyous expression on her countenance, appeared, and, putting her arms around me, embraced me affectionately, and retired with me. The vision then vanished.

If the building represented the Utah structure, the pool its doctrinal philosophy, and the beautiful woman the Reorganized Church, then all is clear; for I recorded my name in the center of their stronghold; I waded chin deep into their abominable heresies; I came back without moral taint from contact; and was welcomed gloriously at the fall conference upon my return.

During my stay I had baptized thirty-five persons. To Him who made all this possible for a stripling elder, I here, as often before, ascribe my gratitude and praise.

(To be continued.)

THE SAMARITANS: THEIR HISTORY AND RELATION TO THE JEWS.

(Read before the Literary Society at Independence, Missouri, July 8, 1892, by Miss Bertha Mills.)

THE district of Samaria at first included all the tribes that accepted Jeroboam for king and extended from the sea to the Desert of Syria and from Bethel to Dan on the north.

Jeroboam, after he had returned from Egypt and had been made king over the northern tribes by common consent, at once became as great a builder as David had been. He proceeded to fortify the city of Shechem, made that place the royal residence, and built up the city so that it became the rival of Jerusalem.

The valley of Shechem is the most beautiful place in all Palestine; between the mountains of Gerizim and Ebal the vale is narrow, in some places only a few hundred feet in width; toward the western extremity of this lovely vale lies the comparatively modern city of Nablous, a continuation of the city of Sychar of Jesus' time.

The ancient Shechem with the well of Jacob near it, stands near the eastern roots of Gerizim. The whole tract is delightful, but as one nears the two sacred mountains, Gerizim and Ebal, the scene grows surpassingly grand. The vale is well watered; springs may be seen bubbling up at every turn, and the growth that gives color and point to the parable of Jotham is abundant throughout the valley. The spot is not only the most beautiful one in Central Palestine but the only beautiful one.

The kingdom of Israel was open to every invader on the north and northeast who chose to enter there, and, living so freely and on such easy terms with the Phœnicians and under the influence of Syria, the kingdom easily took to heathen customs and forsook its God. Thus it was in constant peril from their enemies and the calamities that are to be feared by a nation falling into idolatry.

As the neighboring empires of Syria and Assyria grew in strength, Israel was in greater peril. From time to time invasions were made and some of the people carried captive; but the real downfall of the kingdom did not occur until the reign of Hosea, when the Assyrian monarch came down upon the land with his legions and besieged Samaria for three long years, took it at last and led the people away in bondage, planting them in his own cities. He then proceeded to people Samaria with people from his own colonies. The name Samaritian had become contracted as the kingdom was divided from time to time until only Samaria and a few villages were left to the name, and even these were wiped out by the Assyrian king in the reign of Hosea.

The newcomers were idolaters and brought their idols with them, and, from the beginning of their dwelling there, they feared not the Lord; therefore the Lord sent lions among them which slew some of them, so that they spake to the king of Assyria, saying, "The nations which thou hast removed, and placed in the cities of Samaria, know not the manner of the God of the land; therefore he hath sent lions among them and behold, they slay them, because they know not the manner of the God of the land."

When the king heard this he commanded that one of the priests of Israel be carried back to teach the people the manner of the God of the land, and the priest dwelt in Bethel and taught them in the fear of the Lord.

But they endeavored to combine a formal reverence of God with the practice of their own heathen rites, and hence never became pure worshipers of Israel's God.

When Judah and Benjamin returned from the captivity and began to build the temple, the Samaritans asked permission to assist in the work, and, on being refused, they petitioned the king of Assyria to have the work stopped, and from that time "the adversaries of Judah and Benjamin" became open enemies.

This was probably the real beginning of the hatred of the Samaritans by the Jews, and, from year to year, the feud grew more bitter.

After awhile the people of Samaria sought an alliance with the returned Jews with whom they intermarried.

When the Mosaic law as to mixed marriages was enforced, Manasses, a Jewish priest, who had married the daughter of Sanballet, chief of the Samaritans, headed a procession to Shechem, obtained permission of the Persian king to build a temple in Mt. Gerizim, made a copy of the five books of Moses, and taught the people the law of Moses.

This mixed community then began to claim descent from the patriarchs and a share in the promises; this is confirmed by the woman at the well speaking to Jesus of "our father Jacob."

Having, as the Samaritans did, the advantage of occupying a position sacred in history (Shechem), surrounded by the tombs and memorials of patriarchs, it also being the most beautiful and fertile part of Palestine, they used it as a means to annoy the Jews. They refused a passage through their territory to pilgrims going up to the feasts; they defiled the temple; and finally welcomed the invasion of Alexander the Great and offered him their temple for a heathen fane, which resulted in its final destruction by the Jews.

The Samaritans continued their worship in the mountain with neither temple nor altar, keeping the annual feast of the passover. It is quite probable that they had mixed with the Mosaic ritual many of their idolatrous customs.

The old feud between the ten tribes and the house of David was renewed with double hostility by the Samaritans. Shechem and Jerusalem, each possessing rival claims to sanctity, were the centers of animosity.

We learn from the conversation of the woman at the well and Jesus that the Samaritans were well acquainted with the prophecies and the teachings of Moses; and were fully expecting the Messiah and knew that, when he came, he would tell them all things concerning the kingdom. Christ did not treat the Samaritans as outcasts, but, in several incidents, we find him rendering services unto them, and it seems they were generally willing to accept him as the Christ and the Savior of the world.

"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

BY ELDER J. C. CLAPP.

READING the article in the April number of *Autumn Leaves* (1892) with the above caption brings to my mind a story that was related to me many years ago while a missionary to Oregon, and as it is so similar to the one in the *Leaves*, I will "tell it as it was told to me."

I had gone to preach at a town called Brownsville in Linn county, Oregon, and there made the acquaintance of the Rev. H. H. Spaulding who was one of the early missionaries among the Nez Perces Indians. I spent a week with the old gentleman at his own house, and heard from his own mouth the following:—

About the year 1829 or 1830, a medicine man (who Mr. Spaulding said was considered a prophet among the Indians) had a vision in which he said the Great Spirit told him that the book of God had been taken out of the ground, away at the rising of the sun, and that it contained a record of their fathers, and that they should send and get the book.

They accordingly called a general assembly of their tribe (Nez Perces) and appointed four of their braves and most stalwart young warriors, and sent them on their strange mission.

These young braves went over mountain and prairie, till they arrived at Palmyra, New York, and there they told their story and made known the nature of their mission to some of the Presbyterians, and when the Bible was presented to them, as being the book of God, Mr. Spaulding says they looked disappointed, and returned apparently disappointed in the result of their mission.

The Presbyterians, however, sent out to them Dr. Whitman and Rev. Spaulding as missionaries.

They established the Lapwa mission in Nez Perces county, Idaho, reduced the Nez Perces tongue to letters, and printed the gospel of St. John and a small hymn book in that language. Dr. Whitman (after whom Whitman county, Washington, was named) was murdered by Indians at the instigation of Catholic priests

who established a mission some time after in that part of the country.

Mr. Spaulding showed me the two little books referred to, and also his "Numbers" as he called the history of his missionary work among those Indians, as published in the Albany Journal, and in number sixteen, I also read the statement of the facts here given. The Albany Journal was then published by a man, Judge Picket, who will be remembered by some of the Saints. I had the venerable old gentleman, Mr. Spaulding, in the stand with me three evenings while I spoke on the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon, and on the last evening, I quoted from his history, number sixteen, and the old gentleman seemed greatly astonished when I proved that the vision of his medicine man was a fulfillment of propecy in the Book of Mormon, "The Spirit of the Father will begin to work among the Lamanites to to bring them to a knowledge of their fathers" etc. I have since seen the little book above referred to, used by the native preachers, who are of the New School Presbyterians. They have a hymn in which mention is made of the four young warriors, and their long journey, appointed by the Great Spirit to get the "book of God away at the rising of the sun."

Mr Spaulding died a little over a dozen years ago at the mission he helped to establish early in the thirties, but he will be remembered in that country as a brave and godly man. Of the four braves mentioned in the narrative, but one lived to reach home.

TULARE, March 28, 1892.

PUT YOUR TRUST IN THE LORD.

Put your trust in the Lord, his power is great,
And his goodness and love never ending;
Through Jesus, the Savior, your case must you state,
For your cause he is kindly defending.

Place your suit in his hands, no fee will he ask,
Save that you be as kind to another,
Should the time ever come that yours be the task
Of defending the cause of a brother.

Put your trust in the Lord and receive the glad word;
With the Father, for you, he is pleading;
Stand firm as a rock, your petitions are heard;
Never think, brother, now, of receding.

When the glad tidings come, "It is won! it is won!"
Be yet tempted and driven? No, never!
You'll share in the glory of Father and Son
And sing their sweet praises forever.

July, 1892.

MINA A. PERKINS.

REMINISCENCES OF PAST BLESSINGS.

BY SR. MIRIAM BRAND.

ATTENDING the reunion at Logan in the fall of '91, Brother Blair, in his sermon and instructions, told us it was our duty to testify and record the dealings of God to us and his blessings upon us. The Spirit also bore witness of the same to me. Although Sister Walker, knowing we had been blessed of the Lord in many instances, had kindly asked Brother Brand and myself to write a short account, I never wished to do so or thought it my duty until that reunion. But, thinking it may increase the faith of some (and especially of the young elders starting out in the work) to the honor, praise, and everlasting glory of God, I desire to record a few instances of his blessings to me and my departed husband; but where to begin in a life that seems to have been nearly all blessings, I do not know. Though I have had many trials and troubles, yet many of them I have afterwards found to have been blessings in disguise, and I now thank the Lord for all the great and innumerable blessings he has conferred upon me though so unworthy, and only hope they may be as Bro. Luff expressed it, as the rain, sun, and dew, to make me grow in grace and in the knowledge of God,

life, and salvation; for, in times of need and distress, "God has ever been a present help."

I was wondering where to begin, but the Spirit seems to say, "Begin with the time when you came into the Reorganized Church;" so I will say that, at that time, I was very sick with consumption, of which complaint I have lost in England two sisters, four brothers, and my mother, and I expected the same end myself, and most likely it would have been but for the healing power of God manifested then, and O, so many times since, that I am a wonder to myself.

I had made up my mind to write to my father in England (we were living then in San Francisco, California), to wish him good-bye as I expected soon to die of consumption, when, one morning before breakfast, there came to our house an elder of the Reorganized Church (the first we had ever seen) from the Sacramento steamboat. He told us he had brought us the gospel of hope, life, and salvation through the Reorganized Church, with young Joseph at its head as president, instead of his father. I need only say we had left Utah in disgust but had there been taught that David was to lead the church, so my husband disputed about the leader, and the elder took the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and proved conclusively and to our entire satisfaction that Joseph was the one to lead the church.

This point was investigated to the very bottom, and so convinced were we that it has ever remained with us as an anchor to our souls like the Rock of Ages. You could no more have moved Brother Brand from that position than you could move a mountain, but he defended it at all needful times.

After debating a long while, Brother Brand was convinced, and, after asking me if I had any objections to his being baptized, I gave consent and he was baptized the next day, the first man in San Francisco to unite with the Reorganization. Soon after he was ordained an elder, after which I asked him to baptize me, which he did, and thus I was the first woman baptized in San Francisco in the Reorganized Church.

The elder and Brother Brand confirmed me and while their hands were on my head, my sickness vanished and I felt like a new being insomuch that as Brother Brand passed and sat opposite me, he looked at me earnestly and at last said, "Miriam, what is the matter?" I replied, "Nothing is the matter now; my sickness is gone," and I sat upright and helped them sing a long hymn, and we both rejoiced and praised God together for such an unexpected blessing.

Next day or soon after Brother Brand took me down to the Golden Gate and I saw the Pacific Ocean, went all over the fortifications, and back home again, a distance of twelve miles, after which my husband thought I was certainly healed.

We soon after took a large corner store and I set up a repository of all kinds of fancywork, more especially netting, and succeeded so well that I kept my own store going and also supplied the largest ladies' store in the city with netting work. I could get plenty to help me in other kinds of work but could find no one to assist me in netting and orders came in so fast that I could not fill them. Then Brother Brand said, "Teach me the plain netting and I will help you whenever I can," which I did and he was good help to me.

Brother Brand had established himself as a doctor and dentist and thus we were making a start and in a fair way to make a good living. We next opened our house for preaching, others came in and were baptized, and it was not long till the "word of God grew mightily and prevailed." We were told, "Every tenth man you meet on the streets of San Francisco is an old Mormon," and it surely seemed verified; for Brother Brand had a knack of finding them out as they had of finding him so that it seemed that he had all he could do to talk and explain about the Reorganized Church, and I think I never saw such a lot of hungry sheep without a shepherd. The next thing my husband was wanted to give up his business and take a mission all around that country and around Petaluma. He consulted with me upon the matter. It was, indeed, a serious affair to think of giving up our home and our business, and all our earthly affairs as we were just making a good start, to throw it all away, as it seemed, and let him start out without purse or scrip to preach the gospel. O, dear! What could, what should we do! I told him that I could never be left there, that

I could not carry on the business alone, that I would have to give up mine, too, and what should I do? Just at this time, we received word from Brother Oman living at Petaluma where Brother Brand was wanted to travel, that they wished me to come and make my home with them and stay with his wife. They were wealthy farmers.

I was in trouble and distress and what could I do but "take it to the Lord in prayer?" When I did, the Spirit told me, "All flesh is in mine hands; be still and know that I am God." My husband declared that his mind was being taken from his business and all earthly affairs and that he felt he would rather go and preach the gospel, if the Lord wanted him, than to do anything else in this world and that he had no doubt the Lord would provide. If he went five minutes' walk on the street he had to be preaching the gospel to somebody. We prayed earnestly and the Lord showed us that it was his will for us both to give up our business and he would provide for me while Brother Brand was traveling and preaching.

So we closed up our business, sold off our furniture, paid our debts, started down to Petaluma on the steamboat, and found a hearty welcome at the palatial home of Brother Oman. After paying our rent, settling up everything and arriving at Petaluma, Brother Brand found he had about eleven dollars left, which he insited on my taking, saying he would start out on the gospel plan without purse or scrip. Then I had my trial in giving him up and seeing him go off, for I do not think we had ever been separated before. In vain he urged that he was leaving me in a good home and among friends. What were all these if he were gone? How could I stand it? But he had to tear himself away and start while I went alone to weep. The friends tried to comfort me by telling me I would soon get used to it, but I told them I never should, and I never did; for up to the time of his death, it was always a terrible trial to me and to him, also, to part, and had not the Spirit comforted us, I could not have stood it.

Brother Brand had now started on his first mission, and from that time until the day of his death he was always on a mission, except when I was sick and he had to come home to nurse me. He was an excellent nurse and, by the blessing of God, has brought me through many spells of sickness.

Brother Brand traveled and preached all around that country, gathered up the lost sheep scattered through that region, and was baptizing and bringing many into the church, till it seemed he could not get away from the water. Three times and sometimes four or five times a week, and always on Sundays, there would be a long procession, singing as they went to the water, for they all seemed to partake of Brother Brand's free, glad, and happy spirit, and often, on returning, they would meet more coming to be baptized, and he would have to go back and put on his wet clothing again. There was not much need of giving out a meeting except for Sundays, for, as soon as it was known that there was an elder there, they would all gather to the house where he was, and nothing but a meeting would satisfy them.

I will say that never before or since have I seen such a spirit of love, peace, and union as was at that time manifested among the California Saints. They had such love that I believe they would have died for one another. They seemed so happy and glad to be in the church again, as most of them had left Utah in disgust and said they felt like sheep without a shepherd. Often, before Brother Brand went to a strange place, he was shown in vision to some. As I have so much to write, I will relate only one instance.

Three men were working near together in a field when one of them turned and saw two men coming down the hill toward them. He called the attention of the others to know who they were, upon which they all stopped work and looked at the men. They were strangers, and after looking at them till they came pretty near, and thinking they would be up directly they resumed their work. But the men did not come. They looked again, wondering why they had not, when, to their astonishment, they had vanished completely away, and they said to one another, "Where are those men? I am sure I saw two men." "So did I, and so did I," the others answered. "I could tell the hats they wore and the very buttons on their clothes." "Well I am going over there to see if I can find any foot-

prints," but they could find none. The men were mystified and said, "We shall hear more of this." Then there came an earthquake.

The next day they were working near the same place, and, at about the same time, and down the same hill, they looked and saw these two men again. One of them said, "I will keep my eyes on them this time," which they did, when up walked Brother Brand and Brother Cook (I think that was his name; he was traveling with Brother Brand at that time). The men were so astonished that they could hardly speak while Brother Brand began saying, "We are traveling elders of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Can you tell us where we can find a place to preach?" One man said, "Yes, you can have my house to preach in." Another said, "I will send my boys around on horseback and we will get you a congregation. Come home with us." They aroused the whole country around there and these two elders preached and brought into the church not only these people but a large ingathering all around that country.

One day I was visiting and talking about the gospel at the house of a Saint, when I heard some one singing and riding up to the gate. I said, "Surely there is music in that voice" and away I ran to find my husband returned with a glad heart. I said, "Did you know I was here?"

"Yes," said he, "that is what brought me. You do not suppose you can go anywhere around this country but that I will hear and know of it, do you?" "Well," I said, "I cannot let you go away without me any more."

"I am come after you," he said. "Everywhere I go the folks want you to come and visit them and I have said you should come and some have promised to lend you a pony and side-saddle so that you can travel with me whenever you want to, and there are a hundred homes where you will be welcomed and can stay just as long as you want to and you can talk to the people about the gospel just as well as I can. I have more than I can do if I had ten tongues. Have you a riding skirt?" "No," I said, "but I will get one."

After that I traveled around considerable with Brother Brand, sometimes riding, sometimes walking and visiting the people both in and out of the church wherever they wanted to hear about the gospel. I now began to throw my whole heart and soul into the work and rejoiced to know I could do something to assist in the work of God, and I must say on looking back that the Lord abundantly blessed me, though there were plenty of trials and hardships to be endured. The Lord always provided a way and brought me safely through.

I will relate one instance: There was a Brother Robinson traveling with Brother Brand at this time. They had an appointment to preach twelve miles from where I was, so as they came up to the house I was staying at, I asked where they were going, and said, "If it is only twelve miles I think I will go, too."

"But we are on foot," said my husband.

"Well," I answered, "I can walk."

"Come along then, said they, and I was soon ready and we started for a twelve mile walk. Part of our journey was through the woods and the sun began to pour its rays upon us so that about noon I began to feel a little tired and hungry, when Brother Brand said, "We will find a log soon, and then we will all rest." We soon found a nice one and I sat down and said, "I feel a little hungry. Why cannot the Lord feed us here as well as the children of Israel in the wilderness?"

Brother Brand said, "Hark! what is that noise?" Brother Robinson thought it was a team running away, and indeed, it sounded as though somebody was in great haste. I said, "We shall soon know; they will be here in a minute, when up drove a man with a wagon. He stopped right before me and picking up a handful of apples and saying to me, "Catch," he threw them into my lap, and kept on till I had a lapful, and I exclaimed, "O stop! That is plenty! Thank you!" He then gathered up the reins and drove on but not so fast as when he came. I said, "Come and have dinner, brethren. Here is something we can all eat."

Brother Brand and Brother Robinson, who had been looking on in wonder and astonishment, and had not said a word, now spoke up:—

"Did you know that man?"

"No," I said, "I never saw him before, but I had not much time to look at him,

for he poured the apples into my lap so fast I had to look out for them." They said it was a heavenly look and countenance he had whoever he was.

We all fell to eating the nicest, largest, juciest apples I had ever tasted, and the brethren declared it was food and drink both, and that we had as good a dinner as they wanted. We rejoiced and thanked the Lord and went our way, while I silently lifted my heart in prayer and praise to God, for I did acknowledge his hand in it.

(To be continued.)

BEATRICE WITHERSPOON.

CHAPTER VI.

MISCELLANEOUS.

O playmate in the golden time!
  Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet;
  The old trees o'er it lean.
The winds so sweet with birch and fern
  A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
  The song of long ago.

My Playmate.

THE foregoing chapter is the only unpleasant one I have to record in my childhood. It frequently occurs that the children who quarrel most while young become the best friends when they grow older; and so it was with my brother and I. The time came when each was the confidant of the other. Our sorrows were made lighter and our joys brighter when shared with each other.

The events of the following summer are blended together in one long happy day, with a long, long twilight, in which a dozen or so of little children accompanied by one or two of the mammas went more than once, down to the creek, a secluded little nook where the tide found its way over the flats, making a splendid bathing place. Such fun as we had, splashing about in the water. Anon, we were down to the shore, or rather on the bank just above it, to see some vessel drift leisurely around the "bend" and ground on the sandy beach, bringing to some of the group either father, brother, uncle, or cousin.

What a charm those homeward-bound vessels contained, and how delighted when we could go on board and have our pockets filled with hard bread, by the generous cook, and sometimes get an orange, or a "Yankee apple." But what sorrow and mourning when one of those home-owned, and home-manned vessels went to the bottom of the sea, taking sometimes two or three of the same family! Then the little village would be draped in mourning, and all would share in the sorrow.

Such scenes are too sad to linger over. So I will pursue the group of children, as they go a little farther up the beach to watch good-natured Uncle Asa caulk the seams in the sides of weather-beaten vessels as they lay broadside on the beach, where the tide had gone out and left them "high and dry." Again, we were in the little green pasture just back of the house, near the far end of which was a clump of spruce and birch trees, and some scattered alders, which we dignified with the name of "woods." Mayflowers and a few wintergreen berries grew there in the early spring and soft green moss too. Later in the season we could gather strawberries where the blossoms had not been eaten off.

Many happy hours were spent in this little pasture, where "Bett" and "Mag," our two cows, quietly grazed. But poor "Mag" soon came to grief, because of her pernicious habit of kicking over the pail of milk which she so generously gave. There also were kept our few sheep, old Mary, the mother of the flock, black Sophy, and Amy Ann and her little lamb. They were very gentle and would follow us about and eat from our hands.

A peculiar old lady by the name of James, "Mammy James," the children called her, kept her cow in our pasture, and used to come over and milk her there, morning and evening. She was nearly blind and was a great snuff taker. Every child in the village was familiar with the sight of her oval-shaped tortoise shell snuffbox. One of the pleasant eventides, when the sun had sunk from sight and the twilight lingered, we four children had been enjoying a ramble in the pasture, whether for mayflowers or

moss and ferns I know not. But the time had been pleasantly spent, and we lingered till the shadows began to deepen about us. Then we went homeward. While skipping along the girls spied something in one of the cradle hollows, which, in the dusk of the evening, looked like an oval-topped box. Sophia sprang forward exclaiming:—

"Mammy James has lost her snuff-box!"

She picked it up. When, lo, out came a head and a lot of legs. With a scream, she dropped the box, and did not stop running until she got home, much to the amusement of George, who knew it was only a harmless little mud turtle that had gathered itself up in its shell and gone to sleep for the night.

The days of this happy summer were spent in school; but I remember very little about them. Our teacher, Lockhart by name, was a man who seemed to take very little interest or pride in his calling. He did not seek to win the love of any of his pupils, much less that of the little ones. So it was more of a relief than otherwise for the juvenile class to get out of the close schoolroom into the open air. The pleasant scenes of those twilight hours eclipsed the day and their impress remains while the days have been forgotten.

During this summer an incident occurred which remains in never fading letters on memorys' pages. A carpenter was at work in our house, finishing the chamber. He was a friend of the family and very fond of children. I had often sat on his knee while he trotted his foot and sang: "Miss Miss Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?" and other similar ditties. Because of these favors I took the liberty of bothering him a great deal while he was about his work, by way of hanging about his workbench and nearly getting under his feet after the curling shavings, almost before they fell from the plane; by hunting about among the shavings for little smooth blocks to put in our playhouse; and by asking if I might have this, that, and the other. Generally I did the begging for the three of us, yet he never got cross with us but once. The house was about ready for the masons.

This day I speak of, he had been finishing a large clothes closet and had put up three broad shelves the whole depth of the closet. These were principally for laying quilts and blankets on in summer time when not in use. We thought they resembled bunks in the side of a vessel, and inwardly resolved to try how they would do to sleep on as soon as he left off work. But it seemed as if he never *would* leave that night. He was not in the habit of working after supper, and we, supposing he had gone home, went up stairs. He was still there and how long he was fussing about before he got ready to go! All seemed to be completed at last, and when he turned to go down stairs he took the precaution of sending us three conspirators down ahead of him, and he shut the closet door as he came out. But it did not take us long to go out the back door, whisk around the house, enter through the front door and go up stairs again, though we crept up very easy. It appeared that he was not coming back the next day, and he had put his tools on the lower shelf for safe keeping.

"O," said Sophy, "see his planes are on the shelf, and we can't go there."

"I guess we can take them off again," said Tamza, who never allowed trifles to make her give up a purpose.

Suiting the action to the words she soon removed them to the floor and climbed up onto the top shelf. Sophia took the second and I the lower one, which was about three feet from the floor. The boards were so white and smooth, and having been all nicely sandpapered we really thought they were soft. It was a warm summer night: and, though the sun had sunk behind the hills some time ago, the twilight still lingered. As we lay there in the close room, enjoying our stolen retreat as only children can, we dropped to sleep.

When the carpenter went below he sat down to have a friendly chat before leaving. Mother "wondered" several times where the children were that she did not hear them about any place, when it was so near dark. But she thought that we would come in soon. As the last rays of twilight were fading, Mr. Irish arose to go, but remembering that he wished to take one of the small planes home with him he returned to the chamber for it, saying in answer to mother's offer to get a light for him, that he knew just where it was, and needed no light. He

walked into the closet and put forth his hand to where the plane should have been; but, instead of finding the plane, his hand rested on a head of tumbled hair. The start it gave him, and the novelty of the situation amused him some at first; but, when he found his kit of tools, which he was so careful of, piled down in one corner on the floor, he was quite displeased, and he helped us down and out of the closet pretty suddenly, saying we would have the shelves all broken down before they were finished. When he told mother where he had found us, she opened her eyes in astonishment saying,

"I wonder if there is anything that will escape those children!" Turning to us she said, "You might have fallen off and broken your necks, if Mr. Irish had not found you there."

"We didn't 'tend to go to sleep," said one of the truants who was then more asleep than awake; "we was only tryin' how soft the boards was."

(To be continued.)

I CLIMB TO REST.

Still must I climb, if I would rest.
The bird soars upward to his nest;
The young leaf, on the tree top high,
Cradles itself within the sky.

The streams, that seem to hasten down,
Return in clouds the hills to crown:
The plant arises from her root,
To rock aloft her flower and fruit.

I cannot in the valley stay;
The great horizons stretch away.
The very cliffs that wall me round
Are ladders unto higher ground.

To work, to rest,—for each a time,
I toil, but I must also climb.
What soul was ever quite at ease,
Shut in by earthly boundaries?

I am not glad till I have known
Life that can lift me from my own.
A loftier level must be won,
A mightier strength to lean upon.

And heaven draws near as I ascend;
The breeze invites, the stars befriend,
All things are beckoning to the Best;
I climb to thee, my God, for rest!

LUCY LARCOM.

PRACTICAL PAPERS.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

"Arise therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee."—*David.*

"My Father worketh hitherto and I work."—*Jesus.*

Robert Selkirk wrote, "Blest work! If ever thou wert curse of God, what must his blessing be?"

IT was an old time idea that labor was imposed upon man as a mark of God's displeasure; but we are not inclined to that idea. In the fifth verse of Genesis second chapter mention is made of man and earth-tilling ere any curse had been hinted at. Work is not drudgery; labor is not disreputable. Work has crowned this world with immortal beauty, and set diamonds in the crowns of human effort. It sparkles with a radiance nigh like unto the divine. Work has developed genius, art, mechanics, and displayed remarkable skill. It has burdened the earth with its fruitage, and glorified it by its achievements. Well may Selkirk have written as he did!

Work is an educator of character in a practical way. It cannot be formed containing any power for desirable or noteworthy ends without work. The Infinite worketh; his Son worketh; why not *man* the creature? All the universal wonders of nature are the result of work! It is a law of our being, the living principle that carries men and nations onward. It is the seed from which germinates all human progress. Work means action, action implies life, life is force, and force means to move—most assuredly. So onward, and upward is the course of human experience.

The beauties of Eden; the tower of Babel; the walls of Babylon; the swing-

ing gardens thereof; the temple of Solomon; the pyramids of Egypt; the obelisks; Sennacarib's palace, all meant work! And where would be the pride and glory of nations without work? A curse? A blessing!

Some people may look upon work as being a burden, but has not all effort an attainable result? Every work we do brings some degree of satisfaction, if no more than that we tried. The housewife at her domestic work finds a satisfaction in that she arranges matters to her taste. The mechanic, the farmer, the artist, the sculptor, the scientist, all their work is productive of desirable results that bring them reward.

The greatness of man lies in the channel of work! Outside or independent of it there is no greatness, nor honor, nor reward. The Emperor Severus, on his deathbed at York, gave as a final watchword to his soldiers, "Laboremus," that is, "We must work!" That motto uttered by him—filled with the energy, enthusiasm, and power of Severus—maintained and extended the power and authority of Roman generals. Fired by an indomitable will to work for future reward they pushed out and on.

Sloth never made its mark in the world save as a snake leaves trace of its course in the grass. It never climbed a hill nor surmounted a difficulty. Indolence is a disgrace to anyone. Indifference toward effort is despicable. No one of intelligence was ever born for inactivity. Motion is of universal extension; and that movement is not objectless. Worlds move; air moves; rivers flow; fountains play; oceans have their tides,—work is the law of life. Stagnant pools emit miasm, engender disease, and are dangerous to the public health. Burton wrote: "Idleness is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, chief mother of all mischief." Who will venture to negate its truthfulness?

Idleness curses all who are afflicted thereby. There is no independence of character about it, nothing worthy of imitation; it possesses nothing commendable; it is fraudulent, an impostor; a destroyer of happiness; it is illegitimate; it seeks to foist its victims upon worthy and active people for support. It degrades the mind, debases the intellect, debauches one's existence; yet it has its admirers and worshipful devotees everywhere, who create our paupers and criminals quite largely and necessitate very undesirable conditions.

Lord Stanley of Glasgow said: "I don't believe an unemployed man, however amiable and otherwise respectable he may appear, ever was or ever can be, really happy." Happiness is not the product of inaction, there may be something palm itself off for that, yet it yields no satisfactory results. Results are what everyone should look for; not the thing now being done; but its possible outcome, will it meet our most respectable expectations; will it give us a desirable return? If such we may name it? Stanley further observed: "As work is our life, show me what you can *do*, and I will show you what you are." That is quite a legitimate test. It may not universally apply; but to a great measure it is true.

The greatest men of history, and those now passing into history, have been and are men of sturdy action; and their energy has become contagious. There were and are men of vigorous thought and work. An unused tool rusts; the one used is useful because of condition favorable to labor being executed therewith. "Arise therefore and be doing." It is written of Martain Luther, the brilliantly daring reformer and papal denunciator, that amidst all his theological, moral, and literary toils, he *earned* his bread by gardening, building, turning, and even clock work, (quite unlike his ministerial successors.) He said to an abbott at Nuremberg, "The drunken Saxons need to be constantly reminded of what real time is." There are those to-day who require equal reminders. "Time is money," if well employed; and often employed wisely it cannot be valued by money standard. Time spent in acquiring useful, wise knowledge, in enlarging the intellectual horizon, brightening the darkened spots, illuminating the soul, doing noble manual labor, active in art, in literature of pure sort, all bring blessing and honor. If all persons shall render account for every idle word spoken, as well as every idle hour lost, what a record!

Sir Walter Scott's maxim was, "Never to be doing nothing." Think of the rural loafers and city loungers! Does Scott's maxim hit them anywhere? Think

of the gossiping men and tattling women! Think of the curiosity gazer and catechiser. Think of the "meddlesome Matties." All doing but doing nothing—good! All active but in the wrong way! Look for their harvest at reaping time and what a store of eternal nothingness!

Robertson, the historian, at the age of fifteen adopted the maxim: "Life without learning is death." How true! Who, reared in ignorance ever truly lived? What is life if not enlightened? What has ignorance done for the world—if anything at all. It has had to be governed, if governable, by the intelligence of another. Ignorance goes through the world groveling like the animal of instinct only. The learning of something useful to do is worth everyone's attention. To do, means to be; to be, implies work; work bespeaks effort, energy, perplexity, reverses, success, terminating in triumph. Life without learning is death. Without some knowledge of history we are dead to the past, dead to its glories and failures. Without an avocation a person is dead to mechanical or commercial possible achievements. Without knowledge of geography we are dead to the material world. Without learning of mathematics we are dead to the means of computation. Without culture we are dead to the refinement of life's better influences. Without learning of God and Christ and the gospel we are dead to all spiritual goodness and the glory of its possibilities. Without learning to be moral we are dead to the excellencies of human nature. "Life without learning *is death*." With all thy getting, get an education!

Voltaire's maxim was: "Always at work." But I would not advise the young folk to be always in the kind of work he was to some extent engaged, the work of pulling down the altar of faith in Christ and New Testament Christianity. He strangely boasted that with one hand he could overthrow the superstructure of Christianity that required the hands of twelve men to rear. Of course he did not do it. But Voltaire was a busy man in other and better respects.

Here is a beautiful sentence from Professor Coleridge: "If the idle are described as *killing* time, the methodical man may be justly said to call it into *life* and moral being; while he makes it the distinct object not only of consciousness, but of conscience. He organizes hours and gives them a soul." Let the reader so far as he or she may be able to present vividly before their vision the idle and methodical person and contrast the disparagement existing between the two. How inglorious and stupid the former, but how noteworthy and grand the effort of the latter! Actually giving the hours a soul that they might speak to their giver, and shower upon his head a blessing, he made it possible for them to confer. He makes it the distinct object of consciousness, and better still of conscience, to call the hours of time into life; that is, not to let them all pass by unoccupied to some specific purpose. As they pass on and on, throw into them a boomerang of some noble action that shall redound upon him in honor,—stimulating him for further work and more arduous tasks, if need be.

Work cannot be a curse to anyone, for labor has sure reward. It has been and is the lever that moves the world. What progress, glory, honor, or power could be to mankind without it? What to call for a development of skill, a use of genius were it not for work! "Blest work, *if* ever thou *wert* curse of God, *what* must his blessing be?" Among the world's greatest workers, whose products have enlightened and blessed the race, are such men as Steele, Prior, Tickell, Galileo, Galvani, Farini, Ariosto, Gifford, Chaucer, Cowley, Sir John Lubbock, Samuel Bailey, Daru, Sully; all these who labored hard and well, as historians, in materia medica, government, philosophy, astronomy, scientific antiquarians, etc. The reward of their toil has settled about them as a halo of glory. We have had great laborers in religious work, men of thought and action, Whitfield, Tyndale, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Burnett, Scarlet, Necker, Wesleys, Joseph Smith, etc. The great primitive workers, as the apostles, and Paul, Timothy, John, Polycarp, Justin Martyr, Clement.

Look at our great list of generals, mediæval and modern; our rulers, conquerors, national founders; men of thought, study, research; men of WORK! They were men of tact, and shrewd ability; men of perseverance, devotedness, courage, self-control; then with an object in view, of high aim and noble results; men for life's

conflict and its crown of conquest; characters who well knew that every crown of reward, of honor to be worn meant a preceding cross to be borne. As the good William Penn put it, "No cross, no crown." How long and gloriously live the names and memories of such great characters, impressed upon the hearts of millions of the race. The thought of their labors, as history recounts the story, moves one's heart to tearful expression, grateful unto God that such noble images of himself have blessed the world; that there have been human souls actuated by so many noble impulses as to unwittingly pose themselves as benefactors, not of self, but of the human race. They placed themselves upon the altar of sacrifice, that through their offering blessing might come to future generations!

If God works, why should his creature be ashamed to assume the task? "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." So said the Immaculate One. The work he did for man in his specific line has made possible other work that might never have been done. Aside from secular work, we should work for the interest of the cause of Christ, and do it as he has directed. "In every nation he that honoreth God and *worketh* righteousness, is accepted with him." "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." "So we built the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof; for the people *had a mind to work*."—Neh. 4:6.

People can do if they *will;* be it much or little. If they have not a mind to work they will not. Who is it that *truly* loves the cause of God, and refuses to work therefor? "Be strong all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work; for I am with you saith the Lord."—Hag. 2:4. So saith the Lord to his people today. Who believes it? Who will work for him, for his church, and for their own souls' salvation? In fact they can't do the latter by neglecting the former. "Let us not grow weary in welldoing; for we shall reap by and by, if we faint not." For

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies;
And we mount to the summit round by round."

(Papers concluded.)

BEYOND RECALL.

I have shut the door of my heart,
And locked it with keys of doubt.
I am lonely enough within,
And you are alone without.

There's a feel of storm in the air.
Poor child, you will fear it, too;
You cannot come to my arms again,
'Twill be lonely enough for you.

You will lose your way in the dark;
My love was your guiding light,
And now you are all alone
In the storm and coming night.

It is safe and warm within,
(But the door is bolted fast,)
I am restless and full of pain,
And I wish that the storm were past.

I almost wish that again
My arms could be opened wide,
And you would come, as of old,
For shelter and love inside.

You will lose your way in the dark;
I almost wish you could see
The light that I hold; but its flame burns low—
'Tis scarcely enough for me.

I wish, oh! I wish it quite,
I long with exceeding pain,
To hold you again, to forgive you again,
To love you with might and main.

Come in—I unbolt the door;
Come back—for I throw it wide;
You are lonely, so lonely, I know, without,
And I am alone inside.

Again and again I call.
Why do you make me wait?
The fire is burning, and love is here,
And the hour is growing late.

You will never come back again?
Is that what the silence saith?
I have shut you out—I have shut you out
To loneliness, dark, and death.

Grace H. Duffield, in Sunday School Times.

THE BENEFACTION OF SCIENCE.

BY REESE WELLS.

THE earliest authentic history informs us that the Chaldeans, or the people of the First Babylonian Monarchy, made considerable progress in the arts and sciences. We see that the mind of primitive man was not idle, but reaching after knowledge. Although his advantages were not equal to those of the present age, yet he utilized his means to the best of his ability, and the people were benefited by the men who made the initial efforts. And those researches have continued, and greatly increased to the present time.

But to us the sciences of the ancients appear in an undeveloped state. They were, however, a foundation upon which is built the sciences of to-day. The age of the race may, in a degree, be likened to that of its mother earth. The mind of a child is incapable of grasping the thoughts of a man. Or, as a great man once said: "When I was a child I spake as a child, I thought as a child, I understood as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things." Just so it appears that the Creator had a wise plan in view; for when the earth was in its childhood, its children were in their childhood of intellect. Thus we see the harmonious works of the Omniscient One. And not in this alone, but in all his works there is concordance, and, as the earth, age after age, has folded away the leaves of time, its people have increased in knowledge and understanding until now, when men of all classes and rank can boast of the learning, art, and invention of the present century. Right here I might mention that some men, failing to observe any good in others of which to speak, have spoken of their own; or, in other words, they have boasted of their intellectual ability and morality. If they ever pray, this is the sentiment of their hearts: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." There is no appreciation of science in such a being, a man seeking renown and popularity. Men who have bequeathed to the world the best discoveries have been slow in their announcement of the same. For an example, I would refer you to Kepler, the great astronomer, who, after his discovery of the three laws of heavenly bodies, exclaimed: "The book is written, to be read now or by posterity I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer!"

With the ancients, there existed seven sciences; namely, grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music. Of these the great writer, Pope, said: "Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven, and though no science, is fairly worth the seven." But history shows us these were diligently pursued by men of genius. And though the results were crude and imperfect, yet the people were benefited proportionately by the researches which were circulated by means of manuscripts; and later, by the simple printing press which widened the circulation of the literature of science.

But how shall we determine whether the sciences be true? Science, it is said, is knowledge or truth ascertained. Regarding this, the grandest character of earth said to his Father, "They word is truth." This being true, if so-called science does not agree with the truths of heaven it is not, in reality, science. As proof of this, I refer you to the following: The Prophet Jeremiah said that the stars are countless; to-day it is admitted that they are countless. The Psalmist said, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." And further, Job said, "The earth hangeth on nothing." But pagan scientists said that the earth is rectangular; that it rests on four elephants; that the elephants stand on an immense tortoise; and the tortoise rests on a coiled snake. Which was right, pagan or Christian? Let later science give answer. Since the first chapter of the Bible was written, eighty systems of geology have been exploded, and to-day scientists admit that in that chapter is to be found the actual succession of the evolution of matter as traced in the different strata of the rocks. Science, then, is progressive. It calls the attention of mankind to revealed truth, and thus its benefaction is seen in

the part it plays in establishing the divinity of that truth.

With science, art is closely allied, and the two are often confused. It has been well said that "Art depends on skill and practice;" also, "Art inquires for the sake of production, but science for the sake of knowledge." But they are both investigations of truth, one being the perception of truth, the other the demonstration of it. Hence, science is more concerned with the higher truths. From this we can readily see that the benefactions arising from science are steadily increasing, for men are seeking the higher truths.

But however great, science can never create a truth. As our Creator is eternal, so is his truth eternal; and the truths that are hidden are but waiting for man in his inquiring and dissatisfied nature to unfold them to the world. Think of a man inventing or creating a circle or square or creating the fact that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.

Perhaps the question may have already occurred to your minds, "How is science beneficial to mankind and truth when eighty systems of geology have been exploded?" And again, it is true that science once declared that the Mosaic account of creation is false because of its claim of a universal climate having once pervaded the earth. The Garden of Eden theory was untrue. They knew of our frozen extremes (the poles) and thus their theory was thought to be worthier of credence than is the Bible's. Nevertheless, grand truths lay undiscovered and undeveloped. Truly, an error could not benefit humanity, however honest or vain its adherents. The benefaction comes in this. An abiding restlessness, a disposition to question and investigate false positions has resulted in the truth being reached by reason of a ceaseless delving into the hidden treasures of knowledge. Later science concludes the truth of the Mosaic account after finding in the earth's strata and icy regions of the north the undoubted evidence that a universal climate did once pervade the earth.

When truth is reached, the scientific mind is then at rest with reference to it, and the world of learning is benefited. Do you ever hear of a man doubting Kepler's three laws, or seeking to disprove them? Are we not satisfied that planets revolve in an ellipse with the sun at one focus, or that two and two are four? Truth never supersedes itself, but always harmonizes, and till that harmony is reached, the mind is restless and energetic, spurred forward by the hope that the pearl of great price can be found. Science has been and is bringing about that harmony and in that view it becomes our benefactor. We ought to admire and revere the motives, the fearlessness of toil, the courage and the inspiration that gave us what we have. Who knows but what some of those grand men were inspired of God in their work?

With the lamp of truth and the oil of experience forever ours and in our hands, what may this generation or future ones not accomplish? What can we bequeath to futurity? Are we only to be benefited? Ah, no! That same spirit of investigation will strive with man until the *ultimatum* has been reached.

TWO LONELY GRAVES.

IN the northern part of one of our Central States lies a pretty little farm which has not been under cultivation many years. It is mostly prairie land with small groves in the southwest corner, among which is nestled the cottage of the owners. Naturally a beautiful place, care and culture have made it a pretty country home, quiet and secluded. With the hum of bees and the songs of birds one feels that peaceful rest that is not known in the noisy, dusty city.

But it is not of this part of the farm that I intend to tell you.

In the eastern part on a sloping hillside are two lonely graves. Nothing marks the resting place of those that sleep there. No marble tombstone is reared above their heads to tell how, when, or where death took them from this world. No beautiful roses bend their lovely heads above them, and, on Decoration Day, no loved ones come and strew these graves with flowers. But, instead, the rustling

corn waves over them in the pleasant days of summer, and, when winter comes, Nature covers them with her pure white mantle of snow.

The exact spot where these graves are is not known; for many years have they been unmarked, and now are almost forgotten. The story of them is now and then told by some one who has heard it related by some old settler, and this is it:—

About thirty years ago, perhaps longer, when most of that country was a wild, uninhabited place, when only a few settlements were made and those far apart, one morning there might have been seen two travelers. They were on foot and poorly clad. They approached a stream which they crossed and then, keeping straight ahead, crossed a strip of prairie, and, entering the woods, came in sight of a small log house around which were gathered several men, resting from their morning's work in the field and waiting for their noonday meal.

The two travelers, after some hesitation, went slowly up to them and asked for something to eat.

"Where are you going?" asked one of the men, while all looked suspiciously at the somber faces of the two dark men, for they were negroes.

"To Canada," was the reply, "and we would not bother you but we are almost starved and trust you will have mercy on us."

"We cannot let you pass," said one of the men, pulling out his revolver. "We have orders to arrest all runaway slaves, to take them, dead or alive, and I presume you are such."

"We are," replied one, "but you will not take us alive. We have determined to die rather than return to slavery."

So saying he took from an inside pocket a revolver and his example was followed by his companion.

All were now interested and each man drew from its place of concealment his weapon and each thought of the fifty dollars reward for each runaway slave.

"You must surrender," was the word.

"We will not as long as breath is in us," was the answer, and the stalwart form stood erect while a defiant look was in his dark eye.

"We have started to a free country where all men, either black or white are treated alike. We only ask you for a little food to help us on our way. Starvation stared us in the face and drove us to ask help of you. It is in your power to help us or hinder us. Death is preferable to returning to our cruel masters and a life of slavery. Will you help us?" "We cannot, and we ask you to give up without any trouble for we cannot let you go," said the men. "We cannot give up our liberty; it is more precious than life, we will fight till we die," was the firm reply. Whatever else was said by the two parties, I do not know, but, in trying to escape, the two men were killed, one instantly and one lived only a few hours. Thus they proved what they said. Death was sweeter to them than slavery.

The deed was hardly done when the captors were sorry for the course they had taken. They never thought but what they would give up and could be easily taken but after the fight once began, it did not end until the two dusky forms were deprived of life. Then they the white men repented, but it was too late.

So they put them in a wagon, hitched a yoke of oxen to it and went several miles away and on the hillside made two graves, and without coffin or shroud laid the weary travelers away to their quiet rest, there to await the resurrection morn when all shall be raised and judged according to the deeds done in the body and not according to race or color. And who shall say the last deed of those black men was not as brave and noble as was our forefathers who fought and died for liberty. And were they not as commendable, as was Patrick Henry, in saying, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

"CELIA."

IT is better to be coherent than consistent. Every one who has a strong personality, who has positive views and independence of action, is sure to say and do things inconsistently. But inconsistencies may cohere. The states of the Union might be called inconsistent, in so far as they, as states, think and act differently from one another under similar circumstances; yet it is because of their coherence that the United States is constituted a strong nation. So may the coherence of inconsistencies constitute the strength of an individual personality.—*H. Clay Turnbull.*

CACTUS.

BY T. S. BROWN.

"A GENUS of plants, remarkable for their large and beautiful flowers, and the grotesque shapes these plants often assume." So says Webster, and for once two great men (Webster and myself) are agreed.

The first cactus I ever saw was the little dwarfed specimen in our eastern flowerpots. The next was probably four or five thousand years old, preserved in the coal deposits of Iowa. Have you ever noticed it? You come across a lump of coal netted or seamed on one side or having curious indentations at regular intervals where the cactus has been pressed down upon the great mass of ferns and other tropical plants which once drifted in swift water currents till stranded upon some low island, and then, over the whole, has been cast, first a clay deposit; then the current has changed and the drift of soil deepens till time, and weight, and chemical action have changed the whole mass of vegetable matter beneath into what we know as coal.

A person traveling through Arizona will see cactus in wonderful profusion and in all the "grotesque shapes" imaginable. There are the small varieties some shaped like stars, others like balls. Then there is the "rattlesnake" variety, the common "paddle" and the great tree cactus, probably the most interesting of all, as this is the one that assumes the grotesque shapes. Even from the car windows of the Santa Fe line, I have been able to discover nearly all the letters of the alphabet, and some of them often repeated, all made from a single stem of tree cactus.

Nature seems to delight in sending up a straight shoot, from six to eighteen feet high, and then pushing out, at a fine right angle, a long arm, perhaps six or eight feet, and almost, if not quite, as large as the trunk itself, say from six inches to a foot in diameter, with not a leaf nor small twig upon them. The trunks and limbs end almost as abruptly as though they were sawn off, all a bright, glistening green, and all varieties carrying the inevitable spines or thorns. Even the so-called thornless variety has them in plenty.

Beautiful flowers? Yes, indeed, about the size of a large rose in the common varieties. There are as many colors, probably, as there are among roses, and they are, also, singularly like them in appearance, but have a singular bloom upon them something like the hollyhock only much softer and finer. The blossoms are soon followed by what is known as "cactus pears."

Many claim to like this fruit when it is ripe, but the writer considers it very insipid, and, as your lips are quite certain to be driven full of bristles, almost too small to be seen yet giving considerable pain and annoyance, cactus pears will probably remain more of a novelty than a luxury.

Cactus beds, as they are called, are the home of a great variety of insect and animal life. They furnish food and shelter for a great snail which I have never seen elsewhere. Then there are mice and wood rats, with their curious markings in white stripes, the cunning ground squirrel, a variety unknown in the East, and rabbits, wildcats, and serpents, including rattlesnakes, all seeking its friendly shelter.

And there is an owl which seems to know no other home. A stone, thrown into a cactus bed, is almost sure to bring out one or more of these pretty creatures, white beneath with a very light brown on wings and back. They flutter up awkwardly with a little screech and, flying away, drop down in the first clump of cactus they come to.

The secret of this plant's being chosen for a home of these smaller and more timid animals is its terrible armament of thorns. Even the hungriest coyote in hot pursuit of poor frightened bunny, stops abruptly at the edge of this friendly asylum unless, perhaps, he be young and lacking wisdom. In that case, he is liable to back out from among them hastily, having acquired a dozen or so of needles which he has no use for, also a considerable experience.

Even man has used cactus as a defense. The old mission, San Gabriel, (of which I may write you at some future time,) was enclosed by a mammoth variety of

this plant, making an inclosure of several hundred acres. This served the double purpose of a fence, being set in rows about ten feet wide, thus making a fine inclosure for stock, and at the same time, warding off the attacks by man as it was perfectly impregnable until cleared away by hand, a very slow and tedious process.

But it is no longer needed for such a purpose. The glory of the missions has departed; its Indian slaves are widely scattered; innumerable gaps appear in the great hedge, and through some of them "Nahum's chariots" "run like the lightnings."

POMONA, Cal., April 22, 1892.

TO A DAISY.

Golden-hearted little flower
  Nestling in the meadow grass,
Gathering sunshine ev'ry hour
  From the sunbeams as they pass.

Down among the grass and clover,
  You, your lovely robe assume,
Sprinkling all the meadow over
  With a wealth of snowy bloom.

Sweetly sing the birds around you;
  Waves the grass above your head;
  Gently fall the rain and dewdrops
  Down upon your emerald bed.

Through the pleasant month of May,
  In your dainty dress of white,
Like a happy child at play
  You the heart and soul delight.

MINA PERKINS.

May, 1892.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

CHAPTER XII.

I have not seen, I may not see,
  My hopes for man take form in fact,
But God will give the victory
  In due time: in that faith I act.
And he who sees the future sure,
  The baffling present may endure,
And bless, meanwhile, the unseen Hand that leads
  The heart's desires beyond the halting step of deeds.

—Whittier.

The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
  Our thirsty souls with rain:
The blow most dreaded falls to break
  From off our limbs a chain,
And wrongs of man to man but make
  The love of God more plain.

—Whittier.

AT the conference of 1880 or 1881, the question of sending out only the Twelve and Seventy on missions until no more available men were found therein, was discussed and the rule obtained. I favored it, though by it I was excluded. My belief was that if there were men outside of those quorums more worthy of missions than some within, the Lord certainly knew it and he should be consulted upon the matter, with a view to having the unworthy ones within removed and others substituted.

I did not believe that good men should be barred from service because drones occupied the quorums from which selection was to be made; but it was evident that unavailable men held many of the places, and it seemed to me that the best way to force a necessary change, by getting drones out and workers in, was to support the above legislation and thereby compel the work of reconstruction in order to honor the law and, at the same time, make room for willing workers.

That such was the result is evidenced by many names, probably forty or thereabout, that were dropped from the Seventy within a couple of years and the enrollment of a larger number of "minute men." My name was several times proposed, but I refused on each occasion, because the way seemed dark when I thought of it.

During this period, however, I busied myself in looking after home interest, which had been seriously neglected. My youngest daughter, Ethel, was afflicted with a serious deformity, known only to her mother and myself. We had often prayed regarding it, but no change came, and we feared to allow her to grow up to womanhood and reproach us for not remedying what was in our power to correct when she was a child. Hence we resolved that I should take her to Chicago or elsewhere for an operation. I had not the money, however, for such a

trip and felt despondent. Just then, or shortly after, I received unexpectedly a letter from a gentlement, far distant, containing a draft for seventy-five dollars to be used for my family's benefit, and forbidding any mention of it. I had told him about my trouble some time before. He claimed, however, to have been impressed to send it. Of course I was delighted and thankful. My wife agreed with me that it looked like a providential interposition to meet the emergency before us. It was, therefore, decided that I should take the child to an institute. One evening I again anointed her while she was asleep, and together with my wife prayed for the removal of the trouble, so that we might not be under the necessity of submitting to an operation at the hands of men.

Imagine, if you can, my ecstasy, when, on the following day, my wife told me the trouble had been removed. Upon examination I found her statement to be correct, and together we rejoiced in being thus remembered of God. I immediately wrote to the gentleman who had sent me the money, told him I was of the opinion that he had sent it because of the need I had spoken of in a former letter, and, as God had kindly healed my child, the necessity was removed, and I therefore returned the draft, not being willing to take advantage of a generosity so admirable.

I needed money, for we were trying to build, but could not use that with a clear conscience. In less than a fortnight, however, we received another letter from my friend expressing his gladness over our own good fortune, but declining to receive the money back, and, instead of so doing, he increased the draft to one hundred dollars and asked me to do him the favor of using it in improving or building my house, which we did.

Later on in the season, our little one took sick and, though able to move around and play occasionally, I seemed to have a premonition of her approaching death when looking upon her, and communicated the fact to my wife. For several weeks she gradually failed, but kept upon her feet, so that but few noticed the decline until her weakening limbs refused to support her, and she was compelled to submit to the inevitable and go to bed. We committed her to God in prayer and the ordinances of his house, calling elders in for that purpose and then obtained the service of a competent physician, who candidly informed us that it would be better to avoid distressing her with medicines; for, though she might linger for a long time, there was no earthly remedy for her disease.

Within a fortnight thereafter, her sweet spirit took its departure and we mourned the loss of one of the most intellectual and attractive children we had ever looked upon, though she was hardly ever known to smile during the two and one half years of her stay with us.

We buried her on Sunday, the 6th day of November, 1881. It was the first time death had entered our happy home, and his visit cast a gloom over our feelings that we had been strangers to before. On the following Sunday morning, however, another little daughter came to our home to try to fill the place made vacant by death, and its advent was hailed as though it had been sent directly from heaven to console us in our hour of sadness. We called her Hattie. She is now in her tenth year.

Others have since been added to the household, but as I sit at present writing, nearly two thousand miles from home, and not having seen her for about a year, I feel again the joy of that hour when first her black eyes opened before me, and seemed to say, "I come to make you happy. God sent me."

She proved to be a mischievous bird; but whether I found her, afterwards as the years sped along, in the tree top or on the barn door, or turning summersaults on the lawn, or with arms akimbo, swinging her hat and trying to outrun the fleetest of her companions; whatever the predicament into which her roguish nature led her, there always came a thought, when I discovered her therein, that softened my indignation and tempered my correction. Sometimes her mother has approached me and asked if I did not think "just a leetle bit" more of that "Tomboy" than I ought. Perhaps she is right, but I can never forget the special joy with which her advent thrilled my heart, and I have always felt like letting her "make me happy," as that was what her twinkling baby eyes once declared her mission to be.

While free from General Conference

appointment, the time was spent in serving as branch and district president, by selection of the local bodies, and my work extended to several points quite distant from home. Meanwhile the branch at Independence kept growing by additions from abroad and baptisms occasionally, until the body felt sufficiently strong to care for a General Conference, and asked for the privilege of doing so. Accordingly the sessions for April, 1882, were appointed and held there.

It ought to be here stated that, at that conference, I was appointed a mission to Texas, Arkansas, the Indian Territory, and other points in the mission then presided over by Elder Heman C. Smith, but, with the exception of about six weeks, spent in the Indian Territory, the appointment was not honored. Some events transpired shortly after conference which made it about impossible for me to go, and under the counsel of the First Presidency I remained most of the time near home.

During this time, my brother, John, who had been living for some years on Manitoulin Island, Lake Huron, came to Independence and aranged to send for his family, which he had left behind, while prospecting in the West. He and his wife had heard me preach one sermon in Toronto about four years before, and it had stayed with them and produced an appetite for more, which he now had an opportunity to satiate.

While he remained, our fall conference convened at Lamoni, which I attended and at which I was reappointed to the Utah mission.

Returning home preparations were made to go as soon as possible and an evening or two before the time set for my departure, my brother came to me and requested baptism. This was a privilege to be appreciated, and with a gladness uncommon I performed the rite. A short time after my departure for Utah, his family arrived and located in Independence, and in a few weeks his wife was baptized and made happy with him in the gospel. Her brother was the Methodist minister referred to in an earlier part of this autobiography, with whom I was associated in revival meetings in the little cottage chapel, where the dialogue occurred between myself and my old chum, James Robinson.

Arriving in Utah, I was received and welcomed in the house of Bro. and Sr. Robert Warnock, where for several months the bounty and hospitality of their home was shared by me. A change had come over the scene in Salt Lake, however, since the time of my former visit. The new chapel had been built, and we were no longer dependent in this respect, but the interest in hearing seemed to have died out or nearly so. The attendance at public preaching averaged from twenty-five to fifty and no effort we could make seemed to improve the situation.

We therefore found it necessary to devote more time away from the city in places where people were more willing to hear. Bro. Blair still presided over and directed the mission, but the ministerial force was so limited (as, indeed, it always has been in Utah) that no systematic effort could be made. The needs of the mission seemed to demand a prolonged effort, and I was urged to move my family there for a couple or more years. Help was promised me for that purpose, and I finally consented. My wife reluctantly yielded to persuasion and came along, when we moved into a small tenement and tried to keep house.

This proved to be an unwise move, for about seven months later, my brother's wife died in Independence, leaving him with five small children, and very ill-prepared to attend to them. After duly considering the situation, my wife returned there with our three children, to help care for the motherless ones. Upon returning, however, she found them in kind care of my sister, Mrs. Hattey, where they remained. I then was invited to make my home again at Bro. Warnock's, and did so, and never was minister treated more kindly than was the writer during his stay. During this second mission to Utah which lasted about twelve or thirteen months, I traveled a portion of the time with Brn. H. N. Hansen and Thomas Burt. Salt Lake City, Union Fort, Sandy, Lehi, American Fork, Pleasant Grove, Provo, Springville, Spanish Fork, Payson, Salem, Nephi, San Pete Valley, and Beaver to the south, and several points northward, between the city and Ogden, were visited and labored in, besides Malad and Oxford in Idaho.

Nothing of unusual importance oc-

curred, though I baptized thirty persons. Prejudice ran high. The Edmunds Bill legislation made us enemies, because of the presence of Brn. Z. H. Gurley and E. L. Kelley at Washington during its deliberation. The *Deseret News* volunteered the prediction at first that the presence and labor of these brethren in the halls of national legislation would amount to no more than the barking of two diminutive canines; but no sooner had the bill become a law than all Utah reverberated with the echoes of the *News'* howling. *The Josephites had done it all*, and we were politely informed in a couple of places that if the Bishop would but advise it, the parties addressing us were ready to shoot us like dogs. We took it for granted that the Bishop did not so advise for we are still unslaughtered.

We thought then and still think of the Utah people as an honest but badly deceived community. Their leaders have fed them on false doctrines and bolstered them with false hopes. The confidence they had in the pure gospel which, when received in others hands, brought them the Spirit of assurance and peace, was taken advantage of by the leaders, who crowded themselves between the people and the objects of their faith, until finally the priest was made to appear larger than the priesthood, and priesthood gave place to priestcraft.

God, Christ, the gospel, and everything else were made to take on just such form and complexion as criminals in authority desired, in order to reach certain ends. It was one of the most cruel impositions ever practiced upon a confiding and honest people. To-day, after about forty years of wandering (Polygamy was first publicy proclaimed in 1852) the masses of deluded ones, who have been pointed to first one false bait and then another, all for the express purpose of preventing them from going to God and being undeceived, are notified (by the abandonment of polygamy) that they must go back and begin again just where the first falsehood was told them by the manufacturer of the fraudulent theory. They are mortified by the discovery that polygamy's God cannot keep faith with them. His luring was to dishonor and defeat, while their leaders were the first to flee and leave the dupes exposed when the inevitable calamity came.

It was hard for a Josephite to convince the people of it then, but they can now hear it in the murmurings of every breeze that blows. One point we tried to impress upon the people was that, in order for Jehovah to authorize or indorse their theory, he must turn his back upon the record he had made for himself for thousands of years. On one occasion I found it necessary to burn this thought in upon some parties who were strongly advocating the divinity of their nastiness, and it was done in this wise: After securing their frank admissions that up to 1843, whenever God had clearly spoken on the subject of polygamy, he had condemned it, I then quoted the words of Jacob from the Book of Mormon, where he advises the polygamists to arise and "shake themselves from the slumber of death and loose themselves from the pains of hell, lest they become angels to the devil and be cast into that lake of fire and brimstone which is the second death." With this evidence, placed alongside of that from the Book of Covenants and the examples in the days of Adam, Noah, and Nephi, I maintained that God was always on the monogamous side of the controversy, and Satan on the polygamous; that Satan was interested for nearly six thousand years in making angels to himself and peopling his lake of fire and brimstone, while God was equally in earnest in warning people against being ensnared thereby—until 1843. This was not denied.

I then remarked that while some men had been known to go to the extreme of believing that even Satan himself would at last be converted and receive some kind of reward, it had been reserved for Utah Mormonism to project the astounding theory that after six thousand years of unwavering opposition God Almighty should face about and, without even suggesting a compromise, should become a convert to the Devil, and announce that Satan's angel-making, hell-filling philosophy was the only means of securing highest favors at his divine hands.

To this I added that if the Brighamite idea was correct, then Satan was the paramount power and instead of our trying to be friends with a God who could at last be converted from his six thousand year record, we ought to bow the knee at

once to Beelzebub, who was certain of final conquest. To avoid this consistent conclusion I must necessarily reject the premises which Brighamism furnished.

But, thanks to an overruling Providence, Brighamism, to-day, with its cargo of unfulfilled predictions, its freightage of blasted hopes, its interminable record of broken confidence and the ruined faith of multiplied thousands, who are to-day feeling among the mazes of spiritualism and other forms of atheism, like blind men seeking the wall; notwithstanding its load of responsibility, too heavy for human hefting or measurement, is nearing the time of its most paralyzing discovery.

It now sees through the mist, but the fog is dissipating and when a clearer vision of God dawns upon it ere long, it will behold him as an antagonist, the hater of its practices, root and branch. The Utah ministers say that the Jews will be astonished some day over the discovery that the wounds in their Messiah's body were received in the house of his friends; but I believe a greater surprise awaits these very ministers. They have yet to learn that Christ's body (church) received its most cruel piercing at their own hands. What must their consternation be, if they have conscience left! Then, perhaps, the long-despised "Josephite" will be respected and honored by the remnant which will be saved from the ruins of apostate Zion.

The writer has never felt so great an interest in any field as the one in Utah, and if returns do not yet come from there, such as shall show warrant for the labor, sacrifice, and endurance exhibited by the Reorganization, he will be most grievously disappointed. If it was his will, I would that our heavenly Father might send one final appeal through his chosen prophet to the Utah people and open the way that every ear might hear it; for I cherish dearly the thought that there are still thousands there who have not yet become permanently deaf to the Spirit's entreaty.

While on this second mission to the valleys, my health failed me for a time. The water in many places was heavily charged with lime and alkali, and I am of the opinion that my suffering was largely attributable to a too liberal use of it for drinking purposes. Of this I am not certain, however. I have become fully convinced that my habits of preaching have been injurious and would prove hurtful in any country.

To remain for an hour or more under such heavy nerve tension as has characterized my efforts, night after night, and suffer the loss of sleep that is thus occasioned, and made worse by changes from house to house and from bed to bed, will, in a few years, wear out any constitution as weak as mine. I have suffered almost everywhere from it, and still I continue the folly, to some degree, finding it hard to preach, without giving liberty and latitude to brain and nerve as occasion may excite. I am wise enough in understaning the wrong; but foolish enough to fail in applying the remedy; hence I must suffer while I remain, and probably shorten my stay.

By the use of such remedies as were suggested to me by my tender guardians, Bro. and Sr. Hudson of Salt Lake City, Sr. Sterrett of Pleasant Grove, Sr. Gammon of Provo, and others, I was in a short time relieved of acute pain and enabled to continue operations till the fall of 1883, when I returned home to Independence. There I found my family well and remained for some time.

While at home I found it necessary to dispose of the place I had secured, because of the mortgage upon it, and with the amount left to myself I made first payment upon another place. This I also sold in a couple of months, and so continued, each time making a little, till I finally secured a home close to town, though still under heavy mortgage. These operations continued till August 1884, at which time I left home for Canada and Michigan on a mission assigned me by the conference of April, preceding.

While I made considerable money, sufficient to have cleared my house from debt, had the means been so applied, my little store was drained by drafts from other sources, which, though legitimate, left it impossible for me to reach the goal I had aimed at so devoutly; viz., a home free of debt. However, I could no longer delay, so, leaving things as they were, I started for my native country.

I must not fail to mention here that just about a month before starting, another little cherub came to our house and claimed permission to stay. She was a little blue-eyed tot, and her coming added

to the attraction of home and made the good-byes linger more tremblingly on the lip, as I turned to go. We had given her the name of Melissa Permelia, and she really looked as if that was about all the cognomen she could bear up under, but with passing years she has gathered strength and is now as rugged as the rest, and her presence has helped to make the sorrow of parting greater several times since that day.

I landed in Toronto, my old home city, on the evening of August 17, just in time to witness the ceremony that united my youngest sister, Mattie, in marriage to Mr. Thomas Smellie, a contractor of that city and an excellent man. Of course, it was a surprise all round. I found present some of the wealthy relatives of the family, who, as I walked before them, expressed astonishment at the change that had come over "little Joe." They had scarcely noticed his development while their prophecies of ill regarding him had been melting, and still less were they prepared for the amazing change that eight years of gospel life and light had wrought in him; but how mother's eyes sparkled as she witnessed the attitude her boy was enabled to maintain before them when the conversation turned upon the intervening years and the influences at work which had silently wrought the change so apparent. Well, we tried to put the work on record and assign it the credit. Whether the effort will result in a showing for good or not, I know not, but shall so hope.

Having but a couple of days at my disposal, I hurried forward so as to assume my share of the burdens of the mission. Bro. John H. Lake was in charge and under his direction I labored. I attended the district conference at Alliston and followed with a series of meetings in the chapel there. The town was all agog over the approaching election which, by the acceptance or rejection of the "Scott Act," was to go "wet" or "dry." This gave me an opportunity to get our work on record. By invitation, I spoke to a large audience one evening in the public hall, occupying the platform with Rev. G. Webber, a Methodist minister, with whom I had been acquainted formerly in Toronto. From thence I moved to Holstein, after having the satisfaction of seeing the town go "dry."

Here I met with Bro. Willard J. Smith and labored a short time in his company, continuing my work in that neighborhood also after his departure. From there I went to St. Mary's where, as formerly stated, I occupied the church just purchased by Bro. Robert Brown. I continued services there, till finding myself failing, I sent for Bro. Arthur Leverton, who came promptly to my help and did excellent service.

Three persons had already been baptized whom we confirmed. Together we went thence by sleigh to Carlingford and afterwards through a blinding storm to the home of Bro. Geo. Brown, some twenty or more miles further. At each place we held meeting and then returned to St. Mary's, where we continued laboring for a short time together. Bro. Leverton is an able advocate and defender of the faith, and gifted withal in the open manifestations of the Spirit, and is just such a companion and helper as makes missionary life enjoyable even under disadvantages. His genial spirit and happy methods are factors of value. He ought to be out continually. The work is safe in his hands while he maintains the integrity of grip on right that has characterized him hitherto. My labors thereafter took in Usborne, London, Corinth, and Toronto.

From thence I moved into Michigan and preached in Lansing, Juniata, and Brown City. Here I again met my old and tried friend and brother, Robert Davis. I found him under a cloud, however, and suffering intensely. Our old and very intimate acquaintance with each other caused me to make his trouble my interest, and I inquired and learned from his lips everything connected with his spiritual decline.

I felt uncommonly sad, for from him had I learned the first practical lessons in this work. Together we had tramped the dusty roads from town to town, sometimes as much as thirty-two miles in a day, with our satchels strung on sticks over our shoulders; together we had turned into the timber scores of times and poured forth the anxious longings of our hearts into the ears of the God of Sabaoth, and together we had endured the scorn and derision, publicly and privately, of those who delighted to make the gospel the target for their abuse. A

hundred times had the old man advised and persuaded and reasoned with me, as together we trudged along the corduroy roads and swamp patches of Michigan. He had told me that some day I would hold one of the first positions in the church, and he was jealous of the record I should make while on the way up. He was as a father pointing out the slippery places and fitting my feet to stand. Need I repeat, reader, that I was sad to find him in trouble? His love for the work had not waned, nor his anxiety to push it ahead, nor yet his willingness to sacrifice; but he had made a serious mistake and was suffering the consequence. I prayed with him, and told him he would be restored in time and have time and opportunity to redeem his reputation, and that he could count on all the help I could give. He feared, but thank God, he has since had opportunity and embraced it and is yet as active as his enfeebled body will allow him to be. He is waiting for the reaper and ready for the garnering. God keep him till the final hour!

While visiting Bro. Davis I also met with Brn. John, Richard, Samuel, and Thomas Hartnell whom I had fellowshipped with in Canada years before. They were in the lumbering and shingle mill business, and seemed to be prospering. It was good to meet with them again.

While on this trip, I made the run to Saginaw City and called upon a couple of old acquaintances, Mr. and Mrs. Ahrens. The former was foreman of the cigar shop where for a year and a half I had stemmed and hooked, and rolled and smoked tobacco, sixteen years before, and I found him the proprietor of a successful business, and very glad to see and entertain me for sake of "auld lang syne."

After this I returned home to Independence. It was now March, 1885, and the General Conference was to be held there in the following month; hence some preparation was necessary.

(To be continued.)

IN EGYPT.

ONE day in Egypt is spent in a visit to Heliopolis, one of the most interesting places in the land to the bibical student. It is out of Cairo, seven miles to the northeast. The city is repeatedly mentioned in Scripture, under the names Aven, On, and Bethshemish. It is now known entirely by its Greek name. It was anciently renowned for its literature, its temples, and its priesthood. It was to Egypt what Cambridge is to England—the University city, and in its schools Plato, Solon, and Eudoxus were educated; Moses, also, was probably instructed there, in all the lore of Egypt, and fitted intellectually for that career of greatness to which God had called him.

We started out one morning in a carriage. A swift-footed fore-runner went in advance, with a huge horsewhip in his hands with which he lashed dogs, donkeys, and even men and women, uttering at each turning point a peculiar, warning cry, that all less important personages than ourselves might clear the way and give us free passage. Soon we were all outside the city limits, in the open country, and at once transported to Bible times. The same old way of drawing water; the same old way of threshing wheat; the same old way of plowing up the ground—no improvement in four thousand years.

The fertility of the soil is wonderful. All that is wanted is *work* and *water*. Wherever a drop of water falls, a flower, or a blade of wheat seems to spring spontaneously, and if a company of Yankee farmers, with the improvements which have been made in agricultural instruments, could take that country, they would make it in ten years the garden of the world.

At Heliopolis there is little now to see. At one time it was one of the wonders of the earth. But time has swept its glories away and little is left. One of the obelisks which formerly stood here, we have seen, was removed to Luxor, thence to Paris; two went to Alexandria, and were dedicated to Cleopatra, but have again been removed, one to London, and the other to Central Park in New York; three are at Rome, one adorns the terrace

of St. Peter's, one stands in Porta del Popolo, and the other is in the grounds of the Laterau. At Heliopolis there remains but little. The splendid temple of the sun, the groves of statues, the avenues of sphinxes, are gone; one tall obelisk, the sheik of obelisks, the Egyptians call it, remains just where hands now dead placed it, four thousand years ago. The palace of the young Hebrew dreamer, the halls which Plato occupied, and which Strabo is said to have inspected as late as twenty-four years B. C., are all swept away. The grand shaft bearing a monarch's name down through forty centuries alone remains.

Near Heliopolis is a tree of great age, known as Mary's tree. Under it Mary and the infant Jesus are said to have rested in their sudden flight into Egypt. It is a tree of immense size; its boughs are all covered over with the names and and initials of travelers, and may have been here in the first century, as a thrifty sycamore will live many centuries. What a comment on man! The hands which planted this tree have been paralyzed for eighteen hundreed years, *but the tree still lives*. The men who sculptured yonder obelisk have been dead four thousand years, but the shaft is as perpendicular as when set up!

DEPARTMENT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

WILL the Department of Correspondence be continued? We can only answer conditionally. Your new editor has assumed charge of it *on trial*. It takes "push" and spirit on both sides to carry it on. The editor cannot furnish the entire motive power to keep it going, neither can the correspondents, but if the latter show their appreciation of the department by sustaining it with their contributions, the editor will be strengthened to do the work required. Do you really want it continued? Do you feel the need of it and appreciate the opportunities it offers for your pleasure and improvement? Then there is nothing easier than to sustain it. Will you try now to see if it shall be continued? You need not feel obliged to write on the subjects being discussed. If you are not interested in them introduce new ones in which you are interested. Write on those subjects that occupy your own mind, of things that come under your own observation, whether in nature, in art, in science, or the everyday incidents of life that may illustrate the point you wish to make; you will be sure to strike a responsive chord somewhere. Your letter may not at the time seem so desirable as some others. Do not therefore feel slighted, but willingly, cheerfully leave it to the judgment and discretion of the editor what will be best for the general good; remember it is that for which we are working, and don't say, "let those whose letters have been favored with insertion do the writing." Right here should be displayed the spirit to which I refer as being indispensable to success; for, if each one whose letter may fail of insertion should cherish feelings of slight and disappointment and resolve to write no more, the department must of course fail in spite of all the pushing that the editor may bring to bear. A really appreciative spirit, not only of your own efforts but of the editor's, will induce you to write again, and your letter this time may be exactly what is needed to complete the department.

Bear in mind that the department is intended to give you opportunities for gaining experience as writers, and therefore not only those who are capable, and there are many such, are welcome, but those also who feel their deficiency and desire to improve. No amount of private correspondence can furnish you with the like opportunities for improvement in composition and in the discipline of the thinking faculties. Even should your letter never appear in print, the exercise of the mind required in its preparation is educational and of benefit to you. Private correspondence to cheer the hearts of a few is all right as you have time for it, but if you are thus capable of cheering the few, think what good you might do by just one letter to the department where it would reach thousands of eager readers. Think of these things, and, in conclusion remember that the new editor has taken this on trial.

WE are kindly permitted the publication of a letter from a father to his daughter, on the subject of card playing. It is so excellent that we are sure you will all be pleased to read it. He displays the subject in all its aspects to the mind of the young girl and leaves her free to reach her own conclusion, just as our heavenly

Father does with us. This to our own mind is the secret of successful teaching and training, leading the young mind to think. We would be pleased if the brother will furnish the department with similar letters occasionally, on other subjects.

Dear Daughter:—In regard to your question as to learning to play whist.

I have never learned to play it, but I have played about every other game, such as crib, "seven up," euchre, forty-five casino, pitch, muggins, poker, etc.

They are accomplishments that I have no use for now and have not had since I obeyed the gospel.

I am some surprised that Prof. ——— allows the girls to play it while they are under his care; he is usually so strict.

Whist is a game that is played a good deal and is popular in "society" and probably is not particularly *per se*, although the kind of cards used in whist is the same that is used for all games of cards in gambling from the lowest "dive" in a city slum, to the gilded palace where such work is carried on.

The evils of such things are largely in the associations and surroundings and where they possibly lead to. Not everyone who indulges in an occasional social glass comes to misery and woe, but, if those who do come to such bad end had never taken the first step, they would have been safe.

Bro. ——— now traveling with me tells me of his brother's wife who, after she was a married woman and mother and a Latter Day Saint learned to play cards in a social way and, step by step, went the downward course until she brought up in the gutter. Her husband had to leave her, her children shunned her, and she is now a wreck. It is terrible to think of.

Some can indulge in what are apparently innocent amusements and no evil come to them as in my own case. I could take a drink of cider and even beer and maintain my equilibrium. I have all of these things to think of now as I answer your question. I don't know what latent fire there may be wrapped up in your nature. You are simply human and susceptible to the same things that the rest of humanity are, more or less.

You have thus far gotten along without the pleasures of the ballroom, without any great sense of loss to yourself or injury to character, and escaped the probable dangers and pitfalls that many as worthy a girl as you has fallen into, causing their lifelong sorrow.

I did not dogmatically say to you that you should not learn to dance. You kept away from it by your own volition, and you are now satisfied with the results. It may be a strong attraction to you to play whist by way of being social and not appearing odd among your mates. A disposition to be of a social turn, you doubtless inherit. I do not want to suppress it in you, but can you afford to run the risk of what card playing does, in many cases, lead to? Cannot the time spent in that way be put to a much more profitable use, such as improving the mind by studying of some good book when so many are to be had and already within your grasp, the study of some work of art, painting, music, and kindred things that minister to the improvment of mind or even the body that will tend to increase one's power for usefulness? Time is valuable and life is too short to waste in that which is of no real value and is so transitory as card playing. If one ninety-ninth part of the time spent in whist were spent in your closet in secret prayer and communion with God, where you can drink from the fountain of pure knowledge, (say for instance you read a chapter or two in the Bible or Book of Mormon,) when you are in society such as I hope you will be in most of your life, how much better you could adorn the occasion by an intelligent remark upon such topics, than to be able to tell which card will win in a game of whist.

You can spend a lifetime among pure-minded and intelligent people and the accomplishment of whist never be needed for one instance. All the card playing I have learned, and I can play nearly every game, does not make one single point of fitness for me in life now. I have no use for them at all.

As a saint of God by virtue of your baptismal vow, higher things need your time and attention. My duty is to point you to the *highest* and best that I am capable of. To point to anything less I would be recreant to trust and duty. Treasures of wisdom and knowledge are in a life in Christ. I want you to cultivate such things as these. Whatever we can accumulate in life that does not have a bearing upon the real object of existence, intended by our Creator, is dead loss. This stage of life that we are now upon is not the end, but simply a means towards an end which is life bye and bye in the presence of God with all that is pure.

The object of your going to school even is to prepare you to render the best possible service towards the end I have referred to. I want you to have as a motive that all your attainments by study even, you are to use to further the in-

terests of the kingdom of God, in whatever sphere you may be called upon to act in life.

THE LITERARY EXCHANGE.

As our second anniversary will soon be here, a brief statement of the condition of the work is in order. While the outlook is anything but encouraging at present, it is gratifying to know that the results of our efforts cannot be known on this side of eternity. We cannot know how many minds have been set thinking, and how many hearts have been warmed and cheered by our efforts. The future alone can reveal this.

The work of receiving and distributing reading matter has fallen off about half since last year, when it should have been increased ten or a hundred fold. The total amount of money received by contribution for the year ending this month is $9.15, of which $7.50 was by the Ladies Quartet of Lamoni, three of whom are members of the Exchange, leaving $1.65 contributed from the young outside of our membership. We have been compelled to raise funds by assessing our local membership. The society has received: papers, about twenty-one volumes by donation, besides a few books and tracts. It has purchased: *Autumn Leaves*, 7 vols., *Heralds*, 2 vols; a number of books, and three thousand tracts especially printed for its use. It has disposed of about half of what has been received.

It would seem that a work of such a worthy character should be more strongly supported. It affords an excellent opportunity for those to secure reading matter who are not able to purchase the same; also a place where a small, or large, contributions of money may be made where it will be expended in a good cause. Remember to send all contributions of literature to Peter M. Hinds, and money to Willis W. Kearney, Lamoni, Iowa. Letters of inquiry may be addressed to either of the above, or to Alma B. Hanson, Pres., Lamoni.

J. A. G.

THE LATTER DAY SAINTS' LITERARY EXCHANGE FUND.

In the Correspondence Department for August will be found a letter by Miss Nellie A. Cahoon, of Santa Barbara, California, and also an editorial on the subject of a fund being started for some charitable purpose, corresponding somewhat to the "Home Missionary Fund," but to be for the use of the young people. It was suggested by the editor that the Latter Day Saints' Literary Exchange afforded just such an opportunity, and acting upon the suggestion the Exchange has decided to start such a fund, the money thus derived to be used in carrying on the work of the Exchange. The object of the Literary Exchange is the receiving and distributing reading matter to those who are not able to procure it for themselves. In the two years of its existence it has effected exchange of reading matter in many different States, has sent our papers and books to public libraries including the great Peoples' Palace Library of London, England, has subscribed for a number of *Heralds* and *Autumn Leaves* at regular subscription rates and has sent them to persons who were unable to pay for them, and has also had a quantity of tracts printed especially for the use of the society. All this costs money, and we have had to levy a tax on the local membership here to meet the expenses. Those wishing to contribute to this fund should send their money to Willis W. Kearney, Lamoni, Iowa, who is treasurer of the society, and credit will be given for the amount in the next issue of the Correspondence Department.

LATTER DAY SAINTS' LITERARY EXCHANGE FUND.

W. W. Kearney, Ia.	$ 25
A. L. Ackerley, Ia.	15
Lois Walker, Ia.	15
Peter M. Hinds, Ia.	10
Clara Cochran, Ia.	15
Oscar Anderson, Ia.	15
David Thomas, Ia.	25
Amount to date, December, 1892.	$1 20

PIPER CITY, Ill., August, 1892.

Dear Readers:—This morning all nature seems smiling and rejoicing. The birds are singing their glad songs of praise, the sky is of the loveliest blue, while floating around here and there are white, fleecy clouds, and the cheerful sun is shining in all his glory, making the trees, the meadows, and the fields look more beautiful To me this is a beautiful and inspiring scene, and as I look at this picture which could have been painted by no other than the Heavenly Artist, I feel like rejoicing, and praising the Giver of all good.

It inspires me with a stronger determination to go on in the service of the Master, and try to so order my life here that I may be worthy to enjoy the beauties of the new world. I often wonder what scenes of beauty will then be ours to enjoy, for the new earth will be so much grander and better than this.

I look around and see the fields where once stood the waving grain, which is now mostly gathered into the barns, and I am reminded

that the harvest is nearly past. and then I think of another harvest time, and the question arises, Is each one doing his part in gathering the harvest? Each one who has named the name of Christ has a part to do in this great work. The elders go forth to the nations of the earth to preach unto them the glad tidings of great joy. We cannot all be preachers, but is there nothing we can do to aid them in their work? Ah, yes! They cannot go without money. Let us help in this way, and then we can talk to our friends and tell them of our belief, and if we can't do that we can send them reading matter. We can also pray, but while we may earnestly pray that the Lord will send more laborers into the field because the harvest is great and the laborers are few, let us not forget to *work* as well as *pray*. Let us help in every way we can to advance the work of the Lord.

We may think our talent is so small that we will stand back and let others more capable do the work. In that great day when everyone will receive the reward for the work he has done here, I wonder if we will be as willing to see others step forward and receive the crown as we are to let them do the work which we might do, and in many instances *ought* to do.

Our talent may be small but is it not our own fault if it always remains so. The Lord will hold us responsible for the use of that which he has given us, and not for that which we have not. We cannot expect him to grant unto us other talents if we make no use of what we have. If we are not faithful in that which is least, he will not grant unto us greater talents.

We may feel that the little good we are doing is not noticed by our Master, when we look around and see the great amount of good others are doing; but some day all will be known and we will find that the words which we have spoken in weakness have blessed those that heard, and the deeds of kindness which we thought so small and unworthy of notice have added stars to our crown. Our lives have such an influence over the lives and actions of others too. I was made to realize this more than ever before some time ago. While on the street I heard the conversation between two young men who were strangers to me as were also the ones of whom they were speaking.

One said, "There are those two young ladies, what do you think of their Christianity?" His companion replied, "They are Christians when they are at church and seem to be very good, but at any other time they are just like you or me who do not profess to be Christians." I heard no more of the conversation as they went one way and I another, but I had heard enough to make me think.

Can the same be said of me, Am I a Christian only when I am at church? Am I working all I can for the Master? Am I a stumbling-block in the way of others? Am I showing by my example that I am trying to follow in the footsteps of the meek and lowly Jesus? These are some of the questions that came to me while thinking of what I had heard.

It would be well for us to examine ourselves and determine just where we are standing. If we profess to be the children of the light, let us walk in the light and manifest that light unto our friends. Let us be among the workers in the cause we love, and not stand idly waiting for some great thing to do, and refuse to work because our talent is small. We may not be able to clothe our thoughts in such beautiful language as others can, but sure none of us can say that no thought of ours could comfort or cheer others and lead them up higher. Many times have I received thoughts from the writings and from the conversation of others which have brought to me the strength and encouragement which I felt I so much needed. We may not realize the good our words and deeds have done, but eternity will tell

Let us then move onward and upward and work while we can, for the time is not long that we will have to work, and when we are called to give account for the use of that with which the Lord has intrusted us, may it be said of us, "Well done, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

Your sister in the one faith,

NETTIE I. HEAVENER.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MARTHA.

"Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast."—*Shakespeare.*

"I shall pass through the world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now."

LESSONS LEARNED FROM COUSIN JO.

CHAPTER IX.

"WHAT a pleasant time we've had," said Myrtle one afternoon as a chance visitor departed.

"At first I felt annoyed to have to give up doing what we had planned for to-day, and I thought, too, that we were hardly prepared for a company dinner, but it didn't seem to disturb you at all, and we got along all right. I believe that is the best way to take one's friends as they come, without waiting to be prepared. She seemed to enjoy the visit and I am sure it did us good."

"I know it is the best way," was Cousin Jo's reply.

"There is so much observance of form and ceremony in the world now that it crushes out a great deal of the good will and the chance of doing good to one another, which genuine old-fashioned, plain-hearted, generous hospitality helps to promote. People have too much pride in never wanting to be seen or have their houses seen except when prepared to make the best appearance, and so, in considering the external of so much importance, they shut themselves away from each other to a great extent, and fail to cultivate the good feeling which adds so much to the happiness of this life.

"'Use hospitality one to another without grudging,' the teaching of the Bible, cannot be limited to the entertaining of chosen guests (in which many go to such extremes with great expense and lavish display). There are many who have not the time or strength or means to do this even in a more moderate way which is pleasant and good, and still all can fulfill the teaching.

"I believe the spirit of this instruction is that those who have homes be not selfish in the enjoyment of them, but hold themselves ready to share such comforts as they have, with others whom friendship, necessity, or the varying circumstances of life may bring within their homes; doing so with a real feeling of welcome and interest in those they thus receive, and in this way helping to fulfill the injunction, 'Do good to all men, especially to the household of faith.'

"It is not always easy to use hospitality 'without grudging'—not that the mere cost is apt to be considered, but the grudging may be in not feeling willing to endure the necessary trouble. It may seem inconvenient and often is really so, to care for those whom we ought to entertain, especially if unexpected guests, but it is seldom that we cannot accommodate ourselves to the circumstances, if we but have the good will to do so.

"I received a lesson on this point when I was a child and I have never forgotten it. My mother was busy making me a pretty blue flannel jacket such as were much worn at the time, and I was to wear it with a white dress, that evening, to the birthday party of a little friend. Before it was finished there came a lady who lived neighbor to my aunt in the country. My mother had met her at my aunt's, and knowing that she had no other acquaintance in town, had asked her to come and stay with us the next time she came in. It was a long drive to come and go the same day and she could as well stay over night with us.

"That was all very well if it had not interfered with me in any way, but oh, how "grudging" I did feel for fear her visit would hinder my jacket from getting done. Mother knew how I felt, and wishing not to disappoint me, excused herself and worked on for a time, until a heavy rain began to fall, which she knew would prevent my going; then she laid it aside.

"I still kept hoping to be allowed to go, and held any but a pleasant feeling toward the visitor who had hindered the finishing of my jacket. It rained all the evening and as none of the children could go, we were invited for the following evening, and before that time the last stitches had been taken.

"A few years later it came my turn to be a guest, in company with some young ladies older than myself, at the home of this same woman. She received us with such kindly welcome and made our visit so pleasant that I was ashamed because of the way I had felt towards her, and I resolved that thereafter I would exert myself to make others enjoy them-

selves at our home, and would try not to mind if it should interfere with my wishes.

"There may be some that come whom we could not justly be required to receive and care for, but they are few, and better even to be imposed upon sometimes than to neglect one deserving of our hospitality. Often when those who thus minister are not aware, others to whom their homes have been opened may be in need of just the comfort and help that they could give, perhaps needed only in pleasant looks and tones, perhaps in friendly counsel. It may be sometimes that circumstances they could not control have brought them there, and being received grudgingly may leave them wounded and sore, when more gracious treatment would have filled their hearts with gratitude and reacted in benefit to the giver.

"Of course we should not consider hospitality simply a means of conferring good, for we know the pleasure to be found in meeting pleasant people, and even with those less congenial there is real good to be gained. The benefit is mutual. Nothing brightens life more than having friends, and nothing is more essential to development and broadening of views in a family than that there should be comers and goers among them.

"Not long since the remark was made about a dear old lady of my acquaintance, 'I wish that I could make everybody like to come to see me, without regard to my surroundings, as she does.' Well is it true she has characteristics which make her more interesting than many others, but the 'grace of hospitality,' as it has been called by some writers, is that which most draws people to her. She holds it as part of her firm belief that it is good for people to mingle together, to meet in their homes as neighbors and friends; to be able to enter into one another's feelings by meeting on a common footing, members of the brotherhood of man.

"Feeling thus she accepts it as a duty, as also a pleasure that she should give welcome to those that come, and though poor, she makes the best she can of what she has, then is willing to let people find her as they may, thinking it no disgrace to be found at work and not spoiling a welcome by feeling mortified that she cannot have things better.

"And herein is the secret of her being interesting to others, that she herself is interested in the good of all humanity, and keeping in in view the real things of life she thinks and talks of them, at the same time being not unmindful of the little things with which we all have to do. By reaching out to others she lives to a great degree outside of self, above her surroundings, which if other people consider it is only to wish they were better for her sake.

"Partakers of hospitality have responsibilities as well, and in these things as in all of life the best for ourselves and others can only be faithful service to God, wich includes service to our fellow men, having that love in our hearts which shall give us peace and joy and shine out in earnest, kindly words and deeds.

"Well, what a long talk I have given you. You must be tired of hearing me."

"No, indeed," replied Myrtle. "I am glad to listen."

Thus the days passed by, bringing lessons in cooking and caring for the house, lessons in mending and sewing, and best of all lessons in daily living for the Master; and soon Mrs. Davis was at home again fresh from her visit and thankful for the good Cousin Jo had done her children.

CHILDREN'S TEETH.

"Let good digestion wait on appetite and health on both," says Shakespeare. Health will fail to "wait" on either if parents will allow their own and their children's teeth "to become a mass of decay" at an early age.

There is no one point on which people are so careless as the proper care of children's first teeth, and those of the second set that erupt between the fifth and seventh years of age.

There is no one condition that tends in a greater degree to produce good health and vigorous growth of the body than a good sound set of teeth.

People do not relish the idea of being told they are careless or worse, but it would seem that a subject of such vital importance would would receive the most careful attention.

Incalculable harm is done to both the health of a child, and to the integrity of the second set of teeth, in allowing the temporary teeth to become decayed and abscessed, carrying pain and suffering and frequently indigestion and all its accumulated evils.

The number of children who have decayed teeth, and in many cases, a part of the first set gone and the second set badly broken down, is too great.

"Neglect is the mortal enemy of the teeth." If the first set of teeth is lost before the proper time, the second sets suffer much from their loss, and in some cases does not erupt at all. If decayed, the first should be filled with plastic filling material and let remain until their places are ready to be taken by the second teeth.

But a great deal of good can be accomplished

by keeping the teeth brushed and cleaned. The patient should be taught to brush his own teeth and use the pick after every meal. It will do the parent no harm to practice the lesson occasionally himself.

In this manner one can save more teeth, using no instruments but the brush and pick (and, by the way, one should use nothing but a quil toothpick) and silk thread, than all the dentists can by performing their usual dental operations.

It must not be inferred that we can, by any means, always or in every case avoid the necessity of filling children's teeth. But when cared for properly the defect would be detected at so early a stage that the operation for repair (filling) would be painless, not tedious, involving but little expense, and its durability beyond question.

If not filled then, while decaying, the mouth will be foul and unhealthy, the lips and tongue will be irritated, often severely, by the rough and ragged edge presented, the decay will be likely to reach the pulp, excruciating pain, the death and premature loss of the tooth and lasting injury to the jaws and position of the incoming set.

The child will not and cannot chew on sore gums and teeth. The food will be put down and out of the way as soon as possible without the proper preparation of it for the stomach, and the result is early dyspepsia with its train of horrors. The one point of paramount importance which I wish to urge is, that the teeth should be kept clean from their first appearance through the gums, no matter how young the child may be, even if born with teeth, as some are.

They should be kept as scrupulously clean as the cheeks, the eyes, or the ears, for they will suffer more from neglect, even though milk be the only food for the younger years. The brush is the only thing that will accomplish this.—*The Healthy Home.*

Editor's Corner.

The past month journals and daily papers have given much space to information and details concerning the Columbian Exposition History has been reviewed and writers have dwelt freely upon the period of time antedating the voyage of Columbus, which resulted in bringing to the knowledge of Europe this wonderful continent whose four hundreth anniversary has so recently been celebrated in "The City by the Lake" with the utmost pomp and magnificence. Columbus and Isabella have been eulogized by many, defamed by some, and by all have come in for a due share of thought. The times in which they lived, replete with superstition and bigotry, have been justly pleaded in extenuation of blemishes which marred their fame. Credit in full has been awarded to both man and woman for their share in the transaction, but alas! how few, how very few among the millions whose thoughts have been directed to the contemplation of this great event have once thought or cared to ask what was the purpose of God in this?

And if the question had been asked, who among the mighty host could answer? None who deny latter-day revelation, for truly,

"God is his own interpreter."

Grand and beautiful language was used by Bishop Fowler in his invocation to the Deity upon the morning of the dedication of the Exposition buildings, and once as the extract we insert below will show, his feet touched the border land wherein is revealed the mystery of God's providence as it lies mapped out in this land, but, through mist and darkness, his vision failed and his steps were withdrawn.

"We thank thee," said the Bishop, "especially for thy favoring providence, which has ordered the unfolding of our history as a people and the shaping of our destiny as a nation. Thou didst keep this new world in the thick clouds that surround thy purposes and didst reserve it for the high honors of thy maturing kingdom. In the fullness of time thou didst bring it to the knowledge of men by the wisdom and prowess of faith of thy servant, Columbus. Thou didst so inspire his mind and direct his thought by signs on the surface of the sea and by the flight of birds through the depths of the air that the southern continent of the Western Hemisphere was open to Southern Europe, and this northern continent was preserved for another people and another destiny. Thus thou didst launch upon the tide of history in the two continents of the new world two new and great and mutually helpful nations. We thank thee for thy favoring providence.

"Thou didst speak to our fathers, heroic and great men, men of prayer and of power and bade them to come to this open land, and plant

re in the wilderness great institutions for the elevation of the race, to consecrate these vast valleys and endless plains to freedom, to free [illegible] and free conscience, to the sanctity of the private home and the inalienability of individual rights."

"Thou didst keep this world in the thick clouds that surround thy purposes and didst reserve it for the high honors of thy maturing kingdom." Had the Bishop himself understood the full import of these words, how the sentence he might have added, "For thou didst speak through thy servant Israel saying, God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads; and let my name be named on them, and the name of my fathers Abraham and Isaac; and let them grow into a multitude in the midst of the earth," would have astonished the vast audience who were reverently listening to him. But he did not understand that this land, choice above all other lands which God had kept in reserve for his own purposes, was Joseph's land.

And just in this connection there comes to us the thought, Is it not possible in some way for the church, to obtain a foothold in this great exposition. A place where the Book of Mormon might be offered as explaining all the mysteries of this land, and, while it could not be sold there, parties desiring to buy could be referred to a place where it could be had. Who may say how many thousands in this way might be brought to a knowledge of the truth? What time so propitious to speak of the early history of this continent as when all minds by common consent are turned backward to the time when it emerged from the oblivion of the ages?

Shall this great gathering of the nations, this mighty convocation of people from all parts of the earth, meet upon this land, choice above all other lands, blessed of the Lord "for the precious things of heaven, for the dew and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains and for the precious things of the lasting hills," meet to celebrate the wonderful fact of its being made known to the world and forget to trace the stately steppings of Him who inspired Columbus and moved upon the heart of Queen Isabella, in order that they might go before to make possible the way for humbler hands to throw open the flood gates of truth? Shall they, we ask, meet, sojourn, and disperse without one single effort being made to present to their consideration the claims of the only book which [illegible] the history which at this peculiar time all men will seek to know about? Is there no place in the department of archæology for the voice which speaks from the dust and reveals the myteries of that which even to the learned and scientific investigator is as a sealed book? Surely there is, there must be, and the church cannot afford to let the opportunity pass unimproved; for in the language of the poet:—

"The hope of truth grows stronger, day by day:
I hear the soul of man around me waking,
Like a great sea, its frozen fetters breaking,
And flinging up to heaven its sunlit spray,
Tossing huge continents in scornful play,
And crushing them, with din of grinding thunder,
That makes old emptiness stare in wonder:
The memory of a glory passed away
Lingers in every heart, as, in the shell,
Resounds the bygone freedom of the sea,
And every hour new signs of promise tell,
That the great soul shall once again be free.
For high, and yet more high the murmurs swell
Of inward strife for truth and liberty."

We are pleased to announce to those interested in the Department of Correspondence that Sr. Eleanor will take charge of it, for the present at least, and will, if sufficiently encouraged, endeavor to help the young Saints to derive both pleasure and profit from each visit they may make to her sanctum. Let the young Saints not forget to rally to the help of this department, nor be afraid to branch out upon any subject of general interest or such as embrace information pleasant and profitable to all.

We regret that an interesting letter from Sr. Louise Palfrey and one from a new correspondent in Jersey City, have unavoidably been crowded out of this issue as also the Round Table. All will appear next month.

TO OUR PATRONS.

With this issue we close the fifth volume of our magazine and take this opportunity to express our thanks for your continued patronage and the many words of kindly appreciation and encouragement which we have received from you as the days have lengthened into months and the months into years. We think we can safely promise that the magazine will sustain in the year to come the reputation it has earned in the past, and while we are not yet prepared to make our announcements for the coming year, we can assure our friends

that we are making arrangements for more than one continued article upon subjects of great interest to all who love truth and advancement.

We will esteem it a favor if you will renew promptly and if possible pay in advance. In no other way are we placed in a position to meet our own liabilities promptly.

We will continue to send the magazine to all who have paid for the past year, if not, requested to discontinue it. Unless, however, special arrangement has been made with us, the January number of 1893 will not be sent to those who are owing for 1892. We are greatly in need of this money now overdue, and trust that you will send it to us as soon as you conveniently can. It is but $1.50 to you but to us it represents hundreds of dollars, in fact the major part of all our profits.

OUR PREMIUM OFFER FOR 1893.

WISHING to increase our circulation, as an inducement to those who are willing to help us do this, we have decided to offer the following very liberal cash premiums:—

For the largest list of new subscribers not less than twelve sent us before January 15, 1893.....$15 00

For largest list of renewals.....15 00

For second largest list of new subscribers not less than nine.....10 00

For second largest list of renewals.....10 00

For third largest list of new subscribers not less than six.....5 00

For third largest list of renewals.....5 00

For four next largest lists of new subscribers not less than three, each.....2 50

For four next largest lists of renewals, each.....2 50

For five next largest lists of new subscribers not less than two, each.....2 00

For five next largest lists of renewals, each.....2 00

In addition to the above cash premiums (as we wish to compensate everyone who is willing to help us) we will for one new subscriber and your own renewal, send you, postpaid, our fine steel engraving of President Joseph Smith, or the engraving of Pres. W. W. Blair, as you may choose. Or for three renewals and your own, we will send the same.

While the steel engraving of President Smith needs no recommendation from us to those who have seen it, to those who have not we would say that it is the finest enlarged picture of our President extant. The plate from which it is printed was engraved on steel especially for us the plate alone costing us hundreds of dollars. It is a superb work of art and must be seen to be appreciated.

Don't think at a hasty glance that our terms for renewals are as high as for new subscribers. They are not; for while three, four or six new names may entitle you to a cash premium, it will take a much larger list of renewals to secure one of these. But by carefully studying our offer you will see that each one who works for the magazine cannot fail of obtaining remuneration.

Take notice that the above offers are made only upon *payment in advance*. Money must in all cases accompany the list of names. Names may be sent at different times, but you must keep a list of them for final settlement.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness;
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together,
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

—Selected.

HIGHLAND PARK NORMAL COLLEGE

DES MOINES, IOWA.

The Best Equipped Normal College in the United States.

952 Different Students Enrolled Already This Year. A Large Faculty of Excellent Teachers. A School Where a Person May Find Almost Any Branch He Desires to Study.

Accommodations the Best. Expenses Low.

SPRING TERM OPENS FEB. 2, 1892.

Highland Park Normal College is to-day the largest school in the State of Iowa. The success of the school is without precedent. Many theories have been advanced to account for its rapid growth and popularity. But the fact of the matter is, it is a solid, substantial school, organized and conducted on business principles, thoroughly equipped and embodying everything that is good in modern principles and practices of teaching.

Faculty.

In organizing the faculty in Highland Park Normal College, great care was used in selecting the teachers. Students have been delighted with their work, and visitors have found that the work in all departments was the very best. Those who attend school here have the advantage of being instructed in every class by men and women thoroughly competent in every particular.

Accommodations.

The accommodations in Highland Park Normal College are not equaled by any other school in the West. The College building itself is provided with large, airy, light recitation rooms, and they are models of neatness and taste; not dingy, dirty rooms, with stifling air to sit in while receiving instruction. The rooms for students are all that could be desired. They are large, light, airy, heated by steam, lighted by electricity, water on every floor of the buildings, and every convenience that the students need. Everything is new, clean and neat. Everyone who has visited the school is willing to agree that our accommodations are not equaled by any other school in the State.

Courses of Study.

Preparatory of Review, Didactic, Special Didactic, Special Training, Scientific, Classical, Literary, Civil Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Pharmacy, Business, Music, Art, Telegraphy, Shorthand and Typewriting, Elocution.

Remarks on Some of the Courses.

The Preparatory Course. — Students are received in this department at any stage of advancement. If a student can read and write and understands something of the fundamental principles of arithmetic, he can enter here and find classes to suit him. He can also enter at any time during the year. There are no entrance examinations.

The Didatic Course.—Is perhaps one of the most complete ever presented to the teachers of this country. In looking over the course one is struck with the practical studies that are classified there for the work of the students. In connection with this the special training work may be substituted for some of the branches found in the course, and thus enable the primary teachers to become thoroughly fitted in primary work, and at the same time have the advantage of the study of many of the higher branches.

The Scientific Course.—We do not see how a more satisfactory scientific course could be arranged. Everything in it is practical and absolutely needed to make a scientific course what it should be. It is long enough to give students that culture which they should receive in school,

and also the knowledge they should receive from such a course of instruction. The course in language is all that could be desired. The course in mathematics is almost equal to the regular civil engineering course. The work in science is especially complete.

The classical and literary courses are broad and thorough in their requirements. The civil engineering and electrical engineering courses are strong and the departments are thoroughly equipped for successful work. The physical culture and elocution classes are large and the work in this department is attracting much attention and favorable comment.

Musical Conservatory.—The musical conservatory has met with its full share of success. Every advantage for the successful prosecution of musical studies is provided and at much less expense than is usually charged for such excellent instruction.

Telegraphy Department.—This department is perhaps the best equipped telegraph office in the country. Those desiring to fit themselves for telegraph operators can do so in one fourth the time usually required in a railroad office.

Art, Shorthand and Typewriting.—Both departments are well patronized and furnish excellent places to study these branches.

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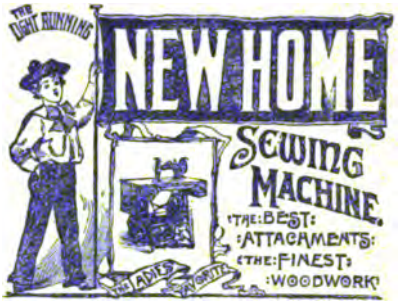

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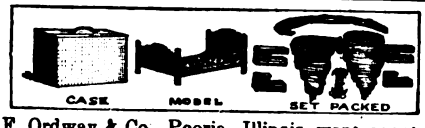

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE YOUTH OF

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OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

APRIL, 1892.

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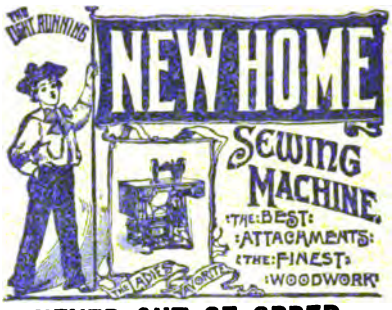

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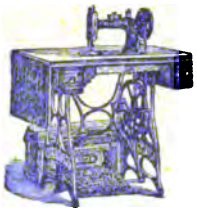

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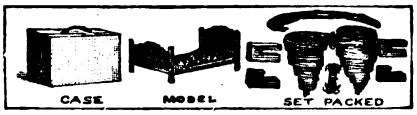

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OCTOBER, 1892.

Vol. 5. No. 10.

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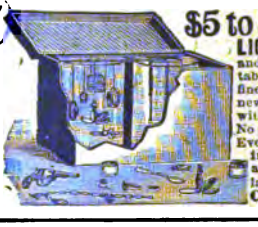

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Vol. 5. No. 11.

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